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"'I WOULD BRING YOU SOME TEA IF YOU CARED TO WORK,' HELEN HAZARDED."

THE MOUNTAIN PATH.

By LILY WATSON, Author of "Within Sight of the Snow," &c.

CHAPTER I.

"IT is a noble profession! the noblest, or almost the noblest in the world!"

The speaker was animated, and showed it in the flush of her cheek, the brightness of her eye, and the energy of her tone. She was standing by a rustic seat under the shade of a spreading sycamore, in a large old-fashioned garden, and made a charming picture, though she had no idea of it herself. For she was a girl of some two-and-twenty summers, with a tall, straight figure, easy in poise and graceful in outline; her

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dark hair, soft and abundant, was coiled coronet-wise round her head, and her eyelashes and eyebrows too were dark, while the eyes, that looked straight out from below the broad white forehead were of a peculiarly deep blue. Her face was altogether an interesting one, that would have attracted attention from an observer versed in physiognomy. The combination of black hair and blue eyes was unusual, and her expression had something of a serious earnestness tempered with sweetness, that distinguished Helen Brooke from the girls one met every day. She was very simply dressed in a cotton gown of tastefully-blended hues that to a woman's eye would have betrayed its inexpensive character and home-made cut, but yet upon her figure it moulded itself with a satisfactory neatness, and fell into graceful curves.

The person to whom she was addressing this eulogy of a profession unnamed was apparently enjoying himself extremely. He was a young man of about four-and-twenty, clad in a *négligé* suit of grey, and was reclining in a great wicker chair on the lawn, while he puffed a cigar with much appreciation. Oswald Thorne was his name, and he was also called "a capital fellow," and apostrophised as "lucky" by his friends at St. Jerome's Hospital, where he condescended to spend a portion of his time daily. In virtue of his brown eyes, pleasant face, and drooping fair moustache, he was usually considered handsome, an opinion which he heartily shared.

The words which his companion had just uttered referred in effect to the medical profession, which for the last four years he had been studying in a dilettante manner. His father was a rich Northern manufacturer, living at Heatherbridge, Yorkshire, and Oswald made his London home with Mr. and Mrs. Brooke, who were Helen's parents, and cousins of Mrs. Thorne, his mother.

The relationship between Oswald and the young Brookes was consequently rather distant, but they always construed it into cousinship.

He puffed his cigar for a moment or two longer, then removed it to reply, laughingly, "It is a pity then that this 'noblest of professions' will not gain an additional lustre from numbering me among its votaries. My 'final' is in three weeks, but I am absolutely certain I shall be 'spun.'"

"If you think so" (Helen was diffident of tendering advice, for she knew the extreme distastefulness to the masculine mind of anything resembling a lecture) "wouldn't it be a good plan to go in and work? You have not much time, and I have put fresh flowers in your room."

"My dear Helen," returned the young man, in a voice of superiority, "I have often told you that after a certain point work is useless. A fellow's brain cannot stand more than it can."

Helen inwardly wondered at what period of study this high-water mark of endurance was reached, for it was now after four o'clock, and she knew that Oswald had lounged away all the afternoon under the shadow of the trees. Neither did he intend to improve the evening hours, for he had himself announced that he had invited one of his friends, a young barrister, to come to dinner, and have some music afterwards.

"Besides," pursued Oswald, "you forget, I think, my position. If I do get through I shan't practise. Really, I often think what is the good of it all? Why should I slave away for four letters after my name? It's no affectation to say that my father has more than enough for all of us, and, as you know, I have the money that my aunt was good enough to leave me. I don't need any profession. The whole thing is only to please my mother, and though I wouldn't hurt her mind by hinting it, I must say it is rather ridiculous."

Helen reverted in thought to the period, four years ago, when Oswald arrived from Yorkshire full of eagerness and enthusiasm for the new life of a medical student at a first-class London hospital. It was his way to rush in with intense zeal for anything fresh, and she believed that his own wish to be a doctor had counted for at least as much as the suggestion of his mother. Now his energy had cooled, and though he still seemed to feel an interest in his practical work at the hospital, he scarcely ever studied at home.

"But it seems to me absurd to work for four years, and lose the diploma which allows you to use your knowledge."

"Well, it isn't certain that I shall lose it. Don't be so practical, cousin mine, and try to see a joke. I am only preparing your mind in case of my failure."

"I would bring you some tea if you cared to work," Helen hazarded.

"Tea! oh, joy! But we'll have it out here, and then we'll have a game of tennis before dinner."

Helen went slowly towards the house, the back of which, draped in ivy, abutted on the garden. It was one of the old-fashioned places that seemed to have been forgotten by the ruthless advance of brick and mortar in the suburbs of London. The premises had few "modern conveniences," and were outwardly in a state of some dilapidation. The situation, in a quiet grass-grown recess leading to a church, and known as St. Martin's Close, was dull and unfashionable, but in virtue of the charming garden and its nearness to the belt of commons which are the life-breath of southern suburban London, Mrs. Thorne had been delighted to find such a home in town for her idolised boy.

"He will be so safe with relatives—my own cousin and her husband, you know," she would tell her friends. And if anyone suggested that association with the daughters of the house might waylay Oswald into matrimonial snares, she always explained what was perfectly true: that Maggie Brooke was not attractive and was much older than her son, that Lilian, poor girl, was a cripple, that Helen had always been more like a sister to Oswald than anything else, and that he did not admire that style of girl in the very least. There were two brothers, Arthur and Herbert, who were occupied in the City.

Mr. Brooke was one of those men who have never succeeded very well. He was a clerk in a London bank, good-natured, cheerful, and patient. His wife had helped him nobly, yet, though she could bear great troubles with heroism, she was inclined to despond over small ones. Oswald's regular and liberal payment for board and lodging had been a great boon to the household, and Mrs. Brooke was much depressed at the prospect of its being withdrawn.

"What is it, Helen?" she asked, as her daughter entered.

"Only the wicker table, mother, Oswald wants some tea."

"You must make it for him then," lamented Mrs. Brooke. "Eliza has not had time to change her dress yet, and I don't believe the kettle boils."

Helen was accustomed to small domestic offices, and descended into the kitchen to coax the refractory kettle and prepare the tea-tray, which she carried into the garden. Oswald, to do him justice, never appreciated the fact that she had personally to supply many of his needs, and thought that, as there were two servants, one was always at beck and call. He little imagined the care and thought that went every day to the preparation of the plentiful and dainty evening meal, nor did he know whose fingers helped to keep the house so fragrant, bright, and speckless. He rose immediately he saw her coming, and, with an imperative "Allow me," relieved her of table and tray.

"You should let Eliza do this," he said, chidingly. "Why should you drag things about?"

Helen might have answered, "Because the cook is preparing dinner, and the housemaid has been cleaning windows till within the last half-hour;" but she forbore to enter into particulars, and proceeded to pour out the tea. She hoped that Oswald might be sufficiently refreshed to devote an hour or so to study afterwards; but nothing was further from his intention, and he insisted on playing tennis with her till it was time to dress for dinner.

"Perhaps," she reflected, as she stood before her glass, fastening a knot of roses into the dull amber Indian silk that resisted washing and wear so economically, "he is one of those people who can get up a subject just at the last, but cannot work steadily beforehand."

The latter proposition was undoubtedly true; the former had yet to be tested.

The family were assembled in the pleasant drawing-room that looked on the garden, waiting for dinner. Maggie, the eldest, had a cheerful, homely face, not pretty, but bright with the serenity that comes from inward peace and patience. In her expression she resembled her father, who, for the rest, was a commonplace, elderly gentleman of fifty, with grizzled hair brushed in scrupulous neatness back from his forehead, and a stoop in his shoulders. He was one of those ordinary people whom one may meet in any City omnibus! But who knows the pathos of their inner life—their hopes and fears, and strivings for the good of those dear to them, which rise sometimes into heroism? Some hint of

the cause that had helped to turn his hair grey and to draw the lines upon his patient brow might be found in glancing at his second daughter, Lilian.

A fall in childhood had permanently injured her spine and stunted her growth.

She was now about the size of a child of twelve, with a sadly-deformed figure, but the head that was set between the high shoulders was one of rare beauty. Her face "rested" you to look upon it, not from its loveliness of feature alone, but from the charm of expression that filled the soft brown eyes with gentle light and curved the tender mouth. Her brow was calm and serene, showing the victory won over a disappointed life by inward trust and love.

All in the family brought their troubles, as a matter of course, to tell to Lilian, and her brothers Arthur and Herbert adored her. They were square-shouldered, good-natured lads, who went off, the one to a lawyer's office, the other to a merchant's counting-house, at eight in the morning. They admired their Cousin Oswald and envied him his brief day's work, his command of money, his easy imperative ways, and his cigars. Yet they were industrious, manly fellows, with no small selfish vices.

When the expected visitor, Mr. Aubrey Gascoigne, entered the drawing-room, the girls felt their breath taken away for an instant; then came the inward question, "Where have we seen you before?" The answer came readily: "In the pages of *Punch*, where your prototype is called Mr. Postlethwaite." He was tall and slender, with a clear cut profile, free from beard or moustache, dreamy blue eyes, and a mass of fair hair flung on one side of his head, which he wore slightly inclined over the left shoulder.

"Where's the lily in your button-hole?" Helen thought, as he gazed at her in silence and took her hand with no conventional "How do you do?" But on entering into conversation with Mr. Gascoigne she found him a gentle, kindly, intelligent young fellow, though possessed apparently by a strange impulse to walk, look, and act in a different manner from his fellow mortals.

Leaving the social group in the drawing-room after dinner, he strolled up to a small water-colour sketch of snowdrops, and struck an attitude before it in silent contemplation.

"It is very, very beautiful," he breathed, as Lilian came up to him.

"It is Helen's work," replied the little sister. "Helen is the Genius of the Family."

"Ah! is that so?" replied Mr. Gascoigne, bending a gaze of reverie upon the tall figure of the distant Helen, who was opening and shutting the drawers of an old black-and-gold cabinet in which the music was kept. No one ever knew where any given piece was to be found, for the young men were governed by a fine impartiality in putting by their scores after practising, so there was invariably a hunt through all the cabinet, accompanied by the clinking of the tiny brass pendant handles of the drawers whenever a performance was to take place.

The brothers fetched their violin and violoncello, and Mr. Gascoigne assumed a rapt attitude, with one arm on the back of a chair, his head resting on his hand, and his face turned a little towards the performers. Lilian sat down to the Broadwood grand piano, the legacy of a relative, and the dearest possession in the house to her. For though it was old, it was sweet, and the tone was only mellowed by time. The keys never failed to respond satisfactorily to her wooing touch, and the little deformed girl drew from that instrument sounds that were her solace in everyday life, that came floating over her memory with soothing balm in her occasional nights of wakefulness, that were her happiness and stay always; and yet she was not that mysterious and seldom-met creature, —a Genius.

When she fairly realised, as she emerged from childhood, that she could never live the life of other girls, she faced the stern necessity, and bowed in quiet, though at first heart-broken, acquiescence. Then she cast about for some occupation that should make her maimed existence a joy to others, and be a sweet refuge to herself for calm and comfort. She had the knowledge of music that usually accompanies a child's education, but she resolved now to make it her life-work, and devoted herself to the piano with untiring assiduity. Fortunately her deformity did not in the least interfere with her power of playing, and her father had a special chair made to rest her back while she practised.

Although she had a good ear, she did not possess wonderful musical talent. However, genius is often only an "infinite capacity for taking pains," and in Lilian's case it was proved to be so.

She had lessons from a first-rate master, which were supplemented by help from one and another, proving the truth of the old proverb, "Where there's a will there's a way." And now Lilian had become an excellent pianist, amateur in the best sense, because she loved her work, and with a touch that was bright and clear, delicate with the tenderness that comes from love of the instrument, firm with the assurance that comes of knowledge. By dint of practice she was able to read music easily, and an endless field of delight was thus opened to herself and her brothers, who were each devoted to an instrument. Frank, the eldest, played the violin, Herbert the violoncello, and both creditably.

The programme for the evening embraced a trio by Haydn, No. 1, bright, blithe, and sparkling, and a trio by Reisiger, in which the execution by the stringed instruments, though well-meant, fell rather short of perfection. Then Oswald, who had a sweet tenor voice, sang "When Delia on the plain appears," and "To Anthea, who may command him anything." Lilian played his piano accompaniment, and the violin and violoncello gave support to the voice by strengthening the different parts. "Anthea" brought down a chorus of applause.

"The words are so lovely," said Lilian, as she sat down by Oswald's side, after they had finished. "Far better than the modern style of *thing* —'When the silver streamlet's gleaming,' and all that."

"I don't know the song to which you refer," said Oswald, with mock gravity, "but you are doubtless right, and I prefer Anthea."

"I wish I knew some Anthea who could command you anything, sir."

"'Bid me to work, and I will work
Thy galley-slave to be!'"

quoth Oswald, laughing. "That is what you mean, Lily; but I prefer the poetry as it stands. How do you like my friend? He appears to have vanished."

"He is very extraordinary. I never saw anyone like him out of a picture."

"That betrays your ignorance of Bond-street and the Grosvenor Gallery. He is really a good fellow in spite of his affectations, and his people knew mine in the North. Oh, here he comes! I declare he is going to read aloud."

Mr. Gascoigne held a volume of Matthew Arnold's poems in his hand, and stationed himself behind one of the music-stands. The grouped listeners were expectant, one or two rather nervous. The father looked up with a pleased expression on his face; the mother arranged the folds of her thriftily-worn black silk gown in the easy chair.

The piece chosen was "The Forsaken Merman," so full of pathos and beauty. Mr. Gascoigne quite startled his hearers by the vivid character of his elocution. He brought it all before them—the great white-crested waves rolling shoreward, the ruffling storm wind, the little grey church on the desolate shore, and the poor Mer-king with his little ones, casting, as they rode seaward on the foam, a hopeless glance towards the land where the cruel mother and wife had gone to dwell. The intensity of his voice was so thrilling, as he tossed back his long fair hair, that tears started into Helen's eyes at the imaginary woes of the sea-folk.

"It is beautiful, but very sad. Play us something, my dear," said Mr. Brooke. So Lilian played a sonata by the great Master, Beethoven. Then came another trio by Haydn, and lastly, by request, Helen and Lilian played together some of Brahms's Hungarian dances, which in their sad, plaintive cadence and appealing insistence seem to evoke a spirit different, indeed, from the mirth of young feet tripping and young hearts rejoicing.

After this, by general consent, the party, except Mr. and Mrs. Brooke, adjourned to the garden, where the sycamore was casting great shadows in the moonlight on the lawn.

"The evening I have spent in your home will be one of fair and precious memory," said Mr. Gascoigne, addressing himself generally to the sisters.

"You are fond of music?" asked Maggie.

"Who could be otherwise? unless, indeed, he were of the vulgar herd."

"That's rather strong," interposed Oswald.

"I suppose you are thinking of Shakespeare:—

'The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils,'"

quoted Helen.

"And the Master spoke truth," declared Mr. Gascoigne, dogmatically.

They talked of one thing and another as they roamed the garden ways, but still the theme reverted to music, and at last they sat down upon the seat under the sycamore, the girls grouping themselves, and the young men standing near.

"Do you know," said Helen, "Beethoven's sonatas always seem to me to have a nobler purpose, if one may say so, than much of other music."

"Explain yourself. How can music have a purpose?" observed Arthur.

"I hardly know if I can put it clearly. Much of music, like Brahms's Hungarian dances we played just now, depends for its charm on the vague, plaintive longings stirred. One feels dimly that life is a mystery, sometimes a very sad mystery, and that there is no clue.

"But in Beethoven's sonatas, although much may be perplexed and dark, the end is sure to be joyful and triumphant. The tangled thread is unwound, the discords are resolved into harmony, the end justifies what has gone before. One feels 'All is well.'"

"Yes, but," interrupted Lily, "that does not come until after strenuous endeavour. Many of Beethoven's last movements strike me as a very agony of strife. The struggle is long, and the solution does not come easily and readily, but in the end *it comes*."

Her face was upturned, and the moonlight fell softly on the sweet expression of the brow and eyes purified by suffering. Oswald was thoughtful.

"After all," he broke out at last, "I think I like merry music best. Why should a man be worried and saddened? I am sure I see human misery enough at the hospital without having anything else to depress me."

"And how noble a thing it is to be able to relieve it!" murmured Helen. He turned away abruptly.

"I must, alas! bid you farewell," proclaimed Mr. Gascoigne, and the party moved back to the house; then, after adieux and thanks, Oswald escorted his guest to the railway station, and silence fell upon the old house in St. Martin's Close.

(*To be continued.*)

MONGOLIAN GIRLS.

By the Rev. JAMES GILMOUR, M.A., Author of "Among the Mongols."

MONGOL LAMA.
(From a Photograph).

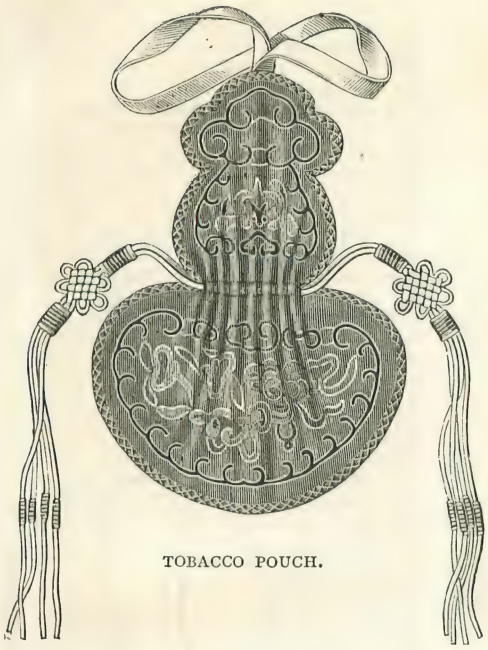
A MONGOLIAN, a native of the desert region north of China, when asked whether the recent addition to his family has been a son or a daughter, replies with pride if he can say it is a boy, but should the new-comer be a girl, he will answer, with visible annoyance, "Ah, a useless thing!"

The father of sons, looking forward a few years, can picture himself the increasingly important head of a family, which becomes more numerous and powerful as each successive son brings home his bride and sets up his tent in his father's "city;" city in that sparsely peopled land being applied to a cluster of tents containing sometimes not more than four or five families. The father of daughters, on the other hand, looking forward a few years, can picture his girls one after another becoming brides, and being incorporated in another man's family, leaving him forsaken and alone; and, regarding the setting up of a little clan as the great object of life, seeing that his daughters can render him no assistance in this, he describes them as "useless."

But the Mongols have plenty of natural affection, and though sons are more valuable from an ambitious point of view, daughters in their infancy and girlhood, as long as they remain in their father's tent, are treated with quite as much fondness and tenderness as their brothers. A Mongolian child, whether boy or girl, passes most of the first months of its existence lying on its back, wrapped in a sheepskin and trussed up with leather thongs. The face is left exposed, but the little one can scarcely move a limb, and the "parcel" is convenient to hand about or stow away in any desired part of the tent. The child is well cared for, however, and during the day the little bundle may be seen occupying the best seat in the tent, with, in summer, a covering set up to keep the flies off. A girl old enough to run about passes a happy enough existence in a Mongol tent. In the homes of well-to-do parents she leads a free and joyous life, playing about as though she were a boy, more happy than a boy perhaps, for the time being, in escaping all the drudgery of lessons, for, with very few exceptions, no one cares to educate a girl. Few girls, even the daughters of wealthy people, lead idle lives. They are sent to chase the kids down from the roof of the tent, and to take care that the calves do not find out their mothers and drink all the milk. They have to water the flocks and carry water for domestic use, but the great duty and occupation of the girls and women in Mongolia is to milk the cattle—goats, sheep, cows, camels, and mares—and work up the milk into the various forms in which it is finally used, namely, cream-cake, sour-cheese, skim-milk cheese, butter, and whisky. The manufacture of the milk is pleasant enough, but the milking is often dirty cold work. The cattle stand outside, summer and winter; men make a boast of being unable to milk, so the women have to perform this duty, among the mud of the summer rains, and the intense cold of the terrible winter. Every Mongol girl can cook, but cooking is not difficult to learn in a country where an elaborate meal consists, for the most part, of boiled mutton, followed by boiled millet, the mutton being fished out of the pot with the fire-tongs, and the millet poured into the same pot as it still boils, this second course, prepared before the eye of the guests, having ample time to be fully done by the time that the mutton has disappeared. Such dinners, too, are rare among the Mongols, and many of their meals are very simple and easily prepared, consisting merely of boiling tea poured into wooden teacups containing parched millet, oatmeal, milk curd, cheese, or cold victuals of any kind, the remains of former meals. As regards needlework, Mongolian women have more thorough practice, as they have to make the garments of the whole male and female community, and even spin much of the thread they use; and, on going into a tent, it is not uncommon to find one or two of the females busy with a bunch of camel's hair and a "whirler," making slowly and laboriously the coarse but strong thread with which much of their rongh sewing is done. Great is their amazement at foreign sewing cotton, which, compared with Chinese cotton, is so fine and superior that they usually mistake it for silk, and the glittering polished foreign needle is to them a marvel of finish, when seen beside the coarse round-holed "darners" they get from the Chinese.

The arrival of a Chinese travelling trader is one of the few things that vary the monotony of female life on the plain. As he comes along with his ox-cart he is usually noticed some mile or two away, and when he arrives he is found to have something to tempt everyone in the place—whisky for the men, biscuits, sweets, or fruit for the children, and draper's sundries for the women.

Silk for embroidery, cotton for ordinary work, cloth for garments, pieces of silk for ornament, and buttons of both foreign and Chinese pattern are offered and exchanged for such native products as cream-cakes, cheese, skins, mushrooms, camel's hair, or salt, the Chinaman making two profits, one on the article he sells and one on the article he takes in exchange; and the women, unable to leave their home duties and cattle, are glad to have their little necessities supplied at their own doors. These small traders gladden the



TOBACCO POUCH.

women's hearts at intervals all the year round, but the excitement in this line culminates when the Peking traders, in companies of two or three, pay their annual visit, bringing coral beads, snuff-bottles of precious stone, English velvet, furs for cuffs and collars, and even ready-made garments, finished in the superior style of the metropolitan tailors. Cream, cheese, salt, and skins won't do to barter with these dealers; and the Peking men, after slowly selling off all their stock, come back on their tracks, taking up sheep and cattle in settlement of their accounts, till they sometimes may be seen driving little flocks and herds before them. In some parts of Mongolia a few years ago tea was the established currency, and it was a common sight to see men and women going to shop and market with great flat bricks of tea under their arm, or strapped to their saddle.

The dress of a Mongol woman is very like that of a man, the outer garment being a robe that flows from the shoulders to the heels. The men wear a belt, the women do not, hence the common word for a female is "beltless." Married women are further distinguished from men by their head ornaments, and maidens are to be known from boys by the latter having the front part of their head shaved; but, for convenience sake, girls often wear a girdle, and at a distance it is sometimes difficult to tell a boy from a girl. Mongol girls, and women too, sometimes resemble men in their habits. They ride horses, sitting in the saddle in the same way as men, and often display bold and dashing horsemanship, as they career over the plain, singing in time to the beat of the horses' hoofs as they gallop along in pursuit of straying cattle. The girls of the northern tribes often assist in the management of caravans, going long journeys, showing a hardiness and power of endurance little, if at all, inferior to that of their brothers and fathers, and I have seen one of them change a warm dress for a cooler one without dismounting or even stopping her camel, as it marched along in the caravan. How it was done I cannot tell. She had been contorting and twisting herself for some time in a curious manner, but I had no hint of what she was doing till the process was

MONGOL GIRLS.

finished, and, throwing off the one robe, she displayed herself arrayed in another better suited to the increased heat of the day. The outer robe of the Mongols is so loose and large that it is to the wearer in the place of a separate tent or room, in which he can be private, or dress in seclusion, though in a tent filled with people. The want of other privacy may have had something to do in determining the shape of the garment, and a foreigner in his foreign robes is sometimes at a loss how to secure privacy in a company. The best thing he can do in such circumstances is to borrow a Mongol gown. Mongol girls and women are sometimes quite as energetic and capable as men, and a Mongol song celebrates the

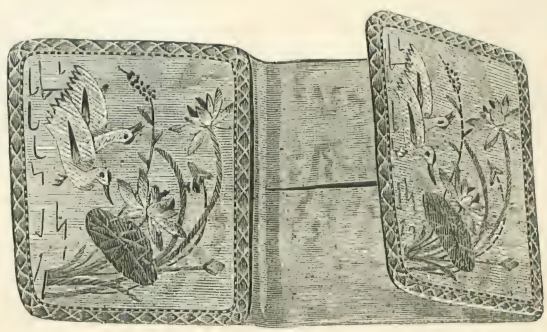
SCENT-BAG.

SPECTACLE CASE.

achievements of one girl who attained celebrity as the leader of a successful band of horse-thieves, one of her great qualities being that in the dark she could tell whether or not a horse was worth carrying off simply by passing her hand rapidly along the line of its spine.

In any family not too poor, girlhood in Mongolia is a free and joyous life. The girls are, as a rule strong, rosy, and beautiful, with teeth faultless in their regularity and whiteness. In a tent their presence is sunshine to strangers, with whom they converse without any timidity, and many of them sing the songs native to the country with great effect. In her home and by her parents, too, not only is the daughter treated with kindly appreciation and love, but as she nears the end of her girlhood she is a valuable possession. "Useless," it is true, is the name for girl, but as long as she is at home she proves exceedingly useful, and when, at some age between fourteen and twenty, someone "begs" her of her parents as his bride, the presents which the son-in-law has to make render her also profitable to her family.

Perhaps nothing amuses Mongols more than courtship and love as known among us. That a young man should select his own wife, should speak of marriage to a girl, and actually ask her consent seems, to them, hardly credible; but that a girl should listen to such advances, and even say "Yes," seems beyond everything. They seem never to have heard



PURSE.

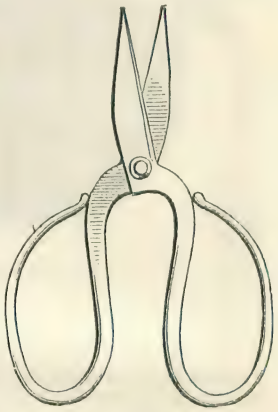
WOMEN GATHERING FUEL—*From a Native Sketch.*

of such a thing, and hardly believe that practically marriages can be so arranged. Their first fear is that ugly men would not get wives, their next is that plain girls would not get husbands, and many are the laughs they have over such an unheard of system. After they have done laughing, however, they cannot get rid of serious thoughts that such a system as ours is, to say the least, indelicate and disreputable. Among themselves with their present ideas it would be so, and therefore when parents want a wife for their son—he is not supposed to have any wishes in the matter, or even to know what is going on—they call a go-between, who seeks out a suitable girl, communicates with her parents, and opens negotiations between the two families.

According to the pure theory of the thing, if no hitch happens, the final and definite engagement is entered into by the parents before either of the young people are let into the secret. As a matter of fact, in most cases the youth is allowed to know part or even all of the arrangement, and, with the Mongolian habits of travelling and hospitality, can have no difficulty in seeing his affianced, but would not transgress propriety so far as to speak to her. The kindly gossip of the soft-hearted women no doubt informs the girl of her fate, and paints glowing pictures of her prospects, but yet she is supposed to know nothing. Purchases of material for trousseau may be made in her presence, all her neighbours and friends and she herself may be sewing away day after day at her robes, the click of the hammer of the silversmith who, in her lama brother's tent, is making her matron's head-ornaments may sound in her ears all day long, but still she is supposed to know nothing.

A few days before a marriage a bride, whose excellent match was the talk of the country-side, was sent to me with a message by her father. Nearly every man and woman about the neighbourhood was so busily engaged in preparations for the grand event that they hardly had time to eat, and I thought that politeness required me to congratulate her. I did not say much, but the mere reference to such a thing in her presence filled the tent with consternation, and after the young lady had withdrawn in confusion, I had my mistake pointed out to me in such a way that I was not likely to make it again.

A day or two after this adventure a terrible cry arose in the encampment, and running out to see what accident had happened, there were two matrons coming from the silversmith's tent, leading between them the bride arrayed in her ornaments. She was supposed to have discovered, for the first time, that the preparations were for her marriage, and custom and decency required of her that she should cry, shed many tears, display every symptom of unwillingness and grief, refuse to move, and allow the two dames, who had put on her ornaments, to drag her back howling to her father's tent. These head ornaments, the distinctive mark of a wife, are what strikes the eye of a foreigner first in looking at a Mongol woman. In different tribes they vary so much that travellers in the desert can tell their ethnographical latitude not by taking observations of the sun, but by looking at the women's heads. In all cases they are expensive, so that, as far as value is concerned, a woman may be said to carry an ox on her head. The weight of them is very considerable, must be felt much at first, and no doubt is partly the cause of the persistent and severe headaches so common among Mongol matrons—"my head has split" being a phrase often in their mouths. But worse than their cost and weight is the incon-



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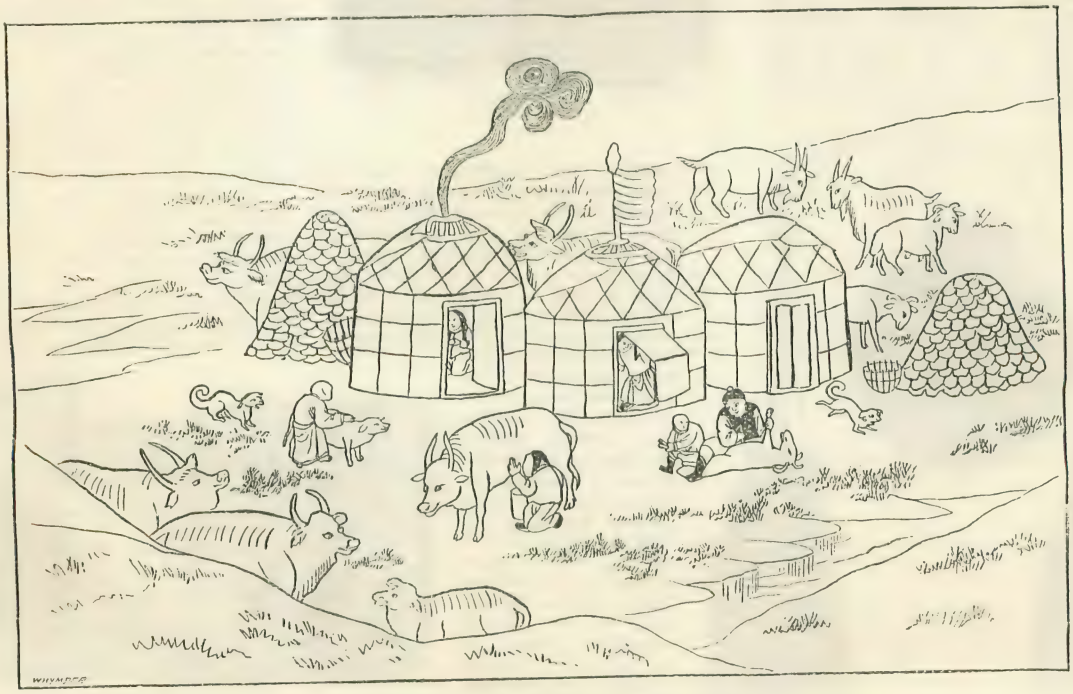


A MONGOL CAMP.—*From a Native Sketch.*

venience of these head-dresses. In the different tribes all are awkward-looking encumbrances, but some are even more cumbersome than others, and, as far as my experience goes, the prize for ingenuity in devising a set of head-ornaments that inflict the maximum of torture on the wearer is due to a tribe in the south of Mongolia, where the wives have a silver plate, studded with coral and coloured stones, standing perpendicular fashion some little distance out from the side of the head, and carried by a brass rod which lies on the top of the head, the two brass rods from the opposite sides being tied together, or stuck into the same plait of hair, and thus balancing each other. In addition to this are some silver hangings, coral mounted, and the whole has to be kept in place by a great silver hook passed through the lobe of the ear. To see the straining of the ear as the metals swing about when a woman is working, or when a child clutches at the ornament, is almost more than one can bear, and worse than this is the sight of torn-open lobes, the results probably of violent treatment from their husbands when in drink. But the absurdity of this fashion is best seen when the women of this tribe on ceremonial occasions put on their hats, because the carrying apparatus of the side ornaments prevent the hat from reaching the head at all, and make it necessary to tie the whole thing so that it shall remain above the head, and, in some cases, almost clear of it. It is almost too much for one's gravity to see a fine lady dressed in this fashion. Furnished with such an elaborate set of ornaments themselves, it is not strange that they should remark their absence in European ladies. But after all, only some European ladies can afford to laugh at their Mongol sisters. Mongol women wear no stays, and, if a tight-laced lady were to appear among them, her figure would seem as absurd to them as their head-dress is to us.

Custom required of the newly adorned bride, spoken of above, that she should keep up her demonstrations of grief till night at least, and she proved herself a dutiful daughter, howling away till dark at the thought of the coming separation on the morrow. To-morrow came, and as the lucky hour for the starting of the bridal procession was found to be about daylight, everyone turned out to be present. A fine horse, but quiet almost as if he had been a gymnastic block, was held ready saddled at the door; the bride, who had recommenced her lamentations, refused to stir, and a young man, at the command of her father, drew aside the curtain, picked up the girl, and came out carrying her under his arm, limp and helpless, as if she had been a bundle of hay. She would not move a muscle to mount the horse, and, covering her face with her hands and weeping violently, she was hoisted into the saddle, held there as if she had been an effigy, the horse, which was as quiet as if it understood the case thoroughly, was led forward a few steps, a halt was called, the bride was taken down and carried howling still by the same young man into the tent next to that she had left, and the company dispersed, remarking that she had started. This is, it seems, a custom common when the proper astrological hour proves inconvenient. Superstition demands that the procession should set out at that hour and no other, but as a start then would bring the party to their destination at an awkward time, the difficulty is got over by reckoning the distance from one tent to another as a stage of the journey, the letter of the law of superstition has been fulfilled, and men's minds set at rest, though the distance accomplished in this first stage has not been much more than from the parlour to the dining-room.

At a reasonable hour in the morning, when all had dressed and breakfasted, and the neighbours were assembled in full force, the bride, still lamenting and limp, was once more dragged forth, placed in a cart drawn by two horses and guided by a mounted driver, and, amid general weeping, much of it ceremonial but some of it real, the cavalcade started at a trot on its picturesque way over the desert. Arrived at its destination, the company had to go through the ceremony of being indignant at finding the bridegroom barricaded in his tent, and after going through the further ceremony of saying they had brought his bride, on producing her she was found to be ill. And no wonder; the ceremonial lamentation, the simulated loss of appetite, and the jolting journey of twenty or thirty miles across the desert, were surely sufficient to have worn out anyone. But the Mongols sought for the cause elsewhere, and on someone showing that the hour of the start had been miscalculated, the poor girl's exhaustion was attempted to be removed by the homœopathic remedy of setting a lama to read the almanack through from beginning to end. Such, at least, was the report of those who had accompanied the party.

It would be tedious to tell of the comings and goings that take place for some days afterwards between the parents and friends of the two families; how the bridegroom escorts home his mother-in-law, and how the bride's father goes to see her in her new home. Suffice it to say, that on one pretence or other there is a feast almost daily both at the old and new home of the bride for a week, and even then the business is not finished; occasional feasts occur at gradually widening intervals, and not for a month can the festivities and ceremonies be regarded as fairly completed. Our expeditious and business-like marriage arrangements seem curious to the Mongols, the honeymoon trip seems mysterious; but that which seems most wonderful of all to them is, that some of our marriages are conducted on teetotal principles. Chinese whisky forms one main item in the requisites for a Mongolian marriage feast, and how a marriage can be celebrated without intoxicants a Mongol cannot very well conceive.

In her new home a Mongol bride's first duty might almost be said to be to reverence her husband's parents. She is subject in all things to her mother-in-law, and whenever her father-in-law is heard stepping towards her tent she hastily assumes her hat and stands up. In many cases, perhaps in most cases, marriages turn out well. The young couple though treated still as children have a separate tent, differing in this from the Chinese arrangement, and the Mongols generally have a large share of affection in their nature. But should the new bride prove in any way unsuitable, nothing is simpler than to "send her back." Divorce with them is a very easy matter. If a bride turns out to be awkward, stupid, a poor needlewoman, lazy, or in any way unsuitable in accomplishments or temper to her husband or mother-in-law, the remedy is simple and ready: "send her back." On one occasion I saw a wife sent back simply because she could not get on with her mother-in-law, though she was satisfactory enough in the eyes of her husband. "Sent back wives" are pretty common in Mongolia, nor can their case be regarded as a very hard one. Most of them soon find another husband, no stigma seems to attach to them, and I know a young woman who, after two unsuitable settlements in married life, is now comfortably and happily located with her third husband, who, it would seem, is a man in better circumstances than either of his two predecessors.

To the Mongols the fixed nature of our marriage institution seems very alarming, and if divorce with them was as difficult as with us they would doubtless exercise much the same care as we do before venturing on a union to last till death do us part. In her home the Mongol wife has no easy time of it. A man seems to have plenty of spare time on hand, but a woman's duties are many and constant. Cows are, in Mongol parlance, a woman's farm, and it is a farm which calls for constant attention. Cooking, though not elaborate, causes a good deal of labour, from the fact that every stranger who happens to call must be offered hot tea, and many a time have I protested that I would not have tea, simply to spare the tired woman the trouble of going on her knees, blowing the fire, setting on the pot, and preparing the hospitable beverage. They themselves regard the fuel gathering in spring as the hardest work they have all the year round. Though the men folks are mostly idle then, they seldom take any part in it, and the women, not accustomed to much walking, find it very tiring work indeed. It has one compensation—gossip. In their tents there is seldom opportunity for quiet conversation, men and children are always about, but away out on the plain fuel gathering, women have full opportunity for that exchange of confidences dear to the female heart, and many a piece of news finds its way about the country which was first told as a secret at "argol" time.

The only real holiday Mongol women have in the year is at the season of the Midsummer Festival. On the great day of this religious celebration they hurry over the milking early in the morning, dress in their best, mount such horses as they may own or have been able to borrow, and make for the temple. There by mid-day may be found assembled nearly every woman and girl that can possibly be spared from their homes, and when they gather in a circle round the temple court to see the sacred pantomime, the place blares with bright-coloured silks and gleams with polished silver. Religious duties bring them there, but great part of the enjoyment of the holiday consists in the friends they meet then, for the only time in the twelve months; their hearts are not hard, and on these occasions their feelings sometimes find relief in tears.

A Mongol woman's life is, as a rule, hard and short. Understanding little about the danger of damp clothes, and having few changes to use, even if they did understand, they get wet in summer attending to their cattle in all weathers, and, in addition, a woman's place in the tent is next the door—the poorest place—where in many cases she sleeps at night, protected from the cold ground only by a warm ox-hide. One of them said to me once, "You foreigners treat your wives as well as yourselves, but we Mongol women are treated like dogs." There was not much exaggeration in this. One of the results of this bad treatment is that many of them are great sufferers from complaints which more sensible treatment would have prevented. Another result is that most Mongol men outlive their first wife, and marry a second, who is not at all difficult to find, as half the men are priests, and as such not allowed to marry.

Nuns are not unknown in Mongolia, but they are very few in number. I have seen only one young woman with shaved head and priestly garments, denoting that she was devoted to religion; but most women who live to be old, especially if they are widows, enter the priesthood, and pass the close of their life with their heads shaved and destitute of all ornaments. They do not leave their family habitations and retire to temples, nor do they by any means devote themselves exclusively to religious duties. They work and bustle about as actively as before, and have a good deal of influence in family affairs, but theoretically have done with the pursuits and ambitions of life, and are supposed for the remainder of their days to turn their attention more towards the life to come than to the life that now is.

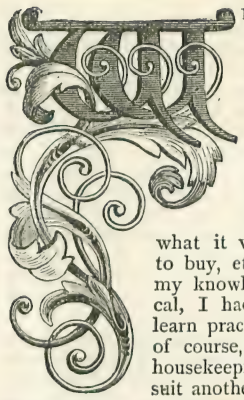
FLOWERS OF JOY AND SORROW

In vesture spotless as the driven snow
She heaps the crystal vase with dewy sheen—
With green tones down the rich azalea's glow,
And deftly slips the orange sprays between.
Do visions swell that gentle bosom now
Of bridal wreath upon her own fair brow?
Angel music o'er vale and lea
Soon will be clashing merrily.
Laughing too are the skies above,
Light winds whispering joy and love.

In robes as black as stately raven's plume
The weeping sisters weave a purer wreath.
No flaunting flowers may the pall illume,
But lilies, whiter than the dead beneath.
Sweet stephanotis, maiderhair, may rest
Within the palms crossed softly on the breast.
Solemnly, slowly tolls the bell
Over the desolate, dreary dell;
Sombre the heavens overhead,
Weeping now for the fair young dead.

F. B. Doveton.

HOW I KEEP HOUSE ON £250 A YEAR.



WHEN I commenced housekeeping it was not with the idea that to be a housekeeper it was only necessary to know something of cooking, and be able to order a dinner. I had definite notions of what it was most profitable to buy, etc., but as much of my knowledge was theoretical, I had a great deal to learn practically, and though, of course, no one person's housekeeping could exactly suit another, I hope that my experience may be of use to those who, like ourselves, have but limited means, but who do not mind taking a little thought and trouble about their arrangements in order to have a really well-regulated house.

I must premise that we are three in family, two ladies and one gentleman, all young, and all water drinkers; we rent a small house (of which the landlord does the repairs) in a suburb of London within four miles of Charing Cross.

Our house contains four bedrooms, two sitting-rooms, kitchen, pantry and scullery, and has a very small garden, just large enough for us to grow a few flowers and ferns, and some parsley, mint, and sweet herbs.

We keep two servants, the elder is twenty, the younger fourteen or fifteen years of age. When I began housekeeping I debated with myself as to whether we should have one or two. One would be more economical, but then we like to dine late, to have our dinners nicely sent up, and to be waited on at table, and we should neither of us cared to have stayed in or answered the door when our domestic went out; so I decided that my economy should be exercised in some other direction, where it would interfere less with our comfort, especially as I calculated that with two servants I could have all the small things and the table napkins, kitchen cloths, etc., washed at home and so reduce the laundress's bill considerably besides saving the linen. How we do the washing I will tell my readers in a future article.

The question of servants decided, I took a pencil and paper to make an estimate of our probable expenditure, doing my best that the items should be commensurate; but there were so many things to put down, that the task was not an easy one, and I am sure that many will be surprised at the number of things that have to be paid for besides food. The following is a copy of my estimate:—

	£	s.	d.
Rent, per annum	40	0	0
Inhabited house duty	1	10	0
Parish rates (rated at £35)	7	10	0
Water rate	1	16	0
Pew rent	3	0	0
Fire insurance on furniture, etc.	0	10	0
Gas	4	0	0
Coals	9	0	0
Wages, cook	14	0	0
Wages, girl	5	0	0
Entertainments	12	0	0
Extra expenses during the summer holiday	12	0	0
Wear and tear on house linen and crockery	3	0	0
Charities and subscriptions	5	0	0
Newspapers, periodicals, stationery, etc.	2	14	0
Chemist	2	0	0
Fifty-two weeks' board and washing at £2 8s. a week	124	16	0
	£247	16	0
Balance for sundries	2	4	0
Total	£250	0	0

It will be seen that clothes have not to come out of the £250, which, however, covers all other expenses. There is nothing put down for medical attendance; all I can say is that should we be unfortunate enough to have illness in the house, we must that year do without entertainments; and, perhaps, it even might happen that we could not all take a summer holiday.

It would appear from my figures that scarcely any margin is left; this is not quite the fact, for there is a sum put down for entertaining, but there is no reduction made for our being out sometimes, so that, in truth, I always have at the end of the year a small balance from the £2 8s. put down for board and laundress.

With regard to the second, third, and fourth items in my list, I often hear ladies say, "Oh, I know nothing about rates and taxes." But why know nothing about them? A housekeeper should know everything connected with her house, and be able to tell whether the charges are right or not; they are, too, like most things, very easy to understand when once explained.

The inland revenue, generally called "Queen's" taxes, are collected once a year. They are:—The income-tax, which is so much (variable from year to year) in the pound on the rent, and has to be paid by the tenant, but the rent being the landlord's income, he is bound to allow the tenant, on the production of the receipt, the amount back out of the following quarter's rent. The inhabited house duty, which is always ninepence in the pound on the rent, is the tenant's tax.

These two are paid by every householder; the others are special, such as a horse, carriage, using armorial bearings, under which head comes crested note-paper, or wearing a ring with a crest on it, licence to keep a dog, etc.

The next are the parish rates. Houses are generally rated somewhat below the rental, except in cases where the rent is below the value of the house; this frequently happens where have been for a long time in a house and the neighbourhood has improved; the house is then assessed at the fair value. The parish rates are collected twice a year, and vary a little; all particulars are given plainly on the papers themselves with the rateable value, and anyone who will read them through will find no difficulty in understanding them.

The rates vary very much in amount in different towns and parishes, being much higher where there are many poor; then, too, some country towns and parishes have special tithes and rates. The water rate is collected twice a year, and is four per cent. on the rateable value, with an extra charge for special services.

Some of the water companies now give particulars on the back of their accounts, from which one may easily calculate what the bill should be.

My readers must now see that they will altogether have five tax or rate papers sent them every year.

I always have young servants. I do not at all mind having to teach them; when I engage a fresh servant for the kitchen I inquire if she likes cooking, which is of far more importance than the little she may chance to know; the same with the younger servant. I would not take one who did not like waiting at table, for I find it is almost impossible to teach them things they do not care for. With young cooks I find it answers best to tell them how to do things, making them repeat to me the instructions, so as to find out if they have really understood me; then in a week or two, when they may be supposed to have mastered some of the rudiments of cooking, I lend them recipes, and I must say that I very rarely have anything spoilt.

As account book I use Letts's "Housekeeper enlarged." This contains a tradesmen's summary, by which I am able to see how much each article of consumption has cost during the year, and to know on what I may spend a little more or must spend a little less the next year. It also contains a register for gas, taxes, etc. I enter my receipts and expenditure daily, and have no sundries; everything is put down separately.

I go down into the larder every morning directly after breakfast and see what is required, but I do not then say what will be for dinner, for I always go to the shops, see the meat and other things weighed, and pay for them. By doing this I am sure that I am better served. I do not say that the butcher actually charges me less, but that he trims the meat better, so I have not so much skin and bone to pay elevenpence a pound for. The reason for not ordering dinner before going out is that prices vary very much from day to day, and though one might like to have chickens or salmon, either would do as well on a day when it was plentiful as when it was scarce, and consequently dear.

I have no bills except the milkman's and the baker's, and these I pay weekly. There is a basket hung by the back door, in which are two books, one for the baker, the other for the milkman. In these they write down daily the bread and milk taken. I look through them every week, and by them check the weekly books. On my return from marketing I go to my store cupboard (in which I always keep a white bib-apron and a pair of gloves) and give out what is needed for the day.

Though I have a store cupboard with a great variety of things in it, so as never to have so send out fer anything, I do not keep large stores. Storerooms sometimes lead to a great deal of extravagance—people are so apt to forget the cost of what is in the house. I know a housekeeper who, to be economical, orders her grocery in large quantities once a quarter from stores. I think she would be astonished if she calculated how much it cost her a week. She is careful in most things, but, having it in the house, she does not think whether it is better to give sago at 2½d. a pound for kitchen puddings, or Rio tapioca that costs 6½d. a pound; and so with many other things.

I am frequently asked what I "allow." I order in certain quantities of things, and I expect them to last; but I do not ever say to a servant that "I allow" so much, and if they asked me for a little more of anything, if they were on the whole careful, I should give it. I neither allow beer nor beer money, but sometimes I have been asked for a little coffee. I give out every Saturday, for the two servants, two pounds of moist sugar and half a pound of tea; out of this they often bring us up two cups in the afternoon. They have a pound of butter a week, as much treacle as they like, and usually we all eat from the same cheese; soap, soda, matches,

wood, &c., are also given out each week. We use about a third of a pound of yellow soap (exclusive of washing) a week, and a bundle of wood has to light two fires.

I neither allow meat breakfasts nor suppers in the kitchen, excepting Sunday, when they have eggs for breakfast, or at any time that I want something finished. They frequently have soup or such vegetables as marrow or haricot beans for supper. I find they like it, and it costs no more than cheese. Baked potatoes and stewed onions also make good suppers for them.

The following list of our meals for a week will give an idea of how we live. There is no gentleman at home to lunch; we are not great meat eaters, and often prefer soup or pudding to meat in the middle of the day. It is the rule that whatever soup or pudding is made for the kitchen dinner comes upstairs first, whether we want it or not. This is done to insure its being made, and being properly made, for sometimes cooks are negligent over kitchen cooking, and badly made things are probably wasted.

On Sundays we always have a joint and dine early. The servants dine after us.

SUNDAYS. — Breakfast: Fried cod and boiled eggs. Dinner: White onion soup, roast leg of mutton, cabbage and potatoes, baked apple dumpling, small water melon. Supper: Sardines, stewed spinach, and home-made tartlet.

MONDAY.—Breakfast: Sardines and curried eggs. Midday dinner: Cold mutton, potatoes, treacle pudding. Late Dinner: Whiting, pudding, some slices of underdone mutton fried in paste and breadcrumbs and served with tomato sauce and mashed potatoes, boiled lemon pudding.

TUESDAY.—Breakfast: Fried bacon and remainder of sardines served on toast. Midday Dinner: Pea soup, cold mutton and potatoes. Late Dinner: Haricot beans stewed in gravy, roast fowl, boiled bacon (piece of flank) and cabbage, ground rice soufflé.

WEDNESDAY. — Breakfast: cold bacon. Midday Dinner: Baked haddocks and potato pie made with the remains of the cold mutton. Late Dinner: Palestine soup, chicken croquettes (made of the pickings off the fowl bones), beef olives, potatoes rubbed through a sieve, macaroni cheese.

THURSDAY.—Breakfast: Cold bacon and remainder of croquettes or beef olives made hot. Midday Dinner: Pudding made of neck of beef, ox kidney, and Jerusalem artichokes. Late Dinner: Soles au gratin (with mushrooms), roast ribs of beef, stewed carrots and potatoes, fried jam puffs.

FRIDAY.—Breakfast: Stewed eels. Midday Dinner: Potato soup, cold beef, and baked potatoes. Late Dinner: Boiled haddock and egg sauce, cold beef, salad, and potato balls, baked currant pudding.

SATURDAY.—Breakfast: Fishcakes (made of the remains of the haddock and egg sauce), and eggs au plat. Midday Dinner: Remains of the beef stewed with carrots, potatoes, and onions, bread pudding with plums in it. Late Dinner: Macaroni soup (made from the beef bone, etc.), scrag of mutton, haricot, pancakes.

I must append the result at the end of the week. I regret that space does not allow me to give the copies of my bills in detail, so I must give the totals.

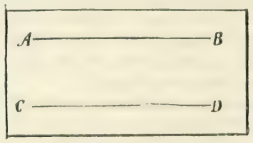
	s.	d.
Butcher (and fowl)	17	6
Fishmonger	4	2
Eggs	1	6
¾ lb. fresh butter	1	1½
½ lb. cooking do.	0	7
1 lb. kitchen do.	1	2
½ lb. kitchen tea	0	9
2 lbs. kitchen sugar	0	5
½ lb. tea	1	0
¾ lb. coffee, 9d.; 2 oz. chicory, 1d. ..	0	10
Milk bill	2	3
Bread	3	6
Flour	0	7
Bacon and cheese	3	0
Greengrocer	3	6
Used from stores, grocery, &c. ..	2	8
Total	£2	4 6½

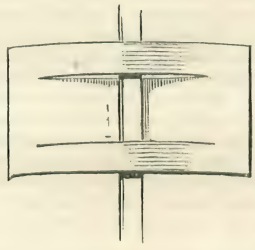
Add to this three shillings to be paid the laundress for things sent out, and the readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER will perceive that at the end of my first week I had 5½d. in hand out of the £2 8s. allowed for housekeeping.

HOW TO MAKE A METRONOME.

MY metronome is a very cheap, yet a very efficient and useful little instrument. You will allow it is cheap when I tell you that the materials cost me nothing, and are such as can be found in any house. It is quite simple in construction, and is such as any handy boy or girl could easily make in an hour. It can be set agoing with a single touch, and continues moving for several minutes. It indicates any rate of movement with perfect accuracy, and it cannot go out of repair.

I shall now describe how I made it. I first got a piece of lead to form the bob of the pendulum; I cut and hammered it to the





size and shape of half a crown, only very much thicker, for it weighs three ounces. I then bored a hole through it from edge to edge; this hole was made about large enough to admit a pocket-book pencil. The next thing was to procure a small piece of hard wood—oak was what I used, but the kind is immaterial. This piece of wood was 13¾ inches long and rather less than ⅜ of an inch thick each way. I then pared the greater part of it quite thin, leaving only two inches untouched at one end. The little rod was now, for all but these two inches, rather less that ⅛ of an inch in thickness, the breadth remaining as before, rather less than ⅜ of an inch.

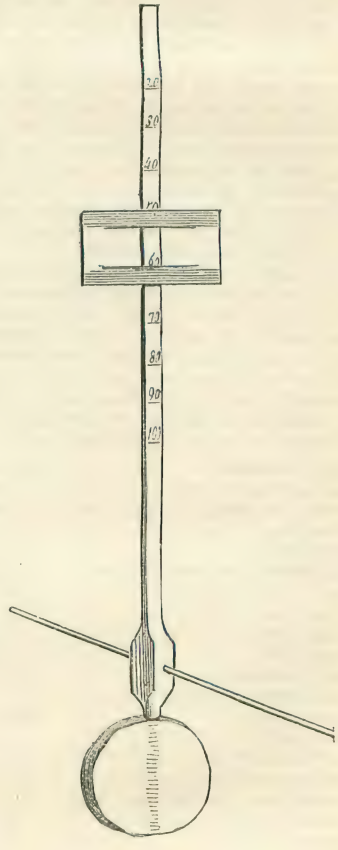
The next proceeding was to pare 1¼ inches of the thick end so as to fit in tightly into the hole in the leaden bob. This was then fitted and fastened in, the flat sides of the rod being parallel with the flat sides of the bob. The arrangement by this time looked very much like a common pendulum. I next measured exactly 1⅝ inches from the lower edge of the bob, and bored a small hole through the square part of the wooden rod. This hole was at right angles to the plane of the bob. I next drove a piece of a common knitting wire about 6 inches long into the hole and through until it projected equally on each side. This wire had to be rather larger than the hole in order to fit tightly.

The next thing was to form the counterpoise or regulator. This I made of a small piece of tinplate clipped with a pair of ordinary scissors from an empty tin can. The size of the piece was 2¾ inches by 1¼ inch.

I then cut with a chisel two slits, A B C D, and bent the part between slightly backwards and the parts above and below slightly forwards, so as to admit of the regulator being slid on to the thin wooden rod.

To make the regulator more readily visible in all lights, it is well to paint the upper and lower part red or blue, and leave the middle part bright.

Having slid on the regulator, trial may now be made to see how the pendulum acts. Place the metronome on the top of a large tumbler or jam pot, or bowl, or tin, so that the knitting wire shall rest on the two edges. A very slight touch will now set the pendulum agoing. If the regulator is placed near the top, the pendulum will swing very slowly, if near the bottom, very quickly. It will be found, if rightly made, to continue its motion



for several minutes. Of course each successive swing will be smaller and smaller, but this is of no consequence, because the time of each will be exactly the same.

Having ascertained that the metronome will swing well, the next thing to be done is to mark off the divisions. This had better be done in pencil first, so as to admit of correction. The markings on mine are as follow:—At exactly $7\frac{1}{8}$ in. from the lower end of the bob a line is drawn and marked 100. If the regulator be placed so that the line coincides with C D, the metronome will make 100 beats in a minute. At $7\frac{7}{8}$ inches from lower end of the bob mark 90; at $8\frac{5}{8}$, 80; at $9\frac{1}{4}$, 70; at 10, 60; at $10\frac{3}{4}$, 50; at $11\frac{1}{2}$, 40; at $12\frac{1}{8}$, 30; at $12\frac{3}{4}$, 20.

ON EMIGRATING AS DOMESTIC SERVANTS TO NEW ZEALAND.

DOMESTIC servants wanted, such as cooks, nurses, housemaids, general servants, and dairymaids, to whom free passages to New Zealand will be granted," &c., is the commencement of an advertisement, under the heading of "Situations Vacant," which at present appears daily in the newspapers.

The fear of not getting a situation, dread of the voyage, and the erroneous ideas that clothes are exorbitant and work too hard in the Antipodes, keeps many, who have no ties here, or those who have pluck to break from such, from bettering their condition by emigrating, for they need not tarry if the above-named causes alone deter them from setting off to the bright new land. Long before their steamer (most of the New Zealand emigrants are sent by steamship) has arrived, eager mistresses will have written to the agent offering places to the coming servants.

Wages range from £25, £30, up to £50 a year. Ten shillings a-week is what an ignorant, untaught girl commands, and any servant, more especially one fresh from the old country, with a character and experience, will earn £35 to £40 as easily as she does £16 to £18 at home. In town an efficient cook will be offered £50 a-year.

Clothes are very little dearer than in England. Hats, dresses, boots, and unmade stuffs are much the same; but frilling, gloves, and small accessories are higher, but not exorbitant.

I do not think work is harder. There are fewer contrivances to save labour; no hot and cold water pipes laid on, fewer cooking utensils, cruder stoves and ovens than in Britain, but there are no stairs, and halls are a scarce commodity. So, weighing one thing against another, work will be found much the same as at home. Owing to the high rate of wages, a much smaller staff of servants are kept in Colonial households, and in consequence a maid's work is more general. A cook will be required to do washing and baking, and a housemaid will be tablemaid too. To make up for the lack of servants, the mistresses take part in the housework. They assist to make the beds, trim the lamps, dust the drawing-room, and help the cook forward in her work for dinner. If the master or mistress want anything, they go for it themselves. Bells are seldom rung, for Antipodean employers are considerate, and saving of giving trouble. Servants have as much leisure time to devote to sewing and mending as at home, for people in the Antipodes lead simpler lives, and, as a rule, dine early. If the maids have broken the neck of the day's work in the morning, in well-ordered households they have their evenings to spend as they like.

I would recommend up-country—or bush-life, as it is also called—to any girl fresh from home. Wages in the bush are higher. New Zealand maidens prefer towns, and it is difficult to get a servant to go up-country.

A station (sheep farm) situation is sure to please an English girl, from its very strangeness. The maids at a squatter's (sheep farmer's) homestead are far from shops and town amusements but a concert in the nearest township (village), a dance at some selector's (small freehold farmers), varies the monotony of bush life for what are called "the ladies in the kitchen." The cook, housemaid, and nurse of a New Zealand friend of mine, instead of spending an orthodox afternoon out, as town servants do, used to ask for a few hours' holiday and for horses. Leave being granted, the trio mounted and cantered cheerily away, their mistress, meanwhile, keeping house and looking after the children. Colonial, and more especially up-country, mistresses, are, as you will see from the above riding episode, willing to allow their servants to partake of any gaiety or recreation within their power; but expect, in return, when a stress of work comes, that the handmaidens will face it ungrudgingly. An emergency may happen by the cook decamping. Then the housemaid must be her substitute, and help her mistress till another comes. Perhaps half-a-dozen guests may ride up, without warning, and the servants must not grumble at the extra labour they entail.

In the bush, a church may be too far to attend regularly, but mostly every township has one, and, at any rate, travelling clergymen hold service, from time to time, at outlying stations. In Otago (South Island), the greater proportion of the population being Scotch, Presbyterian churches abound.

On a run (another name for a station) there is a "hut," where dwell the "hands," viz., shepherds, ploughmen, rabbiters, and, during the wool harvest, a regiment of shearers. However plain of feature a lass may be, when in service at a squatter's she is certain of receiving several offers of marriage from steady men, whose wages, including their food, begin at £50 per annum, and range from that up to £80 or £100.

The climate of New Zealand is very healthy, and is very much like a greatly improved edition of home. In the South Island it is cold in May, June, and July; but snow, except in the mountains, seldom lies, and roses and geraniums flower outside throughout the whole year. Summer is not over hot, but like a long continuance of a perfect day in June in England.

The North Island is much warmer, and altogether it has an ideal climate, never too cold, and never uncomfortably high in temperature. Otago (South Island) is rugged and mountainous. The scenery and people are very Scotch; so, to any one coming from the north of the Tweed, it is a pleasant province from its very likeness to home.

Owing to the dearth of servants, who marry and leave their mistresses disconsolate, the New Zealand Government offer to frank girls from any town in this country out to the brighter Britain. All that is required of them is to have characters for honesty and sobriety from their two last employers and their minister. Their ship outfit, in regard to bedding, is also free; so a girl can voyage out to the Antipodes without one penny of expense. Steamers take forty-five days, and sailing ships double that time. Once the first few days of sea-sickness are over, the passage, be it made under steam or sail, will be found wonderfully pleasant, for everyone settles down into a leisurely monotony, and passengers oftener than not regret that the time passes so swiftly.

For the voyage out by steamer a girl would need six weeks' stock of underclothes; and, if by sailing ship, double the quantity, as no washing is done on board. Three weeks of the time will be in hot latitudes, and the other three in cold. Every sensible person on board wears their oldest clothes—one warm gown and one of print are all the dresses required. A thick petticoat, woollen stockings, a woollen comforter, flannels, and an ulster are needful. A shady hat, and one devoid of feathers, fit for rough weather, is all that is wanted for head-gear. Boots used on ship-board, owing to the rolling, are apt to go over at the heels, and it is well to keep out only a pair of worn ones, over which goloshes may be drawn when the decks are damp, and have a pair of stout house shoes as well. A few pockets, with tacks to nail them up with, are most necessary for tidiness and comfort. They can be made of any scraps of linen or print. There should be one to hold brush, comb, hair-pins, looking-glass, and pincushion; and another pouch, into which a book or sewing can be dropped. Remember there are no chairs or tables in a cabin, therefore everything careers about when the ship rolls. Four are usually in a cabin, but those who pay £70 passage money are no better off as to space. The emigrants are well looked after, and their quarters cleanly, well-aired, and well supervised.

If an emigrant would like to pass a most luxurious time on the sea, let her add to her kit a folding-up cane chair, such as her richer shipmates aft lay out ten shillings on, for use on deck.

For wear, in New Zealand, a servant needs exactly the same outfit as she had for service in the old country. She will have her trunk brought up from the hold during the voyage at intervals, and on the last luggage day could extract from her kit a better dress to land in. A wooden box is as serviceable as any, if strong, and a carpet-bag will do best for the cabin.

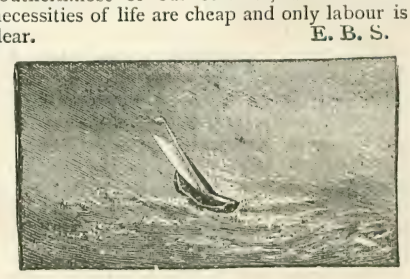
Out in the colonies, if a maid will dress as she did when in service at home, her clothes will cost her no more; but Antipodean servants often fritter away all their high wages on tawdry finery and jewellery.

Hawkers, every few months, visit stations with a van load of every conceivable article of dress. They have a well-stocked shop packed on four wheels and drawn by a team of bullocks. Their prices are those of country shopkeepers in England, and, owing to them, a girl in service up country has plenty of opportunity to renew her wardrobe.

I can vouch for this much. If any servant, energetic and steady, goes out to the colonies she will never repent it. During a lengthy visit to the Antipodes I never met with one who regretted having emigrated.

If a girl will make up her plain morning dresses herself, and avoid spending money on useless finery out of her yearly £35 or £40, she ought to be able to spare a £10 note to send to the old folks at home. Likely, she will try to persuade them, or, at any rate, some brothers or sisters, to bid England "farewell for evermore," and set sail for the fairest and southernmost of our colonies, where all the necessities of life are cheap and only labour is dear.

E. B. S.



SEVEN YEARS FOR RACHEL; OR, WELSH PICTURES SKETCHED FROM LIFE.

By ANNE BEALE.

CHAPTER I.

A WELSH VILLAGE.

WHEN I first went to reside in South Wales it seemed to me that I was in a new world. Language, manners, customs, scenery, were all different from those to which I had been accustomed, and I at once set to work to sketch them both with pen and pencil. The peasantry and their native mountains alike interested me, and writing paper and sketch-book were in constant requisition. The following pages were the result of first impressions, and later experience has not changed my opinion of the warm hearts and kindly nature of the people, or the fascinating beauty of their country. They are, literally, "sketched from life," and may not be devoid of interest to the lover of nature.

My first acquaintances among the peasantry were a company of labourers employed in digging a pond on a gentleman's grounds, near a pretty oak and fir wood, some of whom were knee-deep in mud, and others wheeling away barrows full of it; but all stood still, simultaneously, at the appearance of a stranger. I asked a casual question of a little round-faced man with red cheeks, and an eye twinkling with more drollery than I can describe. He looked at his companions, shook his head, and uttered something in Welsh ending in "seisoneg," which meant "I have not much English." A tall, gaunt, upright man, fluent of speech both in Welsh and English, came to his assistance, as did one or two others, allured to a few minutes' idleness.

My friend of the twinkling eye was, I afterwards discovered, yclept Jackey Bach, or Jackey the Little, on account of the smallness of his stature; my tall friend was called "The Corporal," he having passed a great portion of his life in the army. The figures of these two men formed a striking contrast as they stood, the former leaning upon his spade, and the latter shouldering his like a musket. Jackey Bach wore a low-crowned, broad-brimmed, oil-skin hat, under which, as I said before, beamed a face where played the very spirit of drollery. His garments hung loosely about him, as, indeed, did those of his friend the Corporal, and were sufficiently well patched, showing that they had "seen service." The Corporal stood as upright with his shouldered spade as if he had been on parade. He was nearly twice as tall as Jackey, and had a solemnity in his face almost as amusing as his friend's jocularity; and when he did condescend to smile, it was much after the manner of his touching his hat—slowly and respectfully, and as if he gave the ceremony due consideration. His face was long and thin, and he had a demure, dark eye, whilst his hat, as if to bid defiance to Jackey's, towered high in the air, with little or no brim at the base.

The conversation turned upon Wales, and Jackey appeared much pleased at my admiration of it.

"It is the finest country in the world," said he; "there is no place like it."

"Oh," replied the Corporal, "you haven't seen foreign parts, so how should you know?"

"And if I had," retorted Jackey, looking aggrieved, "I shouldn't have seen anything so fine as Wales, Mr. Corporal."

Now I afterwards learnt, that of all appellations that of Corporal was the most disagreeable to its owner, and he was rarely called so to his face. He was not really a corporal, but had just escaped being promoted to that rank, which had greatly pained his ambitious feelings. Jackey, also, felt his dignity as well as his height insulted by the addition of "Bach" to his name; and whenever he wished to quarrel with the Corporal, or the Corporal with him, these distinguishing epithets were sure to be bandied about between them.

"Pooh, pooh! Jackey *Bach*," continued the Corporal, "if you had been abroad, as I have, you'd tell a different tale. There's nothing like being sent about the world to make one know what's what, and to rub off Welsh prejudices, as my old captain used to say, who was a Welshman like myself. Many's the night I have slept out of doors, without bed or bedding, but I didn't care. I was young then, though, to be sure, I had the rheumatism, which stiffened the joints of this hand a little."

"Better stay at home and keep your joints straight," muttered Jackey; but the Corporal took no notice, and proceeded:

"In the war I got a few shots through my body—not in my locker, as the sailors say—but I mustn't complain: seven and sixpence a week pension is a comfortable thing, added to what one can make by working. If I had been lucky enough to have been pensioned a little later, I should have had a halfpenny a week more; and I often think how nicely it would have paid for my backey."

"Humph!" grumbled Jackey; "it wouldn't have gone far towards that."

The Corporal looked contempt, and was about to proceed with his conversation, when it was interrupted by the appearance of a very pretty girl, who told Jackey that the cows of a neighbouring farmer had broken into the grounds, and were regaling themselves upon the long grass.

"How do you do, Rachel, my dear," said the Corporal, with the sweetest smile that he could throw into his face.

And no wonder he smiled sweetly, for who could do otherwise upon Jackey Bach's pretty, modest daughter Rachel? But more of her another time. Off she tripped before her father, to show him the situation of the trespassers, and then she disappeared.

"He sends them to the right about face, don't he?" said the Corporal, as Jackey reached the cows, and with his spade, assisted by an incomprehensible noise, drove them before him.

"Burr-r-r, burr-r-r, burr-r-r!" he cried, as his short legs were put into their quickest possible motion. "Burr-r-r, burr-r-r, burr-r-r," he roared again, as one of them, becoming restive, turned round upon him, and received a blow from the flat side of his spade, which quickly made her, with a toss and a fling, return to her companions. Having succeeded in driving them through the lodge-gate into the road, Jackey looked triumphant, but exclaimed against the carelessness of his neighbours. Being asked what would become of the cows, he replied, "Oh! let 'em take care of themselves. What business had they here? They'll find their way home, I dare say; and if they don't, why Harries must look for 'em."

Having received especial invitations to visit the dwellings of my new friends, and faithfully promised to avail myself of them, I wished them good-morning, and was dismissed with a true soldier-like salute from the Corporal, and a knowing nod from his antipodes, Jackey. I fancied there was a dispute brewing; and as I walked slowly away, heard the words "Cwmry, Corporal, and Bach," somewhat loudly uttered by the two old men, who, it seems, rarely meet together without falling upon certain topics upon which they can never agree.

I was not long in fulfilling my promise of making acquaintance with the abodes of my new friends, and sought first the village, or, more properly, hamlet, where they dwell. This was called Caergwyn, and somewhat damped the ardour of my resolution to fall in love with everything I saw.

As many of the small Welsh towns are little better than villages, so many of the villages scarcely deserve the name. Caergwyn does not. By village we understand, either a compact little street, with its neat shop, its smart inn, and its gradations of houses, or a romantic place, with its homesteads scattered here and there over a considerable space of ground, yet looking as if they were really one family, but had strayed apart from one another, better to select picturesque situations.

We enter an English cottage, expecting to see comfort and neatness, and we are not often disappointed. There is the dresser with its display of earthenware—plates and dishes, blue and white, and flowered and pictured cups and jugs, all carefully arranged. Then the neat chairs and tables of elm or oak, the three-legged stools for the children, the eight-day clock, and, above all, the flower-pots in the window, generally bespeak attention to order and even taste.

Then in the garden there is a store of vegetables—potatoes, cabbages, and onions, for food; there are herbs in abundance—camomile, thyme, sage, and rue, for luxuries or medicine; and,

besides, there is the flower-bed in some little conspicuous spot devoted to taste.

Sometimes the cottage is covered with roses, and beneath the lattice the wall-flower grows abundantly, whilst a humble paling protects these treasures from the ruthless nose of the pig or the claws of the poultry. About or near the walls of the meanest mud-hut some little flower is sure to creep; and I cannot help fancying that an inborn love for those beautiful productions of nature is as great a national characteristic in the English, as a love for the mighty mountains is of the Welsh. The children have their flower-beds, in which, if they can procure them, they cultivate the rose and tulip, or else transplant to them from the fields the primrose, cowslip, and violet. The young maiden has her flower-garden, in which she loves to work when her daily tasks are done, and scarcely can there be a prettier sight than the rustic damsel bending over her floral treasures, and plucking every weed from their vicinity. The old woman has her flower-garden, in which she delights to sit, breathing the air impregnated with its sweets, and looking at the gay hues of its painted inhabitants. All the pleasures of the childhood of the English cottager are connected with flowers; but such was not the case with the children of Caergwyn.

As you approach this hamlet, after descending a hill and walking through a pretty green lane, a distant view of wood and mountain leads you to anticipate something picturesque. You are, however, disappointed. On each side of the lane stand some six or seven houses. The first, on the right hand side, has nothing to recommend it but a very old white-haired man, who is for ever digging in the same place, and I have often been puzzled to know whether he ever makes any advance. Old Daffy's foot seems always on his spade, which is, at least, a decided symptom of industry.

The next tenement is Jackey Bach's, which does not face the road, but, together with another under the same roof, looks into a little court, which divides it from the next house. There is nothing prepossessing here either, since the rose tree which Jackey's daughter Rachel tried to cultivate was fairly rooted up by the pigs. Through the court runs a small rivulet, in which pigs, ducks, and children amuse themselves, and where the housewives wash their potatoes. This little brook, flowing as it does from high ground at the back, is pretty enough when clean.

The next house is the inn. Here, as elsewhere, there cannot be found half-a-dozen houses huddled together without the nuisance of an ale-house, where a

"I ASKED A CASUAL QUESTION."

small ill-spelt sign invites the labourer to squander his weekly earnings in intoxication and immorality. The Swan is the name that this hostel assumes to itself, with its one room, and its surrounding low wall.

It is comfortable to turn to the adjoining dwelling, for in its little court grows one solitary lilac-tree. Within dwells old Pally Lewis, the washerwoman, and her grandchild. The lilac-tree is her greatest pride, and though it shades her one window from the rays of the sun so effectually as to darken her room, she would prefer living without light to lopping off a branch of it.

On the opposite side of the way are some pretty fields and a plantation of firs, below which are several houses closely packed together, and remarkable for untidiness, outside at least, and for children. To one of these belongs a high flight of stone steps, leading to an entrance which is half a storey from the ground; to another a small low window, in which are displayed half-a-dozen red and white streaked peppermints, two dirty-looking treacle pies, three stay-laces, a mouldy orange, some tobacco, a canister supposed to contain tea, and a penny book. Over the window is seen "Mary Davies, licensed to sell teas, sugar, tobacco, &c.," and in the doorway stands Mary Davies herself, a thin woman with a red nose. In another of these dwellings live the Corporal, his wife, his son, and his daughter; and in a third resides an old maid, a widow, and a great many children. There are two or three other tenements on a line with these last, containing men, women, and children, of various ages and sizes, upon which I shall only remark, that I never look either upon them or their neighbours without lamenting over the flowerless courts in front of them: they are the very places for flower-beds, yet nothing but broken stones or hardened earth is to be seen. With the exception of Pally's lilac, there is no indication of taste. I must not forget to do my pretty friend Rachel the justice to say, that although her neighbour's pigs conspire against her rose-tree in the front of her house, they did not prevent her making and preserving a small flower-bed in her father's large garden of potatoes behind. It took, however, several years of persuasion to induce Jackey to relinquish this portion of ground, much as he loved his daughter.

Thanks to the landlord, the roofs and walls of the villages are whole; but the insides of the cottages are not much smarter than their outsides. True, this is frequently occasioned by the poverty of the furniture and people, but there is an absence of comfort about the rooms not to be overcome. One small apartment, with an uneven mud floor, often contains the family and effects; a window, half covered with paper panes, admits a scanty portion of light; a bed in one corner, and one or two turn-up bedsteads, looking like chests of drawers by day, prove the room to be both dormitory and refectory. And what a bed it is!—an immense square wooden thing, like a closet, opening with a kind of door at the side, and capable of containing, and does pretty generally contain, six or seven sleepers. The rest of the furniture is comprised in a table, a chair, a stool or a bench, a pitcher, bucket, and such-like articles. The ornamental part is a little earthenware on a rickety shelf or dresser, and generally a corner cupboard. From the ground floor you not unfrequently look into the loft, which is attained by a ladder attached to an opening in the ceiling—if, indeed, the rafters be ceiled at all. This loft is rarely occupied, and is used as a receptacle for lumber. You are astonished at the number of inhabitants contained in these small dwellings, but you are equally astonished and pleased to remark how healthful, happy, and contented they usually are. And, as we all know, "a contented mind is better than riches."

(To be continued.)

VARIETIES.

JUST AND GENEROUS.—It is easier to be generous than just. Men are sometimes bountiful who are not honest.

THE "HERO" PLUM-PUDDING.—Here is the recipe for a famous plum-pudding, given by Mrs. Olivia M. Stone in her "Norway in June." It goes under the name of "The Hero Plum-pudding."—One pound of flour, one pound of currants, one pound of raisins, half a pound of suet, five eggs, three teaspoonfuls of baking-powder, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, salt, essence of lemon (no lemon-peel). To be mixed thick, like pound cake. Boil six or seven hours.

A CURIOUS TITLE.—The following curious title belongs to a little volume published in 1780:—*"Je ne sais quoi, par je ne sais qui. Imprimé, je ne sais quand; se vend je ne sais où. Prix, je ne sais combien."* (I don't know what, by I don't know whom. Printed, I don't know where. Price, I don't know how much.)

TRUE FRIENDSHIP.—True friendship is like sound health: the value of it is seldom known till it is lost.

A CONSOLATORY QUESTION.—When certain persons abuse us, let us ask ourselves what description of characters it is that they admire; we shall often find this a very consolatory question.

"FOR THOSE WHO HISSED."

At Ferrara the great violinist Paganini had a very narrow escape from being lynched. Enraged by a hiss from the pit whilst he was playing, he resolved to avenge the outrage, and at the end of the concert proposed to the audience to imitate the voices of various animals. After having rendered the notes of different birds, the mewing of a cat, and the barking of a dog, he finally advanced to the footlights and calling out "*Questo è per quelli che han fischiato*" (this is for those who hissed), imitated in an unmistakable manner the braying of a donkey. At this the pit rose to a man, rushed through the orchestra, climbed the stage, and would probably have killed Paganini if he had not taken to instantaneous flight.

The explanation of this strange occurrence is that the people of Ferrara had a special reputation for stupidity, and that the appearance of a Farrarese outside the town was the signal for a significant "hee-haw." We may well believe that this was Paganini's last public appearance there.—*Paul David.*

NICE.—Among the most shocking of the unscholarlike barbarisms now prevalent, I must notice the use of the word nice in an objective instead of a subjective sense. Nice does not and cannot express a quality of the object, but merely a quality of the subject, yet we hear daily of "a very nice letter," "a nice young lady," etc.—meaning a letter or a young lady that it is pleasant to contemplate; but a nice young lady means a fastidious young lady, and a nice letter ought to mean a letter that is very delicate in its eating and in the choice of its company.—*De Quincey.*

A ROYAL ACCOUNT.

During the residence of her Majesty in the neighbourhood of Loch Vennachar, some years ago, the Princess Louise had occasion to drive into Callander to match some velvet. She procured it at the shop of a draper in the place, but, on rising to leave, was annoyed to find that she had not her purse with her. Begging the draper's pardon, she told him she would send him the money next day.

"Dinna fash yersel', mem," said the imperturbable tradesman, "yer mither has an account here."

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

SWISS.—Very likely you might find a situation such as you desire in a school, giving lessons in French in return for English ones. This might be arranged by advertising.

WATER LILY should procure a child's grammar if she cannot afford one more advanced. She will then see that the personal pronouns, "I," "he," and "she" are employed in the nominative case, answering to the question "who," and "me," "him," and "her," in the accusative, answering to "whom." "My mother and I went for a walk," is correct; for if asked, "Who went for a walk?" you would not reply, "Me went," but "I went." And if asked, "To whom did you give a bonnet?" you would not answer, "To she," but "To her."

LUCRETIA.—We must refer you to our articles on punctuation, at pages 726 and 794, vol. iv., entitled "Punctuation, Viewed in a New Light." The word "too" signifies "also" and "overmuch," and the word "to" is the sign of the infinitive mood, and precedes the verb or adjectiv ; also, as a preposition, it indicates approach, access, motion towards a place or person. You should obtain a grammar or good dictionary. We cannot undertake to give lessons of such a kind as could be learnt from ordinary school books.

S. E. G.—Perhaps a certain number of boys may be received free of charge at the Sandwell Hall Industrial School, Birmingham. Write to the secretary and state your case. Why do you not consult your clergyman?

ADMIRER OF THE BEAUTIFUL.—We recommend to your notice two articles which appeared in this magazine on "The Duties of Governesses." You should come to an understanding with your employer as to your liberty to correct the children, and the extent of your powers. Determined rebellion should be punished. If not allowed to adopt stringent measures, arrange that you shall report them on serious occasions, that they may be corrected by the mother. But beware of perpetual fault-finding, and try to win their love and confidence by joining in their games, etc.

WORK.

MISS E. H. G. (Ireland).—No prizes have been offered yet for any fresh competition.

MRS. A. (Derby).—We regret we cannot furnish you with paper patterns. Our sketches are taken from life, and any good dressmaker could cut them out from them.

DORA.—We could not give advice on the subject, and can only say we hear the system is well spoken of.

ONE OF THE MACS.—The baby's cloak may be trimmed with lace, or have a flat bias band of plush or velvet laid on round the cape, either coloured or white. We have read your letter with much sympathy.

BUMPTIOUS EDITH.—Tennis balls, racquets, and nets are the fashionable designs for tennis aprons at present.

ROSA.—A handsome pair of peacock-feather screens

are worth from 10s. to 12s. We are glad to hear that your father is so satisfied with THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER.

IGNORANT LILLIE.—The corks are cut into square pieces for making picture frames, and glued on to wooden frames, and, lastly, have two coats of varnish given to them.

HEATHER.—A thin serge is the best material for a tricycling dress, dark blue being a favourite colour. The bodice should be a plain, well-fitting coat-bodice, and the skirt may be kilted. You would require trousers to wear beneath the dress, like the ordinary riding trousers.

NEEDLE AND THREAD.—"Stocking in" is an expression for gathering and stroking down and putting in a band.

GLADYS POTT will find how to transfer designs on page 189, vol. i.

NELLY CROUCH.—"Stocking Toes and Heels" will be found at page 157, vol. ii., and vol. i., 287.

A CAREFUL ONE may use Judson's artists' black, which may answer her purpose.

MUSIC.

PICCIOLA.—We published articles on Mendelssohn's "Songs Without Words" on pages 537 and 548, vol. ii.

IGNORANT had better procure a concertina "Tutor" at the nearest music shop. They are very cheap.

FLORA BRADBROKE will find what she needs in the reviews of "New Music."

HARMONIOUS BLACKSMITH.—The invention of the pianoforte is attributed to Cristofalli, an Italian; Schröter, a German; and Marius, a Frenchman, early in the 18th century.

BERNARD, B. C. T., M. L., ETHEL, MYSOTIS, MARIE, CHRISTIE.—A full account of musical examinations, etc., will be found in "Work for All," page 347, vol. v.

PIANETTE, DIX-SEPT, COUNTRY GIRL, H. C. W.—Novello's "Primers" are most reliable and good.

WHITE COCKADE.—Your little tunes are very well written, and do you credit; but you need constant study and much practice yet.

CUNOBELIN.—We think you will do well to obtain "How to Play the Pianoforte," articles which appeared in THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, and published at 56, Paternoster-row, E.C.

A WAIF ON LIFE'S OCEAN.—We have read your letter carefully, and regret we cannot answer it at length, but you will easily see that our small space could not be given up to educating those who should have learned from a teacher the rudiments of music. We think the Society for the Encouragement of Home Study would answer. See Miss A. C. Moore, Oakfield, Eltham.

MISCELLANEOUS.

J. FRAZER ROYLE.—"Merit" is from the Latin *meritum*, from *merere*, to deserve. "Praise" is old French, *preis*, *preix*, meaning value or price or estimation. "Passion" is from the Latin *passio*, from *pata*, to suffer. "Fear" is the Anglo-Saxon, *fär*, deceit, fear, danger. "Desire" is from the French *désir*, Latin *desiderium*. "City" from the Latin *civitas*, *civis*, a citizen. "Multitude," Latin, *multus*, many. "Honour," Latin, *honor*, *honos*.

ISABEL A. S.—The 6th Sept., 1863, was a Sunday. You would find that hot soda and water would clean the water-cooler.

S. NILA O.—Styes should be bathed frequently with warm milk and water. If this and a bread poultice at night prove useless, and the stye become hard, it should be shown to a doctor. They proceed from a low condition of the system, such as would produce whitlows. Bad air, bad drainage, proximity to stagnant water or manure heaps, may produce them in naturally healthy subjects. If such indications of a poisonous atmosphere be not promptly attended to, low fever may follow. 2. Of course a gentleman should take his hat and stick with him into a reception room, unless he be a doctor, and you have no business to interfere with them; he can attend to them himself.

CARRIE.—The royal motto, *Dieu et mon droit*, is believed to have been an ancient war cry—*cri de guerre*—of the French. Richard Cœur de Lion is recorded to have said, "Not me, but God and our right have vanquished France, at Gisors." We find war-cries recorded in the plays of Shakespeare and in Sir Walter Scott's poems. They are of the greatest antiquity, and you may find one employed by the Israelites when about to encounter the hosts of Midian, *i.e.*, "The sword of the Lord and of Gideon."

GROSSMITH.—Young pheasants when but just hatched must be put into a basket with a piece of flannel inside, covering them until the hen has done hatching the others. Then put the whole brood under a frame with a net over it, and a covered place for the hen, leaving the young ones free to leave her and return at will. They should be fed on boiled eggs cut up small, boiled milk and bread, alum curd, ants' eggs, rice softened by boiling—a little of each frequently given. Instead of the ants' eggs, if not easily procurable, beat up an egg with the shell in some flour, and roll all into small pellets between the fingers. After two or three days the pheasants will know the foster mother's call and may then be allowed to run on a grass plat safely or the borders of a cornfield. Guard them from cold winds, and shift them with the sun. It would not do to let them out before the sun rises, and they should be shut up with the hen early in the evening. If you propose to turn them out wild you must put the hen to roost on a tree every night for a few days when fit to go, that the pheasants may learn to follow her example. Her legs will have to be tied to the branch, and should she fall she must be put up again till the lesson be learnt.

MISS SHY.—If a gentleman call you Miss So-and-so, we do not think you could address him by his Christian name unless he asked you to do so, and then you can decide for yourself.

A WELSH GIRL.—The 16th of June, 1865, was a Friday. The only answer possible to polite speeches is to smile and look pleased when the speaker is a gentleman, and means them kindly, not with intrusive familiarity.

ROLLY POLLY.—Use hard-boiled eggs chopped up finely, and a little sopped biscuit to feed your young birds.

EDELGITHA.—"Sodor" is said to be derived from "Sordor-eys," or South Isles, in distinction from the Orkneys, or North Isles. The Southern Isles were made an episcopal diocese by Magnus, King of Norway, 1098, and joined to Man in 1113.

LILLIE.—You should have thanked your friend's brother for paying for your ticket, but have said, "You must kindly excuse me for preferring to pay for it myself." Supposing that he were not sufficiently well-bred to know that it was ungentlemanly to oblige you to accept a few shillings or pence from him, do not dispute the matter at the office, but enclose the amount in stamps, or otherwise, directed to him, the next day, writing "with Miss ——'s kind regards and best thanks." There seems to have been no reason for making an exception, and accepting an obligation in this case.

AGNES.—How can we possibly express an opinion relative to your future success as a musician, having never heard you play? Your master's opinion may probably be taken. Your handwriting is not formed, and your spelling and grammar are very bad, and, judging from your omitting the first letter in the word "has," we conclude that you drop your "h"s in speaking. In all kindliness we advise you to improve your education.

MARY C.—Certainly it would be very wrong for a believer in Christ to marry an infidel. "Can two walk together except they be agreed?" And we are plainly forbidden to be "yoked together" with a denier of Christ. But it seems to us that you have strained this point beyond its due limits, and, perhaps unintentionally, have raised yourself on a sort of elevation above others, which superiority you may have no right to assume. Of course, if you knew him to be really a denier of the faith of Christ, you had no right to encourage his addresses, and if you do not accept him now you have much compromised your character, as one who makes such a very high profession of religion.

JUANITA GRANVILLE, A WEARY ONE.—We are very sorry to hear of all your troubles, but we have no recipe that we can offer you, save patience, and you will be serving God in its exercise.

JEAN CARROLL.—We suppose you mean the peroration of the "Apology for Socrates." "The hour of departure has arrived, and we go our ways; I to die, you to live, and which is the better God only knows." You had better read Plato's "Phædo," and also the "Apologia." Alcibiades was an Athenian general, who was famous for his talents and genius, while he was both vicious and unprincipled. Pericles was an Athenian of noble family, a general, statesman, and orator. He was famous for his entire honesty and purity; and under his rule for forty years Athens attained her greatest prosperity. Why do you not get a second-hand Lemprière's "Classical Dictionary?"

HILDA B. D.—Of course you should ask after the health of your employer, as well as say all the kind and pleasant things you can think of.

HILDA PORTOH.—"Ralph" is pronounced in two ways, "Rafe" and "Ralf;" both are right. What Shakespeare calls "Love in Idleness" is a kind of violet, the pansy, or wild heartsease, perhaps.

"AN UGLY ONE" says she "often thinks how nice it would be to be a black savage," as she is so much worried by a habit of blushing when she goes out of an evening. We scarcely think she would improve her condition by becoming "a savage;" better to be a "Christy-minstrel" than that! Why does she think so much about herself and her looks, and of what other folks think of her? We can only say, try to think only of others, when you go to see your friends, and of what you can say that may interest them, or else endeavour to be a good listener. These latter are somewhat rare. We thank you for your kind letter.

MARJORIE VILLIERS is thanked for her recipe. We are glad that she has found profit in reading our paper. The price of *Silver Sails* is sixpence, the postage depending on the weight.

A LOVER OF MEDICUS'S PAPERS.—Your communication shall have our consideration. We are glad that the articles on the subject of health preservation, etc., have been interesting to you.

DAISY LESLIE.—We are gratified by your letter. Your handwriting is fairly good and very neat; but you should cross the "t's" and form the "w" more correctly, and when you say "spiritually and temporal," you should rather say "temporally."

A WEAVER LASS.—All such things depend on the manner of their doing, as they are not unbecoming nor wrong in themselves under proper care and guidance.

ROMANTOA.—We do not think it matters very much how diminutives or pet names are spelt. It is more a question of personal or family fancy. Florence may become Florry, Florie, Florrie, Flo, or Flore; we have seen all of them used.

PRIMROSE.—The Chinese claim to have used bells as early as 2000 B.C Bingham considers that they were not used in the Christian Church much before the seventh century. Benedict, abbot of Wearmouth, brought one to England in 680 A.D., from Italy. 2. Homer is supposed to have flourished about B.C. 927.

A CONSTANT READER.—October 2nd, 1880, was a Saturday.

FRECKLES.—"In Memoriam" was written to the memory of Arthur Henry Hallam, born 1811, died 1833.

A. S. F.—In modern days the person who brought forward the plan of cutting the Suez Canal was M. Ferdinand de Lesseps, in 1852. But the project must have been of ancient origin, for we find that the Caliph Omar, in 640 A.D., opposed the cutting through of the isthmus, and prevented its being done.

A TROUBLED ONE.—You are hardly seventeen, and your gentleman-friend must know that you are too young to think about courtship. You should be in the schoolroom for at least another year, and ought not to be walking about alone, and liable to form intimacies disapproved of by your parents. Let some reliable female friend inform this gentleman (who has acted indiscreetly in addressing you as he has) that you are a minor, and that your acquaintance with him has ceased by your father's command. This will relieve you of the pain of being charged with either rudeness or fickleness.

NIL DESPERANDUM.—It is with regret that we are obliged to send unsatisfactory answers to the multitudes of competitors who write for explanations as to "why they were unsuccessful," and wanting their MSS. returned. We could not undertake to do this, nor to charge our memory with a list of the merits or defects of the thousands of papers sent in, nor even the names of the writers. It is scarcely possible to choose between a multitude of them, so close in merit are the best in the competition. The task of sorting and classifying is very difficult and most fatiguing; none can know how much so but those who have seen them *en masse*. But knowing none of the writers the verdict was, at least, passed without danger of the slightest partiality. This reply must suffice for all those who, to our regret, were amongst the disappointed.

PHILLIS PREMIERE.—There are certain modes of expression in general use which are not really correct (grammatically), but custom having sanctioned the errors, no one would find fault with them, unless employed in writing. In the latter no such faults can be excused. "I cut the apple in half" means through the centre, or half-way across, evenly measured from either side. The expression is a very common one, and perfectly understood, but to say, "I cut it in halves," would be a more correct, if less usual, way of speaking.

UNION JACK.—The Bible does not say, "We shall all be changed into spirits." You added the "spirits." We are spirits already; it is our bodies that are to undergo a change, and "this corruptible must put on incorruption" and be endued with new attributes and powers, such as were exhibited in our Lord's risen body, when He entered the chamber, "the doors being shut." No commentator could explain how; none can tell you either what spirits are made of. 2. You could learn the notes of music, the theory of it, and the terms employed, from books without the use of a piano, and to play later on.

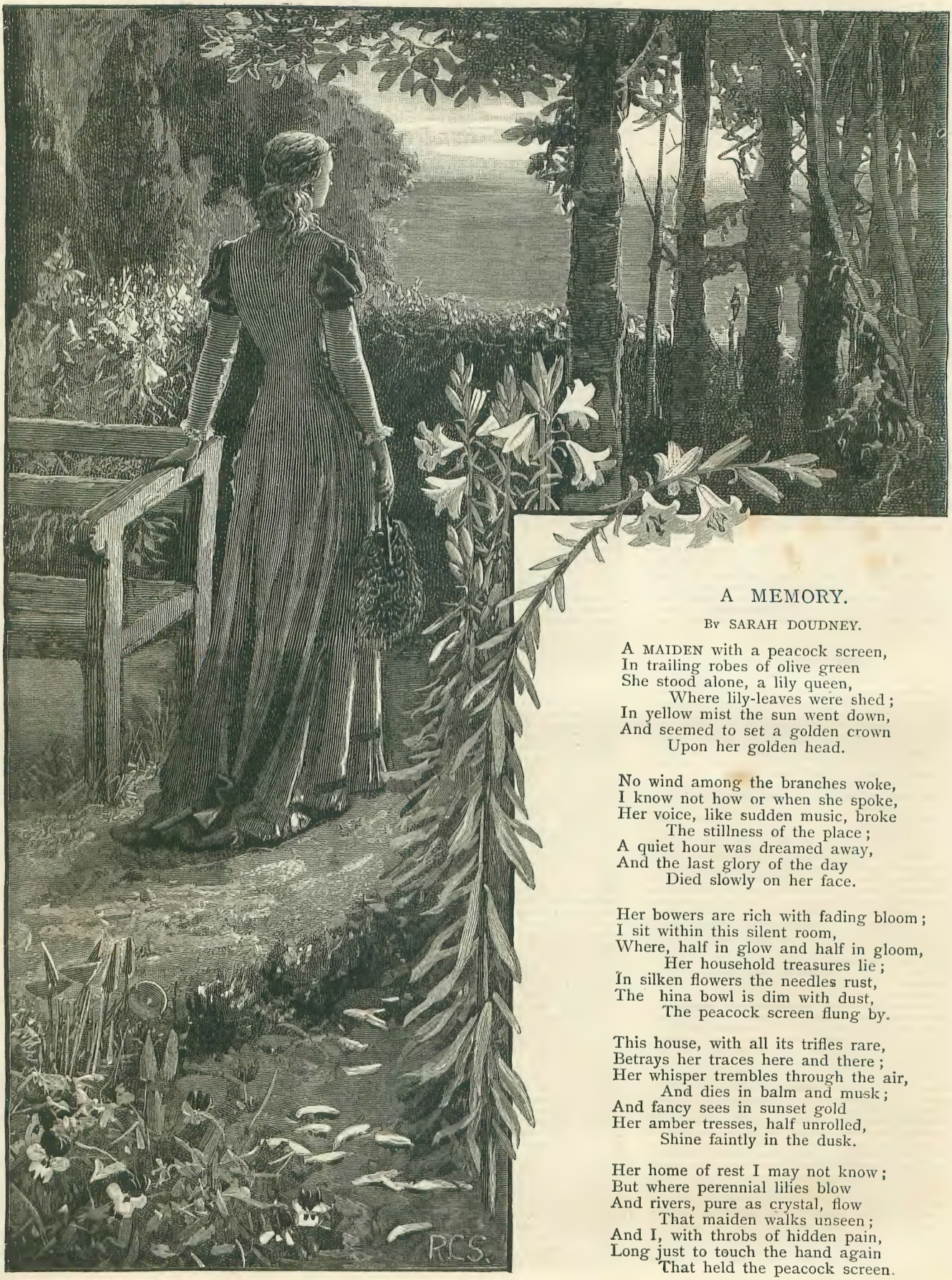
A SCRIBBLER is recommended to send the large bath to a tinsmith, or else send for one to paint or re-japan it. You will spoil it if you attempt to do it yourself. 2. Flower-pots containing climbing plants might be placed round the stove, and by means of a little twine or fine wire they might be so drawn round it as to cover it a good deal. But without seeing the old stove it is scarcely possible to suggest any method of decoration.

ROSIE.—Do not fret over being fat, and be satisfied with taking regular daily exercise. But take nothing to make you thin. You are not as stout as "big Lambert," we imagine, unless you measure nine feet four inches round the waist. Eleven young men have stood within a buttoned waistcoat that once was his. Young women who pride themselves on wasp-like waists appear little aware of what objects of commiseration they make themselves by an exhibition of such deformity.

GOVERNESS.—We are sorry for you in having fallen deeply in love with a young man who has not proposed to you, nor even, it would seem, begun to pay his addresses to you. If above you in position, you would be wrong in thinking about any marriage between you, at least, without representing the disadvantage to himself and his future prospects, and ascertaining that his family approved of his choice.

LOVER OF MUSIC.—You require practice to keep up your singing. You had better remain where you are, and endeavour to improve yourself there.

A CONSTANT READER AT LUTON.—The third Saturday in August, 1842, was the 20th.



A MEMORY.

By SARAH DOUDNEY.

A MAIDEN with a peacock screen,
In trailing robes of olive green
She stood alone, a lily queen,
Where lily-leaves were shed;
In yellow mist the sun went down,
And seemed to set a golden crown
Upon her golden head.

No wind among the branches woke,
I know not how or when she spoke,
Her voice, like sudden music, broke
The stillness of the place;
A quiet hour was dreamed away,
And the last glory of the day
Died slowly on her face.

Her bowers are rich with fading bloom;
I sit within this silent room,
Where, half in glow and half in gloom,
Her household treasures lie;
In silken flowers the needles rust,
The hina bowl is dim with dust,
The peacock screen flung by.

This house, with all its trifles rare,
Betrays her traces here and there;
Her whisper trembles through the air,
And dies in balm and musk;
And fancy sees in sunset gold
Her amber tresses, half unrolled,
Shine faintly in the dusk.

Her home of rest I may not know;
But where perennial lilies blow
And rivers, pure as crystal, flow
That maiden walks unseen;
And I, with throbs of hidden pain,
Long just to touch the hand again
That held the peacock screen.

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

VOL. VI.—NO. 250. OCTOBER 11, 1884. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

SEVEN YEARS FOR RACHEL;

OR, WELSH PICTURES SKETCHED FROM LIFE.

BY ANNE BEALE.

CHAPTER II.

JACKEY BACH'S COTTAGE.

IN the dwelling where reside Jackey Bach and his daughter Rachel, exist comparative comfort and plenty. Though there is nothing in particular to mark its superiority over the other houses of Caergwyn, there is an air of neatness about the interior that announces the presence of some person who wishes to be as decent as poor means will permit. When you first enter it you do not tread upon an unfortunate chicken, nor do you see half-a-dozen children huddled together in the corner, but you look upon poverty in neat attire.

Jackey is a widower, and has one daughter, the girl to whom I have already alluded. She has lived at home from her childhood, partly because her father loves to look upon her sweet face, and to hear her gentle voice when he

All rights reserved.] "WITH A SOMEWHAT FALTERING VOICE BEGAN TO READ."

returns from his work at night, and partly on account of her delicate health. After long entreaties on the part of Rachel, and much wrath and resistance on the side of her father, the loft above their room has been ceiled, and a four-post bed placed in it for Rachel's use. It is a poor bedroom, but then it is her own, and though its obscurity renders a looking-glass useless, she is as proud of her ceiled loft as a young lady of her elegant boudoir.

Rachel Lewis is very pretty. She, too, by-the-by, is called Rachel Bach by way of distinction. No one could look into that young girl's face and not feel a disposition to love her. She is one of the few delicate-looking Welshwomen, and she may be compared to a blush rose blooming alone in a garden of peonies. Her health has prevented her working, like the women in general, in the garden and the fields; her occupations are wholly domestic, and she is gentle and bashful accordingly. With a complexion as fair as the lily, she has soft dark eyes and long eyelashes. A beautiful pink flush mounts into her cheek when she speaks, and an expression of playful archness lights up, occasionally, her somewhat melancholy-looking face. Her dark hair is bound across her forehead, under a clear muslin cap, and is always neat and glossy. The striped flannel skirt and loose bodice, the short sleeves, and clean white muslin neckerchief, show to advantage her slight yet rounded figure, which displays a natural grace in all its rustic movements. She is a strange contrast to Jackey, whose short, square form and comical features seem made for activity and humour. Never was there a better daughter, and never, at heart, a more loving father.

But Jackey is one of those silly men—and there are some such in all classes of life—who pretend to a sovereign contempt for womankind. Thoroughly Welsh in disposition, habits, and manners, he possesses the characteristic obstinacy of his people and having once taken up a prejudice, or formed an opinion, you might as well seek to "turn the sun from its course" as Jackey Bach's mind from its pertinacity. Women are the butts of his ridicule—the theme of his harangues—the objects of his contempt, but at the same time a woman is his thorough mistress. Tell him that he has yielded to a woman and he will look at you with a contemptuous sneer, yet Rachel manages him capitally. But does he know that he is managed? I trow not. If he sees the least symptom of his being conquered in argument or action, he either becomes obstinate as a mule, or else he gets into a red-hot Welsh passion, and puts an end to the dispute at once. It was once said of Dr. Johnson, that if his pistol missed fire, he would knock his opponent down with the butt-end of it, and so it was with Jackey. If he found that his daughter or his acquaintances were getting the better of him, he would stop all further discussion by a towering "Let's have no more of it," and adhere more firmly than ever to his first opinion.

Rachel, as may be imagined, had no easy life. If she dared to have an opinion contrary to her father's, she was obliged to insinuate it, by beginning to agree with him, and then gradually leading him to think differently—apparently travelling the road of his mind, whilst she was, really, drawing it into her own. But her greatest difficulty existed in his constant disputes with the corporal. These two could never agree; and it seemed there was a certain young corporal who managed to make Rachel consider it her interest and pleasure to settle every difference that arose between the rival disputants. Her peaceable endeavours were endless; for no sooner had she patched up a "Wales and foreign parts" rent, than she had another to mend, touching the army and farming, fighting and tillage, family respectability, or, what was worse still, to soften some harsh expression of Jackey's against the corporal's womankind, for whom he entertained a peculiar aversion.

To say truth, neither Mrs. nor Miss Davies the corporal (in Wales the professions of the gentlemen are tacked on to the names of their wives and daughters) are particularly prepossessing. Mrs. Davies has passed the good-looking age of her peers, which is from fifteen to five and twenty, after which, either from hard labour in the fields, or because the round-faced, ruddy bloom that characterises them is not lasting, they begin to go off. Hers is a short thick figure, strong and hardy. Legs and feet almost large enough to bear Goliath, covered with coarse black worsted stockings, and thick shoes with wooden soles, made very conspicuous by short petticoats; the usual Welsh dress, showing arms red and strong—a waist disdaining the foreign aid of whalebone—spread features—an eye without much meaning — a bronzed complexion — a somewhat flat nose—a cap, the strings of which are flying on the "wanton wind"—a hat, the crown of which is much battered—and you have the whole figure of Nanny the corporal. Her daughter is a youthful *facsimile* of herself, therefore I need not describe her. To these two females, Jackey, for one cause and another, has a great dislike,—indeed, neither they nor the corporal are very general favourites. Old Pally, the washerwoman, says that "there would be no quarrelling in the village if Davvy Davvies the corporal were out of it," and old Pally is quite an oracle, has seen every ghost in the country and numbers of corpse candles.

I suspect the amiable Rachel has no sinecure in managing this village cabal; but William Davies, the corporal's son, looks so vexed when his father and Jackey have "fallen out," that she is fain to persevere in her amicable endeavours because William is so good, so industrious, and so dutiful a son, that even Jackey is obliged to allow him to be the best youth in the neighbourhood, and it would be too bad to hurt his feelings.

One evening, when Rachel was sitting alone, knitting and humming a tune by the little window in which her cat and her caged bullfinch were both fast asleep, the door opened and in walked her father, evidently in much wrath. "I never will speak to that man again," he began, "and as for those silly women, they are the greatest idiots I ever saw." Rachel felt alarmed, but was silent, knowing that if she ventured to speak, she should be immediately classed among the female fools. "Well, girl, what are you about?" pursued Jackey, turning towards the window. "Oh! knitting my stockings. Well, that's better than telling lies, and I wish all women would follow your example, and learn to hold their tongues sometimes, but with most of them one might as well try to stop a water-mill in a flood as their everlasting talk. I always said there was no good ever came from a woman—no, not since the time of Eve—and that there was no believing a word they say. Eh, Rachel, do you think a woman ever told truth?"

"Indeed, I don't know, father, perhaps not; we are all given to do wickedly."

"True enough, girl, true enough; but women are so silly; they have no common sense, and yet they are as vain as if they knew everything under the sun. I never saw but one good sort of a woman, and that was your mother. I hope you'll be like her. Twitting me about my family too, as if I'm not as good as them, and better! Only think of that Nanny Davies the corporal telling me that she was near of kin to Rees of Glanmerch, and standing out about it. Ha, ha, ha! and I know every soul belonging to her, from Griffey Rees the tinker, her great-grandfather, and I'm sure she can't go further back than him, down to her ugly self. She a relation of the Rees's of Glanmerch! They'd be proud of their cousin, I'm sure, if they knew her. Don't I know all the Rees's of Glanmerch? I should think I did. There isn't better blood in the Principality, and I have heard say that they can reckon their family straight back in a line to the old kings of Wales, just as well as most of the other great folk can. Well, 'tis a good thing since we've got no real king of our own, only a Prince, God bless him, that all the gentlefolk are kings' relations. But such a crwt as Nanny the corporal to talk about family, that is a good joke. I gave her a bit of my mind, and told her not to tell lies about what never belonged to her."

"And what did the corporal say, father?" interrupted Rachel.

"Say! why he stood like a rake-stem for ever so long, and then he laughed, and said as how all his forefathers, and his wife's too, were very respectable. 'More fine people amongst 'em than you ever thought of, much less had belonging to you, Jackey Bach,' says he. 'Bach,' says I, 'Mr. Corporal; what do you mean by calling me Bach, you long pole you, as long as to-day and to-morrow?' 'Pole or not,' says Mrs. Nanny, 'we're better than you, and I know that our children can marry very well if they choose.' 'Marry! let 'em marry,' says I; 'they shouldn't marry a child of mine if I had twenty instead of one, and if they came straight from that

old law-maker King Howel they tell of, and had one of his palaces to live in.' And with that I walks away, just telling Mrs. Nanny, by way of leave-taking, that all women were bad enough, but that she was the worst of 'em."

Poor Rachel listened very calmly to her father's long discourse for some time; but as he drew near the end of it, her knitting fell from her hand, and a bright red flush overspread her face, whilst her heart beat quickly, she scarcely knew why. Her father's quarrels with the corporal, and his dislike of marriage, were too well known to grieve or annoy her; but there was a meaning in what he had now said that made his words sink deeply and bitterly into her heart. Had she inquired of herself why the involuntary tear started into her eye, she would not have been able to answer more satisfactorily than would the violet, were it asked why the dewdrop lay upon its breast. Yet the tear was there, and a strange emotion deprived her of the power of uttering a word which might mitigate her father's anger. The self-possession with which she usually turned the course of his thoughts on such occasions had deserted her. She looked out of the window to avoid meeting his eye; and whilst she was unconsciously stroking the cat, a clear, sweet whistle was heard in the lane, and the tune of "Ar hyd y' nos" met her ear. Her heart beat quickly again; but before she had time to feel conscious that the sounds, for the first time in her life, made her sad, William Davies, the young corporal, passed the window and stood in the doorway. He was returning from his work, and had made an excuse to himself for calling upon Jackey.

William Davies was a fine young man, with an open, honest face, which looked as if its owner had never injured anyone, and in which much shrewd good sense was discernible. Now, although Jackey liked this young man for his own sake, he hated him for his father and mother's, therefore he had chosen a most unlucky moment for his visit—anger at his parents reigning predominant in the mind of the man whom he wished of all others to please, and quite ejecting any little kind feeling towards himself. His excuse, moreover, was an unfortunate one. After a hasty glance at Rachel, he began straight upon his errand, without remarking Jackey's clouded visage.

"Would you please to lend me that book you were telling me about, in which we can read of the old Welsh kings?" he said.

"Oh!" replied Jackey, with a sneer, "you want to see which king you came from, I suppose? There are a good many Rees's in the book, and your mother's family is particularly good."

"Oh, no," replied William; "I only wanted to read the history of a great king called Llewellen, that Rachel was speaking of."

Rachel, be it remarked, was a bit of a scholar.

"Well," again began Jackey, "I don't think there *are* any Llewellens in your family; but I daresay your father and mother know of some. Can you tell me what relation you are to the Rees's of Glanmerch?"

William could not restrain a smile, as he replied, "None that I know of."

"Well, I'm glad you're honest enough to say so; there's your mother, now, declares she's near of kin to Rees of Glanmerch, as high a family as needs be."

"Oh, yes," slily insinuated William; "but what do women know of such things? 'Tis only for something to say."

"That's very true, boy, that's very true," responded Jackey, whose face brightened at finding someone to agree with him on his favourite topic; and who gave an inward chuckle, which Rachel hailed as a sign of returning good humour.

Yet she did not feel glad. She knew too well that her father's sayings were unchangeable as the laws of the Medes and Persians, and that his once-formed determinations were pertinaciously adhered to. She knew also that what he uttered in anger was generally the ebullition of what he had conceived in his calmer moments. She took her knitting, and sat down by the little round table, without joining in the conversation that was passing near her. Jackey was exhausting all his quaint sayings on his female enemies, and was concluding with the declaration that the world would be much better without women; when William, casting a side glance at Rachel, perceived that she looked pale and dejected.

"Are you well to-night, Rachel?" he said, as he drew his chair towards the table, and looked kindly at her.

"Oh, dear, yes," replied Rachel, hastily; "quite well, thank you."

Honest Jackey proved in an instant how ill he put his theory in practice; for, despite his contempt for women, he looked all anxiety at the bare mention of Rachel's being unwell. He went up to her, and asked her what was the matter, and what made her look so pale. Receiving a sweet smile for answer, he patted her on the back, and said she was hearty enough, and strong enough to dance at his wedding whenever he gave her a stepmother, by which time *he* should be able to dance, too. "Now go and get the book that William wants," he added; "and then we'll have a bit of supper."

Rachel went to the little book-shelf that William had made and put up for her, and took down an old Welsh book containing the history of Llewellen. She gave it to William, who was about to take his departure, when Jackey said, "You may as well eat your bit of supper with us;"—an invitation to which he gladly acceded, and seated himself at once by Rachel's side.

Rachel quickly spread a clean but coarse cloth on the little table, upon which she placed some fresh oaken cakes, thin and crisp, some cheese, and a jug of cwru da (Welsh ale). A lettuce from the garden completed their humble repast; but William thought it the best he had ever partaken of, since it was Rachel who spread the board, and Rachel who presided at the feast.

Now Jackey Bach had, along with his peculiarities, much that was good and right-minded about him. Reverently did he bless God for the evening meal, both before they partook of it and after it was finished; and, as he sat down in his old arm-chair and looked affectionately at his daughter, it would have been difficult for a stranger to have detected the irascibility of his nature. They talked quietly and soberly, whilst William and Rachel managed to agree on all points with Jackey, and to fall into his notions.

Let it not be imagined that what is called "tact" exists only in cultivated life. The two young people before us display not a little, though theirs is amiable and innocent in its end and aim, and successful too, inasmuch as it makes Jackey pleased both with himself and them. This was not the first time that William had supped with his friends, and they were accustomed to make no stranger of him. Rachel, therefore, removed the cloth, and, going once more to the book-shelf, took down a large green-baize covered Bible, out of which she every evening read a chapter to her father. The old man folded his arms upon the table, and, as Rachel leant her pale cheek upon her hand, and with a somewhat faltering voice began to read, William looked grave and attentive whilst he fixed his eyes upon the modest face of the reader. It was the beginning of summer, and the sun shone as he was setting, upon the little room, shedding his last beams upon the solemn party. Rachel's sweet voice made the ancient Welsh musical and sonorous, for she read well, and let us not blame William if, whilst he listened to the truths of the sacred volume, one worldly thought crept into his mind, and if that thought was, "What a good wife so good a daughter would make." And had he not been thinking this almost ever since he and she were children?

It was nearly nine o'clock, a late hour for Jackey's primitive habits, when William said good-night, and, thanking Jackey, and pressing Rachel's hand the least bit in the world, left the house. The father and daughter retired to rest, and the latter, after having committed herself and all she loved to the protection of the good Providence who watches over every one that trusts in Him, lay down upon her humble bed, and having shed a few tears of sorrow at the recollection of her father's declaration, sunk into a calm sleep, with a mind free from guile, and happy in the consciousness of having performed her duty during the day.

(To be continued.)

FOR LISTENERS AT INSTRUMENTAL CONCERTS.

I.—The "Strings" of the Orchestra.

Some trouble themselves very little about distinctions, no matter whether they are dealing with art or nature. Talk of nature: chaffinches, yellowhammers, rooks, thrushes, and blackbirds have no other name with such people than *birds;*

"Daisies pied and violets blue,
Lady-smocks all silver-white,
And cuckoo buds of yellow hue"

are simply *plants;* and as *beasts* they class all four-footed creatures, from bears to water-rats.

And so with art, and specially so when we speak of the orchestral side of musical art, which is to form the subject of this and the following paper. Even those who pride themselves on being amateurs of the first water have often but the one name of *musical instruments* to give to violins, trombones, bassoons, trumpets, ophicleides, and all the rest, whilst, as for acquaintance with the characteristics of these instruments, that is a matter to which they have never given any attention. They know neither their parentage, structure, peculiarities, compass, nor resources. And yet each one has a personality, a distinct and original character, the observation and close study of which will furnish endless pleasure. Without this observation and study we can never comprehend half of what a composer intends to convey, and can never congratulate ourselves on listening intelligently to anything we hear.

Let us speak first of strings, leaving wind instruments, whether wood or brass, and instruments of percussion, such as kettledrums and cymbals, to be considered afterwards. The term stringed instruments, it is to be noticed, might rightly enough be applied not only to the violin family, but to the harp, guitar, and piano; but by the "strings" of an orchestra we are always to understand merely such instruments as are played with a bow.

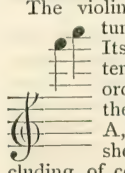
These instruments form the basis of the orchestra. They are much more numerous than any others, and the effects to be produced by them are more vigorous, brilliant, and varied. Another advantage which they possess, at any rate over wind instruments, is that there is no danger of their blowing themselves breathless; they can go on without exhaustion for practically any length of time.

The strings of the orchestra are of four kinds: violins, violas, violoncellos, and double basses. In instrumental quartets the favourite combination has always been two violins, a viola, and a violoncello, these instruments representing a soprano voice, an alto, a tenor, and a bass. When a "quartet" is spoken of, the string quartet is generally understood.

The queen of the orchestra, as everyone knows, is the violin. Into the history of this instrument considerations of space forbid our entering. We shall speak of it as it is, without inquiring as to its ancestry, or investigating the various stages of its development. It is an ancient and respectable subject, which the student can easily pursue for herself, for there are many books that deal with it.

The appearance of the violin is too familiar to need description. It looks simple, but is composed of more pieces than an ordinary observer would be inclined to suspect. According to Otto, an authority on the matter, the violin, when complete, consists of about sixty different parts. The experience of generations of makers and players has long settled with great exactness the material, construction, form, and position of all these. We sometimes hear, it is true, of experiments in altering the shape of the violin, and are promised great things from the use of hitherto untried substances, such as glass, porcelain, or metal, but experiments and promises have always ended in disappointment.

The violin has four strings, tuned in fifths, thus:—



Its compass is very extensive, ranging, for orchestral playing, from the open G of the fourth string to the A, and sometimes even to the C, shown in the left-hand margin, including, of course, all the semitones.

The keeping of the violin in perfect tune is one of the difficulties of the instrument, and he would be a benefactor to all the playing fraternity who invented strings which would remain always at the right pitch, and never be affected by temperature. Sometimes the tuning of the violin just given has been altered by great performers, but that has only been done for particular effects, and for orchestral playing this would not be allowable.

There are two important parts in violin playing, the stopping of the strings with the fingers, and the management of the bow. To produce the right sound the length of the string is modified by pressing the fingers upon the strings against the upper part of the neck or finger-board. This pressure has to be very firm, for a string does not vibrate clearly and distinctly unless it is tightly fixed at the points of attachment.

If you watch a violin player you will notice his left hand moving at intervals up and down the neck of the instrument. This shifting, as it is called, enables him to play higher notes than would be possible were the hand to remain always in the "first position" at the far end of the finger-board, and he also obtains in this way a different and smoother quality of tone for particular passages.

The arrangement of the strings is such that two of them can easily be set in vibration at once, and if the player is practised enough he can "stop" two strings at the same time, and in this way produce two tones instead of one, or one tone can, for the sake of strength, be drawn from two strings. This is known as "double stopping." Some double stops are quite easy, but others are extremely difficult to play in tune. One's ears may be all right, but one's fingers may be fools.

It is the bow which gives the violin its penetrating force, and makes the instrument like a second voice to whoever has mastered it. Purity of tone, light and shade, accent, passion, all depend on the management of the bow. In orchestral playing a regular and understood system of management is of great importance, not only in playing on the violin, but on the viola, violoncello, and double bass. All the bows should move in harmony; the same passages should be executed in precisely the same way by all the performers, the bows being drawn and pushed at the same time, just as if there were in the orchestra only one violin, one viola, one violoncello, and one double-bass. This is not so much for the look of the thing as because the quality of tone is affected according as you use the bow near the point, in the middle of the hair, or near the nut.

The harmonic tones of the violin will bear comparison with the sounds of the flute in its upper register. They are produced by lightly touching the string with the finger, instead of pressing it firmly against the finger-board. Occasionally we meet with harmonics in orchestral music, but their principal use is in solo playing, in which they are capable of great effect when judiciously employed.

A veiled, melancholy, distant effect is given to the sound of the violin by the use of what are called *mutes* or *sordini*. These are little

wooden or brass instruments which are placed upon the bridge, but should a mute not be at hand, a penny slipped between the strings between the bridge and the tail-piece answers quite as well. For fairylike passages and the expression of mystery mutes are often employed: we have a fine instance in the middle of Weber's overture to *Euryanthe*.

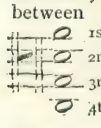
On the violin, notes and passages are often played *pizzicato*, that is to say, the string is set in vibration not by the bow but by being pinched or plucked with the fingers. This effect is introduced quite as frequently in orchestral and chamber music as in solo pieces. "A well-known instance of effective orchestral pizzicato," says Herr Paul David, "occurs in the scherzo of Beethoven's C minor Symphony, just before the entry of the finale, and also in the adagio of the same master's B flat Symphony. The canzonetta in Mendelssohn's Quartet in E flat, op. 12, affords an illustration of its use in chamber music." Pizzicato of strings is specially useful when the music forms an accompaniment to the voice, and it is desired that the vocal part should be more than usually prominent. The effect is allied to that of the harp or guitar.

In the orchestra the violins are usually divided into two parts, one being placed on either side of the conductor. "The highest part," to quote Mr. Ebenezer Prout in his valuable manual on "Instrumentation," "is in general given to the first violins, though the seconds may occasionally cross above them; the second violins play the second part of the harmony, the violas the third, and the violoncellos and double-basses in octaves the fourth part. As the music for the strings is mostly (though by no means invariably) written in four-part harmony, the collective body of stringed instruments is often spoken of, inaccurately, but conveniently, as the quartet."

No wonder the violin takes the lead in the orchestra. It is an instrument of innumerable resources and wonderful capabilities of expression, responding with docility to all the requirements of art, whether it be called on to share in the interpretation of the 9th Symphony of Beethoven or to give a lively rendering of the "Reel of Tullochgorum" at a penny wedding. It can by turns be grave, gay, familiar, majestic, sad, savage, coaxing, sinister, tender, pompous, energetic, sonorous, brilliant, bashful, and boisterous. For dance music and dream music, for the music of entreaty, of agitation, of melancholy, and of rollicking fun, nothing can compare with it.

The worst of it is its difficulty. Giardini, when asked how long it would take to learn to play the violin, answered twelve hours a-day for twenty years together. This is an exaggeration, but the conditions of mastery are certainly far from easy. It takes some self-denial and much laborious work even to become a third-rate performer in a tenth-rate orchestra.*

Every one cannot play either first or second violin, and so we come now to speak of the viola, a slightly larger instrument, which occupies the middle place between the violin and the violoncello.



It has one string less on the treble side, and one string more on the bass side, and thus descends a fifth lower. The tuning is shown in the margin. In orchestral music the viola may extend its compass to but this height is seldom reached. Viola music is always written in the C clef on the third line, unless the higher notes need too many leger lines, when the G clef is used.

The viola is sometimes called the tenor, but the former is the preferable name. Almost all the tones of the much-used first string are above the register of the tenor voice, so contralto would be really a more applicable name. In France it is known as the alto.

The fingering and management of the bow are the same as for the violin, but the intervals on the strings are of course a trifle longer. What we have said about double stopping, the use of the mute, pizzicato effects, &c., on the violin, is equally applicable to the viola.

The quality of tone of the viola is quite different from that of the violin, being thicker and richer. In music of a religious or old-fashioned character the effect of the tones drawn from the highest string are sometimes marvellous. In consequence of its plaintive and subdued character the viola works well with other instruments, but played alone it soon becomes monotonous. Violas are never as numerous in the orchestra as violins.

For a long time the viola was a little-understood instrument, and no great advantage was taken of its capabilities. Players were selected from the riff-raff of violinists, and composers did not feel inclined to entrust to their ignorance or negligence a real, independent, and serious part. Justice, however, was at last done to it. Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven confided to the viola an important *rôle* both in their chamber music and orchestral symphonies. Mozart—and Mendelssohn also—had a special reason for paying attention to the instrument: they were both viola players.

The part assigned to it in the quartet is always an interesting one, but, as a rule, does not require so much manual skill as that assigned to the first or even to the second violin. It will be followed attentively by all who love colour and expression. The peculiar sonorous character of the lower tones of the instrument, the passionate sadness of the upper ones, and in general the character of profound melancholy belonging to its *timbre*, are its best recommendation.

The next instrument is the violoncello, commonly called the 'cello, pronounced *tchello*. It is of much larger size than either the violin or viola, and in consequence is held in a different position, being placed between the legs of the artist. There are four strings, and these are tuned in fifths, just as is the case with the instruments we have already noticed. The pitch is an octave below the viola, as will be seen from the tuning here given. The compass includes all the tones and semitones between the two notes in the margin: but it may go a tone or two higher than A. On account of the greater length of the strings, there is a considerable difference between the fingering of the violoncello and that of the violin and viola.

The violoncello has a picturesque and pathetic character, and its penetrating tones have a marked resemblance to the human voice. It is magnificently sonorous in double notes. The depth of its sounds and the thickness of its strings prevent it from having the agility of the violin, and rapid passages are certainly much less effective on the violoncello than on a more acute instrument, but it is a singing instrument whose melody has a majestic and touching beauty.

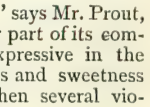
A mute is sometimes applied to the violoncello, but not so often as in the case of the violins and violas of the orchestra. It does not seem to produce so much effect on the violoncello as on these others.

In the full orchestra the 'cello is chiefly employed to strengthen—in its higher octave—the thicker and heavier notes of the double-bass, on the principle of harmonics. Where there is no double-bass, and in quartets, it takes the bass part, and, when called upon, can give a very striking solo.

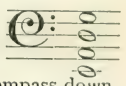
"As a melodic instrument," says Mr. Prout, "the violoncello, in the upper part of its compass, is one of the most expressive in the orchestra. There is a richness and sweetness about its tone—especially when several violoncellos are playing in unison—that nothing else can replace."

Last of all, we come to the double-bass, or contra-basso, which produces the deepest tones of the harmony. It is the Goliath of the orchestra, the player of which stands by its side, holding it with his left hand on the neck.

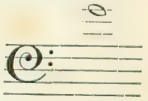
In most modern orchestras two varieties of double bass are in use, the one having three strings and the other four. The tuning of the three-stringed variety is usually in fourths, as shown in the margin, but the notes produced are really an octave lower than those written. Sometimes, however, they are tuned in fifths, players being allowed pretty much to please themselves.



The four-stringed double bass is also usually tuned in fourths, represented by the notes here given, an octave lower, of course. This gives an extension of the compass downwards, but the three-stringed instruments have an advantage, on the other hand, in a rather more powerful tone.



For orchestral music the compass of both three and four-stringed double basses ascends as high as G, as shown in the margin, or even a note higher: this G really sounding an octave below that which it appears to be.



The fingering of the double bass presents a strong contrast to that of other stringed instruments. When tuned in fifths, one cannot even play a scale without shifting; and, what with the difficulties of the fingering and those connected with the management of the unwieldy bow, a player requires a great deal both of practice and perseverance. Rapid passages are very difficult to execute, and, indeed, are foreign to the nature of the instrument.

The tone of the double bass is rich and sonorous; no instrument can compare with it for strength and fulness. In religious music it unites admirably with the sounds of the voice and the organ. The *tremolo* of the double bass is an excellent dramatic effect, and its *pizzicato* is specially effective.

In the full orchestra the *rôle* of the double bass is very important, doubling the bass of the violoncello part. We find it employed in a remarkable way by many great composers both in symphonies and in dramatic music. In the Pastoral Symphony, for example, Beethoven renders the indistinct muttering of the storm by the notes of the double bass.

It has been already mentioned that quartets for strings are ordinarily written for two violins, a viola, and a violoncello. Haydn may perhaps be regarded as the creator of the quartet; his work was continued after him by Mozart and Beethoven, who carried it to a point of perfection that leaves nothing to be desired. The quartets of these three great composers have, from their first appearance, charmed all who can appreciate the highest class of music.

Quartets, in general, contain an *allegro*, an *andante* or *adagio*, a *scherzo* or *minuet*, and a *finale*. Theoretically, in a perfect quartet there should be no principal part for any instrument; violins, viola, and violoncello should have a separate and well-sustained individuality and quite an independent part to play.

There is a human character about all the violin family, and this has been very well illustrated by a lady who is quoted by Monsieur

* An every way admirable article on "How to Play the Violin," from the pen of Lady Lindsay of Balcarres, appeared in THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, vol. i., page 232.

Bayle in his curious and amusing work on Haydn and Mozart. In listening to the quartets of Haydn, this lady felt as if present at a conversation held by four agreeable persons.

She found in the *First Violin* the semblance of a man of considerable intelligence, of the middle time of life, an accomplished talker, and quite as capable of sustaining the conversation as of furnishing the subject of it. In the *Second Violin* she recognised a friend of the first, who endeavoured, by every possible method, to draw out his brilliant qualities—was rarely occupied about himself—and kept up the discourse rather by his approbation of what fell from others than by advancing any ideas of his own.

The tenor was a solid, profound, and sententious personage, who gave support to the remarks of the first violin, by maxims of a laconic turn but of striking truth. As for the violoncello, she was a good woman of a somewhat battling inclination, who said nothing that mattered very much, but yet would not be without her share in the conversation. She contributed a certain grace to it, however, and whilst she was talking the others got time to breathe. One thing, with respect to her, was not difficult to discover—namely, that she cherished a secret bias for the tenor, and gave him the preference over his instrumental brethren.

In this description the double bass is left out of account, quartet playing not being in his line. His characteristics have been very well pointed out, however, by one writer, who says, "The double bass is a fellow of imposing appearance, with the weight and strength of an Ajax, and a voice that you might conceive him to have borrowed from a thundercloud. In the assembled circle he is dogmatic, slow, and heavy; yet one is forced to confess that there is a depth in all he utters, and that what he wants in brilliancy is amply made up in profundity. He hears the flourishes of those around him, but seems to take little heed of them, and sometimes makes a solemn pause, as if in meditation, while the rest are chattering away. His manner, even when he perfectly agrees with what is advanced by others, has a bluffness in it that is not very unlike dissent. His arguments are of the sledgehammer kind, knocking down contradiction. He is the Dr. Johnson of the society, he settles matters with a growl. With all his surliness, however, he is a thoroughly good fellow at bottom, and, as he is well understood, and pretty much humoured by his associates, the general harmony is none the worse for his presence, nay, rather, would be very sensibly subtracted from were he absent."

"HONOUR THY FATHER AND THY MOTHER."

PART I.

THE duties of host and guest, of governess, shop assistant, domestic servants, travellers, pedestrians, and others have already been considered in a long series of articles. The rules of good-breeding to be observed by one and all under the various circumstances of life, even to the *minutiæ* of mere etiquette, were comprised amongst the more serious duties, and now children may claim a space for their own special instruction.

In using the term "children," I do not mean to restrict it to those of tender years, but as having reference to their relationship to parents, just as the term is employed in the Holy Scriptures, when speaking of the "Children of Israel," the "Children of the Resurrection," the "Children of Disobedience," and the "Children of the Kingdom."

When reading the "Answers to Correspondents," which appear in this paper, it must be patent to everyone that the opinions and wishes of present day parents are altogether outside the consideration of a large proportion of young people or weigh but little in "Young England" estimation.

With my old-fashioned views of "a place for all, and everyone in his place," of the Divine statement, "the Powers that be are ordained of God," and of "the first commandment with promise," what can I think of such a state of things? Am I wrong in my estimation of a parent's Divine prerogative to teach, counsel, and rule their children, quite as much as to feed, clothe, and tend them in sickness; to provide for their present interests, and "lay up for them," according to the rules left for their guidance in 2 Cor. xii. 14, and 1 Tim. v. 8.

Yes, I own I am often shocked at the "cavalier" style in which some of these "half-fledged bantlings" presume to act for themselves. They make private acquaintances, correspond, and walk out with whom they please; and actually enter into matrimonial engagements utterly unknown to their own mothers!

Then how often it happens that, trifled with by some man whom, like "green girls," they trusted, they have no parent's arm to lean upon; no authority to place them in their right position; no loving sympathy to soothe them. What an unnatural, disreputable state of things! And with whom does the blame chiefly lie?

I know that in the highest circles of English society such a *bouleversement* of all order and propriety does not yet exist. The rules of etiquette are too strict, and duennas and maids are ever in attendance on the young ladies of every family, to watch over them day by day, and prevent any act of indiscretion. But good breeding alone, apart from every higher motive, ensures at least a semblance of respect towards their elders. The ancient patriarchal system to a great extent exists amongst them; they do not constitute, as it were, a commonwealth. The heads of private families and the heads of clans to which they belong are recognised as worthy of respect as such, and thus a higher system of order is maintained. But these classes in society are only in the minority, and thus I must write for the masses around them.

Let my readers look through the correspondence department of this paper, and, judging from many of the answers given, let them explain how it is that multitudes of girls, from six or eight up to twenty or thirty years of age, are continually appealing from the judgment of their legitimate guides to that of an absolute stranger.

Let it be clearly understood that to write for information respecting every branch of education—literary, scientific, artistic, in reference to hospitals and nursing, housekeeping, and methods of economy, dress, work, recipes of all kinds; rules of good breeding, emigration, public offices, and miscellaneous questions, including theology—to write, I say, for information on such subjects as these is perfectly legitimate, and the editor feels it a privilege to supply the advice required. So long as no attempt be made to bring a stranger's statements of opinion into any antagonism with home discipline and parents' wishes, thus substituting in reality the child's will and opinion for those of its guardians—so long a correspondence like that of this paper must prove a blessing to thousands.

There are, moreover, peculiar cases of exceptional character, when essentially private matters connected with the home troubles and difficulties of the writer could with greater wisdom and safety be confided to an unknown editor (especially of a religious paper) than to anyone else. If there be grievous delinquencies on the part of the parent involving the well-being of the family, and throwing unusual responsibilities on young shoulders; if there be some misdoing amongst, or quarrels between, brothers and sisters, or a misunderstanding between the writer and her guardian, husband, or employer, let her write in these columns and obtain the counsel desired. Many a sad story of sin and suffering, or of difficulties involving others, may be judiciously confided to one who is personally unknown; no names nor addresses being given; no betrayal of confidence, nor compromise of others being thereby involved.

But, as I said, such cases are exceptional. As a rule, your appeal, my young sisters, is to your mother in all circumstances connected with your personal guidance and the domestic affairs of your home.

Let us take a survey of the replies given to a large number of queries. How continually we read: "Consult your mother." "Why did you make such an acquaintance unknown to her?" "How came you to engage yourself to any man without her knowledge and permission?" "Be guided entirely by her wishes as to the invitations to be accepted and the recreations in which you may take part." In fact, be subject to your parents, following the example of your Divine Master.

Little short-frocked babes, scarcely able to frame a question, or guide a pen, not having seen yet through the first decade of life, write to inquire "at what hour they should get up and go to bed," and "how they should perform their ablutions." Little girls in their teens inquire "whether they may turn-up their back hair and lengthen their skirts;" and the elder ones amongst them, "whether they may take *tête-à-tête* walks with young men, and accept presents from them." Truly, judging from questions such as the answers very clearly indicate, the modern mother seems to be regarded as some antiquated piece of crockery, too cracked to be of any service, and therefore hidden away in a corner-cupboard.

Surely multitudes of "Our Girls" must recognise this pitiful picture as representing the case in many families of their acquaintance, if not in their own home-circle. And wherever such circumstances exist, what a loss the child must experience, what a disadvantage as regards its future prospects!

If a girl be troubled in mind or body, if slighted by a lover, and perplexed how to act; if, forgetting her self-respect, she be desirous to find one (as seems too often the case), to whom could she look for more gentle and loving sympathy, or more disinterested advice than to her own mother? And as to the minor details of her toilet, or of the hours she should keep, the food she should eat, and the recreations and studies suitable to her age, it reflects the utmost discredit (if not on the mother) on the child to appeal from her judgment and wishes to anyone else on the face of the earth. Surely, the solicitude experienced for a child by a parent must, when fully realised, draw forth the freest confidence in return. Realise it, if you can; the sooner the better.

But now that I have said so much in reference to the insubordination of daughters, doubtless many of *my girl* readers will think that, in common fairness, their side of the question should likewise be represented. Some will complain that their mothers are considerably advanced in life, have lived in out-of-the-way country places; have seen little of society, and never kept pace with the advance of

the times and of modern thought: that instead of this they have crotchets and old-world prejudices, very unreasonable, and equally irksome to those to whom they are practically applied.

Other girls will plead that their mothers are weak in mind and purpose, and having always permitted them to speak and act as they pleased, no one else has any right to find fault with the independence which must naturally characterise all they say or do.

Again, there are some who make the more plausible excuse that their mothers are comparatively uneducated women; that in attempting to speak with them on any subject of modern thought of literary and artistic interest, they find them "out of their depth" at once; and thus that they cannot accept their opinions, nor be guided by their wishes.

By all means let girls placed in such circumstances be met fairly on their own ground; first of all disposing of the excuse of the elderly mother with the antiquated notions and prejudices. It may be so, and we are very sympathetic with you; more especially if those old-world ideas included the compulsory dosing of young people with calomel, and regular bleeding at stated periods. But it is not likely that you have this description of trial to endure. Possibly she may have a fancy for a Moravian or Quaker style of simplicity in dress, and this and similar "fads" may prove rather oppressive to a young girl. Still, such prejudices are not very long-lived, and it is but a trifle after all. But, let her crotchets be what they may, she is your mother, and if you desire to be guided by Christian rules, observe what the Scriptures say thereupon: "Despise not the mother when she is old" (Prov. xxiii. 22), and this simple and unequivocal precept is enforced elsewhere, in the same inspired book, by a terrible malediction; which, although it be expressed in metaphorical language, is of very appalling signification. It means that children that are rebellious and despise their parents, are only fit for carrion to feed the birds of prey; and that some day they will certainly meet with their due reward!

True, there are also many silly, weak mothers, as well as old ones, in the world, who allow their affection to blind their eyes to their children's faults, and to over-rule their judgment in dealing with them, even when, perhaps, they see those faults with painful clearness. But to a delicate, gracious, and magnanimous nature, the milder the rule the less the desire to rebel against it. Who would think it grand and heroic to fight with a dove or a lamb? If your mother, weary of contention and longing for a quiet life, neglect to assert her right and enforce your obedience, and should yield to the will of an inexperienced yet headstrong girl—should you not, my young sister, feel yourself degraded to the status of a savage if you took a mean advantage of her weakness, and set aside her wishes in favour of your own? Oh, shame on such a course, apart from all higher considerations of Christian duty or moral obligation! Weakness of purpose and a mistaken exercise of indulgence on the part of the parent should offer no excuse to the child for acts of insubordination and expressions of independent opinion. If that opinion be invited *à la bonne heure*, express it modestly, not as an oracle.

Our third set of apologists, who allege that the excuse for their own independence of action is to be found in the imperfect education of their mothers. It may be, my young friends, and very likely it is a fact, that members of the generation preceding your own were many of them inconveniently located for attending lectures or receiving lessons from masters at home; and this was still more generally the case in the time of your grandmothers. But, at least, more attention was paid in former times to a training in domestic duties. Now times are changed. "The higher education" is the idol of the day; and as this does not include a practical acquaintance with household work and economy, dressmaking, cookery, and the nursing of the sick, and such-like home-duties, your grandmothers and mothers have the advantage of you so far. Knowledge of this kind is only acquired as separate accomplishments by a limited number of girls. Those devoted to the classics, arts, and "ologies" unfortunately omit, as a rule, to add them to the other treasures of wisdom and knowledge which form such a subject of self-glorification in too many.

In practical matters, involving the health, beauty, and comfort of home-life, the mothers of multitudes may have an extensive acquaintance, guiltless as they may be of ever having solved a problem in mathematics nor hobbled their way over the "ass's bridge." But while perfectly unread in the various school-books with which your thoughts have been occupied, she could boast of another advantage over you in her more varied and extensive experience of life, of the ways of the world, men and manners, and business matters of all kinds, with which you—enthroned as you may be on your books and slates and mathematical instruments, yes, and with a Master black gown and a trencher cap on your head—can as yet have no possible acquaintance. I admire your possible talent, taste, and persevering energy in attaining to any scholastic eminence, but I reprobate your independence of your mother's rule and opinion on the ground of her inferior attainments. What retrospect of life can you take from which to glean a fragment of valuable experience, apart from the early days of bib and babble, and the step next taken from the nursery to the schoolroom? And besides all this, the intellectual capacity in youth may be very considerable and even precious, but the judgment is quite a separate attribute, and of exceedingly slow development. In many—nay, the majority—it has not reached its maturity till the age of five-and-twenty. Your mother's has been the growth of years. And thus in various things you must admit she has greatly the advantage of you; and, as compared with her, you might accept the advice of old Polonius to his daughter, and

"Think yourself a baby!"

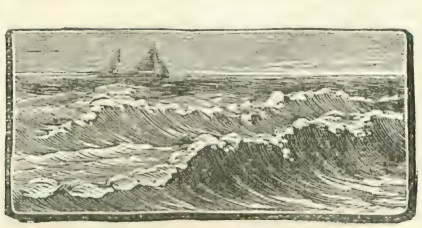
But apart from these indisputable facts, which should render you a little more humble in your self-estimation, it seems to me that any exaltation of feeling on the ground of your superior attainments constitutes one of the most hideous traits in any daughter's character. Why? Because she turns a gift bestowed by that mother into a weapon against her. Who denied herself extra indulgences, which she might have enjoyed, to expend her money on your extra education? And because she gave you the benefit of higher advantages than she ever obtained herself, are you to strut about like a peacock, and despise the less brilliant garb of her more homely attainments—far lovelier as she must appear to others in a less assuming, and thus more essentially, womanly deportment.

But there are, naturally, multitudes of our girls whose acquirements in what is improperly called "education" do not exceed in any respect those of their mothers. Nevertheless, the old story still holds true of the human heart, as it did when Job declared that "Vain man would be wise, though man be born like a wild ass's colt" (xi. 12). And thus the conceit and self-will of many a young girl finding no other opening for self-assertion—which often lies at the root of religious fanaticism—indulges herself in the adoption of crude religious views other than those their parents may hold and teach.

And so they eagerly seize on such passages as those in St. Matt. x. 35 and 37, and the Book of Acts, v. 29; and on the strength of their own misapplication of these they set their so-called conscience against the teaching of their parents. But how is it that they fail to comprehend the true meaning of such passages as these by reference to the context, and the circumstances which called them forth? The children of Jews, who rejected the Messiah, and crucified Him, and the children of the heathen, who had to choose between the worship of false gods and Christianity; these had the bitter trial set before them of proving their faith in Christ at the expense of all they held dearest on earth, and even of life itself.

But such injunctions are inapplicable to your case, dear girls, in this Christian country, and the texts that do apply in all their full force to you do not exact from you the sacrifice of your parents' love and protection, nor that of your lives for your Master's sake. Quite the contrary. You have everything to gain from Him and them by a dutiful submission to the unequivocal command, "Children, obey your parents in all things, for this is well pleasing unto the Lord." (Col. iii. 20.) Thus your martyrdom is to be that of a self-sufficient and rebellious will, which, in some cases, is a life-long sacrifice, and one beautiful to others, and well-pleasing to Him who laid that Cross upon you.

S. F. A. CAULFEILD.



BIRTHDAY ROUNDELS.

By CATHERINE GRANT FURLEY.

I.

ANOTHER year is gone! The night wind's blast
Mourns for the months laid dead upon their bier,
And their dim ghosts warn me that I have passed
Another year.

In it I've wavered oft 'twixt hope and fear,
In it I've seen my sunlit sky o'ercast,
Oft have I sighed, I have shed many a tear.

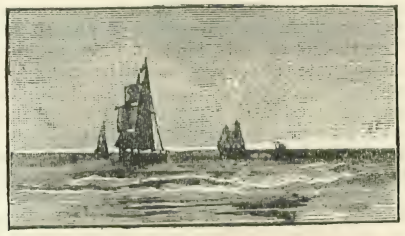
Yet the faint sunlight breaks on me at last,
And slays the night with its remembrance drear,
And brings to me a gift of import vast,
Another year.

II.

Another year has come! The rising day
Doth half unveil the future, and I peer
Out to the distant prospect, tinted gay—
Another year.

And if the bright flowers fade as I draw near,
The marble statues prove but common clay,
I will not weary grow, shed not one tear.

Not always is the best the flowery way;
If God still rules the world, why should I fear
To take His gift, and use as best I may
Another year?



"FAR ABOVE RUBIES."

By ISABELLA FYVIE MAYO.

CHAPTER I.

DOICHART SCHOOL stood far up the shores of the Doichart Frith. Nature had everything very much her own way in that remote region. The wild rocky little rivers were unnavigable; the hills were sterile and bleak, and treacherous with "peat-moss" and precipice. Humanity seemed very much of an afterthought, which had to adapt itself to its surroundings as best it could.

Wherever one saw a house, one's first exclamation was "How lonely!" If another house was barely within sight, then the situation might be regarded as positively social. As for Doichart Lodge, it hid itself among its trees, in the narrow little valley of the Doich, which in summer leaped from stone to stone playfully enough, but in spring, when the snow thawed on the hills, came thundering down as if it might bear house, and trees, and all else before it. There was not a house, save the manse, near the little church, which nevertheless was respectably filled every Sabbath. There was not a house but the schoolmaster's own, near the school, yet it was well attended and highly valued. Doichart people were not afraid of a few miles' walk, or of wind, or rain, or snow.

We have mentioned the lodge, and the manse, and the school, because in those three houses lived the only people in Doichart who knew much outside it. The farmers there had mostly succeeded their fathers, and had seen the world only in brief, bewildering visits to Inverness, from which bright and breezy Highland town they thankfully returned to their bare hill-side, quite satisfied that "so much smoke must be bad for the health." Few of the labourers or the "wives" had gone even so far. They lived their laborious days in their little round, scarcely knowing enough to know how much they had to be thankful for, in the fresh, pure air which blew upon their low, heavy-eaved houses, and in the ever-varying beauty of wide reaches of sun and mist, and even of snow and storm.

The family at the lodge—the Middletons—belonged to one of the great southern capitals. They only spent the summer at Doichart. Latterly only the maiden aunts and the little children had come down in spring, and the heads of the family, and the young men and maidens had only put in their appearance for about two months at the "shooting season," when they brought down heaps of boxes and half a score of guests, who went into raptures about the "grand scenery" and the "profound solitude," but who did not seem to know how to get through a wet day, and whose resources invariably came to an end before their visit.

These visitors were seldom much attracted to the schoolmaster, Mr. Donald McAlister, who was invited up to the lodge when the people there began to get tired of each other. He listened to the ladies' ecstasies with such dead silence, and had such a queer, cynical smile on his face.

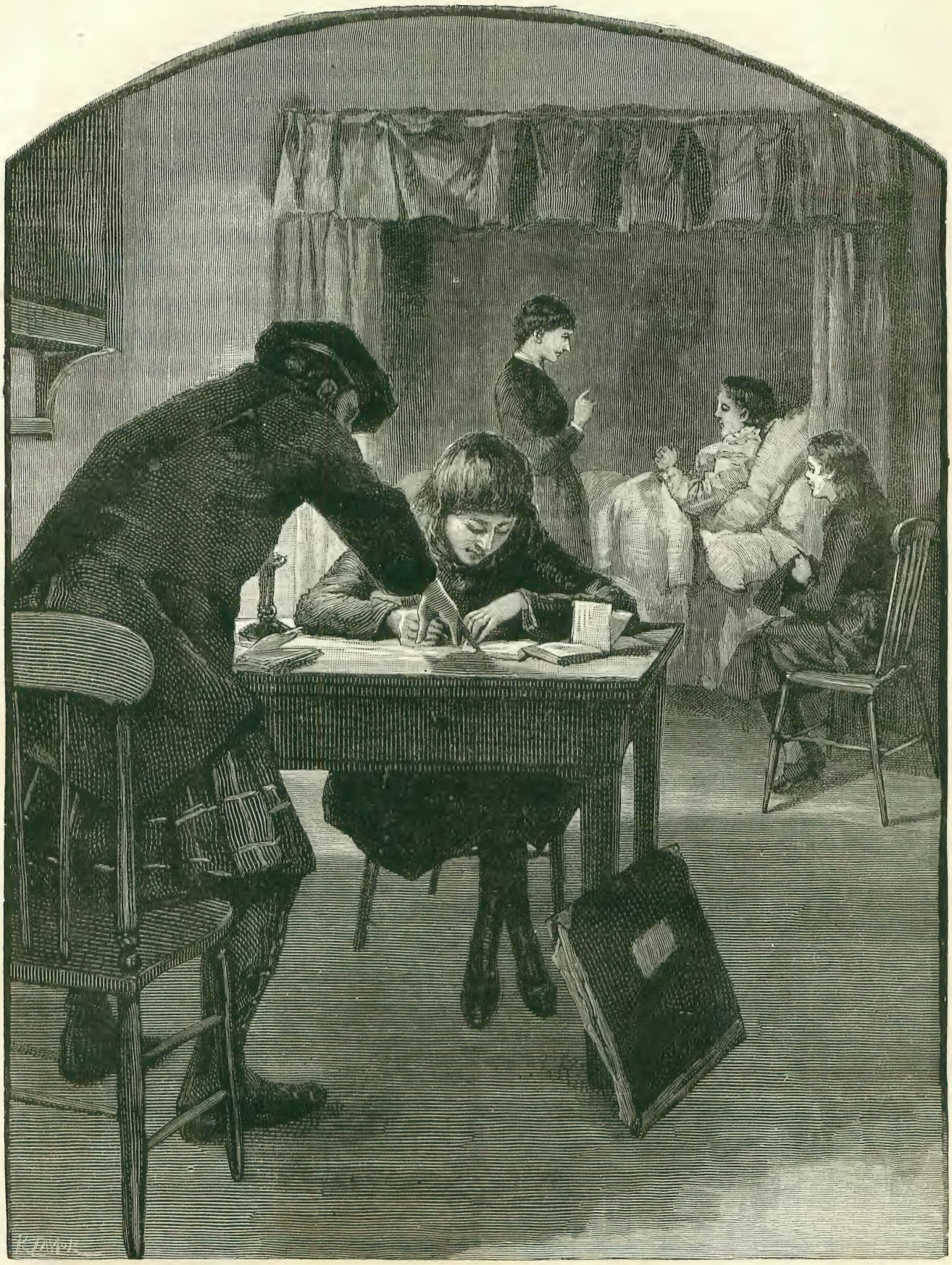
Mr. Donald McAlister was not much more at home in the manse. The old minister, the Rev. Hugh Gordon, and his only daughter lived there all the year round, except when they occasionally got a fortunate "letting" for the manse in the "season," and then they went off to Switzerland or the Italian lakes. The Rev. Hugh Gordon had a little private fortune of his own, and was an enthusiastic etymologist. He played, too, on the violin, and his daughter also was exceedingly musical. They had an organ, a piano, and heaps of music in the manse, and they had always a full house at Christmas-time, and generally a guest staying with them for a long spell, say of three or six months. Yet there were times when even Mr. Gordon and his daughter felt themselves a little out of the world. They kept only a frail old chaise and a frail old pony, neither of which was available when the weather was at its worst, and at those very times posts would fail and parcels would be hopelessly delayed.

"Life at Doichart—to be perfect—needs a large household, with active interests stirring within itself, and also two or three good horses," decided Robina Gordon.

In the ruinous old building which sheltered Donald McAlister's family there was neither organ nor piano. There came few letters, fewer parcels. There was no pony chaise—not even a donkey and a barrow. There were few books—none new—except the bald treatises needed for school drudgery. There were no pictures, except one or two black profiles of forgotten grand-relatives. To be sure, there were glorious views of the frith and the mountains to be had the moment one went out of the door and round the corner of the house; but its builder, with a provident eye to the onslaught of the north-east wind, had put all the windows at the back, to overlook the kailyard and the blank wall of the schoolhouse.

In Donald McAlister's home there was a sick wife, crippled by chronic rheumatism. There were three tall slips of girls who, among them, did all the work there was to be done—all the cleaning and cooking, all the digging and delving, all the wood-chopping and water-drawing, all the ice-breaking and snow-sweeping. As for the making and mending of all the clothes and the knitting of all the stockings, those needed not to be mentioned; those were the recreations—the dissipations—as it were, of the little McAlisters.

We have said what was not in Donald McAlister's house, and we have said who was there. But something yet remains. There was in that ruinous house a keen hunger after knowledge—a hungering and a thirsting—an ardent, wholesome appetite which made the most of every crumb which came its way, and yet ever craved for more. And there was also a warm love for home, a dumb, passionate attachment to the blue hills and the brawling Doich and the silver frith, which was quite awful in its sincerity and intensity as compared with the raptures of the



"NOTHING SEEMED TO INTERRUPT THOSE LESSONS."

lodge, and the mild contentment of the manse.

Neither Isobel, Kate, nor Elspeth had ever seen anything beyond Doichart. It made their world. Their farthest journeys had been taken in farm carts, drawn by slow, heavy horses. Once, the Rev. Mr. Gordon had given Kate "a lift" in his chaise, but that was only between the church and the lodge.

It was their father and mother who knew that there was a world outside Doichart. Mrs. McAlister came from the south. She had been born in Devonshire, and in her early unmarried life she had made trips to the Mediterranean in the character of a maid-companion. She knew of lands where the sky was sunny and the air genial, where the people spoke in gentle tones, and life was surrounded by soft beauty. She knew, too, that she could know these things no more; for no lengthened journey could ever more be possible for her poor racked frame. Her heart, too, had found all its happiness in that rough house in bleak Doichart. Ease and pleasure and beauty had been in the old southern days, but love and peace and duty were here. Mrs. McAlister knew where her grave would be made in the rank, neglected highland burying-place, and the only silent fear in her patient heart was of the changes which might come to the schoolhouse before she should be carried there.

Mr. McAlister also knew a wider world than the Doichart one; perhaps not altogether a sweeter and happier world, but at least one fuller of stir and life. He had been a schoolboy in Inverness—the youngest of a large family. Their home had been a hostel frequented by highland drovers and North Sea fishers; and while their guests enjoyed and upheld its rude plenty, they also filled it with strong interests and excitements. Brothers and sisters had gone far and wide, east and west. Nearly all were dead now. Donald had been selected, as the cleverest and last, for the higher education, for which he had gone up to a famous university on the east coast. Mr. McAlister said little about those college days of his. They were his bitterest memory, because they might have been his brightest. In his excuse it might be pleaded that the associations of his own home had set no guard between him and the coarser temptations which assailed him as a student. But there was one thing Donald McAlister never did—he never excused himself, not even to himself. His own judgment on those days was that he had been a fool, and worse. He had lost golden opportunities never to be regained. He had taken the abilities with which he should have built up his mind and character, and he had dissipated them in tap-room witticism and in mean adventure. The friends he had made were only those who, when his own day of redemption came, wrung his heart by ever descending lower and lower into the depths whence he had struggled with terrible loss and pain.

Mr. McAlister knew quite well that the trail of those wicked and foolish years was over his whole life. He had left college in debt, small, indeed, but relatively as large to him as are the ducal embarrassments which swamp estates and break up ancient houses. He had had to accept a position which would only have been tolerated by reputable men of far inferior abilities to his own. He had to know that ever and anon, in least expected ways, the old evil stories would crop up, weakening his hands and poisoning his influence. It did not make it better that the best of his simple neighbours did not believe those stories. He knew that they were true, and that was enough. His wife knew they were true. For he had not been so mean as to marry the gentle English girl under any false pretences, and he had not approached her with his love until he could honestly declare that the old bad ways were left behind, down a long avenue of years of penitence and penance.

Worst of all, he knew that it was not the same with his own nature as if those sins and follies had not been. It stung him to the heart when he had to see his wife suffer for lack of the comforts he could not help feeling they had cost her. It stung him, again, when he saw his children's hardships and deprivations. It stung him worst of all when he thought of their future. He often seemed a morose, crabbed, even violent man, when he was only utterly miserable and remorseful. He knew full well that he gave his wife more occasion for patience than for pride, and that his presence did not always add to his children's happiness.

He found out that his second daughter, Kate, had a wonderful mathematical mind. Mathematics had been his own strong point. A little timely diligence and application, and his university would have sent him up to Cambridge, and the world would have lain at his feet. So he carried on Kate's work in that direction enthusiastically—harshly often, but her equal enthusiasm did not notice that. Nothing seemed to interrupt those lessons, as nothing ever can interrupt aught with which the whole force of our being flows. They went on through Mrs. McAlister's feeble cough from her box-bed, through the roar of the wind, and the stinging puff of the peat reek.

Isobel McAlister would do her necessary spiriting about the fireplace as gently as possible, but if a girdle clattered, or a bar fell, her father would seldom notice it. If he did, his petulant rebuke got no petulant retort.

The minister came in once in the midst of these extra-mathematical lessons, and that was how it was that Doichart learned that Kate McAlister was a very clever girl. It gave the family a new interest in the eyes of lodge and manse. But Kate was a girl of plain face and blunt manners—her father's daughter—on whom few regards would care to dwell. And so they passed on to the younger girl, Elspeth, who had her mother's softer features and speech. Miss Gordon began to notice that Elspeth's voice was very sweet and her ear very true. If there were really brains in those rough McAlister girls, then these two gifts might mean a real musical capacity. She must "cultivate" Elspeth.

All this left the more housework for Isobel, the eldest daughter. But she did not complain. If her work grew, her strength grew faster. That was all which anybody ever said about Isobel—that she was a hard-working, strong girl. Her words were few, but her eyes were kind and her hands were ready.

Isobel had scarcely seen a picture worthy of the name. The poems of Burns and one or two of Walter Scott's novels were certainly in the house, but they made up its whole store of poetry and romance. Pictures and books of that sort would have been to her what mathematics were to Kate, and what music was to Elspeth. But she had no chance of asserting her need for them. A hungry man cannot seize bread unless it is in his reach. She did not know her own need. She thought that everybody felt as she did when she would pause before she turned the corner of the house, and look back on the hills lying in the sunset light. She thought that everybody had the same consuming passion of love for country, and home, and dear ones which she had.

She was only proud and pleased at the notice won by the gifts of Kate and Elspeth. She could not understand why her father seemed more touchy and irritable than ever, why her mother sighed oftener even than she used. It was her mother who explained it at last.

"I wish the girls were both like you, Isie," she said one day; "nothing in particular, only good and industrious."

The speech did not hurt Isie. She regarded the idea of her being "nothing in particular" as a foregone conclusion. The rest of it touched and flattered her. She took it as partial praise bestowed by love, and was thankful.

"I am sure they are good and industrious too, and why should they not be clever also?" asked ungrudging Isie.

The mother sighed. "What is the use of it?" she asked. "Very likely it will only make them dissatisfied with what must be. That is what I know poor father feels, though he got led on at first by his pleasure in Kate and her mathematics. These things can never alter our girls' lot in life, without a great many other things which are quite outside our power. With Kate's looks and gait, she would be scarcely hired for kitchen service in a good family, and her mathematics won't help a bit—they will be rather in the way! And as for Elspeth's singing, I'm really frightened about that; for, ignorant and uncouth as she is, it won't be of real use to her, but may be a dreadful temptation. I've known sad stories of such, child. Lying here, I've often thought that I shouldn't wonder if you, Isobel, are the best off of them all. You are the handiest, and the brightest about general things, and you are the gentlest, and get on best with people. You would soon take on a fair polish."

Isobel said nothing then. But she felt a charge laid upon her heart. Parents often do lay such charges, quite unawares, on the hearts of their more dutiful children.

Isobel could follow her mother's reasoning. She could see at once that Kate would not be the more fit for service, because she might be well fitted for something altogether different. Isobel had some thoughts which she did not quite work out. "I don't see why a woman should not do housework well, and yet sit down to occupy her leisure with calculations and problems, instead of spending it in reading trumpery, and making frills like the servants at the lodge." But Isobel did not feel that Kate could be that exceptionally wise woman. Certainly she could not "see" Kate given over to penny dreadfuls and artificial flowers; but she was not sure she could not "see" her grown idle and spiteful, a burden to herself and a misery to those about her. Isobel had a habit of using the word "see" in her cogitations, where other people would have used "foresee."

Something must be done. Isobel said that to herself, as those only can who are themselves straightway prepared to do with all their might whatsoever their hand findeth to be done.

But all was utter darkness. Which way could a gleam of guidance come?

(To be concluded.)

FRIENDSHIP.

To our mind the magic word "friend" brings before us the image of everything that is good and true and noble; everything that the heart needs for its comfort, consolation, and edification. It would seem, however, that in a certain section of "society" these "heroic friendships" have no place. According to this social code, with the progress of civilization the old meaning of "friendship" has acquired a new and distinct signification. It has been facetiously remarked that true friends are like ghosts—often heard of but never seen. This may be only partially true, but the experience of every man would bear out the fact that in many of our so-called modern "friendships" there is not that interchange of thought and feeling which constitutes the very soul of true friendship. It is not at all a rare occurrence for a man to introduce another in society as his "friend" though he has not the slightest spark of affection for him. Who has not heard of the proverbial young ladies who, being thrown into each other's society by the decrees of fate or otherwise, exchange the kiss of charity, however much they may dislike each other? When a man meets another whom he finds to be better educated or superior to him in any respect, he becomes very desirous of getting into his good graces and of being called his "friend;" whereas it not unfrequently happens that the "superior" man, conscious of his good qualities, wounds the sensitiveness and dignity of his admirer by a condescending behaviour—intentional or otherwise. Cowper has declared, with a cutting sarcasm,

"———— doing good,
Disinterested good, is not our trade,"

and in many cases this would seem to be true. The love of one kindred soul for another—the devotion of one kindred heart to another—are often myths, rose-coloured visions which we read of and believe in our childhood, but which, alas! are—

"Too bright, too fair to last."

It is so often a question of "give and take," this modern idea of friendship; there is no thought of bearing one another's burdens and so fulfilling a divine law.

There are streaks of sunshine even on the darkest day, and we will fain believe that the above remarks do not apply universally. We would fain believe that even in our time-serving generation there are hearts knit together without a thought of the worldly advantages accruing from such a union. But one must confess such cases are not very frequent.

We are told that our Divine Friend sticketh closer than a brother. How many modern friends do so? The slightest flaw, the vaguest and most imaginary slights have estranged hearts and snapped the bonds of friendship and love asunder. A word spoken in haste—a look—the expression of the face (which may be caused by a thousand different reasons)—have stemmed and diverted the torrent of love which was erst flowing free and strong and steady. We cannot be too careful in selecting kindred hearts, but when we have found them, we should "grapple them to our soul with hooks of steel." This may be ideal; but a moment's reflection would show it to be the true view of friendship. A. C. D.

VARIETIES.

Perfect Happiness.

Reason's whole pleasure, all the joys of sense,
Lie in three words—health, peace, and competence.
But health consists in temperance alone;
And peace, oh, Virtue! peace is all thy own.
Pope.

What is a Lobster?

Good definitions are difficult things. The French Academy in one of its sittings had agreed to define a lobster "poisson rouge, qui marche à reculons," a red fish, which walks backwards. The great Cuvier happening to drop in, several cried, "Here comes Cuvier; let us ask his opinion."

The intended definition having been read, the prince of naturalists laughed, and said, "Very good. Allow me, however, to remark that the lobster is not a fish, is never red, and does not usually walk backwards. All the rest is excellent."

Beauty of Expression.

Beauty of expression is, more than any other form of loveliness, capable of cultivation.

"La vie habituelle fait l'âme,
Et l'âme fait la physionomie."

The Care of the Eyes.

A copy of the following rules used to be given by a distinguished teacher in New York to each of her pupils:—

Things I must remember about my eyes.

I. Not to read or work at all by twilight or any dim light.

II. Not to read or work in the evening by a flickering gaslight, but by a perfectly steady flame.

III. Not to sit facing the light either in the day or evening; but to sit so that the light shall fall over my left shoulder on my book or work, and never on my eyes.

IV. Not to bend down over my book or work, but to hold it up to my eyes, and not my eyes down to it.

V. Not to read or work immediately on rising in the morning or before breakfast.

VI. Never to do fine drawing or fine fancy work in the evening.

VII. Not to be careless of my health; because whatever hurts my general health and strength weakens my eyes. Therefore I must—1. Sleep enough. 2. Eat proper food at proper times. 3. Wear warm clothing and thick shoes. 4. Take a good long walk in the fresh air every day.

A Bundle of Contradictions.—Man is a bundle of contradictions, tied together with fancies.—*Persian Proverb.*

Lovers of Music.—Everyone is familiar with Shakespeare's opinion regarding the men "that have no music in their souls," and he was far from being singular in it. Henry Peacham, in his "Complete Gentleman," A.D. 1622, says he is "persuaded that the men who do not love music are by nature very ill-disposed." This opinion was then the prevailing one throughout Europe, and the Italians fixed it to a proverb, "The man whom God loves not, loves not music."

Ugly Beasts.—I cannot tell by what logic we call a toad, a bear, and an elephant ugly, they being created in those outward shapes and figures which best express the actions of their inward forms, and having passed that general visitation of God, who saw that all that He had made was good—that is, conformable to His will, which abhors deformity, and is the rule of order and beauty.—*Sir Thomas Browne.*

How Two Friends Fell Out.

It is not everyone who will answer as a companion on a journey. A Mr. G. and a Mr. F., both young gentlemen in good circumstances and in good health, agreed to travel together for three or four years and visit all the countries of Europe. With this view, they had provided themselves with passports, bills of exchange, letters of credit and recommendation, etc.

About six or seven days after they had set out they arrived at Brussels, where they had for supper a woodcock and a partridge. They disputed which of the birds should be cut up first, and with so much heat and animosity that had they not been gentlemen of well-tempered courage this silly dispute might have terminated with pistols for two and breakfast for one only. To such a height, however, the quarrel arose, that they not only renounced their original design of travelling together, but all friendship and correspondence; and next morning they parted and returned separately to England, one by way of Calais and the other through Holland.

Some time after their return, a friend of Mr. G. met him one day, and asked him whether it was true, as currently reported, that he and Mr. F. had agreed to make the tour of Europe together, but had, unfortunately, quarrelled the first week about the cutting up of a woodcock and a partridge.

"Quite true," was the reply; "and did you ever know such an absurd fellow as F., who insisted on cutting up a partridge before a woodcock?"

In Faith.—Sow good seed even on an unworthy soil, for it will not be lost wherever it is sown.

Speech and Silence.

Taciturnity is an ornament, and in silence is security; therefore, when thou speakest be not loquacious:
For if thou repent once of thy silence, thou wilt assuredly repent many times of thy speech. —*Arab Saying.*

What Men have Said About Women.—"Give a woman a looking-glass and a few sugar-plums and she will be satisfied," remarks one of our most famous poets. And a great French writer says, "It has been proved by experience, in every age, that to please the sex only two things are requisite: first, to amuse them, to participate in their taste for everything that is trifling, romantic, and false; secondly, to flatter them and spoil them in their weaknesses by making oneself weaker, more effeminate, and womanish than they." Girls, it remains with every one of you to show the contrary.

What is a Snob?—A snob is that man or woman who is always pretending to be something better—especially richer or more fashionable—than he or she really is.—*Thackeray.*

The Magic of Hope.

True hope is swift and flies with swallow's wings,
Kings it makes gods, and meaner creatures kings. —*Shakespeare.*

What Self-Love Suggests.—Such is the infatuation of self-love, that though in the general doctrine of the vanity of the world all men agree, yet almost everyone flatters himself that his own case is to be an exception from the general rule.—*Dr. Blair.*

Wealth not Everything.

Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates and men decay.
—*Goldsmith.*

THE MOUNTAIN PATH.

By LILY WATSON, Author of "Within Sight of the Snow," &c.

CHAPTER II.

MAGGIE and Helen Brooke shared a large low room up a curious little staircase at the top of the house. You had to be very careful as you ascended the narrow steep steps lest you dashed your head against a jutting beam of the small landing that seemed immediately above you, and if you escaped this danger you would probably knock yourself against a great cupboard that stood in the twilight obscurity of the said landing. When you had safely eluded these traps for the unwary, you were more than likely to open the door of the cistern-room by mistake, and perhaps to tumble, in your surprise, into the great tank of water that gave forth such unearthly sounds at morning-tide. But had you finally arrived at the girls' room, you would have thought it a pleasant place enough. A round window set in a bowery frame of ivy, in which the birds never ceased chirping, afforded a view—first, over the lovely old garden, and then down upon a very wilderness of houses, railway-bridges, and tall buildings, dwarfed by distance and veiled by a thin curtain of smoke extending as far as the eye could reach over south-west London.

A door of communication opened into Lilian's little front bedroom, but the sisters knew she needed more sleep than they did, and were careful not to disturb her with their chat when, as was now the case, the delightful time of sisterly confidences over, joint hair-brushing had set in.

"Oswald's final exam. will be soon, will it not?" asked Maggie.

"In three weeks. He will never pass."

"I am really vexed with him," said Maggie. "He idles away his time more and more. What does he mean to do with his life?"

"What, indeed!" and Helen began to pace up and down the room. "He will do what hundreds of young men do, who are not obliged to work—live at home, and be petted and flattered by all the girls about, and enjoy himself. All that is good in him—and there is a great deal—will shrink down, and his faults will grow large and ugly like the weeds and lichen in damp soil.

"Oh, if he would only take up an enthusiasm for any one thing that needed self-denial, and work at it, it would be the making of him."

"He can be enthusiastic."

"Yes, but only while the novelty lasts, and before the need for real, steady work begins. When he came up four years ago, do you remember how eager he was about being a doctor? Now he says he wouldn't practise, even if he had the chance. And yet I know he does well in his actual hospital work. It is such a pity. I did say a word or two this afternoon, but it was no good. I have no influence with him. You or Lily might have more."

"Nobody can influence him," returned Maggie. "Talking to him is like pouring water on a cabbage-leaf: the advice all runs off directly, and leaves no trace."

"But I don't want to discuss Oswald

any more," said Helen, earnestly; "I want to talk about myself. Whether he passes or not, he won't stay here, and I know that will make a difference of a good deal of money to papa. Then you know the boys' premiums have been large, and their salaries are small. I am quite sure one of us ought to do something."

"Well, dear?" asked Maggie.

"You are housekeeper-in-chief, and take care of the mother. Lilian can't, of course, do much, though she talks of giving music lessons, poor child. I must go out into the world."

"Oh, Helen!" ejaculated her sister, in dismay.

"Don't deter me, or make me break down, there's a dear girl. You know that father's income is limited, and I am the extra one at home, and in fact it's as clear as possible. The only wonder is that I haven't been hard at it long before. But I have gained by study the knowledge that will fit me for working, so perhaps it's as well," concluded Helen, with rather a wintry smile. "There, don't say a word, Maggie, pray, and, whatever you do, don't cry."

"What do you talk of doing? You do not like teaching!" said Maggie. A glance at the compressed lips and subdued intensity of Helen's expression warned her not to expostulate or to break forth into loving condolence.

"No, I do not mean to teach children if I can help it. If I cannot get anything else to do, why then I must smother my inclinations, and go at it with a will. But I think it is right for me to seek something else. And I have a plan."

"Tell me, dearest."

"I have heard from Oswald, as you must have done, of a Miss Adela Gascoigne, the sister of our æsthetic friend. She is an heiress, an orphan, lives in Oswald's native place, Heatherbridge, and wants a well-educated companion of about her own age, who will read various languages with her, and relieve her, I fancy, from the companionship of a rather monotonous aunt. Mrs. Thorne wrote to ask mother if she could recommend anyone. Salary *au plaisir*. So here I am," cried Helen, pausing in the middle of the floor, her long dark hair clouding her shoulders, a brush waved in the right hand. "Behold in me the well-educated companion of Miss Gascoigne."

"But, Helen," protested her elder sister, "you don't know the girl; she very likely will be spoilt, or exacting. You are so independent and old for your years, and have such strong ideas about things. How shall you like to be at the beck and call of a capricious heiress?"

"Much better than I should like teaching children. Don't you see, I must do something, and the way is so closed up to women. What can we do but teach, or play companion, or become Post Office clerks? Well, perhaps we should not grumble, for men without money seem to find work hard to get. There is something wrong in this England of ours when willing hands have such difficulty to earn. But I must not be led into a discourse on political economy," concluded Helen. "My work, if I get this situation, will in all probability be easy enough."

"There is another thing. Shall you like being in a dependent position so near the Thornes, in their big house?"

"A dependent position! Independent, you mean," flashed Helen. "I intend to give full value for my salary. And I never will admit that a woman is degraded by earning her living. No, I'll have the courage of my convictions, and boldly establish myself as a 'companion' within a mile or two of The Woodlands. Oswald may avoid me if he likes, but I don't think he is quite so mean as to do that."

"Will Mrs. Thorne dislike it?"

"No, she has too much sense; but I shall consult her first, for I wouldn't annoy her. And now, Maggie mine, I have kept you too long talking."

"Dear, I am grieved for you," pleaded Margaret. "I am sure you will suffer at leaving home."

"There is a verse of Longfellow's that I like to say to myself," said Helen, with brightening eyes—

> "'Oh, fear not in a world like this,
> And thou shalt know ere long,
> Know how sublime a thing it is
> To suffer and be strong.'"

As the girl dropped on her knees that night she sent up an earnest half inarticulate petition to be helped and strengthened in doing what she knew to be right. And her prayer was answered, for she felt soothed and fortified, as if a calm hand had been laid upon her brow.

After the early breakfast the next morning Helen broached her idea to Mr. Brooke. He shrank from the prospect of losing her, but could not answer the logical way in which she pleaded her cause. He had, in fact, been wondering how he was going to make both ends meet when Oswald's timely help to the household expenses was withdrawn. His wife's health was delicate, and he could not retrench in many ways that otherwise would have suggested themselves. The lease of the rambling old house was his own, bought by long and pinching thrift, but if he sold it, as he sadly thought sometimes he would do, he could not have lodged his family to better advantage. These and other considerations made him consent to Helen's scheme.

"Only for a time, my darling. And you must ask Miss Gascoigne to let you come up to town twice instead of once in the year."

Mrs. Brooke had been thinking that Helen would be obliged to "do something," as the phrase is, and acquiesced with a sigh. She was wise enough to know that the girl would in many ways be benefited by feeling that she was independent, for Helen's was a strong nature, and she had a horror of finding herself useless. Maggie was the housekeeper, and Lilian, with her music, made the home bright for "the boys." Helen, since leaving school, had devoted her energies to study, of which she was passionately fond; but she felt that her father could not afford for this to continue.

"I have been writing to your mother to-day," said Helen to Oswald, as he enjoyed his afternoon lounge under the great sycamore tree.

"To complain of me?" he inquired, lifting his handsome indolent eyes to the tall young figure beside him.

"Your conscience evidently pricks you, but it isn't that. I have written to ask if she would like to recommend me as the educated companion Miss Gascoigne, of Hill Crest, requires."

"You're joking?"

"I am not, indeed. Shall you object to my being in the neighbourhood in such a capacity?"

Oswald threw away the end of his cigar and leaped to his feet.

"It's preposterous!" he exclaimed.

"But why?"

"I don't like women to work. It is a man's part to do it for them, if it's necessary."

"Oswald, do be sensible. Come round the garden and let us discuss it."

They paced together slowly along the path that skirted the large lawn, shadowed by overhanging trees, and winding among shrubs.

"Even supposing it were the right thing," began Helen, in her wise way, "that every woman should be maintained by some man in idleness, there are not men enough. There are far too many of us. What's to be done then? Look at my case. Father is not well off; he works hard, but he never will be rich. Here am I as strong as possible. I'm not needed for housekeeping, because Maggie takes it, nor to make the home bright for the boys, for Lily is the musical one. Very well then. Am I to sit down and say to my dear, overtasked father, 'Here I am; I'm a woman, so I shan't stir a finger to help myself; you must support me in idleness."

"I know your ideas are strong-minded," Oswald stubbornly observed; "but I don't care what you say, it isn't a womanly thing to have to work. With you, Helen, I don't believe it's necessary; it's only a whim that you have taken up from reading your magazine articles and nonsense."

"Strong-minded! How I do hate that word! It shows the sort of ideas that used to be held about women, that it has come to be a term of reproach. Do you want me to be weak-minded, then? I do wish men would not talk so."

"Well, we won't quarrel about words," said Oswald, contracting his eyebrows. "If you are determined, of course we shall like to have you near us, and will try to make things pleasant. How Gascoigne would have stared if he'd known! I don't remonstrate for our own sake, but for yours, because I hate that a girl should have to work."

"Your ideas about work and mine are totally different. You think it a curse, but I am sure that a man or woman who is idle, misses the value and beauty of life. Don't you believe"—and here the deep blue of Helen's eyes grew liquid and unfathomable—"that into nearly everything one can introduce something of the Divine beauty, so as to be, in a sense, 'workers together with Him'?

"I often think of Dorothea's words, and that is my hope. 'To be part of

the Divine power against evil, widening the skirts of light, and making the struggle with darkness narrower.'"

"What on earth has that got to do with it?" asked Oswald in irritation. "People can do that sort of thing by staying at home."

"Why, if one hasn't any definite settled work, one falls into self-indulgence and selfishness, and then it is all over."

"I can see that this is aimed at *me*," said Oswald, half in pique.

"No it isn't, but you know what I feel about the medical profession. It is such a noble thing to be able to help the weak and suffering; there can be no doubt about *that*, whatever difficulties people find in settling other questions. And even if one is independent," Helen hesitated a little as she said this, "isn't it all the better? for I have often heard of doctors feeling obliged to humour people who were not ill, and doing things not quite worthy, just because they couldn't afford to offend their patients."

"So you think I ought to start forth like a sort of medical Free Lance or Don Quixote, knocking over people's prejudices right and left, and offending everybody, strong in the strength of my modest competence," laughed Oswald. "I'm afraid I shouldn't be popular in the profession, and my patients might rise in a body and rebel, some fine day."

"You turn what I say into ridicule," sighed Helen. She was so earnest in her convictions, that she advocated them perhaps a little too warmly, for she was young and had not learned to repress herself, nor to bear with patience the disappointment of seeing her friend cast all ambition to the winds.

"I won't laugh any more, and you shall chaperone Miss Gascoigne to your heart's content. Hark! Lilian is playing."

From the open windows of the drawing-room came the strains of one of Mendelssohn's "Songs without Words." They paused to listen.

"She has found her work, at any rate," said Helen. "And it is all by means of real hard labour and energy."

"Helen! Will you gather some strawberries for dessert?" called Maggie from the house, and Helen turned towards the strawberry beds. At the foot of the large lawn there was a pretty little wilderness of shrubs and strips of grass winding among flower-beds, with an old summer-house. Then the ground fell away in a well-stocked kitchen garden downhill to the fence which separated it from a barren waste of little houses and streets. The strawberry plants, just now rich with the tempting red fruit nestling under the leaves, were ranged on the upper part of the slope.

People often used to marvel that such a country-like, old-fashioned productive garden could be found at the back of the grim shabby house that frowned on St. Martin's Close. And when the end of the long lease shall come, the place thereof will know it no more! Away will go the fine old trees, the ample lawn, the ivied walls, the rambling stable-yard, where the boys kept hens and other live-stock, and where they were wont to carpenter in the unused coach-house; the shrubbery, the delicious unexpected shady corners, all will go, and serried rows of hideous staring little houses, exactly alike in their ugliness, will crowd the place where the morning dew lay cool on the grass, and the birds sang all day long.

Helen politely but firmly discouraged Oswald's offer of help at the strawberry beds, for she knew he ate more than he gathered, and, besides, she wanted him to work. So he betook himself, with some grumbling, to the part of the house on the first floor, where a tiny passage, shut off by a door from the spacious landing, led to a couple of little rooms. One of these was furnished as a study. Medical works of alarming titles crowded the shelves; there was a strong odour of tobacco, and a rack of pipes of various hues decorated the mantelpiece. Roses in a china bowl on the table struggled to overpower by their perfume the all-pervading aroma.

Instead of taking down any of the ponderous tomes, Oswald cast himself into a wicker armchair and drew it to the window, which commanded a view of the dull Close, flanked on the left hand by St. Martin's Church with its graveyard, and fronted by an ivy-covered wall. He flung his arms behind his head, and let his thoughts run somehow in this fashion:—

"Helen is a fine girl, but it is a pity she has such very pronounced ideas. A woman should be soft and clinging. I never could stand that sort of girl, always implying one was in the wrong. She doesn't lecture or talk loud; still, she makes one feel uncomfortable. . . . I shall miss her, all the same."

Then he suddenly seized a piece of note-paper, and wrote in the untidy scrawl which made his friends declare he was born to indite prescriptions:—

"DEAR MOTHER,—If you can help Cousin Helen to this situation with Miss Gascoigne you had better. She's set upon it. I think it is a pity; but still, as she isn't a marrying girl, I suppose she'd have to work some time or other. I go up for my final in three weeks, but shall be spun" (What can he mean? thought the mother, anxiously). "Then I shall come home. Love to the girls.—Your affectionate son, OSWALD."

He directed this to "Mrs. Thorne, The Woodlands, Heatherbridge, Yorkshire," and felt that he had done a very meritorious thing. In fact, he was so much pleased with himself, that he decided to give himself a holiday that evening, and, by way of commencement, dropped into a peaceful nap until dinner-time.

(*To be continued.*)

THE PENALTY OF RICHES.

A CERTAIN humble friend of mine has lately had the misfortune to have bequeathed to her a legacy. I use the word "misfortune" advisedly, for, poor woman, although she had her share of this world's troubles before, this last certainly eclipses them. I had often thought to myself what a pleasant thing it must be to awaken some morning to an unexpected fortune or windfall, however small. I had pictured to myself the delightful things I could do with it, how many people I could make happier by it, little dreaming of the troubles and fears such an event might bring.

Poor Betty had, up till this, had enough for her daily wants; her husband's wages came in regularly every week, and by economy they were able to put away a little for a rainy day. But this unfortunate legacy has spoilt all! Her night's rest is broken, her days are passed in restless speculations and suppositions; her mind is in one whirl of uncertainty, and all on account of this legacy, which will only amount to a few pounds.

In the first place, she has not yet received it; in the next, she never may; and in the third, she is uncertain as to the amount.

Oh! unhappy Betty, what misery you would have been saved had you never heard of it! what foolish and even unholy thoughts it has engendered in your mind! you, who were such a kindly, contented, harmless creature.

The legacy cannot come to her until the death of the person who had the life rent of it, and many distracting calculations have been made with regard to the probable date of that event, and to the possible length of her own life.

A brother whom she long thought dead has, strange to say, turned up at this time; and instead of feeling unalloyed pleasure at this, I am much afraid her joy is just a little mixed with regret at the large portion of the legacy which will be diverted from her by his appearance as co-legatee.

St. James hath it that "the love of money is the root of all evil," and truly in Betty's case it has an apt illustration. Let us hope that time will bring kindlier thoughts to her, and meanwhile we can take the lesson home to ourselves, and learn to be contented with our lot and not expect that increase of wealth must necessarily bring more happiness.

D. M.

A WORK OF LOVE.

The following letter from the Lady Brabazon has recently been received by the Editor:—

Lucerne, Switzerland, Sept. 7, 1884.

Dear Sir,—May I be permitted to draw your readers' attention to an employment for their leisure hours, by means of which they might afford much pleasure to their suffering fellow creatures? I have charge of the Sick Members Department of the "Girls' Friendly Society," in connection with which we have a flower mission for the benefit of our invalid members. It is easy to obtain flowers to cheer them in spring and summer, but it is not so in winter time, and consequently we decided that during the ensuing winter we would endeavour to supply our sick girls with dried flowers and leaves mounted on cards, with some well-chosen words of comfort and consolation inscribed upon them. These cards, when tastefully arranged, can be made very attrac-

tive; and during my stay in Switzerland the pleasure of my walks has been wonderfully enhanced by collecting flowers and leaves suitable for the purpose. I found many kind friends willing to help me in this pleasant task, and I am returning to England with a liberal supply of lovely cards for the sick girls of our society. My object in addressing you, to-day, is to beg your readers to do as we have done, and to lay in a plentiful supply of autumn leaves (which are wonderfully effective), grasses, ferns, mosses, and such flowers as can yet be obtained, and which are likely to press well. They should be placed between blotting paper, under a heavy weight, and afterwards firmly pasted or gummed on to cards, on which some comforting lines of poetry, or a verse out of the Bible, should be *plainly* written or printed. Lastly, a piece of silver paper should be attached to the cards to protect them from injury. If your readers would attempt this occupation, I think they would find it a most pleasant one, and it is one certainly calculated to solace those who are afflicted. Some of your readers may themselves be visitors to workhouse infirmaries and hospitals, where such cards would be very welcome; but if they who are unconnected with such institutions will kindly send the cards to me, I will undertake that, during the ensuing winter, they shall be duly given to the patients in London hospitals and infirmaries. The parcels should be directed to "The Lady Brabazon, care of Miss Bellson, 12, Montague Villas, Richmond, Surrey."—Yours very faithfully, M. T. BRABAZON.

USEFUL HINTS.

SALAD DRESSING.—A useful and valuable help to one's table is a good salad dressing, and when well made will be found to keep good for some weeks. Take two eggs, thoroughly boil them until quite hard, put them into cold water and when quite cold take the yolks only and pound finely in a mortar; add to this a tablespoonful of sugar, ditto of mustard, and dessertspoonful of salt, mix this thoroughly with a very little cream; when quite smooth add the remainder of the cream, in all one pint, add to this very slowly one pint of vinegar. It will require shaking before using; it is very good for lobster salad. This recipe we have always found most useful and appreciated by the superior members of our family circle—the men folks, I mean—so therefore hope it may prove of use to others, and especially so to those dear girls who try in every way to brighten the life of the bread-winners by their loving care in seeing to the small comforts which help so much to brighten and lighten the greater trials of life. I fear there are many dear husbands, fathers, and brothers who often return home to very badly cooked dishes, and not much better arranged tables, all of which might be different if our women folk studied more the comfort and taste of those to whom they owe, perhaps, everything. Only when the earthly ties are severed does the thought dawn of the many things that might have been done.

TO MAKE A SATIN POCKET.—Buy an ordinary stiff and plain palm-leaf fan, ten inches wide and ten deep without measuring the handle; three yards of two-inch wide reversible satin ribbon for handle, three yards of narrow ribbon the same colour, half a yard of black satin or velvet in the piece, a quarter of a yard of maize satin also in the piece, twelve inches of whalebone, a quarter of a yard of Victoria lawn, and a bunch of velvet pansies. Take the maize satin, lay it on the front of the fan and shape it, cutting it out larger than the fan, and curving it inwards in the centre so as to leave exposed the fibres of the palm-leaf as they near the handle. Put a piece of wadding under the silk, and quilt it either in a succession of circles or in a diamond pattern, then stitch it on to the fan round its edge, leaving the edge neat, but not turning in any satin. Take the narrow ribbon, box-pleat it at one edge, and stitch it round and over the satin so that it comes half an inch beyond the fan. Take the velvet or black satin, cut it in a length of twelve inches one way and three-quarters of a yard the other, and line it with fine Victoria lawn, turning its upper edge down for two inches. Gather the upper edge with two runnings, put in the first an inch from the edge, the second three-quarters of an inch below the first. Draw the gathered part until it is twelve inches long, but leave the running threads unfastened, putting the fulness to the centre; gather the lower edge to the size of the lower part of the fan and shape it by cutting away the sides, turn it inside out, and stitch it to the fan over the top of the box-pleated ribbon, keeping the fulness to the centre of the fan: then turn it right side outwards and run in the whalebone between the two gatherings at the top of the velvet; draw these up to twelve inches and fasten off securely. The whalebone will make the flap of the pocket stand out well from the inside. Finish the pocket by fastening on one side the bunch of pansies and then ornament the handle. Cut off half a yard of the ribbon, find the middle of the rest and tie it twice round the very bottom of the handle, then bring both ends to the centre of the handle and secure them to that height by tying the half yard of ribbon cut off at first round them there as a loop and as a pretty bow; tack on both ribbons for seven inches, and then tie them together with another pretty bow. This last loop and bow is used to suspend the fan from the wall. The cretonne fan is made like the satin one, either with one or two coloured sateens or cretonnes, but instead of the edging of fine quilled ribbon the second part of the pocket is sewn over the first, and is then trimmed with peacock feathers. Thirteen peacock feathers are required round the fan, a split feather to edge the inside of the pocket where it joins the palm leaf, and four or five to make a side ornament, to which a bow with ends is also added. The back of both the pockets should be made tidy by being plainly covered with material.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

EDUCATIONAL.

A. G. O. E.—The charge for merely boarding and lodging in one of the high schools varies from £40 to £60 per annum. If able to give your services efficiently, perhaps some arrangement might be made for your receiving certain lessons. You should show your paintings at stationers' shops, and obtain trade orders if you can.

NIL DESPERANDUM.—First make a confidant of your mother; tell her all you have confided to us, and all your wishes and feelings, and then do as she desires. It is the plain path of duty. It often happens that God places our lot in life where we should not ourselves have cast it, but He makes all things work together for good to them that fear Him and follow His guidance.

S. W. (Secretary, Hospital for Children, Great Ormond-street).—We are much obliged to you for the printed information you have kindly sent us, and for informing us of the alteration in your rules as regards the age at which nurses are admittable for training at your hospital, *i.e.*, commencing it at 20 instead of 17 years. Our readers made a mistake in supposing that six weeks instead of six months was the period of training. We will take due advantage of the further information you have given us, and direct all inquirers to apply to the lady superintendent.

L. N.—Candidates for the profession of nursing are generally required to be from 25 to 40 years of age, and it is not likely that an exception should be made at St. Thomas's, Lambeth. You will perceive, however, that training at the Children's Hospital (above named) may begin from the age of 20, but you may join a class of the St. John's Ambulance Guild, and had better study the manual on "Sick Nursing at Home" (Upcott Gill, 170, Strand, W.C.) already recommended.

WORK.

FAC.—We know of no way to take the creases out of the cloth except by pressing it carefully. Your little poem is good.

GIPSY would have to work the macramé in strips, and afterwards sew it together.

EMILIA GALOTTE.—Alabaster is cleaned in Italy by rubbing it with lemon-juice.

A VILLAGE MAIDEN.—The directions could not be plainer. "Knit three plain stitches, one after the other; then knit two stitches together four times, which would be eight stitches in all."

M. HUDSON.—Windows may be frosted by washing them with a hot solution of sal-ammoniac.

LADY FAIR.—Slip-stitch is done by carrying the thread along the top, drawing it through a stitch, but not making one.

SYLVIA.—A small box, covered with handsome embroidery, is a good thing to hold photos of all sizes.

COWSLIP, SNOW, BLUE RIBBON.—See article, "Crochet Work in Wool," vol. iii., page 476.

S. J. M.—Many thanks for the shawl pattern.

TWO NOTTINGHAM GIRLS.—We have given no article on tatting, as there are many manuals on that kind of work to be had for a shilling. They supply both instructions and patterns.

CAVE CANEM.—Procure white carbonised cloth at 1s. the silp; place it on a piece of glass, and trace the design through it with a knitting needle. If the material be very thick, trace a little only at a time, and commence working at once.

MUSIC.

EFFIE DEANS.—The term "shift," as applied to playing the guitar, means that you slip your left hand lower down on the strings by the space of its own width from its first position.

HELEN DANVERS.—We cannot undertake to advertise publications of other firms. Inquire at a musicseller's or of some professional friend. Wear stuff shoes, not leather ones, and certainly not of patent leather. To sign yourself "Yours sincerely" to an equal could not be "improper."

ELLEN, ANXIOUS ONE.—You might learn to play the piano at any age, unless your fingers were very stiff from age, hard work, rheumatism, or chalk-stones. Of course, you do not expect to play like a professional musician. Perhaps one of the most distinguishing traits of Englishmen is their extreme coolness and self-possession in times of the greatest danger.

MARIA ORFORD.—The banjo is scarcely a nice instrument for a girl; a mandolin would be really suitable. Of course, a six-stringed mandolin is inferior to one of five only.

HOUSEKEEPING.

A FERN.—A good powder for cleaning steel is usually sold at the ironmonger's. Dry the books well, and if the covers be of leather, perhaps a little ether may take the spots out.

A NORWEGIAN SAILOR'S LASSIE writes to ask us to "tell her the names and ranks from the lowest seaman to the highest officer; also, what ships they are on? I have always thought that when a ship has a 'lietenant,' midshipman, and admiral, it never has cabinboy, mate, or captain. Am I wrong or not?" We must refer her to the "Norwegian Sailor," as the subject, especially "the ships they are on," is too big for us.

CANDALARIA.—Directions for curing skins were given at page 368, vol. iii.

ATALANTA.—Wine that has become slightly sour is termed "pricked," the tartness being usually caused by want of "body." It may be restored by the use of tartarised spirits of wine. Each bottle of wine will require an ounce of the spirit. After being well shaken the wine must remain quiet for a few days, when it will be much improved.

SWEET SIXTEEN.—Lace can be coloured by means of Colman's coloured starch, to be obtained of any grocer. We cannot find any mention of a coin like yours, and you do not mention the metal of which it is made. 1821 was the year after George IV. came to the throne, and there was a large coinage then; but no "seven-shilling piece," so far as we know.

MISCELLANEOUS.

COLLINNA.—Your handwriting is good enough for the work, but such situations are most difficult to obtain; there are so many applicants who are more fully qualified. Shorthand would probably be needed.

A KEENE.—Tar may be taken off clothes by putting fresh butter on it first, and then taking the butter out with either turpentine or benzine.

I. P. M. F.—All the bound volumes of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER may be obtained from 56, Paternoster-row, E.C.

A YOUNGEST DAUGHTER.—If your parents have consented, of course there can be no objection to your doing so.

W. THOMSON.—Many thanks for the answers. We are glad you were so successful.

INTERESTED READER.—You can obtain the first volume of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER at our office, or all the monthly parts unbound.

TWO TRUEHEARTED JAMAICANS.—The battle of Crécy (or Cressy) was fought between Edward III., with 36,800 men, and Phillip VI. of France, with 130,000 men. The former divided his forces into three lines, the first led by the Black Prince, the second by the Earl of Arundel, and the third by himself. 36,600 of the French were slain, together with the kings of Bohemia and Majorca, and the reigning Duke of Lorraine, while the loss of the English did not amount to one hundred of all ranks. It was one of the most splendid victories on record. The crest of the King of Bohemia was three ostrich feathers, with the motto, "Ich dien," which has since been adopted by the Princes of Wales. *We think* that you have made some mistake, and that the treaty of which you mean to speak was that of Crespy (France). Here the treaty was signed between Charles V. of Germany and Francis I. of France on September 18, 1544, the former renouncing Burgundy and the latter Italy.

SARAH JANE.—Have you ever considered what great cause you have for thankfulness that God has granted you a "perfectly healthy body," if not beautiful according to your own ideas—that you show it in your "plump figure and rosy cheeks," and that your hands are "white and smooth," and you have, moreover, "plenty of friends"? Try to be grateful and to preserve your good health.

A SCOTCH SCARECROW.—We pity the friends you name for being so deficient in perceptive power, and suppose their letters were unanswered. We consider patent leather shoes objectionable, as they allow of no evaporation, and tend to make the feet very tender. Why do you write such a stiff, upright hand? It is neither graceful nor artistic. It is very legible, nevertheless; the "t's" are crossed and the "m's" and "n's" are not confounded with the "u's." We advise "Scarecrow" to read our answer to "Amabel." Why should she risk alarming the birds and frightening belated and nervous travellers?

JOEY.—1. We cannot state to a single man the exact population of the world, but it is supposed that at the present time it amounts to about 1,450,000,000. 2. The meaning of the word "ha-ha" employed to designate a fence in a ditch—is derived from the Anglo-Saxon word "haw," which means a ditch, and is still in use.

MOODS AND TENSES.—The word "Easter" is Anglo-Saxon. The old High German is "Ostarâ," the name of the goddess of spring (or light), in honour of whom a festival was celebrated in April This month was called, in Anglo-Saxon, "Êâstermônâdh," and, in the old High German, "Ostarmonath." *The Jewish feast* of the Passover falls at this time, and our Lord's resurrection occurred simultaneously with it. Thus the Christian commemoration is rightly fixed to correspond with the Jewish, and the English name is only that assigned to the month by our forefathers, although with a different signification.

BEESWING.—There was an ancient superstition that bread baked on Good Friday had peculiar virtues, and a little of it (which used to be kept through the year), if grated in water, would prove a specific for any ailment. The buns, according to the Rev. G. S. Faber, may owe their origin to the pagan custom of worshipping the Queen of Heaven with cakes, which religious observance obtained in ancient Mexico, China, Egypt, and other countries. The cross marked on our own was a symbol of the death of Christ, commemorated on that day, and derived from that on the Eucharistic bread used in the Greek Church, the same eastern form of cross being employed.

AMABEL.—1. We cannot give addresses of other publishing firms and their works. 2. See our answer to "A Little Farmer" and others on the subject of stoutness and thinness, page 272 in the monthly number for February, 1884. If you have overgrown yourself, or have any consumptive tendency, take a teaspoonful of cod-liver oil daily, and get some friend or maid to rub a piece of fresh hog's lard (about the size of a walnut) into your chest, across your shoulders, and under the bladebones and arms, night and morning, until dry enough not to soil your linen. Take plenty of cream, butter, and new milk, and eat farinaceous food and vegetables. Be much out of doors, but take gentle exercise, and go to bed early. Avoid worry, employ your mind agreeably and usefully, short of any fatigue. Mix in cheerful society. Above all, "keep a conscience void of offence," and "hope to the end."

LITTLE UNKNOWN.—1. If you read the new work brought out by the Princess Christian, you will find that whatever views the late lamented Princess Alice may have held at one time, she was a sincere believer in the great truths of Christianity when she died. 2. The term "coup d'état" means a sudden and unexpected stroke of policy.

SOUTHDOWN.—Your sonnet is well written, and does you credit. It gratifies us to hear how highly you approve of the tone of our "Answers to Correspondents." We cannot tell you whether the papers which you so much desire to see in separate book form will be so reproduced. Have you read our articles on "The Duties of Servants"?

V. A. WOOD.—We have, we think, already replied to a query respecting our National Anthem. According to Mrs. Palliser, in her work on "Historical Devices, Badges, and War Cries," there "seems little doubt that it is founded upon the watchword and countersign ordered through the Royal Navy by Henry VIII.'s Lord Admiral, 1544—viz., 'God save King Henrye;' and th' other shall answer, 'and long to reign over us.'" And further, she adds that Thomas Norton concludes his address to the rebels of the North, in 1549, "God save our Queen Elizabeth, and confound her enemies." 2. We cannot continue giving our opinions on handwriting. Refer to our articles.

TIVERTONIAN.—The 5th December, 1857, was a Saturday.

VELVET.—Read "Work for All," which commenced on page 25, November part, 1883.

AN OLD SUBSCRIBER.—When you put "Mr." it is supposed you are a surgeon only. "Dr. James Smith" would be quite correct, not "Mr. James Smith, M.D." Wedding-cake may be sent to relations, and very intimate friends if you wish. The *trousseau* is frequently marked after the marriage.

AN ANXIOUS HOUSEKEEPER.—There is no safe depilatory that we know of. We find nothing is better for exterminating moths than ground white pepper scattered over everything. We should think your rooms had been damp and not well aired after wet weather.

GINGER.—We should think the name would be sufficient, but you should leave the envelope open of any enclosed letter. To close it would imply distrust of the caretaker's honour.

HYACINTH and GLORY.—We should advise you to consult a doctor and a dentist.

CHEEPIE.—There is no cure for a bird in such a state; you can only keep him warm and out of draughts.

LADY CLARITE had better purchase Fry's List of the London Charities, price eighteenpence, where she will find all the information she needs.

PRINCESS.—We are much obliged by your kind offer, but we are fully supplied.

ISOLIEL A. W. is thanked for her pretty card. She should give her moulting canary a little saffron in his drinking water, and a little hard-boiled yolk of egg, and keep the bird out of draughts.

AN AFFLICTED ONE is a foolish and unhealthy girl, and had better be taken away by someone for change of air, taking her spelling-book and dictionary with her.

NEVA.—Use one of the many glosses or polishes, to blacken your white kid shoes, and do not put on too much at once, so as to make the kid wet.

PLANTA GENISTA.—Writing letters is usually a question of kindness and duty, and as such would be right. Such questions are personal matters; but you must not use your liberty so as to give offence to others, but be wise, and tenderly considerate, too.

TRUE TILL DEATH.—You are too young yet to think or worry about such things. Wait until you are older, and enjoy the brightness of your youth. Meanwhile, you must train both mind and body, not by foolish fancies, but by study, thought, and careful reading for the former, and by exercise, good food, and healthy recreation for the latter, "In the fear of God."

LIZZIE.—The phrase, "Robbing Peter to pay Paul," originated in the circumstance that the abbey of St. Peter, Westminster, was raised to the dignity of a cathedral by "letters patent," in 1540. But it was joined to the diocese of London again ten years subsequently, and many of its estates appropriated to the repairs of St. Paul's Cathedral. The phrase occurs in a translation of Rabelais, and in the same chapter the phrase to the effect that "if the skies fall, we shall catch larks," may also be found. You write fairly well.

A DUCK.—We are not surprised at your inability to remember "a single thing on a subject you have been studying for an hour," if you claim kindred with the genus "Duck." But these, at least, are thrifty and highly respectable folk, minding no one's business but their own; they know how to find a living and to take care of their families. Emulate them so far. 2. Cut off the ends of the stalks, remove all superfluous leaves, and stand the flowers in slightly-warmed water to revive them.

LILY.—The proper pronunciation of the word "cyclamen" is "sy-cla-men."

MURIEL, aged eleven years, wishes for information respecting "qualified nurses," in order that she may become one. Dear little girl, you will have to wait until you are much older before any hospital would take you in for training.

A GARDEN HAMMOCK.—Steel ornaments may be preserved from rust by keeping them in a little unslackened lime, carefully wrapped up.

KYRIE ELEISON means "Lord, have mercy." Consult a doctor about your health before going further.

A WILD ROSE.—We should advise you to leave her alone, and find someone else more worthy of your love, and who will value it also. Why do you make your "t's" like "s"?

DAPHNE.—You will find numbers of interesting references to dreams in the Bible, which you had better read, and make a list of.

A SCOTCH GIRL.—We have read both your essay and your letter with attention, and think the former somewhat lacks originality, but shows some ease in writing. You are only fourteen, so go on and persevere if it amuse you, and perhaps some day—who knows?

ANNIE and SALLIE.—Both are ugly writings, if not the same. You had better procure an anatomical drawing of the human body.

HIAWATHA.—Claude Duval was a famous robber and highwayman, "who was executed at Tyburn," says an ancient historian, quaintly, "to the great grief of the women," in January, 1670. The incident you speak of may be found in a novel called "Whitefriars," by Miss Robinson.

CLAUDINA D. (South Afric).—Your handwriting is scarcely yet formed.

INDEX.—Why do you not read our answers to correspondents? If you did you would find that your question has been answered over and over again. Write to Mr. Tarn for the indexes, title-pages, and pictures, as well as the covers for binding. The Editor has nothing to do with the publishing department.

C. W.—When you speak of a plurality of subjects the verb must agree with the number. In using collective nouns when the idea of unity is prominent they take a singular verb, viz., "The House has decided the question. A priesthood, such as Baal's was of old." But when the idea of plurality is prominent, as is generally the case with collective nouns, the verb is put in the plural, as, "The College of Cardinals are electors of the Pope." Thus, also, you should say, "Five times six are thirty." We recommend you to procure "The Handbook of the English Tongue," by Dr. Angus, 56, Paternoster-row, E.C. Your writing needs improvement. It is very irregular, and sometimes illegible. Leave no single words disunited; run the syllables together. The word "knowledge" was divided, and the last syllable written thus, "erclgr."

A GRATEFUL GIRL.—The address of the Hospital for Epilepsy and Paralysis is Portland-terrace, Regent's Park (near St. John's Wood-road Station), London, N.W. Write to the secretary. We cannot understand the letter being returned to you.

WEE SCOTCH LIZ.—The new volume of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER begun on October 1st.

S. S. DEWDROP.—You had better consult a London doctor skilled in such things. We should advise you also to inquire whether Harrogate would suit your case, as we have known of great good being derived from the waters there.

LETTIE.—Ask for your mother's advice.

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

VOL. VI.—NO. 251. OCTOBER 18, 1884. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

THE MOUNTAIN PATH.

By LILY WATSON, Author of "Within Sight of the Snow," &c.

"AFTER LUNCHEON SHE DROVE WITH THE UNWILLING AUNT MARIA."

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CHAPTER III.

IT is a long way from St. Martin's Close to Heatherbridge in Yorkshire, but in order to gather some idea of the future home that Helen is trying to secure for herself, we will follow, in imagination, her letter to Miss Adela Gascoigne, and be present at its arrival at Hill Crest.

In a luxuriously-furnished morning room of that pleasant country house, with a wide outlook over sweeping hillsides and a broad valley, a very pretty girl of about nineteen is sitting, lazily sipping her chocolate. She is tiny in form, and her head is covered with golden hair cut short behind, and clustering low in rings over

her forehead. Her features are delicately formed, her complexion is pink and white, and she has altogether a "Dresden china" aspect, increased by the flowered chintz wrapper with profuse lace trimming that envelopes her little figure.

The lady who presides at the silver urn is of an entirely different type, and at no period of her life could have been in the very *least like* her companion. She is apparently about fifty years of age; her face is highly coloured, and her iron-grey hair is uncompromisingly parted under an alarming cap that bears no sort of artistic relation to her head, but sits established upon the top thereof like a dome. She looks kind and homely, and wears a deprecatory air that contrasts strangely with her threatening head-gear.

Adela Gascoigne, for that is the younger lady's name, tosses a note rather unceremoniously to her elderly relative.

"There, Aunt Maria, I think she will do."

"Who, my dear?"

"The young lady Mrs. Thorne told me about. Read the letter."

Aunt Maria obediently adjusted her spectacles, and went through the four pages of Helen's pretty and legible handwriting, with apparent satisfaction.

"Well, Adela, I should think this Miss Ellen is the very young person you need."

"Doesn't she spell her name with an 'H?'" inquired Adela, frigidly. "You said 'Ellen.'"

The young lady was resolved to let slip no opportunity of correcting her aunt's defective pronunciation. The truth was that Adela's ancestors had risen from a very low grade of society indeed. Her father had originally been a weaver, and though, after the fashion that was not unknown in the North some years ago, he had risen rapidly and amassed a large fortune, his family connections were, in his only daughter's eyes, highly undesirable. When he had made his money he married, late in life, a lovely, penniless girl, a governess, who was of birth and manners far superior to his own. But she died after a few years, leaving her husband with two children, named, by her wish, Aubrey and Adela.

The honest Yorkshireman gave his son and daughter a very expensive education, proudly intending them to shine in society, but he did not live to see the realisation of his hopes. Aubrey, as we know, was now a London barrister; Adela, having finished her school days on the Continent and travelled awhile, found herself under the guardianship of her father's only sister, Miss Maria Gascoigne, who was, by the terms of his will, to have a home at Hill Crest. This being the case, the young lady felt that pains must be taken with her aunt's education. Miss Gascoigne was too good-natured to resent criticism, and was not sensitive enough to suffer severely from it, though she sometimes shed a few tears in secret at an unusually sharp thrust.

Adela was resolved, however, to have a companion of a more presentable description than her relative with whom to appear in society. Besides, she really had a vague wish to "keep up her studies," and was impatient of loneliness. Hence came the inquiries to which Helen had responded by that morning's post.

"I have a letter from Aubrey," Adela continued. "He tells me he dined with these Brookes last Tuesday, and describes Helen, though he has no idea of her coming to me. She is tall and dark, so we shall contrast delightfully; also, she is a lady—that is a great thing! She is a sort of cousin of the Thornes; in fact, the son is staying there, I believe, to walk the hospitals; that is how Aubrey came to dine with them. It all exactly fits in, and I shall write and engage her to come next week."

"How is Aubrey getting on, my dear?" questioned Miss Gascoigne. "Is he doing well with his Law studies?"

"He doesn't go into court much," responded Adela. "He is writing on Art."

"Ah!" sighed Miss Gascoigne, "I always think it's a sad thing when a young man gives up his profession to become an Art Critique; and after eating so many dinners, too!"

The poor lady could not understand why this remark, which was intended to demonstrate her practical knowledge of the path to the English Bar, should be received by Adela with a scathing stare; but such was its fate.

After breakfast Miss Gascoigne trotted into the kitchen, where she was happier than in any room in the house. It was a lofty spacious place, with hams suspended from the ceiling, a huge cooking range, and dresser and tables scrubbed to the pitch of whiteness at which true-born Yorkshire servants love to keep them. If the cook would have allowed her, the good lady would willingly have passed her mornings here in the work at which she felt most at home, but that could not be permitted. One must draw the line somewhere! However, as she was housekeeper, she might for at least an hour bask in the sacred precincts. She did so every morning and was happy, weighing out groceries from the beautifully-kept store closet, counting glasses, giving an extra polish to the silver in the housemaid's pantry, visiting the cool stone cell in which the great basins of milk stood to gather cream, consulting the cook as to the needed vegetables and fruit that the gardener was to bring in, and generally pervading the scene. Her homely vernacular never failed her here, while in the drawing-room with Adela's visitors she would sit mute and uncomfortable.

As for Adela, she considered an interest in housekeeping indicative of a vulgar mind, and spent her morning in a number of trifling occupations, not one of which did good to herself or to any human being—if we except the letter she wrote to Helen engaging her services, and fixing an early day in July for her arrival at Hill Crest.

After luncheon she drove with the unwilling Aunt Maria, led captive in her train and robed in the stiffest of brown silks and the most incongruous of bonnets, to pay some calls. One of these was a visit to Oswald's mother, Mrs. Thorne, at The Woodlands, a large, handsome place, not long built, on the slopes above the river that watered the valley. Through woods the broad well-kept drive, which evidently had no business at all in these sylvan solitudes, swept round to the front of a great square white stone house, with staring new conservatories. Nature had provided pleasure-grounds of her own in the shape of the forest, that crept as far as it dared towards the flower-garden, surrounding it with a welcome belt of shade.

The luxurious magnificence of every detail within the house was a common characteristic of these Northern homes. The room into which Adela and Aunt Maria were ushered, after they had crossed a spacious pillared hall, was of great loftiness, and splendidly furnished in peacock blue and ebony, while the view penetrated into a very temple of flowers beyond, in the centre of which a tall palm-tree spread its gigantic leaves far and wide. The lady who rose from the tea-table to greet her visitors had evidently once been handsome, and had a look of Oswald in her gentle delicate features and refined bearing. Her hair was gracefully adorned with drooping black lace, so different from the dome-like edifice which Aunt Maria displayed at home as hardly to belong to the same genus, and she came forward with an air of kindly quiet dignity. Two other guests were in the room; a subdued, worn-looking lady, and a young girl of singular appearance, her daughter.

The latter had a face that, upon investigation, one could see possessed capabilities for good looks. Her eyes were large, her complexion was fair, she had no defect of feature, and her light hair was evidently soft and plentiful below the rather unbecoming hat that crowned it. Yet she attracted attention at once, not for the youthful grace that might have been hers, but for her awkward and unhappy aspect. Her chin was poked forward and her eyes cast down; no words ever came from her lips unless she were directly questioned, and then she replied with a nervous laugh as briefly and vacantly as possible.

"What a stupid creature!" thought Adela as Mrs. Thorne introduced her to Mrs. and Miss Paget; for the younger lady never looked up to glance at the dainty little figure in sage green and cream-colour that was being presented to her gaze, but dropped a lifeless hand into hers.

"Miss Gascoigne is a comparatively new comer to Heatherbridge," said Mrs. Thorne, "so she has acquaintance yet to make with many of our circle. I hope she will like the neighbourhood, and be very happy here."

"Dear Mrs. Thorne, I am sure I shall," replied Adela, with effusion, "and thanks to your kindness I hope I

shall soon be provided with a delightful companion."

"I am glad Helen is coming to you. She is a fine girl, sensible and good. My daughters are away from home just now, but we shall hope to see her here when you can spare her, for she seems almost like one of ourselves. You know Oswald has been living with the Brookes for the last four years, and our young people are quite like brothers and sisters. They are a charming family."

"Yes, Aubrey told me he dined there with your son the other day, and spoke very well of them," assented Adela.

"Ah! Oswald will soon be home now. I am afraid he will not get his diploma," said Mrs. Thorne, with a sigh. "His father would have bought him a practice, if he liked; that was what he wanted at first. But I suppose the lad must live at home, for business would be still less to his taste than a doctor's life, and his father does not need him; we have two sons in the firm already."

"You will surely like that best," exclaimed Adela.

"For myself, yes; but I do not think idleness is good for a young man, and a mother should not be selfish."

"Aubrey is always impressing upon me that I am idle, and it is really his doing that I began to think of having a lady to read with me. At first I intended to have somebody older, but after all I have Aunt Maria as a chaperone, and it is pleasanter to get some one near my own age. She will be able to go about with me to the lectures at Millstead, and be a companion in numbers of ways."

Mrs. Paget sat in silence while the advent of Helen was discussed, but looked very much astonished.

"Young people didn't think so much about improvin' their minds when I was a girl," proclaimed Aunt Maria. "They were content to mind their sewin', and know how to cook their husband's dinners."

"Suppose they hadn't any husbands to cook for, what then?" inquired Adela, pertly.

"I agree with you," observed Mrs. Paget, nervously, looking at Miss Gascoigne. "Household duties are a woman's first care, as I always tell Amy."

A vivid red suffused "Amy's" fair complexion, but she sat mute and downcast as before.

"Surely the two can be combined?" observed Mrs. Thorne, gently. "A woman may know how to sew and look after her house, and yet be well-educated."

"That's what I always say!" exclaimed Adela, who, if the truth had been known, cared little enough really for either housewifely or literary pursuits, but only for amusing herself with what came first to hand, and making a good appearance.

Mrs. Paget seemed apprehensive lest the conversation should assume a turn dangerous for Amy, and accordingly rose to take leave at this juncture.

"What a very dull-looking girl!" exclaimed Adela, when the door had closed behind them.

"Poor thing! hers is a most distressing case, I think," said Mrs. Thorne. "She has been at home from school now for about three years. Her parents live out at Briarfield, a lovely place, but they lead a very secluded life, and her father, although he is conscientious and means well, I believe, is a very strict and narrow-minded man. He has quite broken Mrs. Paget's spirit, and he has no idea at all of what a girl needs. Amy is constantly called 'naughty,' and kept down in every way. Her younger sisters take their part in the family, and enter into all the household duties, but Amy does not seem able to respond to her father's idea of what her 'duty' is, namely: to be contented to perform unnecessary little acts for the sake of making work. I believe she is really sinking into melancholy for lack of some interest in life."

"Dear me! you don't say so?" ejaculated the kind-hearted Miss Gascoigne.

Adela did not concern herself much about this description of such a dull creature as she conceived Amy Paget to be.

"She could read and study, I suppose."

"They have scarcely a book or a magazine in the house. And her tastes are not intellectual."

"She must be dreadfully stupid."

"No, I do not think so. I believe if the right chord were struck, she might develop into a very sweet character."

"Oh, that is because you are always so good and kind, dear Mrs. Thorne."

Adela was by this time endeavouring to attract Aunt Maria's attention by little signs, that she, being the elder, might rise and give the signal for departure. Poor Miss Gascoigne did not respond to this telegraphy, but sat stiff and upright on her chair, till an unusually pronounced frown from Adela caught her attention.

"What is it, my dear?" she helplessly asked.

Mrs. Thorne was considerately looking another way, so, by forming her mouth into the syllable "Go," Adela succeeded in rousing her relative to wish their hostess "Good afternoon."

"I thought you were never going," said Adela, petulantly, as the carriage rolled away through the wood; "and you oughtn't to have asked me 'what is it?' I am sure Mrs. Thorne heard, though she pretended not to."

"Well, Adela, I don't seem able to please you, choose how. When I got up and said good-bye the other day at Holly Trees, you said it was too soon."

"Because I was talking, didn't you see? You broke me off in the middle of a conversation."

"I'm glad you'll soon have somebody else to go about a-paying these visits with, for I hate it, that's what I do," pursued Miss Gascoigne, who was really ruffled. "I can't ever tell what to say, and the tea is always kitchen-made, not a bit of strength in it. What are you to expect? Every fresh caller they only put more water in till it's very nigh drownded"

This was too much for Adela, and she preserved a dignified and haughty silence till the carriage drew up in front of her own door. She longed more than ever for the presence of some third person to deliver her from this *tête-a-tête*, and as everything new always seemed to her delightful, she began to desire with her whole heart the arrival of the young lady from London who was to introduce another element into her life.

(*To be continued.*)

VARIETIES.

In Joy and Sorrow.

Hand in hand we always see
Joy allied to misery.
In rejoicing pious be,
And bear your woes with bravery.

The Sense of Touch.—There is no sense so capable of improvement as that of touch. "Of this power of improving the delicacy of touch," says Dr. Carpenter, "we have examples in the case of certain artisans, whose employments require them to cultivate their tactile discrimination. Thus, the female silk-throwsters of Bengal are said to be able to distinguish by the touch alone twenty different degrees of fineness in the unwound cocoons, which are sorted accordingly, and the Indian muslin weaver contrives, by the delicacy of his touch, to make the finest cambric in a loom of such simple construction that European fingers could at best propose to make a piece of canvas at it."

The Temptations of the Table.—In general, mankind, since the improvement of cookery, eat twice as much as nature requires.

Knowledge and Ignorance.—What is the true good? Knowledge. And the true evil? Ignorance.

The Art of Life.—'Tis the great art of life to manage well the restless mind.—*Armstrong.*

Prudent Silence.—When you have nothing to say, say nothing; a weak defence strengthens your opponent, and silence is less injurious than a bad reply.

Advice and Approbation.—We seek advice, but we mean approbation.

Woman's Instinct.—"The instinct of woman," says a foreign writer, "is to be a despot when she is not kept under."

Dangerous Liberties.—It is dangerous to take liberties with great people unless we know them thoroughly: the keeper will hardly put his head into the lion's mouth upon a short acquaintance.

Acting a Lie.—It is a wilful deceit that makes a lie. A man may act a lie, as by pointing his finger in a wrong direction when a traveller inquires of him his road.—*Paley.*

Kind Providence.—One of the kindest things heaven has done for man is denying him the power of looking into the future.

Charade.

Select a thousand; then the first
And smallest of his pedigree;
Which, black or red, of varied shapes,
Upon a verdant field we see.
Combine the two: on Lord Mayor's days,
My whole its uncouth form displays,
Or, us'd with culinary art,
A subtle flav'ring can impart.

THE FAIRIES.

SCHERZO FOR THE PIANOFORTE.

By ERNST PAUER.

Allegro assai. ♩.=122.

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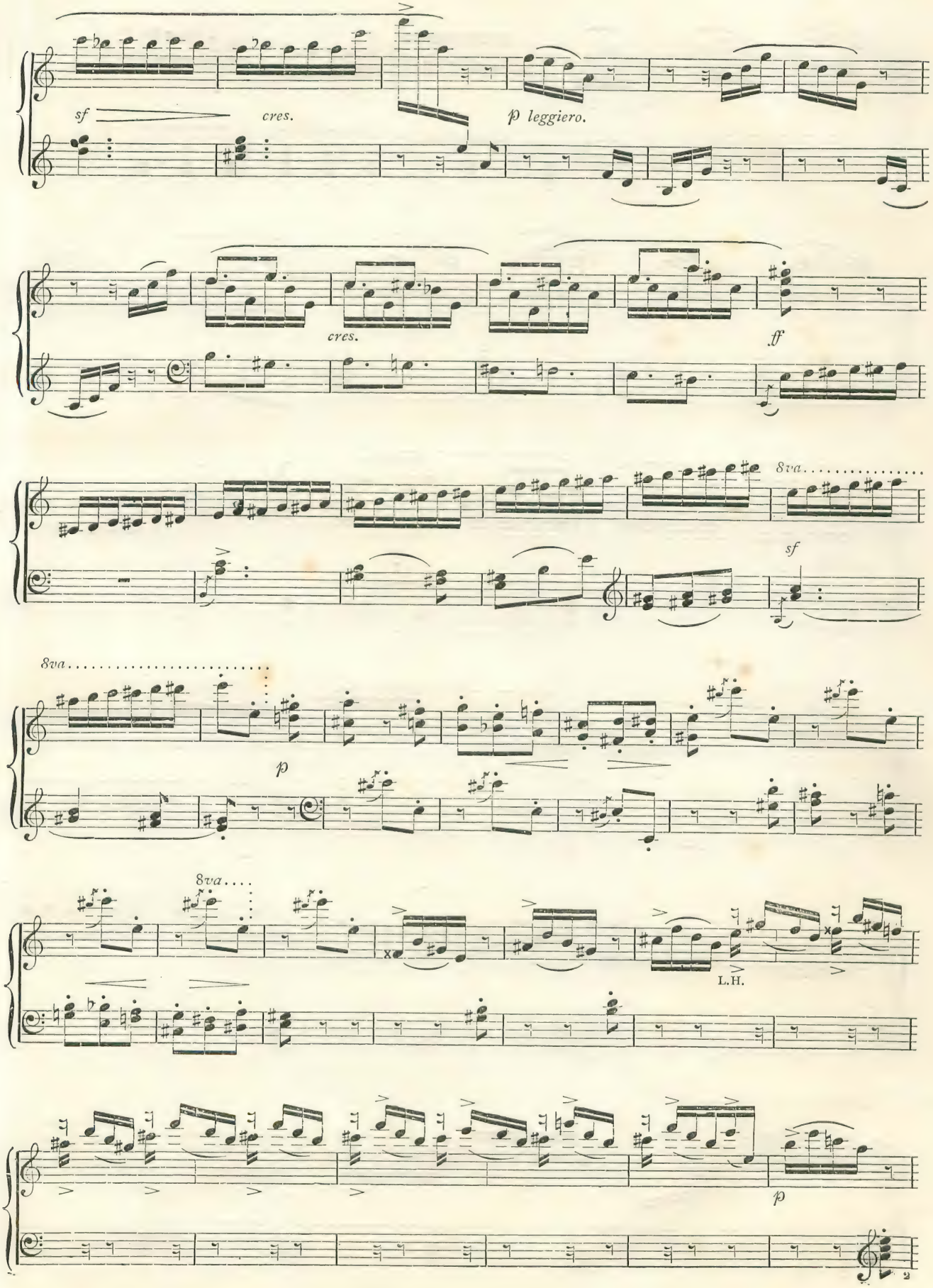
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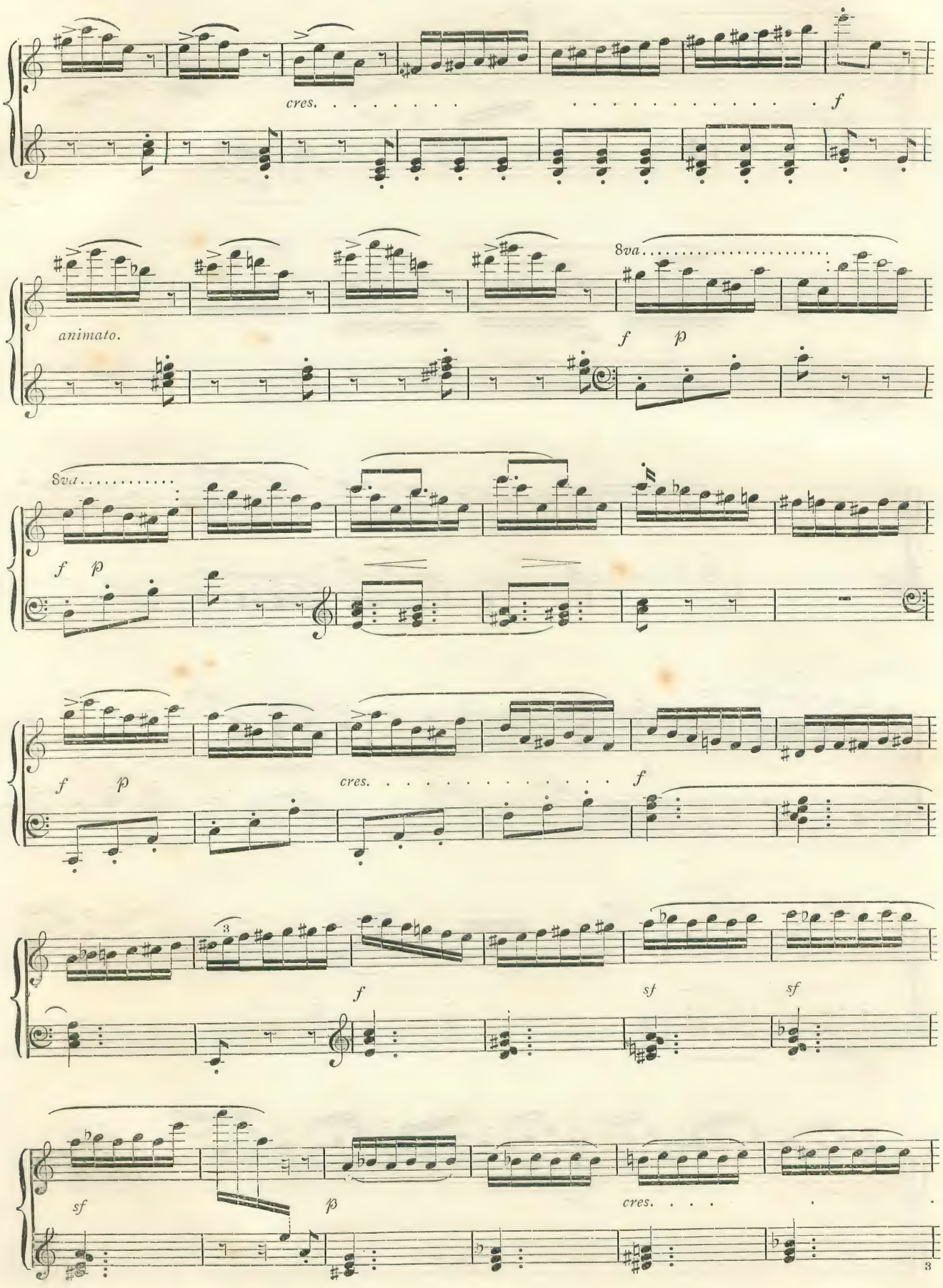
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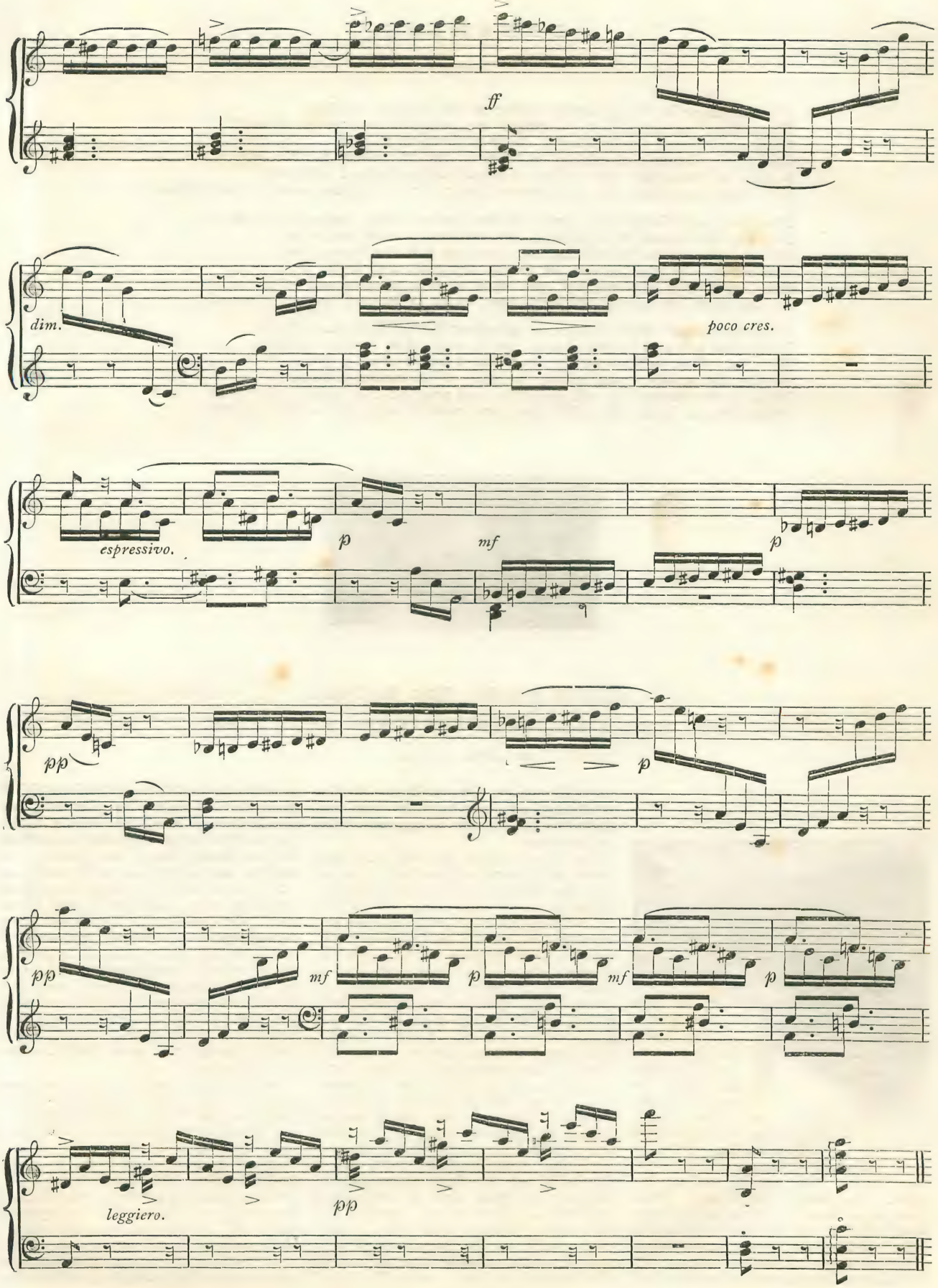
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DREAMING.

(*See Frontispiece.*)

SITTING alone in the gloaming—alone in the light of the fire,
Where has your spirit been roaming? and what is your inmost desire?
Have you a fancy for building a castle high up in the air,
Gorgeously tinting and gilding its walls for the *chatelaine* fair?
Suitors are thronging around her—a beauty acknowledged supreme.
Well, you have robed her and crowned her; for Self is the queen of your dream.

Ah! you may blush at my guessing the shadows that charm you to-night.
May not the dream be a blessing, the phantom a solid delight?
Out of such visions you fashion the days you will live by-and-by,
Wasted by folly and passion, or useful, and holy, and high.
Here, in the firelight enfolded, you smile at your pictures and schemes.
Ay, but your life may be moulded, your future be shaped by such dreams.

There is a crown that debases, a splendour that saddens and shades,
Pomp that will end in low places, and homage that slowly degrades;
There is a love, self-forgetting, that makes any woman a queen,
Tender and strong, never letting the pride of its conquest be seen.
Think of the strength it will give you, and pray for that hallowing might;
Think how its light will outlive you, and make it your dream for to-night.

SEVEN YEARS FOR RACHEL;

OR, WELSH PICTURES SKETCHED FROM LIFE.

By ANNE BEALE.

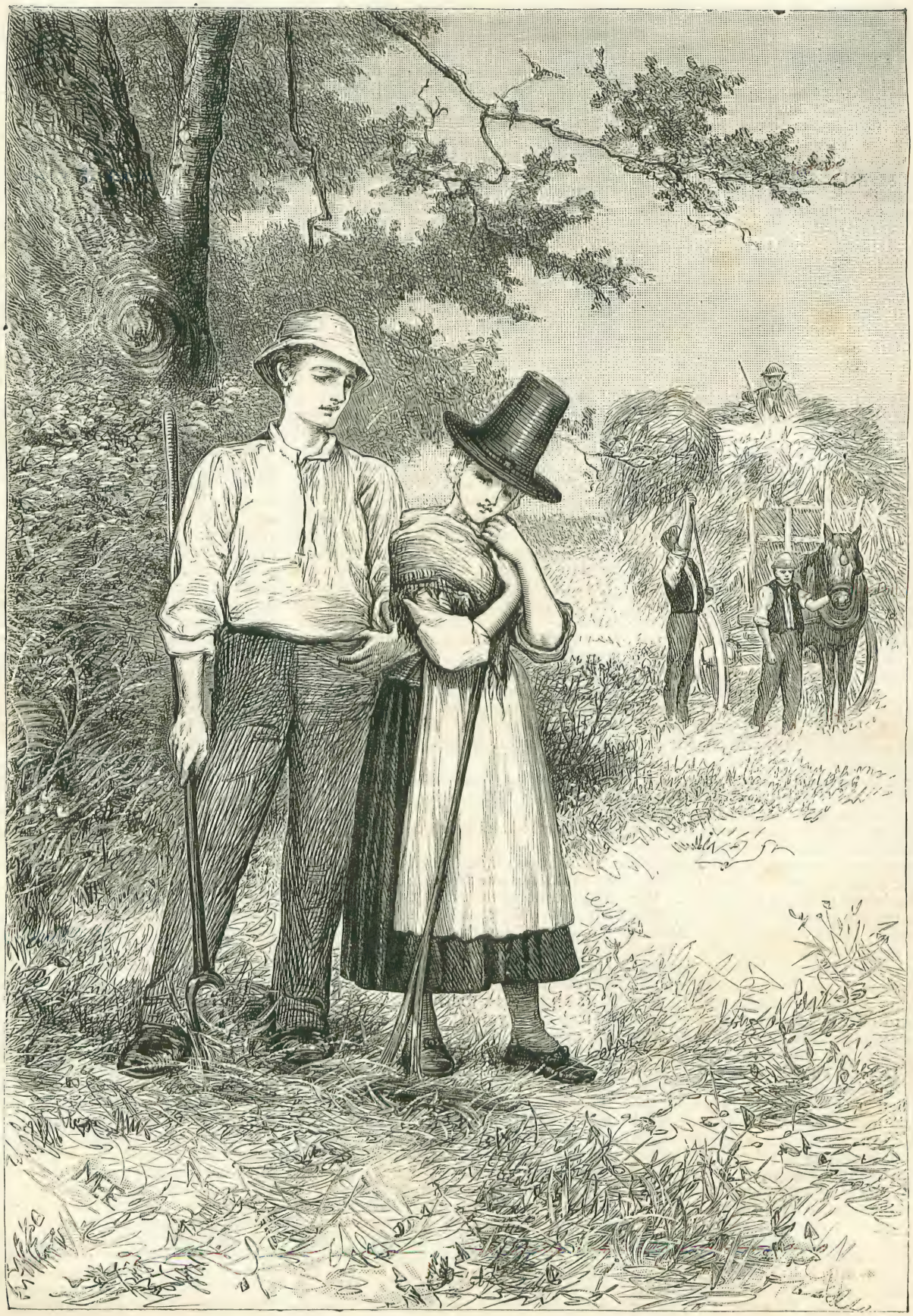
CHAPTER III.

PARK AND CASTLE.

IT is summer—broad, full, glorious summer! Brightly and gaily the sun sits in his clear blue fields above, and seems to laugh upon the world beneath him, while the plains, the mountains, the rivers, the brooks, the woods, reflect his mirth. The woods, did I say? Could those impervious old forest giants, those imperturbable oaks, deign to return a smile? Indissoluble appears their union, and gloomily grand is their shade; yet, on their broad tops, each undistinguished from the other, the sunbeams find a sporting place, and brighten here and there the dark green foliage with their golden hues.

Let us watch from this hill, and from beneath the shade of this thick group of firs, the lights and shadows that fall upon the scene before us. Beneath is the winding road. Darkly it comes out from the oak-wood, and gladly meets the sun, for rarely can a beam reach it through its thick canopy, and then it retires again to its gloomy shade. A group of the graceful maiden ash, supported by a few old oaks, crowns that gently sloping hillock. Down the slope, and almost hidden from view, is the little church. The slated roof glitters from among the trees, whilst the enormous yews on one side of it look reverently solemn. One or two white-washed graves, like heaps of snow left here and there after a thaw beneath the sheltering hills, peep brightly forth, as if unmindful of the dead they inclose. Beyond, the park rises in undulating acclivities. Farther on, amidst the meadows, winding into the remote distance, flows the Avon; brightly it sparkles in the sunshine, and not a cloud overshadows its long course, till at last it seems to melt into the fields, which in their turn mingle with the hills, the richly wooded hills, that mount higher and higher before they form the horizon. All inanimate things are glowing with delight, and all the animated world is in exultation. Loudly the birds are singing on every tree. The thrush, the blackbird, the goldfinch, the linnet, pour forth their notes in rivalry, and now one holds the air with ecstasy, now another draws out the linked sweetness of a long warble. Happy creatures! now they spread their wings for flight and skim along the air in the warm sun, and then return to the hospitable bough to furl their pinions and pour forth another flood of song.

After descending the slope we come upon the little church. A Welsh churchyard—a real Welsh churchyard—is a very lovely thing, and this is beautifully kept, as well as finely placed. In the midst of a grand old domain it stands, and must long have stood almost alone. Where nature is greenest, freshest, and loveliest, you are amidst the graves of the dead. Where the trees, the flowers, the grass, the tomb-weeds root in life, man moulders to decay. You are conscious that whilst you gaze in admiration



"'I SHOULD BREAK MY HEART, I AM SURE, IF——'"

at the "everlasting hills," the gentle river, the soft greensward, and the noble trees, your feet press the dust of generations of men.

The yew-tree is particularly calculated for the churchyard. It never looks gay. Its leaves never change their melancholy hue, through its thick foliage the sun cannot pierce, the birds do not sing among the branches, and scarcely does the wind move its repose. Sadly it looks upon the funeral procession, and after seeing the coffin lowered into the grave, casts for ages its deep shade over the turf that covers the dead. Here it shelters many a humble grave upon which the affectionate relatives and friends have planted flowers and sweet-smelling herbs. A plot of ground is formed into the shape and size of a coffin, round which slates or tiles are placed to confine the smooth earth in which the flowers are set. These tiles are whitewashed, and the rose, the marigold, the thyme, the primrose, or the violet are planted within their little enclosure.

Outside the churchyard, under the fine old oaks, the cattle find shelter from the declining sun. Poor creatures! how the flies torment them! No sooner is that handsome Alderney comfortably chewing the cud as she sleeps, than "buzz" goes a fly to her back, and wakes her from her sweet visions of green grass and spring water. The sturdy black creature by her side, of true Welsh breed, sleeps on as if nothing could disturb her but the milkmaid and her pail. Another rubs herself lustily against a tree, whilst a fourth whirls her tail about in reach of a mischievous fly, but she only lashes her sides in vain. Some graze the short, parched grass, whilst others seek the little well beneath that old oak, and jostle one another clumsily to get a draught of its clear water.

A zigzag path takes us up into the drive again, by the side of a defile, at the bottom of which runs a stream; a plank is thrown across it, and gnarled branches of trees hang over it, meeting in the middle as if they were shaking hands.

This brings us into a new scene. We come upon a party of haymakers, with the goodly bailiff at their head. Almost all of them have familiar faces. There stands the corporal, looking complacently down upon Jackey Bach, who is drinking a hearty draught from a keg of cwru da. A long row of young and old women are raking with might and main, amongst whom are Rachel and Pally Lewis. The former, together with some of her companions, is singing "Codiad yr Hydol," "The rising of the Lark," and sweetly their voices sound as their work goes on. They rake the fragrant hay up to the loaded waggon, by which stands the bailiff, urging them to exertion and execution, since he is sure "there is thunder in the air, and there will be a storm by-and-by." The threatened storm has, indeed, brought many volunteers to help to "save the hay."

Amongst these, upon the top of the waggon, stands William, the young corporal, who is not quite unmindful of Rachel as she advances. The waggon, the bailiff, and William move off to another part of the field, whilst by degrees the old women slacken their labour. William, we must remember, is by trade a carpenter.

They require a sharp eye, these good people, for when they are not vigilantly watched they will never injure themselves by hard work. As if by one consent they all attack Pally Lewis, for "the story of Mr. and Mrs. Evans the tinman, that she was just going to tell them when the bailiff came up."

"Well," begins Pally, leaning on her rake, and as she begins and leans on her rake, most of the others put themselves in attitudes of attention, and lean on their rakes, until the work is pretty nearly at a standstill Some few, and Rachel is one of them, continue their labours, but even the most industrious of these evidently slacken occasionally, as some wonderful portion of the story attracts particular attention.

We must premise that old Pally's "corpse candle" was nothing more nor less than the *ignis fatuus*, or jack o' lanthorn, that moves over marshy places, considered ominous by the ignorant.

"Well, as I was saying," recommences Pally, "Mr. and Mrs. Evans the tinman were coming home very late the other night, when Mrs. Evans fancied she saw something. 'Twas a very dark night—pitch dark—and she couldn't see her hand before her—and they were driving in the little cart along with some tins——"

"And what was it she saw?" interrupted Peggy Morris.

"The tins," pursues Pally, "were rattling and making a great noise; they had saucepans, and tea-kettles, and dripping-pans, and those things for roasting meat, with hooks hanging to 'em, and——"

"Ay, to be sure," again exclaims the anxious Peggy, "but what did she see?"

Pally pertinaciously goes on her own way.

"The tins made a terrible racket just by that lonesome place near the quarry, and the horse took fright, but he didn't run away—dear no! he saw something too, just as Mrs. Evans did, and stood as still as any stone. Mrs. Evans cries out in a fright, 'What's that, my dear? Don't you see a light?' 'No, not I,' says Mr. Evans, whilst he beat the horse to make him get on, but not a peg would he move. 'Stop, stop, 'tis no good beating him,' says Mrs. Evans, 'he sees it too. Look you there just a minute—a little bit to the left—don't you see something?' Mr Evans looked and fancied he did see something. 'I declare I'm quite frightened,' says Mrs. Evans, bursting out a-crying; 'suppose it should be——?' She couldn't say the rest, but she meant a 'corpse candle?'"

At this part of the story Pally's voice sinks to a whisper, and her auditors crowd more closely round her. "Well, what next?" murmur a dozen voices. Pally continues:—

"Nothing as Mr. Evans could do would make the horse get on, though he did seem to pull at the cart; but the truth was, he was too frightened, for all kinds of beasts are afraid of *them sort of things*, you know. 'There it is,' cries Mrs. Evans, and grips hold of her husband's arm, who sees a light walking rather fast along at a distance. 'Oh, dear! oh, dear! there 'tis again,' says Mrs. Evans, as she sees the light every now and then between the trees. 'Suppose it should be a warning,' says she. 'Oh! my poor little children!' and when she saw it again she gave a great scream, and the horse gave a great pull, and over went cart, tins, and all into the ditch."

"Oh, dear! oh, dear! poor things! poor things!" exclaim the auditors all at once.

"Oh! they wasn't hurt," continues old Pally, "but they didn't know what to do. Mrs. Evans the tinman was more dead than alive from fright about the light; and Mr. Evans couldn't move the cart, or find the tins there in the pitch dark. As luck would have it, however, they heard the wheels of a carriage, and by-and-by up drives Mr. Thomas Kilwenoch's, with two lights. The coachman pulls up—they helps up the cart—picks up the tins and Mrs. Evans together, and rights everything, so that Mr. Evans is able to drive on again. But poor Mrs. Evans! oh, she's very poorly; and no wonder, for who ever saw a corpse candle without——"

"There's Mr. Rees—stop—make haste—there's Mr. Rees!" interrupts an old woman, and in a moment, rakes, forks, legs, and arms are in motion, until you would say that never was seen more industrious, hard-working womankind. But up comes the bailiff, puffing with wrath at the slow progress they have made.

"What business have you idling your time in this way?" he cries; "don't you see the rain coming on, and you doing nothing? I tell you it'll rain before night, and we shan't have the hay in. But what do you care? you pocket the money, and what's the difference to you if his lordship's hay is all spoilt?"

Leaving the bailiff and haymakers to their work, we follow the course of a shady road, until we enter the impenetrable forests of oak in which the Druid performed his idolatrous worship, and where many a persecuted Cambrian found refuge from his English oppressors. The silence is strangely solemn. Nothing breaks it but the occasional rustling of the leaves or underwood, made by the step of a frightened deer, or the hare brushing past you. The pale light that enters these vast solitudes does not reveal their natural gloom. On, on we wander; path succeeds to path, one branching out of another, until we are lost in the maze. Gaunt and gigantic stand the native oaks, in long impervious lines, each a subject worthy of contemplation. The massive trunk, that for centuries has braved the tempest, still stands as firmly as if nothing but a miracle could remove it from its place.

Enormous roots run out on every side of it; and while they grasp the earth, defy the elements. From the venerable trunk starts out afar the grotesque and huge boughs, each a tree in size, either menacing the mid-air or sweeping the

ground. Above is a thick roof of leaves, with branches interlacing and forming innumerable rafters; beneath is a low underwood of briers or small bushes, giving way here and there to an area of green, a patch of fern, or a winding path. In the distance, the further we look the deeper the gloom, and the more impenetrable the forest. Sometimes a ray of the sun pierces through an opening in the trees, and, slanting downward, crosses their trunks, and reaches the ground, making a bright line or spot in the deep shade; but still the whole character of the scene is gloom and solemnity.

By a winding and rugged path we attain the old castle. It is a fine ruin, well situated. Seated on a hill, it is surrounded on three sides by towering woods, and overlooks on the fourth a magnificent prospect. Here dwelt the ancient Cambrian princes, and these were the walls that once resounded to

"High-born Hoel's harp and soft Llewellen's lay."

Never did wild flowers grow more luxuriantly than amongst these ruined walls. There is not a broken stone, not a crevice, that does not boast its harebell, fern, creeping thyme, or some one of the thousand flowers with which Nature decks even the mouldering works of art. Is it because Nature pities her rival sister Art, in her hours of neglect and decay, that she thus throws over her a covering of her loveliest things? or is it the pride of superiority that bids her lavish them upon her? Can it be with Nature as with us? We sometimes seek to wound our fallen rivals by our favours; but then they spurn and reject them. No; Nature, in this, as in all her bounties, teaches us a useful lesson—that poverty and fallen magnificence command our respectful and compassionate endeavours to shield them from the public gaze, rather than our contempt and neglect, by which we expose them to it.

Although a very short time may seem to have elapsed since we entered the park, many hours have really passed by, and evening has stolen imperceptibly on, warning that the solitary woods, however beautiful, must be quitted, and the more open country gained. By making a short cut across another portion of the park, we arrive again at the haymakers, who, having finished their labours, are forming themselves into groups, and resting under the trees to finish their noggins of ale, before they return to their respective dwellings.

Jackey Bach and the corporal, by turns, amuse the company with humorous sayings, or witty retorts, whilst William and Rachel, by some strange accident, find themselves side by side at a little distance from the rest of the party, eagerly discussing the merits of Llewellen, whose history William has been reading in the book lent him by Rachel.

"I could have shed the last drop of blood in my veins, Rachel, for such a man as he was," said William.

"And only to think, William, that he was once in this very place. Perhaps he stood under this tree, or rode past this field on his war-horse. Don't you feel strange at the thought of being where he may have been?"

"I feel, Rachel, as if I should like, at this minute, to fight that bad king Edward, who used him so shamefully."

"And then his wife," blushed Rachel, "that beautiful Eleanor; how hard-hearted and cruel they were about her, and how long they kept her away in England before he could marry her. Poor thing! and she didn't live long after all. Oh, how sorry I was when she died! I dare say he didn't care much what he did when she was gone."

"I shouldn't think he did, Rachel," responded William, looking earnestly in the face of the timid girl, "for, indeed, it must be very hard for a man to lose a wife whom he loved as well as Llewellen did Eleanor, and for whom he had waited so long, and done so much. I should break my heart, I am sure, if——"

Here William stopped, for he did not know exactly how to proceed, and Rachel, whilst her eyes involuntarily looked towards the ground, felt, as she would herself have expressed it, "very strange" at the idea of William having a wife at all. Nanny, the corporal, had been watching this pair with very malicious intentions, and when they were in the most interesting part of their conversation, drew near Jackey, and slily whispered—

"Well, if you would be too proud to let your girl marry anyone belonging to me, somebody else wouldn't be, I think," and with this she pointed to William and Rachel. The sneer on her face at once told Jackey what she meant, and although he pretended neither to understand her allusion nor to notice the young couple, the hint was not without its effect. He had never imagined it possible that Rachel could entertain other feelings for William than those of friendship, nor did he now suppose such to be the case; still, he was decided upon proving to his enemy, Nanny, how little he esteemed her or hers. He accordingly took the first opportunity to call Rachel to him, and to tell her to get her rake and come home. William was holding the rake for her, with the intention of carrying it to its journey's end, and he spoke to that effect.

"Oh, no, thank you, Mr. William," said Jackey, "who ever heard of the Rees's of Glanmerch carrying a rake? Why, your mamma would be shocked. Come, Rachel, girl, take your rake and let us go home; or, no—here's Nat Lewis going our way, and he'll be proud to carry it, I'm sure."

Up jumped a red-haired youth, one of Rachel's admirers, and stretched out his hand towards William for the rake. William was on fire. "No," he began, when an imploring look from Rachel silenced him.

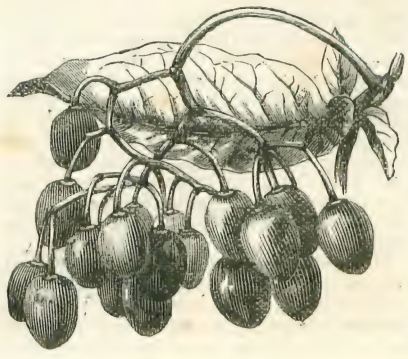
"Give me the rake, please William," she said. "Thank'ee, Nat, I'd rather carry it myself, it helps me on," and without giving Jackey time to remonstrate, which he was preparing to do, she walked off alone, so quickly that the old man could scarcely follow her, telling him that she was just going to overtake Pally, who was on before, for she had a word to say to her, and she would wait for him at the lodge.

William looked sadly discomfited, and Nat did not appear much better pleased, but whilst the former left his friends of the hayfield, the latter sat himself comfortably down upon the grass, and was soon laughing heartily at his own jokes, as well as at those of his companions. Nat Lewis was a well-known lover of Rachel's, and being a farmer's son, and "well to do in the world," was favoured by Jackey, although his daughter decidedly rejected him.

Rachel soon overtook Pally, and having asked her some simple question, waited with her until her father joined them. He looked rather thundery, and much more surely presaged a storm than did the sky when the bailiff threatened the haymakers with rain and accused them of idleness. Whether the cloud burst upon Rachel, or whether her sunny smile dispelled it, I cannot say, as a glorious sunset invited me to the hill which surmounts the hayfield.

The western sky is one flood of amber light, pale when compared with the full, broad, golden orb that is majestically descending behind the distant hills. Opposite is a long range of mountains. Here and there, amidst them, like a bright star, a whitewashed cottage shines, whilst below them, and skirting the park, runs a dark pine-wood. Slowly the sun moves down, the sky deepening round him, as if to support him in his descent, or to form his nightly couch. A warmer glow suffuses the face of nature as he bids her good-night, and she blushes at his leave-taking. He has touched the hill, so it would seem, and is now half hidden behind its impenetrable curtain. Slowly, softly, yet grandly, he finishes our day, and retires from our sight, to bless other lands with his countenance. Still, he leaves his radiance behind him, which lingers till the birds are hushed in the woods, and the grasshopper is silent in the fields. The haymakers have all departed to their homes, and the summer twilight approaches—that time when gentle and holy thoughts lull the passions and tumults which the labours and accidents of the day have produced.

(To be continued.)



IMITATION BARBOTINE PAINTING UPON EARTHENWARE.

THERE can be no doubt that the desire for beautiful home decoration has largely increased during the last few years among the upper classes, and that many girls who at one time were content to leave the drawing-room to its old ornaments, bought, perhaps, upon their mother's marriage, and who confined their art aspirations to the production of indifferent water-colour or oil paintings, are now anxious to introduce lighter and prettier decorations about the house, which shall at the same time brighten up the more solid adornments and display the tastes of the designers.

The one drawback to their eagerness is the question of the expense. There are few girls living at home who have a very large amount of pocket money to devote to art fancies; they are willing enough to decorate, but they cannot afford to take the lessons necessary to become perfect in one or other of the many branches of china painting, glass painting, or tapestry painting, or even to buy the costly materials that are then necessary. It is therefore by no means to be wondered at that painting upon earthenware should have been introduced and eagerly taken up, as it combines cheapness of material with simplicity of execution and great decorative powers.

Painting upon earthenware has developed into two distinct branches, one being the simple decoration of pottery with flower or figure designs, thrown up with dark coloured and rich backgrounds, and the other, the imitation of the raised and moulded flower designs which have, during the last two years, attracted so much attention in real china ornaments. The groundwork of the two branches of earthenware painting is the same, also the pottery used, but there the likeness ends, the plain flat designs being painted in oil-colours like any ordinary oil-colour painting upon wood or canvas, and the raised imitation barbotine calling in the aid of either gutta-percha, leather, modelling clay, or putty.

The raised work is the most effective, and is the easiest, as it requires hardly any real study of the art of oil-painting, the coloured and raised flowers not being highly finished or shaded, and depending for their beauty upon their modelled petals and general boldness. On the other hand the plain oil-colour painting gives scope for the talent of the worker by bringing out the knowledge of colour and delicacy of finish that they may possess, and when the painting is slightly raised from the background, by being "lumped up" with successive layers of paint, the result is intrinsically better in an artist's point of view than the more striking modelling, and reminds the spectator of the true Limoges or barbotine painting.

The pottery used in both kinds of painting is the ordinary glazed earthenware made for common uses. This consists of the large handsome cream jars used in dairies, and to be had of many sizes, in prices ranging from ninepence to seven-and-sixpence; the vinegar and tea bottles used by country labourers, worth a shilling; the sugar jars of housekeepers, small honey pots, pipkins, blackbirds' food receptacles, etc. The very large cream jars, when decorated, form extremely handsome hall ornaments; they are placed upon the floor, and large ferns or plants grown in them. The smaller sized cream jars are used to hold pots of flowers, and to decorate sitting-rooms. Another large hall ornament is made with a drain pipe; this is used as an umbrella stand; the base of the stand is made with the grooved end of the pipe, into which a wooden bottom is fitted, and which makes a good and solid stand. The flat end of the pipe requires no finishing, and the umbrellas are either put straight into the hollow or a tin lining is fitted into that space.

The honey jars, pipkins, and blackbirds' food receptacles are used for cut flowers, the vinegar jars merely as ornaments. As these common materials may seem to the inexperienced as totally impossible objects for decorative purposes, we illustrate the appearance of these articles when painted, merely cautioning intending buyers to see, when selecting them, that their rims and shape are perfect and glaze laid on evenly, as, being cheap, they are sometimes very carelessly made. In the country the articles will be more easily obtained than in London and the shapes will be better, while in Derbyshire, Staffordshire, and Devonshire, from local potteries, other and more curious shapes can be purchased, which, being of local manufacture, are never brought to London. One of Doulton's manufactures, sold at Salisbury but not obtainable in London, is shown in our illustrations; it resembles the tear bottles of the ancients.

The articles to be painted selected, to make the ground colour is the next proceeding. This in all large pieces of pottery would come expensive if the usual tube oil-colours were employed, and it is therefore made, when required in large quantities, as follows: Buy the powder colours used by ordinary house-painters, which cost from twopence to threepence an ounce, and half a pint of the very best japanners' gold size, and some ordinary house painters' brushes, price from threepence to sixpence. These common brushes are quite good enough for laying on backgrounds, but they must be soaked for twenty-four hours before using, as their hairs are very loosely put in, and will drop out unless their wooden handles are swollen by being wet. It is just as well to wipe and leave them in a jar of water after every painting; they will not then require cleaning, and will be ready when wanted.

The paint should be well powdered and free from grit, when bought; the most useful colours are black, indigo, chrome yellow, burnt sienna, bone brown, vermilion, and white. Before mixing any of these colours lay them on a piece of glass and crush them well with a palette knife, so as to reduce them to a very fine powder, the crushing of the dry paint being one of the chief requisites in the mixing. To mix put a tablespoonful of colour on a large palette, and work it up with sufficient gold size to make it like cream, then put another tablespoonful of colour on another part of the palette, and work that up with gold size and when it is smooth add it to the first made paint, but never add unmixed colour to made paint, as it is so liable then to come out gritty. The grounding of all earthenware painting is composed of different colours or shades of colours; it is never of one uniform tint throughout. Therefore, when preparing it, separate palettes of colour are required; three shades are generally enough, the blending of these togetber upon the pot forming the intermediate tints. Green, blue, or brown grounds are the ones usually selected. For a green ground mix black, Prussian blue, and yellow together; make three distinct shades, one entirely of black and yellow, another of blue and yellow, and a third of yellow with a very little blue in it. For a blue ground use black, blue, and white, the black leave plain and use very little of, then mix some plain blue, blue and white together, and pure white. It is generally best to buy a tube of flake white, and not to mix it at home, as it is very sparingly used and gritty to mix. In a brown ground use bone brown, burnt sienna, and vermilion, and mix them together in the same proportions as for a green ground. A perfectly black ground will look effective, if, when it is painted, streaks and blotches of pure white are dashed sparingly over it, but in all other cases work in the three shades of one colour, putting the darkest or the lightest at the top of the article; blend them one into the other, not all in a line, but one colour taken down one side almost to the bottom and another colour taken up to the edge of the pot in another part, and the three colours fairly graduated in a third place. The working in and blending up of the ground colours, so as to make an artistic background, will amply repay trouble by the effect so produced, some well executed backgrounds hardly needing any other decoration. Backgrounds can be painted over any number of times, but once is generally enough, especially if the colours close to the rim of the article are laid on with full brushes; the colours will then run down a little, and complete the effect of real china by the lines so made; however, in working with this object in view, take care not to overload the brushes or make too many runnings, as when the runnings are too close and overcharged with liquid their beauty is gone.

After the background has dried, the design should be sketched in white chalk upon it. The best designs for painted flowers are those of light coloured and single ones, of these jessamine, meadowsweet, magnolia, Japanese anemones, flags, waterlilies, pale blue columbines, winter roses, poppies, yellow and white daisies, and many of the orchids are suitable.

Double flowers will be more difficult to execute, but the double poppy and chrysanthemums of all shades are most handsome when their foremost petals are raised above the flat design by being worked up with layer upon layer of white paint, or if the raising is accomplished by mixing the plaster of Paris with glue size and laying this mixture upon the parts upon which the highest lights are thrown. The painting of the flat design is similar to ordinary oil-painting, the colours used being tube colours, the medium Robertson's or any other meglip. When it is finished the pot should be put on one side for a week, and then varnished over the whole surface with pale copal varnish.

For the raised process, paint in the background of the article in the same way as is used for the flat flower painting, and while the pot is drying draw the group of flowers, etc., that are to be painted, upon a sheet of paper as large as they are to be made, and keep that as a guide to arrange the group by. Make this group of bold decided leaves, flowers, fruit, or birds, and arrange it that there shall be little or no background of leaves or half-shown objects. Handsome and large pots, drain-pipes, etc., will allow of fine bold double poppies, iris, with their long straight leaves, bulrushes, leaves and rushes, with a few waterlilies, birds flying around or seated upon almond or apple trees in blossom, chrysanthemums of the Japanese kind, orange boughs with fruit and flowers, cactus with leaf and flower; while small pots and jars will look well with wild rose boughs, daffodils, and narcissus, quince flowers, big daisies, etc.

The four different methods of producing the raised work have all their particular devotees, and as so much depends upon individual liking that one artist can produce from one method good models and cannot manage another and equally simple kind, we will give a description of all, merely ourselves giving the balance in favour of the flower subjects being made in gutta-percha or leather, the fruit subjects in modelling clay or putty.

The method of using the modelling clay and the putty is similar; the putty must be fresh glaziers' putty, the modelling clay well-softened and rendered pliable by water, and then strengthened by being kneaded up with hot glue size, made by melting ordinary size in a saucepan over the fire and then straining it through muslin.

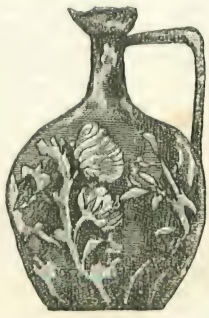
Have a basin of hot water, a flat smooth board, some pieces of stick cut to smooth points, or scooped out like small spoons, a small sharp knife, a glass bottle, and the clay or putty. Put a lump of this on the board (wet the board well), and roll it out with the help of the glass bottle until it is a quarter of an inch thick. Take the mass up and turn it on the other side, and roll it out flat upon that side, then shape the design—rose leaves, poppy petals, bulrush, and the prominent leaves and other subjects cut out singly, and if possible from a natural leaf. Vein these leaves with the help of the pointed sticks, or curve them inwards or outwards with the various scooped-out instruments, and also manipulate them with the fingers, which keep thoroughly wet, or the clay or putty will adhere to them, and spoil the smoothness of the leaf. Prepare a good many petals, etc., then take a lump of material, shape it in a half circle to form the bowl of the flower, and stick it with a little size to the pot. Wet the clay petals with the size, and stick them round the bowl (the putty leaves will stick on without the size), and as soon as the petals are in place, press them in, draw one more forward than another, lay one drooping over the heart of the flower, another half turned back—in fact, model the flower as naturally as you can, and, while the clay or putty is still wet, vein in or touch in any small lines upon the petals that would improve them, being at all times particular to preserve a raised effect. Paint the flower over at once, while it is still wet, with a coat of white paint to which some gold size has been added, and then put in the leaves, the stalks, more flowers, etc., until the design is finished, working exactly as before, and giving each portion a coat of white paint as finished. The real painting and colouring of the flowers cannot be done until the raised surface is dry; this will take quite four days. The painting confine to high lights and depths, trusting to the shading by blending these tints together. Paint with ordinary oil-colours and with fine small brushes, and be careful to get into all the recesses of the flower and colour them, and also not to break the petals in so doing. When the colouring is dry, brush all over the jar and the raised work with a thin wash of pure well-strained glue, as this will serve to make the raised work firm, and will have the same effect as varnish upon the colours. Fruit modelled in clay or putty should be modelled by the fingers and rolled in the hand, not upon a board. In modelling it, remember that it is only required to shape out one half of it, the other side, that sticks to the pot, being quite flat; also that it is not necessary to make a solid mass of clay, but after the fruit is fairly shaped cut away a hollow in the centre, so as to leave a quarter of an inch of material all round. Small fruit, such as acorns, blackberries, cherries, nuts, chestnuts, can be made solid; it is only to decrease the weight that the clay is extracted, Coarse net laid over blackberries and pulled tight will give to the clay the peculiar shape of this fruit, and the spikes upon a chestnut husk are drawn out into shape by the use of scissor points.

The materials required for modelling in gutta-percha are more expensive than those used in clay or putty working. They are:—the gutta-percha, a quarter of a pound (costing about 1s. 6d.), a spirit lamp, methylated spirits, a porcelain-lined bath (or a tin saucer with a common china one inside), wire-scissors, and large black-headed pins. The bath, spirit lamp, &c., can be dispensed with if the worker can keep a small tin pannikin filled with boiling water on a fire—it being necessary that the gutta-percha should always be kept hot and in boiling water.

The hands during the modelling should be quite wet, and dipped from time to time in hot water, or otherwise the material sticks to them. The gutta-percha is put into boiling water that covers it all over and the lamp kept burning, and in a few minutes the material becomes soft and can be pulled out to any shape. As much as is required for a petal is then drawn out, smoothed, manipulated, and shaped with the wet fingers, aided by the scissors, hollowed and rounded by being rolled in the palm of the hand and run over with the big pin-heads, veined with the pin-points, and then stuck to the jar by being warmed at one end in the flame of the spirit-lamp until the dry heat melts the gutta-percha into a fluid which sticks firmly to the earthenware. The modelling of each petal should be from nature, and any little blemishes, such as tears, insect holes, etc., in the petals, should be reproduced. A centre boss, on which to fix the detached leaves of flowers, should be stuck on the jar before any petals are made, and if stamens and other centres, stuck on it before the outer leaves. A number of stamens for a centre make of one piece of very thin gutta-percha, cut by a pair of scissors into long, thin spikes and just attached at their lower edge. The stalks of the flowers and leaves, and the tendrils, make with wire and cover with gutta-percha; take a piece of wire, cut it to the right length, pull out a small piece of gutta-percha very narrow and long, roll this round the wire and join it with the fingers, warm the end in the flame, also the end of the leaf or blossom to be attached, and stick the two together; smooth over the join by heating the point of a pin in the lamp and rubbing that backwards and forwards over the spot.

It is not necessary when modelling these flowers to finish their undersides and parts that no not show with any great accuracy; as long as the general shape of the plant is preserved, the petals put on with skill and grace, and leaves made to look light and airy, it is sufficient. As soon as the gutta-percha has hardened, it can be painted upon, but before putting on any colour lay on a coating of glue size, to prevent the colour becoming absorbed in the gutta-percha. Paint the flowers with tube oil-colours in the same way as in the clay modelling.

Leather Flowers.—These are made with odd pieces of sheepskin leather (sold at Messrs. Barnards, Edgware-road). Besides the leather, strong common glue, a glue-pot that can



be heated over the fire, salt, fine wire pins with large heads, and scissors are required. Select designs of such flowers as large single poppies, cactus, arums, and other well-defined blossoms, and cut the shape of their petals from the natural petals out in cardboard. Soak the thin bits of leather in a basin of warm water, in which a good handful of salt has been mixed. Let the leather soak for ten minutes, then take it out, dry it with a cloth, and cut out the petals and leaves, vein the leaves with the points of the scissors, curve and shape them with the palm of the hand and the knobs of the pins, and crinkle them with the blunt sides of the scissors. Make the tendrils and stalks by wrapping small strips of leather round the wire, and glue them with the hot strong glue to the pots they are to decorate before adjusting the flowers and leaves. For the leaves and flowers heat a lump of glue, stick it to the pot, and attach the necessary petal, flower, or leaf to it at once, and when it is attached shape and arrange it before the glue has dried. In stamens and small berries, and other round objects, mix a little plaster of Paris with the glue, shape the berry in the hand, and stick it to the pot with the glue, but use the leather, as being lighter and more pliable than the plaster, wherever it is possible. Lay a coating of size over all the raised work, and then a coat of flake white oil colour, and then paint the flowers in their natural tints, using the ordinary tube oil-colours. Finish with a coat of pale varnish applied a few days after the painting is finished, and not until it is perfectly dry.

B. C. SAWARD.

POULTRY AS FOOD, AND HOW TO COOK IT.

By PHILLIS BROWNE.

FANCY there are a good many people who never think of having poultry, because they are afraid of the cost. They believe in joints — good roasts and good boils —for they know that these are substantial and thoroughly satisfactory. Meat is ever so much a pound, it is true, but then (they say) one knows how far it goes and what are the possibilities connected with it. Fowls, on the contrary, are troublesome to prepare, and when they are done there is scarcely anything on them. They may be very good for invalids, or for very small families, or for people of ample means; but for ordinary folks, who have to provide for numbers and consider the cost, they are altogether out of reach, and must be left alone entirely.

There is a good deal of truth in statements like the above. Poultry is, I am sorry to say, exceedingly dear; it is much dearer than it need be, if farmers' wives understood how easily it is reared and how profitable it might be made. Nevertheless, poultry is very agreeable food; it is very easy of digestion, and supplies a most welcome variety in the every-day fare when it can be obtained, so I think it is worth our while to get to know what we can about it, especially as it happens that if ever there is a time when it is more easily obtained than another, it is just now. Fowls, as we know, are never out of season—they are to be had all the year round by those who can pay the price. They are generally supposed to be most plentiful from May to October. In the early part of the year they are, however, very expensive, and from one cause or another they keep a high price until the end of August or the beginning of September—then, if ever, they begin to go down a little, and they are at their cheapest in September, October, and November. As Christmas approaches they get dear once more, and rise far out of the region of economical marketers. The present, therefore, is a particularly favourable time for us to think about poultry.

I suppose that the reason why fowls are cheap just now is that people do not care to keep their poultry during the winter. They therefore take the opportunity to send to market all but their most valuable birds. In acting thus they are very sensible, but then it is evident that while they will most likely dispose of the superabundant young birds, they may also be tempted to send very old birds to market, and this constitutes a danger for the inexperienced purchaser, and makes it necessary that she should know how to make a judicious choice when laying out her money. Yet even persons of experience are sometimes taken in, in this matter. I am not one of those who think you can learn to go to market by reading a book. The way to learn how to lay out money to advantage is to make actual experiments, and even to make mistakes a few times. It is very easy to give hints, and to say that the legs of poultry should be smooth and pliant, the toes being easily broken when bent back, and that if they look hard and bony the bird is old and will be tough; that the skin should be clean, white, and finely grained, because in old birds the skin has a sort of knotted look, well known to the initiated; that the gristly parts should feel tender when pressed; that the neck should not be too thin; that fowls with white legs are best suited to boiling, and dark fowls are best for roasting; and that very large fowls should be avoided, because they are likely to be old, etc., etc. All this is true, and yet when novices come to buy, they generally take what the poulterer chooses to give them. Adepts in marketing, on the contrary, decide more by the general appearance than by any special details, and in this they are right, although, as I have already said, even they occasionally make mistakes, because certain poulterers are particularly clever in adopting little tricks for plumping up their poultry, and making them appear better than they are.

Chickens or young fowls are always tender, and there are many cooks who say that old fowls are good for nothing, and ought not to be eaten. I do not approve of this idea at all, because I do not believe in throwing away good food. A good cook is never an extravagant cook, and when so many people are wanting food all round us, we are not going to commit the wickedness of scorning valuable food. I should never think of buying an old fowl for preference, of course. Yet where people keep poultry they must occasionally be called upon to deal with old fowls, and if they will take a little trouble about the matter they may convert the birds into very satisfactory dishes. If an old fowl were roasted very quickly after it was killed it would be most unpleasantly tough. We read in one of the handbooks published in connection with the Health Exhibition that Mr. Gladstone owes his good health to the fact that he has always been careful to chew his meat thirty-two times before swallowing it. I should think that if he or anyone else were called upon to deal with the old roast fowl referred to he would have to chew it thrice thirty-two times before it was sufficiently masticated.

To treat a fowl thus, however, would be practically to throw it away, because no one could eat it. Nevertheless, an old fowl will be very palatable if it is hung for as long as it will keep sweet before being dressed, and then is skinned, cut up into joints, and stewed slowly, gently, and for a considerable time. It will keep best if not drawn when hung, because, if drawn, the inside is likely to get musty. The crop, however, ought to be taken out, because the food might go scur, and that would affect the taste of the flesh. By rights, however, a fowl ought not to be fed for twelve hours before it is killed, and then there is no fear of an accident of this kind.

There is a way of making an old fowl tender which sounds absurd, but which is in my opinion quite worth trying. The recipe was published some years ago in the *Live Stock Journal*, and came from someone who seemed to know all about poultry. He advised that an old hen should be plucked as soon as killed, wrapped in vine leaves and a napkin, buried for twenty-four hours, then taken up and cooked slowly. This plan may be adopted when it is not convenient to let the bird hang for awhile. In either case, however, it should be cooked slowly, and long enough. All poultry should be thoroughly cooked, but old poultry should be cooked for a long time—three or four hours.

I am not sure that it is possible to write down with sufficient clearness to be understood instructions for trussing fowls. In towns this business is generally performed by the poulterer, and thus the cook is saved both time and trouble. It is, however, always an advantage to know how to do a thing for oneself, and therefore I will do my best to describe the operation. If I fail to make myself understood it will not be for want of trying.

To Truss a Fowl for Roasting.—Pluck the feathers out carefully, not to tear the skin, and singe off the hairs with lighted paper. Lay the bird on its breast and cut a nick down the neck three inches below the head. Put the finger in this and loosen the skin all round, then cut the neck off close to the head, and be careful not to cut through the outer skin, because it is wanted to fold over. Take out the crop, which lies in the front of the neck, and try to remove this whole. Unless this is done, and if the crop contains food, it may be scattered all about, which will be very unpleasant. Put the finger into the opening, and keeping quite close to the body of the bird, work round, and loosen in doing so everything with which the finger comes in contact. Turn the fowl round and cut a slit just above the rump, then put the finger in again and work round once more. Take hold of the gizzard with a cloth, draw out the inside, pressing the breast-bone to push out the giblets, and be very careful not to break the gall-bladder, which adheres to the liver. Its contents are very bitter, and will impart an unpleasant taste to anything they may touch. It must be taken from the liver at once and thrown away. Look through the fowl to be sure it is entirely cleared, and wipe it out with a clean cloth. The liver, heart, and gizzard must be put into a little salt and water; everything else may be thrown away. Cut off the claws and hold the legs in boiling water to loosen the skin, then peel off the latter as far as the first joint. Cut across the sinew which lies between the leg and the thigh, as this will help to keep the bird in good shape. If the bird is an old one, draw out these sinews by making an incision just above the claws, getting someone to hold the bird firmly and pulling it away. Old-fashioned cooks very often accomplish this business by putting the foot in the crevice of the kitchen-door, closing it to hold the foot firmly, and then pulling the fowl till the sinew comes away. In a young bird this would be quite unnecessary, but it is a great assistance to the carver of an old bird. (Professional trussers also break the breast-bone to "plump" the bird. To do this they put a knife between the breast-bone and the skin till the breast-bone can be felt, then knock it

with a rolling-pin to flatten the bone. This is one of the tricks of the trade which is not considered legitimate. If not well done it is apt to spoil the best cuts of the breast.) Sometimes a roast fowl is stuffed with veal stuffing. This stuffing is put in the place where the crop was. The piece of loose skin which is folded over will keep it secure. A boiled fowl is never stuffed. Prepare the gizzard by cutting carefully through the outer skin down the seam, draw off the outer skin, which alone must be taken, and throw the stones away. If liked, the liver can be put under one wing and the gizzard under the other. Turn back the loose skin of the neck, and twist the wings backward over the back-bone. Keep the fowl breast upwards, with the neck towards the operator. Thread a trussing needle with fine twine. Put the finger up the back and loosen the skin round the legs, then put the bird on the table breast upwards, and press the legs down so that they feel firm on the table. By doing this the bird will lie flat on the dish, instead of shaking about, to the great discomfort of the carver. Pass the needle right through the body, taking the wing, joints, and the thighs on both sides, and turn the fowl over, fold down the loose piece of skin, and pass the needle again through the little bones called "sidesmen," which are in a line with the backbone, taking up the loose skin which was folded over on the way, draw the skin tightly, and tie securely at the place where the needle was first put in. Turn the fowl over once more, again take up the needle, put the finger in the place where the giblets came out, lift up the end of the bone, and pass the needle through the skin over the bottom of the breast-bone, over the leg, back through the body close to the backbone, and over the other leg, then tie securely.

To Truss a Fowl for Boiling.—A fowl which is to be trussed for boiling should be plucked and drawn as above, but the gizzard and liver should not be put in the wings. The wings of the bird may be trussed as for roasting, and the legs should be cut off at the joint of the thigh. With the fingers loosen the skin round the thighs, and be careful not to tear it; then press the bones of the legs up, and draw the skin down till the legs are inside and out of sight. Bend the rump upwards inside the body. Pass the needle through the end of the breast-bone and through the sides, and tie securely, so as to leave no opening.

When fowls are roasted they should be hung to the fire neck downwards. The usual rules for roasting should be observed with regard to them; that is, they should be put close to the fire for a few minutes, then drawn back, and they should be thoroughly and constantly basted with butter or dripping. The flesh of fowl is dry, therefore some cooks put a piece of buttered paper over the breast; others wrap a very thin slice of fat bacon over it to keep it moist. When these measures are adopted the covering must be removed a few minutes before the fowl is taken up, and the breast must be well basted before a hot fire to brown. A chicken will be done in from half to three-quarters of an hour, according to size; a large fowl will take an hour. When two fowls are roasted together they may be put back to back, and it is a sign that they are sufficiently cooked when the steam draws from them to the fire. Their backs should be put to the fire for a minute or two last thing to give them the proper colour. Brown gravy, bread sauce, and slices of bacon fried are usually served with roast fowl, and they are very suitable and agreeable accompaniments, although bread sauce is not so popular as it once was. The gravy may be made of the giblets, which will not then be too much cooked to be used for giblet pie.

Brown Gravy for Fowl.—Put the giblets into a stewpan with a little piece of butter, and turn them about over the fire till they are brightly browned. Pour over them about three-quarters of a pint of water, and add a little salt, an onion, a little piece of turnip, and a little piece of carrot, one clove, and three or four peppercorns. Cover closely and stew gently till the gravy is good, stirring occasionally. Strain, cool, and clear away the fat. Mix a dessertspoonful of flour with a little cold water, add this to the gravy, and boil for two minutes. Add a few drops of browning, if required. Pour a little of the gravy into the dish, and send the rest to table in a tureen. If preferred, the cooked liver of the fowl can be employed to thicken the gravy. It must be rubbed with a spoon after being cooked, till quite smooth, and mixed with a little flour and water, then stirred into the gravy and boiled. Very often when the fowl is bought ready trussed, the giblets are sold separately. The liver is, however, usually sent in skewered under the wing of the bird, and as it is not really needed there, it may with advantage be taken to thicken a little stock for gravy. In this case it should be put into the oven with a small piece of butter, pepper, and salt, left for about ten minutes till quite cooked, then rubbed with a spoon till smooth, adding flour, water, a little Worcester or other sauce, and a few drops of browning.

Bread Sauce, I suppose, everyone knows how to make. About three ounces of stale bread is rubbed through a sieve or colander, and boiling milk, as much as the bread will absorb, is poured over it and left to stand (covered) for about ten minutes. The whole is then turned into a saucepan with a little salt, a pinch of white pepper, and a slice of butter, and boiled up. The addition of a little cream is a great improvement. When the flavour of onion is liked, a small onion may be boiled with the sauce, and taken out before serving; or a small onion may be boiled separately in water till tender, then chopped very finely, and added to the preparation. In the same way a small blade of mace may, if approved, be boiled with the sauce. The bacon employed to garnish the dish and to serve with the fowl may be either fried in the usual way, or, better still, because easier and more elegant, may be formed into small rolls and baked. For this purpose it should be cut very thin, in small slices about four inches long and two wide. Roll these up, put them on a skewer, place them in a dripping tin, and bake in a good oven for six minutes.

Boiled Fowl is usually wrapped either in a floured cloth or in a greased paper for boiling, in order to keep it a good colour. I confess that I am not partial to this method, because the liquid in which meat or poultry has been boiled should always be used for making soup, and one does not relish the idea of drinking liquid in which either a cloth or greased paper has been boiled. Besides, I think the precaution is quite unnecessary, because if proper care be taken to remove the scum as it rises from the liquid to prevent its adhering to the bird, and if a slice of lemon be rubbed over the breast, the latter will be a very good colour, especially as it is usually covered with sauce before being sent to table.

It may be noted, however, that the water in which a chicken or fowl has been boiled is not by itself good enough for making soup, because if the chicken is properly boiled very little goodness will come out of it. On this account white stock is to be preferred to water for boiling a fowl, or the liquid in which a fowl has been boiled may be used also for boiling a rabbit or a leg of mutton. In boiling the fowl, also, a carrot and an onion may be put into the pan, and they will help to flavour the liquid, and will render the fowl less insipid. Even if nothing but a fowl had been boiled in liquid, the latter ought not to be thrown away, as it would in itself be valuable for making white purées, such as potato purée, artichoke purée, etc.

The usual rules with regard to boiling meat may be observed concerning poultry; that is, it should be put into boiling water, boiled for a minute, then drawn back and simmered gently till done. Many cooks advise that poultry should be put into lukewarm water, brought gently to the boil, and simmered till done. This is certainly advisable if there is a doubt about the bird being young and tender. If the bird is really old it should be put into cold water and simmered for three or four hours. If there is uneasiness about its age it may be put into warm water, but if it is young it may be put into boiling water. Only, it must be remembered that the goodness which it contains will be more likely to be drawn out in cool or cold water, and will be kept in if the bird is put into boiling water. If we wanted chicken broth we should certainly use cold water. In this matter, therefore, as in so many others, there is room for the exercise of common-sense. The bird should be put into the stock or water breast downwards, and if large will need to simmer about an hour; if small will be done in half an hour; the time will depend upon the size. It should by all means be thoroughly cooked. Boiled bacon, tongue, or ham is always served with boiled chicken or fowl.

It has already been explained that sauce of some kind is usually poured over boiled chicken, and the dish is named after its accompaniments. English people are often very fond of calling their dishes by French names. For my own part, I think this is very pretentious and absurd. If we were speaking to a Frenchman, or if we were wanting to practise the French language, or if we could express ourselves more clearly in French than in English, it would be justifiable. But I am afraid that while the French are the best cooks amongst civilised nations, the English are understood to be about the worst; and as we cannot compare with them in cookery, we want to *seem* as if we could. "Seem to be what you are," is a good motto for girls, whether they can cook or whether they cannot. If our dishes are made of good food, well cooked and prettily dished, they will be enjoyed, no matter what they are called; and, if they are badly cooked, no amount of French names will make them pass muster.

So many persons nowadays use these French terms, however, that it is well to understand what they mean. Yet here a difficulty arises, for the names have been used so promiscuously that they have become mixed up, and are very confusing. However, we may generally take it for granted that a chicken or young fowl is poulet, or sometimes poulette; a capon or large fowl is poulard. The French terms which follow these words determine the sauce, garnish, or accompaniment, whatever it is. Thus, poulet (or fowl or chicken, if only half the French terms are used) à l' estragon is chicken with tarragon in the seasoning; poulet à la soubise is fowl with soubise or very good onion sauce; poulet aux cressons is fowl with watercresses; poulet aux huîtres is fowl with oyster sauce; poulet à la jardinière is fowl with a mixture of vegetables cut small; poulet à la mayonnaise is fowl with salad and mayonnaise sauce; poulet au riz is fowl served on rice; and poulet en béchamel is fowl masked with good white sauce, and so on to any extent. There are so many ways of cooking fowls that we might fill pages with nothing but recipes for preparing dishes which sounded quite differently, and yet when all were done the foundation of every one would be chicken or fowl.

With this list of recipes it is evident that I cannot now deal. I will, however, before closing give two of the simplest and most usual recipes.

Fricassee of chicken is a boiled chicken cut into joints and heated up in good white sauce, to which mushrooms, parsley, and sometimes onions have been added. I copy the celebrated M. Gouffé's recipe, who in giving it says that a fricassee of chicken is deservedly held to be one of the very best dishes of domestic cookery:—

"Pick, draw, and singe a chicken weighing about three pounds; this will be sufficient for four or five persons. To cut it up, place it on a table with its head towards you; make an incision from the point of the breastbone to the wing-joint on both sides; turn the chicken and make two other incisions to separate the legs from the body; cut off the neck, the pinions at the second joint, and the feet at the first joint; take off the wings and legs, separate the breast from the back, and cut each across in two pieces; then trim them neatly, keeping the skin on each piece.

"Soak the pieces in cold water one hour; drain and put them in a three-quart stewpan with a quart of water, an onion (say four ounces) with a clove stuck in it, two small pinches of pepper, a faggot (that is, a bunch of parsley, a sprig of thyme, and a bay leaf fastened together), and two pinches of salt. Boil and skim, then simmer on the stove corner for half an hour, the stewpan not quite closed.

"When the chicken is done, drain in a colander, and cool it for five minutes in water. Reserve the broth in which it has been boiled. Put three ounces of butter and three ounces of flour in a two-quart stewpan. Stir over the fire for five minutes without browning, add the broth and the liquor from a pottle of mushrooms, and after the sauce comes to the boil let it simmer for half an hour. Put the pieces of chicken into a *sauté* pan; strain over them half a pint of the sauce, and warm on a slow fire. Thicken the sauce with the yolks of four eggs and one ounce of butter, then strain through the pointed gravy strainer and add the mushrooms.

"Dish up the chicken as follows:—Put the two pieces of the back in the centre. On them lay across, one above the other, first the feet, then the two pieces of neck, and lastly the two pinions. Against each side of the square thus formed lay the two legs and wings, and on the top put the two pieces of the breast. Pour over the sauce, and garnish with the mushrooms."

Perhaps I may be allowed to explain with regard to this recipe that we may have a pottle of mushrooms, or, what is nearly equivalent to it, two dozen button mushrooms. We must wash these well in cold water, cut off the end of the stalks, and put them into a stewpan with a little knob of butter, a squeeze of lemon-juice, and a tablespoonful of cold water, and shake them over the fire till they boil. We then turn them out, and they are ready for use. The trimmings of the mushrooms may be stewed with the chicken broth to flavour it.

If we thicken the sauce with eggs we must first take the sauce off the fire for a minute or two to let it cool a little, mix a little of the sauce with the beaten egg-yolks in a basin, pour the mixture into the remainder, and stir over the fire till near boiling. Many people would, however, object to use four eggs to thicken sauce. In this case they may make the sauce with an ounce of butter, an ounce and a half of flour, the stock in which the chicken was cooked boiled down till reduced to a pint, and a few spoonfuls of cream.

Marengo of Chicken.—This dish is supposed to have been invented by Napoleon after the battle of Marengo. He had some young chickens caught and killed, cut up into joints and fried in oil, but as he was in a great hurry, there was no time to skim off the oil. Marengo of chicken, therefore, should properly be sent to table with the oil floating about the dish and over the sauce. People who are afraid of being made bilious drain the oil away, and their cookery is not historically correct. I give a recipe for those who are afraid of being bilious:—Cut up a chicken as for fricassee, put about half a tumblerful of oil into a stewpan, with a bunch of herbs, a small blade of mace, and half a dozen peppercorns. When the oil is hot put in the joints of chicken and fry them a good brown colour. Drain the pieces of chicken from the oil, and remove the herbs. Return them to the same stewpan, with a pint of good brown stock, and let them simmer for three-quarters of an hour. Add two tablespoonfuls of tomato purée, a tablespoonful of good brown gravy, and a small pinch of sugar. Strain the sauce, add a few drops of lemon-juice to it. Arrange the chicken in a dish, pour the sauce over, and, if approved, put a dozen button mushrooms round by way of garnish.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

SPHINXGRIN.—We are glad to hear that we have helped you so much with reference to your reading society at Newport, and thank you for sending us the prospectus and rules of a society for studying languages by correspondence (English, French, German, and Italian), as it offers a prize of 10s. to the writer of the best papers sent in during the half year, and of 5s. for the second best; additional encouragement is offered to the girls wishing for help in their home studies. Secretary, Miss M. Hedge, East Gate, Colchester, Essex. Some of our correspondents have asked us for an early-rising society, and we thank you for giving the address of one, together with walking and handwriting societies, hon. sec. Miss Ellman, Berwick Rectory, Sussex.

KELLY AND CO.—We are quite willing to accede to your request, and state, for the information of those inquiring at the "Post Office Directory" publishing offices, 51, Great Queen-street, W.C., that you "very seldom have a vacancy, and that when one does occur, it is filled by selecting one of the daughters or sisters of persons already in your employment, of whom you have a list on your books, so that it is hopeless for any stranger to apply."

HOUSEKEEPING.

AGGIE (Aged 15).—The grease may be taken from the pages of your book by wetting the spots with ether, placing blotting-paper on each side of the page, and holding a hot iron on the place.

FAIRY.—To make soap jelly, or soft soap, shred a pound of yellow soap into a gallon of water, add two ounces of soda and the same of pipeclay; set these ingredients on the kitchen stove, where they will dissolve after a few hours of gradual heat. The next day the soap jelly will be fit for use.

POOR BIDDY.—Zinc is cleaned with salt, which takes off the grease and dirt. Tin is cleaned with whiting and soap, mixed to a cream in boiling water. Rub it on the articles, including dish covers, and let it dry; then rub off with a leather and dry whiting. Boards and deal articles may be whitened by scrubbing them with soft-water, sand, and slaked lime.

PALE DAISY, BLUE BELL, and Others will find an article on "Summer Drinks" at page 547, vol. ii.

FIDDLER.—At page 399, vol. i., you will find an excellent recipe for rhubarb wine, which can also be used for all kinds of fruit as well, as it is quite reliable. Put a breakfastcup of cocoa nibs into a good-sized tin coffee-pot; fill up with cold water, and let it stand on the stove all day and night. It will be ready for use when boiled up each morning. Do this every morning. Empty out the pot each week, and begin afresh.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A LOVER OF TRUTH.—Of course, you need not, and ought not, to be baptised a second time; and no one would hinder you accompanying your husband to receive the Holy Communion in the church to which he belongs. Later on you may feel a desire for the other privilege to which you refer, and then you can easily obtain it.

NANCY.—Nothing will prevent the hairs coming off; the fur is not of good quality, and it has had the moth in before you purchased it.

AGENORIA.—We are well acquainted with the Zenana Mission, and the offices in town have often been named in this paper to those desiring missionary training. 120 millions of Hindoo women are the objects of our Christian charity, and this missionary organisation the means by which we can reach them and bring them under the influence of the Gospel of Christ. We thank you for the little tract which you enclose.

A. L. W.—A home for the sick, who can pay for it, and for treatment and for nursing, is provided at Bolinbroke House, near Clapham Junction Station. Apply to J. S. Wood, Esq., Woodville, Upper Tooting, S.W. Application should be made for the prospectus and forms, a statement of the case being sent in. Persons suffering from fits or mental disorder are ineligible. There is also a similar hospital home at 4, South Hill Park-road, Hampstead, N.W., where partial payment is accepted, and where private rooms may be obtained by special arrangement. R. A. Outhwaite, secretary.

IGNORANT STRANGER.—Read our series of articles on the subject of good breeding and the usages of polite society. In England it is the lady who bows first, the option of making any recognition of a gentleman resting with her. When she has bowed to him he may speak. You need not bow to your friend's acquaintances unless previously, or at the time, introduced. It is polite to give the inside of the walk to your companion, if you wish to show her respect or take care of her.

VIOLETTE DE CORMONDI.—We give you the directions that we have just given to an "Ignorant Stranger." There is no reason whatever against your rowing in a regatta belonging to the school. It is very good exercise and a very harmless recreation.

CINDERELLA.—No absolute rule is laid down in the Scriptures in reference to the subject of recreations, nor are any special amusements indicated as being either suitable or otherwise. We are only told to "abstain from all appearance of evil," and are given such-like general directions. Much difference of opinion exists amongst religious people on these points, and thus we are warned not to judge one another, but to be "fully persuaded in our own minds" on all essential points of doctrine and faith. We have already replied fully to all such questions as yours. We thank you for your nicely expressed and well-written letter, and for your approval of our paper.

BLONDINA'S letter is creditable to her, and deserves our thanks. All the monthly numbers are still to be had. Write for any to Mr. Tarn, 56, Paternoster-row, E.C. 2. We cannot advertise particular soaps, but you need only ask at any chemist's for the kind you require.

MY FAIRY GODMOTHER.—We are glad that you like our stories so much. We cannot recommend you the sort of books you require, but you can obtain them through any bookseller by explaining what you want.

BRUNETTA'S great approval of our stories is gratifying. See reply to the above in answer to her first question. In reference to her second, we think the following a good recipe for Everton toffee:—Take one pound of brown sugar, one teacupful of water, a quarter of a pound of butter, and six drops of essence of lemon. Put the water and sugar into a brass pan, and beat the butter to a cream; add it to the water when the sugar is dissolved. Stir the mixture over the fire until it sets, which may be known by pouring a little on a buttered dish. The lemon drops should be added just before the toffee is done.

E. B. MORRIS.—The origin of the term "Star-spangled banner" dates from the year 1812, the morning after the British attack on Fort M'Henry, at Baltimore. A poem was written by Frances Key, who had witnessed the bombardment during the night, concluding with the lines—

> "Oh, say, does that star-spangled banner yet wave
> O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?"

A. M.'s letter came too late. Answer gone to press. Very sorry.

ROSABEL FERNER.—The origin of the name London is not absolutely decided upon, but is supposed by some to be derived from "Llyn Din," or "the town on the lake," having been built on a swamp. In the time of the Heptarchy it was called Lundenceaster. See our "Girls' Christian Names."

J. B.—The phrase, "these sort of things," although very generally said, is incorrect, because a plural pronoun cannot be applied to a singular noun. You should say, "this sort," for "sort" and "kind" are employed as nouns. Ask the question, "Which sort of mantle would suit you the best—the long or the short one?" Could the answer be, "I like these sort?" or could you say, "I prefer these breed of poultry?"

POLLY is not likely to win the friendship of the companion for whom she has so great a liking by following her about and teasing her with attentions which are not acceptable. On the contrary, they would annoy, and so awaken a feeling of disgust. Friendship, so far as the element of esteem and respect may be concerned, she might feel for you if you did not "make yourself too cheap," but showed a little more self-respect and dignity. Affection is a matter of arbitrary personal attraction, and must grow of itself. You cannot force anyone to love you. Try to win her esteem, and show a little more common sense.

VOL. VI.—NO. 252. OCTOBER 25, 1884. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

THE MOUNTAIN PATH.

By LILY WATSON, Author of "Within Sight of the Snow," &c.

CHAPTER IV.

As Oswald was passing among the crowd of out-patients, who were waiting their turn in the ophthalmic department at St Jerome's Hospital, one morning a day or two after the date of the last chapter, he noticed a poor woman with a baby in her arms and an older child at her side. There was something in the appearance of the little lad who tugged at his mother's scanty skirts which arrested the young man's attention. The boy had pretty features, with curling flaxen hair over his little round head; but there was an extraordinary absence of vivacity in his expression. He seemed almost as though he might be an idiot, from his heavy and stupid look.

Oswald was "dresser" to the ophthalmic surgeon, and knew that he would presently see the little group again in the consulting-room, whither the patients were admitted a few at a time. The baby proved to be the one that needed the surgeon's attention, and as Oswald approached it the elder child set up a shrill, monotonous wail.

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"Hallo, youngster, what's all that about?" exclaimed the young man, cheerily, as he accosted the group. The mother seemed distressed and frightened that the boy should cry, but Oswald reassured her, and proceeded to carry out the surgeon's directions for the baby on her arm. He showed both kindness and skill in his manipulation, for when he was really engaged in the practical part of his profession he did well, and felt an interest in the work. Meanwhile, the elder child cried on, but more softly, and without any tears.

"Hush, hush, Bobby! where's Miss Helen?" said his mother, in desperation.

A gleam of light came into the face, the little man ceased crying, and showed a desire to toddle off at once to the person named.

"And who is Miss Helen, pray?" said Oswald, struck by the name.

"Oh, she's Bobby's friend, sir! I don't know what he'd do without her. She's a young lady that comes to see us at home, Miss Brooke by name, but he knows her best as Miss Helen."

Then followed a circumstantial account of her husband's illness and death, which she evidently thought Oswald would view with interest from a professional standpoint.

"Bobby was always the trial, for he's something of an innocent, and often I would sit at my machine and nearly break my heart for his crying, yet I couldn't stop my work to nurse him or amuse him; cry he must. Then Miss Brooke began to come, and she took to the child, and thought of clever plans to divert him like, and made him some toys, and he's brightened up wonderful, not like the same boy. She helps me with their clothes, too, and the sweetest young lady she is as ever I knew. It isn't giving money, sir, but it's like sunshine when she comes into the house."

Oswald dismissed the woman with a few kind words, and she went away accompanied by her children.

"Helen Brooke! of course it's the same," he meditated. "I fancied she was too busy with her studies and strong-minded fads."

As soon as the young man found himself in his favourite wicker chair on the lawn he called for Helen, who was flitting about the garden in her plain, cool dress and shady hat, gathering flowers.

"Come here; I want to speak to you."

"Did you ever read an interesting fable, sir, entitled 'The Ant and the Grasshopper,' or 'The Bee and the Butterfly,' I can't remember which?" she called out, playfully.

"Your question is too vague; descend to details."

"I can't remember them; I only remember that the ant or the bee, I don't know which it was, had an invitation from the grasshopper or the butterfly to come and play, and returned an answer in the negative, something like this, 'I have work to do; you haven't.'"

"Self-righteous insect!" commented Oswald, in disgust.

"I agree with you, for a wonder. When I was a little girl I always did think that it was a shame the industrious creature triumphed over the other when the winter came, for that, I believe, is the sequel."

"You're not busy now."

"No, for my flowers are gathered for the table to-night; but I must take them in first and arrange them."

"You cannot appreciate the beauty of repose, Helen," said Oswald, when she returned and took her place by his side.

"Should you appreciate the practical fruits of the 'beauty of repose' if you saw a bare tablecloth with perhaps a huge cruet-stand as its only ornament when dinner-time came?"

"You shall never take a woman without an answer, unless you take her without her tongue!" quoth Oswald. "To change the subject. How long is it since you became a district visitor?"

"I am not one."

"Oh, Helen, Helen! what about Bobby of the Polygon?"

A flush stained Helen's cheek.

"Oh, Oswald, have you been to see him?" she asked, eagerly.

"I? No, indeed. Only his mother came to the hospital to-day and sounded forth your praises."

"He isn't ill?"

"No, the baby has something wrong with its eyes, but a little care will put it right. The boy looks half an idiot. How on earth can you spend time over him?"

Oswald spoke more roughly than he felt.

"I don't believe he's so deficient as they think. It was heart-breaking to see her toiling on and on at the machine, with tears in her eyes, not able to attend to this unhappy little fellow. He is better now."

This was all that Oswald could get Helen to say on the subject.

"If it was heart-breaking, why go and see him? I always think it wiser to keep away from such sights, unless one is a millionaire."

"Money does only a small part of the work that can be accomplished."

At this juncture Eliza appeared from the house, bearing a card, on which was inscribed—

"Mr. Aubrey Gascoigne,
"Middle Temple,"

and explained that no one was at home within except Miss Lilian.

"Show him out here," they directed, and the slender figure and pensive face, crowned by massed fair hair, of their recent guest were seen approaching. He seemed gratified to be introduced to the shade of the sycamore.

"There was something strangely delightful to me about the evening I spent in your home," he observed, in his delicate vibrating monotone, when he had gracefully deposited himself in the wicker chair.

"I am glad you enjoyed it," returned Helen.

"Oh, do ask me again, some day!," he breathed, with a kind of naïveté that saved the request from rudeness, while somehow a half suspicion that he was amused at his own eccentricity prevented one from stamping him as a downright simpleton. "Yourselves. The last was Oswald's invitation; let the next be spontaneous?"

"With pleasure!" Helen returned, scarcely able to restrain her laughter. "Only I shall not be here more than a week or so longer."

"And *I* shan't," murmured Oswald, "for I shall have been 'referred to my studies.' Oh irony of the expression!"

"Are you going away?" asked Mr. Gascoigne of Helen, in a long-drawn cadence. "Why so restless?"

"I am going to be a companion to your sister, Miss Adela Gascoigne, at Hill Crest, Heatherbridge," said Helen, in her most decided and practical tone. "I thought you would have known."

Mr. Gascoigne appeared to be completely and thoroughly astonished, though he sat very still.

"You? To Adela?"

"I haven't seen you to mention it," broke in Oswald, who felt vexed that what he thought a degradation should have to be confessed by Helen. "The fact is, my cousin is of a very active disposition, and my people wrote and said your sister wanted a lady to read with her, and all that, so the end of it is she's going."

"For Adela the boon will be great. She is a frivolous maid, and the companionship of our good old aunt is too terrible. But for you" (and Mr. Gascoigne bent a dreamy gaze on Helen), "ah, the pity of it!"

"Pity of what?" cried Helen, half-amused, half-provoked.

"Pity that you should mar the fairness of a complete picture: the trio of sisters, the lovely old home, the music; it is perfect; and now, restless for occupation, you break the spell. Alas! alas!"

"I have something else to do with my life," said Helen, smiling, "than to group myself into a picture."

"Ah, that is the mistake. This *doing* is the bane of our age—a restless, fevered hatred of repose."

"Just what I have been saying, only in less poetical language," said Oswald.

"Perhaps your sense of it is enough for the whole household," said Helen, mirthfully. "Seriously, Mr. Gascoigne, I know what you mean to a certain extent. I dislike busy restless fussiness, and I daresay there is too much of it in the present day. But that does not affect the question as to whether I personally ought to work."

Helen rose as she said this, and went into the house in quest of tea.

"Why does she leave her home?"

"Oh, I don't know; some absurd idea about being independent."

Oswald did not choose to say, and, indeed, he hardly believed, in his easy, pleasant way of looking at things, that there was any actual need for the money Helen would earn.

"She has a face of ineffable possibilities."

"What a fellow you are, Gascoigne!" exclaimed Oswald. "Why can't you say she is handsome, in plain English?"

"Because I do not mean that she is handsome."

The subject of discussion reappeared at this moment, followed by Eliza, carrying some of the necessaries for tea.

The little deformed sister came out, and was comfortably established in a low chair with cushions. Then the four young people chatted merrily, or, rather, three chatted merrily, and the fourth bent his countenance of serene, meditative approval on the trio. Helen's approaching departure, and the manners and customs of the inhabitants of Heatherbridge, formed part of the theme.

"Adela has but lately gone thither," said her brother, "and I know but little of the natives. But I shall visit her."

"You may be quite sure that you will be a novelty down there," observed Oswald, irreverently. "The Yorkshire people do not care very much, as a rule, for art, in your sense of it. They buy pictures, it is true, the biggest and most expensive they can find, but they have no idea of spending time in languishing over a lily, or falling into attitudes before blue china."

"I pardon your flippancy, for the sake of the grain of truth in it," responded Mr. Gascoigne. "Although my father was a Yorkshireman, I have dwelt but little in the North, as you know."

It was now time for the visitor to take leave, which he did with a silent hand-pressure all round.

"Farewell," said he, subsequently to Helen; "and strive to learn the beauty of quiescence."

When he had departed, the three young people could not help joining in a merry peal of laughter. If Mr. Du Maurier had published at that date his picture of Mr. Maudle, saying in reference to an art student, "Why should he *be* anything? Why should he not be content to exist beautifully?" they would doubtless have quoted it. However, I do not think it had yet graced the pages of *Punch*.

"What a fellow he is," laughed Oswald. "But I like him, all the same."

"What does he mean about the beauty of quiescence, and so on?" inquired Lilian.

"I have an idea!" exclaimed her sister. "This development in him is a sort of revulsion from the hard, practical type of Yorkshire character."

"His mother was a lovely creature, I have heard my mother say," observed Oswald. "Gwendolen Le Strange; a suggestive name. She was a governess, and the rough Yorkshireman married her for love when he had made his fortune, late in life."

"It is very curious," said Helen. "I shall like to see what sort of a girl the sister is. Now we must go and get strawberries."

From Mr. Aubrey Gascoigne to Bobby of the Polygon is an abrupt and startling transition, but it took place, nevertheless, in Oswald's mind as he sat under the sycamore-tree. He felt strongly prompted to go and see the little fellow. It was not at all like him to have any such inward suggestion, and at first he tried to crush it. He argued that it would be a bad precedent; that medical students couldn't go looking up out-patients at their homes; that there was probably some exaggeration about it; that the mother was pretty well off, no doubt, having only two children to provide for, and would not want him prying about; that visiting the poor had been proved over and over again to be a mistake; finally, that he was too busy. In virtue of the last idea, he actually did take a fitful hour of work after dinner, and thus succeeded in stifling the impulse for that day, but on the morrow it returned with double force, and if it had taken a definite shape, the haunting voice would have formed itself into words something like this. "You are well off, and leisurely. Helen Brooke is badly off, and occupied. She can look after and brighten a neglected life by long and patient attention. Cannot you make one brief effort in the same direction?"

But Oswald had no idea of the meaning of the restless prompting. However, on his way home the next day, about three o'clock, he resisted the temptation to go down the cool corner of the Close, and manfully trudged in the heat up to the Polygon, feeling all the time very much inclined to turn back, and considering himself a martyr. An irregular block of old buildings stood near the Common, completely enclosing a space in their midst. Oswald knocked at a door, ascended a very long close flight of stairs, hearing the while the click-click of a sewing machine, and finally came out at the top of the house upon a little gallery, running round the inner court, and looking down therefore into a sort of great well, with clothes drying, children screaming, people bustling in and out down on the different storeys below, where other little galleries ran round each floor.

Following his directions, Oswald went along the gallery till he knocked at a door, and was admitted by the woman whom he had seen at the hospital.

"Oh, sir! how good of you to come and see the baby. He's getting on beautiful!"

"I've not come to see the baby altogether. Where's Bobby?"

The room was intensely hot, for the June sultriness was increased by the morsel of fire in the grate. The baby was crawling about the floor with its head bandaged up. A sewing machine, from which the woman had risen, stood at one end of the room, and at the other, from which a window looked out upon the approach to the Common, Bobby was sitting at a table in a high chair, carefully fenced in. His eyes were brighter than they had been on the previous day, and he was intently engaged in fastening together the parts of an ingeniously-devised set of figures. As Bobby completed each figure he set it up against the window-sill and burst into a loud "Ha! ha!" beating the table with his tiny fist. Then he took them to pieces and began all over again.

"He'll sit for hours like that, and the bless sing that game is to me nobody knows," declared the mother. "He's such a funny little lad, not being quite right, and he won't take to toys like other children. A neighbour once give him a wooden horse, but he broke it up and hit his baby brother over the head dreadful."

Oswald knew without telling that Helen had painted all this quaint and amusing array, and introduced the clever touches into the expression of each face with a humour of her own. He also guessed that she had decked this corner of the room with gay and charming prints, and provided the great bowl of flowers upon the table. He also might have known, but did not, that her busy fingers had fashioned the clothing for Bobby and the baby out of cast-off garments, and that she had begged the high chair from a friend whose children had outgrown it. Little things, indeed! but of such little things daily life is made up, and there is a saying in the olden Book which shows the price the Master set upon these trifling acts of love:—

"Whosoever shall give to drink unto one of these little ones a cup of cold water only . . . verily I say unto you, he shall in no wise lose his reward."

Oswald listened awhile to Mrs. Wright's praises of Helen, and tried to make friends with Bobby; but the little fellow went on imperturbably fashioning his ladies. At last he took one up, evidently the fairest of all to his imagination, for it was arrayed in bright blue and gold, and had a coronet upon its yellow hair.

"Dat Miss Helen," he remarked, setting it up in a conspicuous position.

"He says that 'cause it's the prettiest," the mother explained.

Oswald wanted to go, but did not know how to offer the present which he wished to leave behind him. At last he made a desperate shot at it.

"Oh—er, Mrs. Wright, I have interrupted you in your work. You must let me make up for it. Good afternoon." And he was off down the steps before the poor woman discovered that the coin he had pressed into her hand was a sovereign instead of a shilling. She shed tears of joy, this poor worn young creature, who did her best, but was not one of the strong clever managers among women, and who often felt nearly wild over her sewing machine, her babies, and her desperate efforts to support herself.

"It must be Miss Helen, somehow," she thought. And she was right, although the influence in this case had been exerted unconsciously by the person in question. So it is, over and over again. We are all of us, although we know it not, shaping life for those about us and those who come after us. For "the growing good of the world is partly dependent on unhistoric acts." It is a noble and a beautiful thing so to live that the good of which we ourselves dream not may result to others from our daily words and deeds. And there is no one who cannot join the

"Choir invisible,
Whose music is the gladness of the world."

(To be continued.)

FATHER'S SLIPPERS.

TEN little busy fingers
Working until they ache,
Strained eyes and a knitted forehead,
And a back that was bent, to make
Father's new birthday slippers, worked till it seemed awhile
The daughter thought more of the slippers than her father's own sweet smile

Many a social evening
Passed with hardly a word;
Her work was all that she heeded
And scarcely saw or heard
Her father enter the chamber, seldom she spoke to him.
'Twas work till her head grew weary, and work till her sight grew dim

Softly father approaches,
Seeking his darling's kiss;
But the busy one strangely slights him,
And her one excuse is this:
"Father, I am so busy, am working so hard for you,
I cannot linger or loiter; the moments are fleet and few."

So sadly the father left her—
A frown on his gentle brow;
He had come for an hour's communion,
But alone she must labour now.
True, she was working *his* slippers; but he wanted her *voice* and *heart*,
And these she withheld, so turning, I saw him unmissed depart.

Do *we* never slight our Father—
Our Father who dwells in heaven—
Engaged on some birthday slippers,
Some work to His service given?
He asks for an hour's communion, our voice and our heart; but we
Are so full of our little working, we seldom His presence see.

Better that father's slippers
Were made at the father's side,
With a chat and the voice of singing,
And better that we abide
Near to the heavenly Father; then will the labour be
Pleasant, and find acceptance, done at our Father's knee.

WILLIAM LUFF.

FAR ABOVE RUBIES.

By ISABELLA FYVIE MAYO.

CHAPTER II.

YEARS rolled away Isobel could remember how that first guiding came. But she would have thought it very strange if she had been told what it was at the time.

It really came that day when May McLeod, the "auld hen-wife," stopped her to pour her tale of struggles into the young girl's sympathetic ear. May was a defeated woman; after all her industry and energy, she felt she would have to go "on the pairis." May declared she had "good clothes enough" to "last her time," which meant that she had about half-a-dozen honest homespun garments. And between her garden and her eggs, and such traffic in kind as she could carry on with them, she could supply her daily wants almost without a shilling in actual cash. But there remained the rent! an absolutely hopeless sum of two pounds twelve shillings in the year.

"The folks at the lodge and the manse have no use for the likes o' me, and there's nobody else to pay cash for the little jobs I can do," said May. "All the young girls here stay at home, with not half enough to do, idling about and getting into mischief, and keeping a bit of bread out of my mouth. I just can't see any way out of it at all."

"But there must be a way out," thought Isobel. She said nothing, only looked at May, with her clear, pitiful eyes. And May bade God bless her, and hobbled away. And all by which Isobel seemed to be the wiser was, that she had learned that old May was ready for a good deal of still hard work, if only it would bring her in two pounds twelve shillings in the year.

The next thing was that Isobel heard that a lady visitor at the lodge was terribly "put about" because the nursemaid whom she had left in charge of her children had suddenly thrown up her situation.

"A nice place," as Isobel's informant said, "with sixteen pounds a year in wage, and a good many useful presents. Girls' heads must be turned now-a-days."

That came to Isobel like a revelation! Why should she not seek such a place as this; pay May McLeod her little dole for doing some of the harder work which had hitherto been her own share at home, which would yet leave many good pounds to the fore, wherewith to "bring forward" Kate and Elspeth somehow, she scarcely knew how. Why not? Then why not seek this place at once?

Isobel set about it characteristically. The idea filled her own heart so high with hope that she dreaded so to fill the hearts of others, perhaps, only to disappoint them after all. She must deal warily. Surely the English lady would not mind "taking up" a quarter of an hour to speak with her, and to tell her if she could think of making trial of such a raw country girl. If so, then she would seek her parents' consent. She was afraid that they would never consent beforehand to her making the attempt; her mother would have such a keen consciousness of her deficiencies, and her father might be angry in some way — she could scarcely tell why!

When the flurried London lady, who had had long experience of unworthy and unreliable service, was told that "the schoolmaster's daughter was wanting to speak with her about her situation," she could scarcely believe in her good fortune! A very few questions satisfied her that Isobel was the very girl for whom she had so long been looking—one who would make her employer's interest her own, and whose great ambition would be to do anything for the second time better than she had done it for the first. She and Isobel "engaged" with each other at that first inter-

"'GIRLS' HEADS MUST BE TURNED NOW-A-DAYS.'"

view, leaving the one proviso of the elder McAlister's consent.

It was not withheld. Isobel said little about her deepest aspirations—those very hopes which were really the inspiration of the whole plan. She only said that they would each have to go out some day; and that just now old May McLeod, for a trifle which would be of the greatest service to her, could supply Isobel's place, leaving her free to go elsewhere and earn much beyond that trifle.

"Yes," her father assented, bitterly; "they would each have to go out some day. It had not seemed quite so near to him, but he supposed the sooner it was the better."

"If Kate and Elspeth could do as much as you and Kate used to do, even May need not be hired, and your earnings needn't be broken on for that," said the mother. "But they spend so much time over other things," she sighed, and Isobel silently kissed her.

It did not sweeten poor Mr. McAlister's temper when he found that the husband of Isobel's new mistress was an old class-mate of his own, now the head-master of a great London public school; who, without any special parts, had jogged into comfortable prosperity by sheer pains, perseverance, and steadiness. Very irascible indeed was the poor Doichart schoolmaster during those last days of his eldest daughter's stay at home, and in his very last evening prayer she noticed that he quoted the dismal old Hebrew saying, "the fathers have eaten sour grapes, and the children's teeth are set on edge," and quoted it, too, as if he wailed to God that there remained a truth in it which even Divine mercy could not wholly uproot! Isobel buried her face in the faded old sofa cushion, and vowed that, please God, she would rise up between her father and his sadness, and save him, at least, from any feeling that he had injured her.

Nobody guessed the agony of her going away. Nobody guessed how, at every little domestic incident, the words, "for the last time—the last time," kept ringing in her ears. True, she was not going to the world's end—though London seemed far enough off to the simple Highland girl. But with her plans of stern economy for a definite end, she looked forward to no annual holiday. Besides, in a deeper sense still, she knew it was a "last time." Come back as she might, the old order had ended. She could never more be the child at home, knowing no claims or duties outside its four walls.

Nobody except Oscar, the beautiful old collie dog, saw any tears, and Oscar could not tell what he saw. The others might see a strain on her brow or hear one in her voice, but that was all. At the last the rest cried, at least the girls did. Mrs. McAlister's eyes filled with tears, but they did not overflow. Mr. McAlister scolded a little, and fussed a great deal. Old May McLeod hobbled up in a strange mingling of grief and thanksgiving.

Isobel McAlister left home on a grey autumn afternoon, under a steady downpour of rain. A neighbour farmer had arranged to give her and her luggage "a lift" in his conveyance. He could give room but for one. The last home farewell had to be said on the home threshold. Isobel set her face resolutely away, till they had driven far down the glen; then when the schoolhouse waned small in the distance, and figures had become invisible, she stood up and looked back. The driver made one or two commonplace remarks, got civil, monosyllabic answers, and then mercifully let her lapse into silence. His judgment was, "She felt it—the lassie felt it."

She got a railway carriage all to herself. Nobody knows what happened then. Years after she spoke of it, saying only, "It was like dying," and a strange look came on her face, though by that time she had grown a middle-aged woman.

At first Isobel was not very popular among her fellow-servants in London. They found her "close." She shrank from their coarse jests and frivolous chatter. They suspected "Scotchy," as they called her, of introducing sundry innovations which they considered prejudicial to their interests. The hard-worked, methodical girl found plenty of leisure in her new life. She lay wakeful in the morning, hours before the late-sleeping London household stirred. She volunteered to do her own washing, receiving in lieu the money allowed for her to put it out. Presently she volunteered to do a great part of the nursery washing. The mistress doubted whether this would be compatible with the proper discharge of her other duties, but allowed the trial and found it a success. Isobel wanted no day out; she got plenty of fresh air when walking with the children. She wanted no evening gossip. So when there was no nursery needlework on hand, her knitting needles were ready, and her mistress and her mistress's friends bought hre nice soft substantial socks and vests as fast as she could make them. Isobel took charge of the children to church on Sunday morning. She had quite a little Sunday class of them in the nursery on a Sunday afternoon (their little cousins from the other side of the square soon learned to persist in joining them). And on Sunday evening she found quiet hours for reading the books which her master and mistress sent up from their library.

At the end of the year, Isobel's casual gains had so well supplied her own infinitesimal needs, that the whole of her wages could go intact into the savings bank, to await some call for use.

"How much do you mean to spend, Isie?" asked her mistress.

"Nothing, just now, ma'am," said Isobel. "I'm needing nothing."

"You will be making your fortune, Isie," laughed the lady.

Isobel smiled.

In the second year of Isobel's service came an "opening" for Kate. Through Isobel's mistress a place was heard of in an excellent school, where, in return for Kate's miscellaneous services at all hours, she could reside, gaining sundry advantages in social amenities, and receiving higher teaching in mathematics. After a year's softening and refining training there, she might be fit to earn a little in educational work, and so be fairly started to go on her own career. Out came Isobel's treasured earnings—all but one pound, left as a nest egg in the savings bank. They sufficed for Kate's plain but befitting outfit, and for the expense of her long journey, for her destination, too, was in the south. There was even a little balance, which Isobel wrote to Kate "to put in her pocket; it would save her from going penniless among strangers." Isobel had done so herself. It was in those days that she first ventured to think of her agony of parting, and of her sufferings of loneliness, and they made her heart very tender to Kate. Isobel had a vivid imagination, and lived and suffered in what she thought must be other people's sufferings. But she could not imagine the truth—to wit, that Kate had a very mitigated sorrow at leaving Doichart, and had not lived a week in the well-appointed bountiful establishment which was her new home, before she secretly wondered how she could ever have endured the rough hardness of the bleak, poverty-stricken Highland school-house.

And so time passed on. Kate became self-supporting, and was "doing well." She kept her financial management very much to herself, but poor Isobel, happily meditating on the family prosperity, though from her own point of view she gave a very wide margin for what Kate must spend, yet felt sure she must be saving considerably, and so was quite at ease concerning Elspeth's future, which it was presently seen was likely to present more complicated difficulties than her sister's had had.

Isobel's own income increased yearly. Her master announced that he made it a rule, after any servant had been in his employ for two years, to raise her wages by a pound every year while she remained. Of course, as time passed on, and Isobel's modest wardrobe needed replenishing, her outlay had to be rather larger than during the first year. But it was wonderful how little supplied her wants, and yet how neat and bright she always looked. One great saving was effected by simply entirely cutting off what absorbed so much of her fellow-servants' earnings—machine frillings, kid gloves, feathers, artificial flowers, and dresses of fancy material or make. Isobel adhered to plain, old-fashioned prints, dark coloured merinoes, and serviceable straw bonnets. They thought her "a dowdy" in the kitchen. Their scoffs changed to something like bitterness when the parlour-maid one day reported that a guest had inquired of the mistress, "Who is that lady who has just gone out with your little ones?"

But the question was, what was to be done about Elspeth? Hitherto the girl had used Miss Gordon's musical instruments, and had profited by that lady's instructions alone. But Miss Gordon now declared that she needed more practice and more training than such neighbourly service could furnish. And Elspeth was altogether rather a problem. Her musical genius seemed to have absorbed her faculties for everything else. Her father had long given her up as a hopeless dunce. She could not write a respectably-spelled letter. She could not manage even the simple accounts of the Doichart household. She would never be able to work her way to her own speciality by general educational usefulness, as Kate was doing; and no school-mistress was likely to accept the pure musical services of a raw girl who at present looked like a dairymaid.

The Gordons recommended a sojourn in Germany, with hard work at Elspeth's art, and perhaps a few domestic duties to eke out her maintenance in any modest musical family who might be willing to come to such an arrangement. At last a definite plan was made whose exact expenditure was ascertained to a nicety. Isobel carried on the correspondence with Miss Gordon, and to that lady's anxious inquiries, replied that "it could be done." But that reply cost Isobel many an hour of anxious reflection. Once more she gave up every pound she had—except that nest-egg pound. She did not mind that, but she did mind when, in answer to a communication appealing for Kate's co-operation, Kate replied that she really could do nothing—the demands of her new position absorbed all she could earn, and she must be prepared for new demands which might come upon her at any time. That gave Isobel many serious thoughts about many things, especially about what "getting on" really is.

So Elspeth went to Germany. A soldier's young widow, with a little pension, undertook the charge of Doichart Schoolhouse and its sick mistress, in return for finding a home there, while old May McLeod's services were not dispensed with. And so the last of the McAlister girls took flight from home—the dear home which faithful Isobel had never seen since that wet autumn day when she went away!

Isobel saw Elspeth on her way through London. Her mistress, who now understood and appreciated her servant's position, bade her ask her sister to stay with her for a day or two. Isobel met her at the railway, and, as it seemed to her home-sick heart, the Doichart breezes were folded in her sister's very garments.

Elspeth was an impulsive, effusive girl, who had wept passionately when she left the old place, but who had enjoyed herself very well at Inverness! She had been quite interested and amused during her long journey south, but her tears broke forth afresh when she saw Isobel's changed, familiar face, and these gusts of grief were renewed from time to time during her brief visit. Isobel, who measured this manifold grief by the grief she herself had restrained, yearned over her sister, especially when she had really departed to the foreign land, and she sent her long, faithful letters, which Elspeth was always glad enough to receive, but which she found it "rather a bore" to answer.

Had Isobel cast her seed on barren and on stony ground? No. It is true neither Kate nor Elspeth proved what she would have been in their places. Yet Kate gained a solid position as a mathematical teacher, and is a much respected woman, greatly consulted by young self-dependent people as to habits of providence, safe investments and the like; and Elspeth is a famous pianist, whose name figures honourably before the public, who is the constant guest in great houses, whose "people" do not know that her illegible writing veils a want of orthography! They do not call her "bouncing" now, but "buxom," and if she does fuss a little in very fine silks and satins, she has a warm and kindly heart, ever ready to respond to the needs of others.

Yet it was Elspeth who once deeply wounded Isobel.

Elspeth wanted her to give up "her place," saying "it was not nice that Isobel should be a servant." Elspeth could easily maintain her. She could earn as much in a night as Isobel could in a year. Isobel should be free to go where she pleased. Elspeth could not ask her to live with her, for Isobel would be like a fish out of water in the scrambling, prodigal *ménage* which suited the younger sister. But perhaps she would like to go to Kate. Kate would certainly like it, if Isobel would "share expenses," and Elspeth laughed.

Isobel fired up. Did her sisters imagine she had no life of her own, as real and as precious to her as their "careers" could be to them? Did they think she had only served for money, and had received no wages except those which she had surrendered so readily to them? Was she to have no loyalty to the employers who had enabled her to do as she had done? Ah—and her voice softened—had Elspeth been able to set her free in time for her to tend and cheer her parents' last days, then it would have been different! Then she would have felt herself consecrated by the family to discharge its filial duty. But father and mother were both in their graves now, and even the old schoolhouse was pulled down, and a new one built in its stead. She must live out her own life. She added proudly that she trusted Elspeth was not ashamed of her, but if she was, it could not be helped.

"I'd be a mean snob to be so," cried impulsive Elsie. "But what will other people think? They will say I have no right to let this go on."

Isobel smiled serenely, saying—

"I have often wondered why successful people seem to be the only success out of families of paupers. I see now that their vanity and their deference to the opinions of the world tempt them to turn all their relations into 'poor relations.' We two will be wiser, Elsie. As a servant, I am as wealthy in my place as you are in yours. You may repay me every penny I ever advanced for you, child, and I promise you I'll come to you before ever I'll go to the workhouse! And we will be always friends, Elsie; but we must each live out her own life."

Sometimes, as Isobel sits in her pretty nursery, where her ageing master and mistress often come for a "rest," she thinks of some words which her mother uttered a long time ago. For at times it seems to Isobel that Kate's letters breathe a little dissatisfaction with the dry, mental atmosphere in which she lives; while as for Elspeth, she makes no secret that she is often heartily sick of the extravagance and dissipation attending her way of life, and is also very impatient of the indolence and indifference of the foreign husband whom she has chosen for herself.

And Isobel remembers how her mother had said—

"I should not wonder if you prove the best off of them all."

[THE END.]

NEW MUSIC.

PATEY AND WILLIS.

The Keepsake. Words by Adelaide Procter. Music by Frederic H. Cowen.—A charming and touching melody, set to poetic and pathetic words.

The Bread-Winner. Written and composed by Cotsford Dick.—Both somewhat sorrowful, but words and music in good taste.

Happy Eyes. Written by Mary Mark Lemon. Music by Jules de Sivrai.

The Child and the Shadow. Words by T. Malcolm Watson. Music by Alice Borton. Call for favourable notice at our hands.

My Lass and I. Written by A. C. Jewett. Composed by Michael Watson.—Is highly commendable.

We have also received from the same publishers some pianoforte music that is well worthy the attention of our young friends.

Will o' the Wisp. A characteristic piece by Herbert F. Sharpe.

Espoir. Mélodie variée. By Tito Mattei.

Gavotte in F. By Gluck. Transcribed by Jules de Sivrai.

WEEKES AND CO.

Merry Spring. By Crosby Smith.—A pretty, unpretentious piece, adapted to little fingers.

Evening Memories. Nocturne.—Is worthy of recommendation.

STANLEY LUCAS, WEBER AND CO.

The Tryst. Written by W. Davies. Composed by Mary Carmichael.—A charmingly conceived song, replete with tender sentiment, and much above the ordinary type.

M. A. K. MORLEY AND CO.

Only a Story. Words by G. C. Bingham. Music by W. Hamilton Evans.—A pretty little song for mezzo soprano.

Also, by the same publishers, two pianoforte pieces—*Danse Gracieuse.* By George Manton King. *Fairy Frolic.* By W. Hamilton Evans.—Very suitable and pleasing pieces for our rising pianistes.

ORSBORN AND TUCKWOOD.

Hearts are Trumps. Words by H. L. D'Arcy Jaxone. Music by Ciro Pinsuti.—A pleasing song, and one which will find favour with many vocalists.

Harp and Crown. With violin and violoncello obbligato (*ad lib.*). Words by H. L. D'Arcy Jaxone. Music by Berthold Tours.—A song by this esteemed composer is always acceptable; the care and finish with which he endows his work cannot fail to be interesting to all.

The Drummer and His Lass. Words by H. L. D'Arcy Jaxone. Music by Vernon Rew.

Sweethearts Still. Words by Kate Taylor. Music by Arthur Greenish.

At the Spinet. Words by Mary Mark Lemon. Music by Suchet Champion.

These three songs may be recommended as pleasingly melodious and free from difficulty.

The Silent March. A transcription of the celebrated song. By Michael Watson.—A very taking and interesting composition.

Danse des Courtiers. Gavotte Majestique. By Theo. Bonheur.

Bewitching. Gavotte. By E. Boggetti.

Two short pieces; may be recommended as an agreeable illustration of the old dance rhythm which has become so popular.

FORSYTH BROTHERS.

The Reaper and the Flowers. Words by Longfellow. Music by S. Corbett, Mus. Doc., Cantab.—A tender and sentimental song, full of melody and expression.

THE QUEEN-BEE.

IN an instructive and interesting little book entitled "The Honey-Bee: its Nature, Homes, and Products," by W. H. Harris, B.A., B.Sc., just issued by the Religious Tract Society, we find the following information as to the life of the queen-bee, which we think will interest many of our readers:—

"All her wants in the way of nourishment are supplied by her subjects. She mates once in her life, when she is a few days old, with a single drone, and on the wing. That is the only occasion of her leaving the hive, except when she leads forth a swarm. Her grand function is to lay eggs, and every part of her structure and every power she has is more or less related to this all-important duty. She is, as we have implied, freed from every other office. The hatching, the tending, the rearing, the instruction of her progeny, are entirely taken out of her hands, and it is doubtful whether she has any affection for her children. She is constantly attended by a retinue of ten or twelve 'maids of honour,' who all keep their heads turned towards her, clear the way for her, prevent all crowding round her, and supply her with the most nutritious food, previously half-digested by themselves. They caress her with their antennæ, and seem to find a real joy in mere proximity to their monarch. Should she, by more rapid movements than usual, outstrip her retiring attendants, the bees with whom she thus unexpectedly comes in contact appear excited and alarmed, and move hastily from her path. So long as she remains sound and well in the hive, all the varied works go on peacefully and incessantly. Should she die or be removed, immediate consternation is manifested. Her subjects rush about in excitement and distress. They buzz around the neighbourhood of the hive, but all active and productive work ceases. They know that unless the disastrous loss can be repaired, their community must perish for lack of new progeny, and when despair seizes them, they seem to act upon the motto, 'Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die.'"

GIRL'S OWN HOME.

SUBSCRIPTION LIST.

A. B. B., 2s. 6d.; Collected by Miss Eva Clerke, £1 5s. 6d.; Louisa Ada, 2s.; Collected by Miss M. Hurwood, 10s. 2d.; Sissy A. L., £3; the proceeds of a sale of work, done at fortnightly sewing meetings, by Mrs. Scrivener, the Misses Scrivener, and friends, £8 14s. Total amount received to the end of August, 1884, £897 3s. 3d.

NEW STYLE OF HAIRDRESSING.

DRESS: IN SEASON AND IN REASON.

By A LADY DRESSMAKER.

ONE of the best departments in the "Healtheries" is that devoted to the display of waterproof cloaks for ladies' use, which show an amount of improvement—especially in a hygienic way—which entitles them to be admitted to the Exhibition, and in some measure lifts from them the reproach of being unsanitary and very dangerous garments for use. The best of them are ventilated, so that the heated air can pass away and the fresh air find admittance; thus obviating the danger of profuse perspiration, which made the old garments so inimical to health. The shapes have been modernised also, and they look fashionable and are stylishly-cut garments. The pretty "shot" appearance and the addition of colour have improved them greatly, and we may now wear them and not feel dowdy or untidy, and as if we wore them to cover what was worse.

All kinds of questions are being agitated at the lectures at this Exhibition. In the *Lancet* we find mention made of one by Mr. Noble Smith on "Postures in School," which touches a vital point in our school management. He dealt with the errors of attitude and exercise which prevail in the recognised training of girls, and which have been found to interfere most seriously with their physical development.

After adverting to the slowness of ossification in the long bones and vertebræ, in condemnation of the practice of forced walking or sitting up, so commonly adopted with infants of both sexes, he said that freedom, not restraint, of posture must rule the carriage of growing girls, especially at school. With boys, as they are designed for active life, the liberty of their joints and muscles is allowed them; while for girls, on the contrary, ancient pre-physiological decorum has provided many

AT THE SEA.

NEW STYLE.

needless restrictions. In class hours they must sit erect, with unsupported backs, and afterwards they must endure the monotony of piano practice in the same constrained position. The play-hour is passed in sedentary quiet or regimental marching. Mr. Noble asks that a change shall be made in this arrangement. That suitable backs should be put to all school-seats; that desks should be so contrived as to height and slope that they may be leant upon, and become a means of relieving spinal tension without producing a chest-contracting stoop; that the light should fall from left to right; and, more particularly, that the period of piano practice should be strictly regulated.

The "reformed layette" is also to be found in the "Healtheries." This is an endeavour to facilitate the process of dressing infants, which is such a torture to nurse, mother, and child.

All the long clothes are made to fasten in front, and the shape adopted throughout is the plain princess, without folds or gathers; and very charmingly pretty they look. It seems now allowed that the flannel binder, which required two or three rollings over of the infant, and then to be sewed up, is an old wives' folly, and the place of these swathes

NEW STYLE.

ON THE MOORS.

is taken by a belt of ribbed-knitted wool, which is slipped over the legs, and drawn over the body. All the clothes are first placed one on the other in their proper order together, so that the baby can be laid upon them and they can be fastened in rotation. Linen shirts are quite discarded, and flannel used instead. Some of the clothes have the sleeves arranged to button on the shoulder, thus to avoid bending back the arms, and the painful drag of getting them into the sleeves. A set of this reformed clothing has been invented by a well-known London surgeon, who is connected with one of the first of our children's hospitals. The patterns of this underclothing, cut in the princess shape, can be found at most of the American pattern shops, and I have given a notice of it, as many of our girls are both young wives and mothers, and they must be considered in our monthly chat on dress, into which I am glad to put all mention of clothing on sensible and sanitary principles.

The "housemaid skirt," with its straight folds, lack of gores, and three or four tucks at the edge, seems to be quite as much worn as anything else by all the young girls. It never should be adopted by anyone above twenty, as the plain severity of its outlines is too trying for them. One of the new departures is to have an outside pocket of velvet sewn on to the skirt itself, an old-fashioned idea of long ago. The velvet "Tam o' Shanter" hat is generally worn with this style of costume, and forms a very becoming head-covering for a young girl.

At Cowes, where the yachting season is now in full swing, blue serge forms the nearly universal dress. It is generally made with a kilted skirt, a jacket bodice, and a white waistcoat. With this a round white yachting cap is worn, with a peak of the kind usually worn by gentlemen when yachting. Judging from the illustrations in the weekly illustrated papers, these caps are quite universally adopted. Braid in two colours is used to decorate the blue serge dresses; red and gold and black and white are the favourite mixtures, and the patterns seem to be mostly of the floral order. Assisted by those wonderful transferring designs which can be ironed-off so easily, any of our girls can prepare a pretty braided walking dress for the winter for themselves.

All the newest dresses and jackets are made with very high collars, and the sleeves are put in very high on the shoulders. Black and white striped materials are again much adopted; and the two favourite colours seem to be red and blue, in conjunction. This is particularly the case in woollen materials just now; and blue dotted with red, and red dotted with blue is seen everywhere. A very feeble looking blue, with tiny white dots, is called a "masher blue;" because it was affected by those weak boys for their waistcoats. The very high collars which I have mentioned, straight and rounded off in front, are worn without either collars or cuffs, and have frequently a double piping of white—which supplies their place. A very small amount of white lace is worn as a frill, and it is put on with very little fulness. The colours worn—cream, ivory, twine colour, or white—should be chosen to suit the complexion of the wearer. Cream, with a yellow shade, needs a good complexion, and snow-white may be worn by fair girls, or very clear-skinned people; while an ivory-white is, I think, suitable to all. In Paris, folds of some white material—silk, crape lissé, muslin, both plain and spotted with colour—are used; and a yard cut up will make several yards of double folds, if cut on the bias, and the raw edges bound with a little cheap ribbon.

I must now give some mention of the novelties of the autumn season in the way of fur garments. Fur capes bid fair to be worn as much as ever this winter, the principal change being that they are now made with a wide and rolled-over coat-collar, and very generally they have the raised shoulders that appeared for the first time last winter when the season was nearly over. They have also rather gained than lost in size, and when they have a fringe of tails added all round them they come below the waist. Many of these capes have the arms defined, and some fur dolmans have long points in front and are short at the back and edged with sealskin ball-fringe. Sealskin paletôts are tight-fitting, and long in the skirt. Some short sealskin jackets for young ladies have appeared, made much on the model of the small jackets, edged with marabout feathers, that our girls have been wearing for the last year.

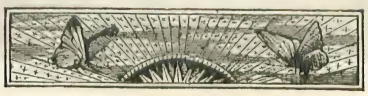
Muffs seem plain and simple round shapes of fur so far, but they may grow more ornamental by-and-by. Fur-lined cloaks are too useful to be lightly relinquished, so they appear again in full force, and fur-lined paletôts are made of a pretty and elegant shape, with sleeves, and are covered generally on the outside with either French or Indian cashmere.

It is rather difficult to give such illustrations as will show the dress worn at the present moment, as there is really but little change in it; and winter costumes will differ in material, but not in shape. The Zouave-like jacket is illustrated, so that our girls can copy it; and it will be found a useful as well as pretty garment for the autumn. The "Scene at the Sea" gives all the latest styles worn this autumn in addition. The skirt of the figure who wears the "Zouave-jacket" is made with a long puff and a flower, and the figure at her side shows the new method of making serge dresses, with red ribbon bows down the side of the dress.

In the partridge shooting scene are two new travelling cloaks, which have also been produced in waterproofs; and a serge dress, with a "Leonardo hat" of the same material. The "deerstalker hat," as it is called, is copied from one worn lately by the Princess of Wales when going to meet the Prince and their sons with the luncheon baskets.

The three heads are intended to give a clear idea of the present style of hair-dressing. The first has the hair dressed low down on the nape of the neck, and the plaits very closely laid together, and plaited very lightly. The centre head shows the whole hair crêpé, and gathered in a simple manner to the crown, the hair on the nape of the neck being curled in the new manner. This style is admirably suited to girls with hair naturally curling. The last figure has the hair arranged in such a manner that the encircling plaits cover the whole head, save a small curled portion of hair in front. The hair is lightly plaited, and is not arranged very closely on the head; the lines of plaits not quite touching each other. This is to avoid the extreme heat that would be generated by covering the head with so thoroughly non-conducting a material as the human hair, yet, of course, allowing the natural hair to be used as far as possible. This way of dressing the hair may be seen in many of Rubens' pictures, and was worn by his wife, Helena Forman. So it is quite historic, as well as very elegant.

Accordion pleats for dresses bid fair to keep their place during this winter, even though we have all, apparently, taken to plain, or what we are pleased to name, "housemaid skirts."



OUR FRATERNAL SOCIETY.

We live in an out-of-the-way part of England, too far from any large town to attend lectures, or even belong to a lending library. We have not long left school, my brother Charlie and I. Tom and Margaret, the elder ones, have been home a long time, and are quite staid and elderly in their ways, and are very clever; they are all clever but me. I always was the dunce of the family, but I like writing, so they have made me secretary of our society, with instructions to make these notes of our proceedings.

I ought to explain who we all are. Father has something to do with some mines, and there are several young men learning under him, who live up and down the neighbourhood. The only two who have joined our society are Mr. Jowitt and Mr. Danby. I do not like Mr. Danby; he always laughs when I make mistakes, and evidently thinks I am a child, whereas I am nearly seventeen. Then there is the clergyman's daughter, Millie Travers, and another girl friend of ours. And Margaret is engaged to be married to a young doctor in the town (there is a town two miles off, though not a very large on); and he, Dr. Wingate, and his sister Ruth, of course, come here very often; in fact, they suggested the society. But I have not yet explained what it is.

We have formed ourselves into a sort of mutual improvement society, because, as we are out of reach of lectures and classes, we get into the way of never studying anything, and Margaret says she is forgetting all she ever learnt. We called it "The Fraternal," because some of our forefathers had a society of that name, and we thought it was a pity to exert ourselves to invent a new name when there was one ready made.

We have made a regular set of rules about our meetings, which are to be held at our house every Wednesday.

The first Wednesday in the month we have some scientific subject; sometimes chemistry, with experiments; or geology, or botany, or anything else scientific, with specimens or illustrations of the subjects selected. The

second week we have literature. Sometimes we take a period, and read extracts from all the best writers of that time, or else we take the life of one author and read some of his works. The third evening we take music, and have the lives of musicians, or the styles of music in different lands, or at different periods, with so many illustrations that it generally resolves itself into a regular musical evening. The fourth meeting is devoted to the study of common things. Dr. Wingate suggested that. I believe he really thought of it for the benefit of us younger ones, who have not much opportunity of distinguishing ourselves on the other evenings; but when I accused him of it he only laughed, and said his reason was that people try to be so learned about out-of-the way things, while very often they are perfectly ignorant about things that come in their way constantly.

Every Wednesday the members are to take it in turns to write papers, two for each week, or else to give a kind of lecture on the subject selected, and anybody who fails to do so has to pay a fine of sixpence. The papers are only to occupy a quarter of an hour each, and afterwards the meeting is invited to discuss the subject, and, what is much worse, criticise the paper or lecture. But it is not so alarming as it sounds, for there are only ten members, and we are all great friends.

Well, as I said before, they have made me secretary, and requested me to take notes of all the proceedings, and keep them till the end of the year, so that we can look over what we have done, and see if we have really gained any information, or done ourselves any good by the society.

We had our first meeting a month ago. As the subject was to be something botanical, Dr. Wingate read a very interesting paper on fungi, and brought a beautiful collection of specimens. It was fortunate that it was written, for I could not possibly have taken notes, there was so much in it. The next week we had the poets of the present reign. The third Wednesday we took the history of English stringed instruments.

But the evenings for "common things" are the ones which most particularly concern me, as my turn always comes then to provide a paper. Our subject last night, the first of these evenings, was "The Contents of a Cruet."

I selected mustard, because, having been to the Health Exhibition, I had seen it made. The principal facts I collected about it were that, instead of being quite a modern thing, as I imagined, it was used as a medicine long before the time of Christ; the oil extracted from it being rubbed on as a cure for rheumatic affections, and, mixed with some other things, as a remedy for the stings of serpents; but it was also used as a condiment in Eastern countries at a very early date. It was in use in England, too, even by the Saxons, but not in its present form; first, it was mixed with honey and vinegar, and, after people ceased to use those additions, the seed was only roughly pounced in a mortar, and passed through a sieve to remove the outer skin. It was only in the reign of George I. that some one thought of the present method of carefully grinding the seed, and separating it from the husk in the same way as is done with wheat.

There are several varieties of the mustard plant, but the two used in England are the black and the white mustard. The former is a tall annual, with bright yellow flowers, followed by seed-pods half an inch long, containing reddish-brown seeds. The mustard mentioned in the Bible is generally supposed to be this species, as it grows in Palestine to a height of about fifteen feet.

The seed-pod of the white mustard is much larger than that of the black, and the seeds themselves are large and of a bright yellow colour. They are the seed leaves of this variety which are used in the salading commonly known as "mustard and cress," or "small cress."

In the modern system of mustard-making these two varieties are mixed together; the black contributing a volatile oil containing sulphur and nitrogen, which supplies the pungent flavour, while the white add the necessary acrid taste. This pungent oil is not developed till the mustard is moistened; when dry it is comparatively flavourless, but the addition of cold or luke-warm water sets up a kind of fermentation, which brings out the pungency.

My paper was not received with the enthusiasm I felt it deserved, as it was rather short, but it was fortunate that it was so, for Charlie had a huge pile of papers before him, and was anxiously waiting for me to finish to begin his subject—salt.

Before he began, however, Millie Travers said she had not had time to write a paper the previous week, when it was her turn, so she had collected a few short facts about pepper. She says that black and white pepper are both prepared from the same source, the berries of a climbing shrub which grows about ten feet high, and is cultivated chiefly in the East and West Indies. These berries grow in long clusters, like bunches of tiny grapes, and are green at first, but when ripe become a bright red. As soon as they have assumed this colour the peppercorns are gathered and dried in the sun till they shrivel up and turn black, and are sold in the shops, in that form, as black or white pepper. The white pepper is produced by leaving the peppercorns for a few days to dry in a shady place, instead of in the bright sun, and then soaking them, and rubbing off the outer fleshy part of the berries in the hands. The inner white seed is then carefully dried and ground.

Cayenne pepper is a different thing altogether, and is not, strictly speaking, pepper at all. It is procured by drying and grinding to powder the seed-pods of a shrub, the capsicum, which, like the real pepper, is chiefly grown in the East and West Indies.

When Millie had done, Charlie began by informing us of the different methods of procuring salt.

In some countries, particularly those in Southern Europe, where they have a very hot sun, salt is still obtained by the method employed centuries ago. They fill large open pits—salt-pans, as they are called—with sea-water, which is allowed to remain there till the water is evaporated by the heat of the sun, leaving a sediment of salt behind. This is scraped out, and stacked in pyramids by the side of the "pans," till it is thoroughly dry, when it is carted away for use.

In England it is procured either from brine springs or from salt mines, of which there are about twenty-five in England, the most important at Northwich and Droitwich.

That obtained from the brine pits is run into large reservoirs, about eighty feet long and two feet deep, and evaporated like the sea-water mentioned above, but instead of being left to the action of the sun, large fires are lighted underneath, the heat from which causes the water to evaporate so quickly that the salt can be raked out two or three times a day. It is taken out with large shovels, and put into moulds and carried into a large oven to dry; after which it is turned out in the large square blocks in which we see the coarse kinds of salt sold. The varying fineness of the salt we get depends upon the length of time the evaporation has taken. The pyramid-shaped crystals of salt float on the top of the brine at first, then sink to the bottom; and if the heat is small, and, consequently, the evaporation takes a long time, these crystals adhere together and form cubes, whereas, if the temperature is kept at boiling point (as is done for fine table salt), the water evaporates so quickly that the crystals are removed from the pan before they have time to increase in size.

The rock salt is procured by the usual methods of sinking mines, and blasting out the large masses of salt. The greatest difficulty met with is that when a shaft into the mine is sunk through salt, if the greatest care is not taken, fresh water gets in and dissolves the surrounding salt, to which the casing of the shaft is fixed, and the whole thing collapses. In order to prevent this, a roof is made over the opening of the shaft, to keep out the rain, but no amount of care prevents an occasional accident. Inside the mine the roof is supported by pillars of different sizes, but generally about six to ten yards square, and about twenty-five yards apart. Comparatively little of this rock salt is used in England; the large proportion of it is exported to the Continent.

Rock salt is found in strata, chiefly in the new red sandstone and Bunter sandstone, and is supposed to have been originally produced by the slow evaporation of salt lakes and inland seas.

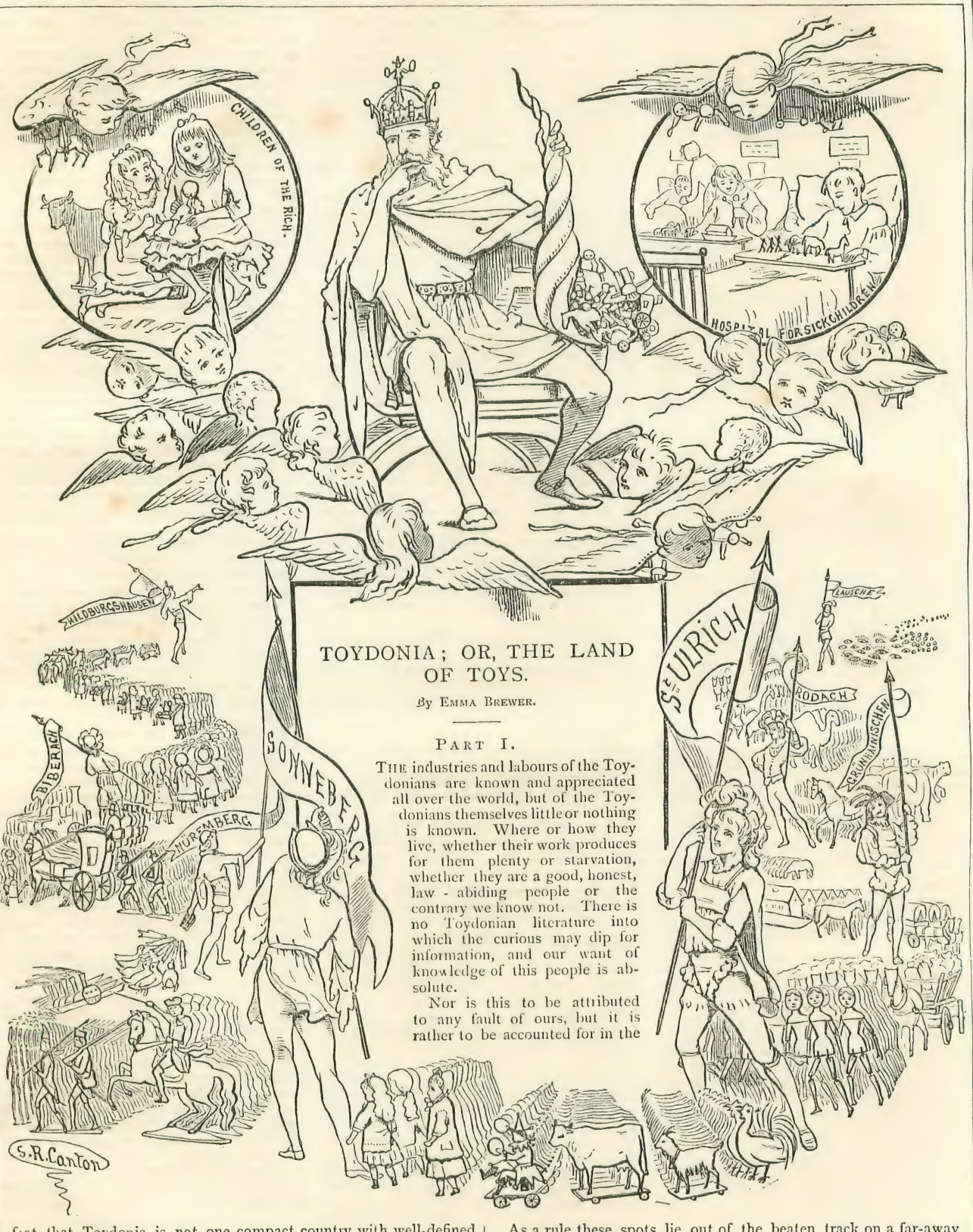
Salt is the only British mineral used as food. There is no part of the world in which it is not used; and it is one of the few things which men and animals alike agree in eating. Nearly all the higher animals have a natural craving for it, and in a wild state will travel long distances in search of the patches of salt earth which are found in most countries; while animals kept in confinement are always found to thrive better if provided with a lump of rock salt to lick.

This was all Charlie's information; but Dr. Wingate added the fact that salt is a very valuable aid to digestion, and it is so important a part of the whole human structure, that it is found in every fluid and every solid part of the body. He told us some dreadful stories, too, about criminals in some foreign country—Holland, I believe—being sometimes put to death, in olden days, by being kept in close confinement, and deprived of any salt with their scanty food, which very soon caused their death.

Margaret always has something out of the Bible appropriate to every subject, so we quite expected her to quote something now; and she did not dissappoint us. She said that it was interesting, as a proof of the use of salt from the earliest times, to see that it is mentioned in the book of Job, which is generally supposed to be the oldest book in the Bible. In the 6th chapter Job says: "Can that which is unsavoury be eaten without salt?" which shows that he was in the habit of eating it. She said also that salt, such as we use now, does not lose its taste, but that to which our Lord alluded, as losing its savour, was probably the kind in common use then, obtained by the evaporation of sea water, which does become almost useless when impure and exposed to the air. There are a great many other allusions to salt in the Bible, but these are the only two of any special importance.

Mr. Danby, who has a hobby for derivations, said he wished to call the attention of the company to the fact that our word salary is derived from the fact that the Roman soldiers were partly paid in salt; hence their pay was spoken of as their "salarium," and from this we derive our modern salary. He also requested us to notice the fact that the names of all the chief salt-producing towns end in "wich," such as Northwich, Droitwich, Nantwich, Shirleywich, and many others.

(*To be concluded.*)



TOYDONIA; OR, THE LAND OF TOYS.

By Emma Brewer.

Part I.

The industries and labours of the Toydonians are known and appreciated all over the world, but of the Toydonians themselves little or nothing is known. Where or how they live, whether their work produces for them plenty or starvation, whether they are a good, honest, law-abiding people or the contrary we know not. There is no Toydonian literature into which the curious may dip for information, and our want of knowledge of this people is absolute.

Nor is this to be attributed to any fault of ours, but it is rather to be accounted for in the fact that Toydonia is not one compact country with well-defined borders, governed by a single king and subject to the same laws, but is made up of many districts, towns, and villages, each perfectly distinct from the other in characteristics and occupations, and scattered broadcast through European States.

As a rule these spots lie out of the beaten track on a far-away mountain, deep in a forest, or nestling in some valley hid from view of travellers, so that those who desire to learn something of the good friends of their childhood must go far and wide at the cost of inconvenience and discomfort, besides the expenditure

of time and money. There is little, however, to encourage such a course, for, even supposing the destination reached, the traveller is no nearer attaining his object than when he began his journey. The Toydonians are very home abiding, and get contracted views of life outside themselves. They look upon all strangers with jealous eyes, believing them to be in their vicinity with the object of stealing their trade secrets. It will be quite impossible to learn anything of them or of their occupations except you go armed with credentials, and these alone are not sufficient—you must live in their midst, you must touch their hearts either by showing a real sympathy with their work or by the kindly notice of their little ones, who are always to be found in the workrooms.

My daughter and I started for Sonneberg last January, taking with us letters of introduction from one whose name is a passport to most of these districts, and whose influence and high character among the Toydonians procured us great consideration, and cleared away many of the difficulties which would otherwise have beset us.

"Toy is derived from *toyen*, to dress with many ornaments; a thing of no value; a plaything."

Doll is a contraction of *Dorothy*, and applied to a wooden image, clothed in the dress of a male or female; used by children as a plaything."—*Very old Dictionary.*

I do not think that many in our day will be found to endorse the definition given by the very old dictionary to the word toy. On the contrary, we should say it was an article of great value, whether looked at with regard to its power of educating and amusing, or as an article of commerce.

And as to our agreeing with the definition of doll, we cannot hear of it. A doll is a thing of beauty and grace, a companion, a sympathising friend, a gentle patient teacher. The love lavished upon a doll brings out the tenderness and affection of a woman-child, and the care bestowed upon dolly's dress teaches many a lesson of neatness, cleanliness, and good taste, which prove of value in after life. A home or a child without a doll should have no existence if our women children are to grow up helpful, tender, and companionable. I feel quite sure that the definition of doll in the old dictionary was given by a man; no woman could have written such a thing. A wooden image, indeed!

We remained a month in Toydonia, seeing and hearing much that was new and interesting, and yet not sufficient to get a right understanding of all things. I should like to have stayed longer, but I caught what my friends are pleased to call "doll fever," by going in and out of the intensely hot workrooms, and was compelled to return home, with the feeling that the object of my journey was but half-attained, for, in addition to rest and novelty, I greatly desired to collect material of such a character and in such a form as would enable me to interest you, now that you are grown up, in the makers and making of the toys which had been the delight of your childhood.

This I tried to do on my return, but after hours of thinking and writing my paper showed only columns of figures; for example, how many legs and arms of dolls were sufficient to feed a family, how many trees were necessary for so many Noah's arks, how long the forests would hold out at the present rate of stripping them, how much bread could be bought for so many glass eyes, and so on. This I knew would never do; so two months ago we started again, taking with us a nephew and niece whose ready pencils would at least give you something pleasant to look on in connection with Toydonia.

We are now home, having just avoided quarantine, and I find myself in this difficulty, viz., that I have collected so large a quantity of matter and have seen so many people, places, and things, that I am puzzled how to unravel the threads and weave them into a pattern such as would please and interest you. A thought at this moment suggests itself—that perhaps you will let me take each place as we visited it and let it tell its own tale; this will make it easier for me, and prevent my undertaking the almost impossible task of classifying the various works of Toydonia.

Sonneberg Toys.

If the particulars of the toy industry together with its statistics could be skilfully gathered up, I believe the picture they would present of its power and influence in the commercial world would greatly astonish us.

As it is, however, the little centres of the toy industry are so many and wide apart, ranging from the Black Forest to the Giant Mountains, that it is only by visiting each, and seeing for oneself the hundreds of branches which have grown out of the original industry, that one can get a glimpse of the sum total of wealth and influence created by toys.

So difficult is it to obtain correct information about Toydonia, that Herr Fleischmann in his clever pamphlet declares it to be a *terra incognita* to the Imperial Government, notwithstanding the enormous statistical apparatus it employs, and in spite of the millions of money imported into the empire by Toydonia from foreign countries.

You can imagine somewhat of the giant proportions of work done in Toydonia, and the variety of its manufactures, when I tell you that the number of pattern books sent out annually by individual firms amounts to 16,000.

If any of you have been in Leipsic at the Easter Fair, you will have seen something of the power exercised by toys.

Merchants from every corner of Toydonia congregate there, most of them with the purpose of exhibiting their samples and obtaining orders, while others go to see and be seen, for not to be at the Leipsic Fair is to lose position in Toydonia.

During this fair every hotel is filled, and double prices demanded; the markets and streets are blocked with wares from every part of the world; private houses are let out from top to bottom; placards posted up by hundreds over the town. And then have you seen the Toydonians go to dinner? As midday strikes dinner is served not only in hotels, but in hired rooms, and even in cellars, which last are not at all to be despised. All Leipsic is on the move, and with a single purpose. Should business detain a man five minutes behind the hour, he will find neither place nor food, so great is the rush to the tables.

The Leipsic Fair is one of the sights of the world, and not less is it a wonder of the world, seeing that the attraction which draws men of every country to this one spot, year by year, and has done so for hundreds of years, is neither more nor less than dolls and toys.

The district of Sonneberg, or the Meiningen Highlands, covers an area of about six square miles, in the south-east part of the Thuringian Forest. On this area of hill and valley dwell 43,000 people, who must gain a livelihood by other means than agriculture, for the climate is raw and the land stony, and it is difficult even to grow potatoes. There are neither farms nor farming in the district; its life is to be found in its industries.

These industries took root here, probably, in consequence of the abundance of raw material yielded by the forests and the earth. The fir and the beech, which were to be found on every height, were gladly made use of by a people who knew how to use the knife and the hatchet, and by them carved and formed into wooden utensils for domestic use. This is exactly what they did, and in this way laid the foundation of the toy industry, which now sends out its thousands of articles into all countries, among all nations, into the palaces of the rich and the huts of the poor, to rejoice the eye and gladden and educate the heart.

A second industry was started by the use of the treasures under the earth—particularly slate, which was found everywhere in this region—and a third, viz., glass, received an impulse from the superabundance of wood and kaoline sand.

In this way the three industries started into life—how long ago I cannot say, but certainly some hundreds of years; for we know that in the 13th century the Nürnberg merchants on their way to the northern capitals, Hamburg, Lubeck, and Leipsic, used to call here to purchase wooden toys, chip boxes, slate pencils, and whetstones, and that they did not always pay for these in cash, but more frequently by other produce in exchange.

These articles of early days are no longer the specialities of Sonneberg, which has become famous for dolls, comical toys, skin animals, masks, &c.

The words "Sonneberg toys" did not always carry about with them the magic charm they now possess, for there was a time when Nürnberg held absolute sway in Toydonia, and Sonneberg was glad to exist under her wing.

Rather more than two centuries ago (at the close of the Thirty Years' War) the Sonneberg merchants emancipated themselves from the control of Nürnberg and attended the great fairs on their own account; at the same time they were careful to call the toys they exhibited Nürnberg toys, that being the highest recommendation they could possess.

From this time Sonneberg merchants grew in power and favour, and their toys were sought for eagerly in the markets. They gave evidence of skilled labour hitherto unknown, their colours were brighter and more durable than those of other toys, and, by the introduction of simple but clever mechanism, many of the toys were rendered extremely comical.

Thus the time came when these toys could be exhibited under their own proper name and title, even as Sonneberg toys—toys which in this our day stand second to none in Toydonia for variety, attractiveness, and cheapness, and which you may see for yourselves in almost every toyshop in the world.

Trade gradually became more independent, and, as a result, wholesale houses sprang up in proportion to the growth of the manufacturing classes. There are at this present time sixty wholesale houses in the Sonneberg District, and the toys sent out annually realise on an average 16,000,000 marks (£800,000).

Up to a century and a half ago, the Sonnebergers used in the making of certain toys, called in the market "paste toys," a dough composed of flour and glue-water. Unfortunately, mice had a particular liking for this dough, and many a beautiful toy was spoiled by their nibbling. Another disadvantage, too, was that in conveying these paste toys across the sea they became so spoiled by damp and mildew as to be unfit for sale on arriving at their destination. Great and serious was the loss thus occasioned to the Sonneberg toymakers, who were already harassed by the ever-increasing price of wood. The future looked gloomy indeed with the materials for work failing and no substance found to take their place, when all at once the aspect was changed by the return to his native town of a toymaker named Frederick Müller.

This man brought with him a substance which was not only free of the faults of the paste in use, but possessed many advantages of peculiar value to the Sonneberg toymakers,

such as cheapness, durability, and ease of manipulation. It was a mixture of refuse paper, fine chalk, dark meal, and glue-water, and was called "papier mâché."

There is a doubt about Müller being the discoverer, as it is known that monks in France, previous to its introduction into Sonneberg, used it in the making of figures of the saints for the churches. It is probable that in the course of his travels he had seen it thus used, and saw at once its value for the toy industry. The success of its introduction was greater than he could have dreamed. New life and activity pervaded the town, and the establishment of doll factories in its midst began a new era for the toy trade.

It is in the town* of Sonneberg we gain our first experience of Toyland. It is about fifteen miles from Coburg; it took us about three-quarters of an hour to go from one to the other by train. A hundred years ago the post passed between the two places only twice a week; now the postman brings our letters twice a day—an improvement brought about almost entirely by the silent yet powerful influence of dolls. It is a picturesque town, nestling in a valley on the outskirts of Thuringia, surrounded by thickly-wooded hills and watered by the little river Röthen.

In any other place and at any other time we should have been very enthusiastic upon the beauty of the little town, for it is really worthy of notice, but we were wholly taken up by what we saw in the streets and on the doors of the houses as we passed from the station to our hotel. Dolls, nothing but dolls met our eyes. Never, even in our childhood, were dolls such a reality to us. If we look up to the names and occupations of the people as painted over their doors, we notice that with but few exceptions they have to do with dolls and toys; for example, "Toy Factory," "Doll Factory," "Factory for Dressed Dolls," "Mechanical Toy Factory," "Bellows Toys Factory," "Factory for Crying Dolls," "For Skin Animals," "For Masks," and so on, by dozens. Added to all this we saw here and there baskets of dolls' heads, legs, arms, and bodies being carried to the factory. We saw dolls everywhere except in a child's arms. It is said that dolls came in when fairies went out: I trust they did not go out in so many pieces as the dolls come in.

At length we drive up to the hotel which is to be our home for a time while we make acquaintance with the Toydonians and their work as exhibited in Sonneberg.

We think ourselves fortunate in having selected this place for our first visit in Toyland, not only because of the great variety of toys made here, but that the industry is carried on under every form of factory, wholesale and export, house industry, and retail. The two last are by far the most interesting, and well repay observation. The method of working and the habits of the people remain unchanged. As you see them now, so they were centuries ago. There is, I find, a certain self-regulated organisation among them, by means of which just dealing and good feeling are maintained between themselves and the wholesale and export dealers.

The house industry limits itself generally to the working power of the family, who are, as a rule, clever and rapid in their work, having been brought up to it from childhood. It sometimes happens that outside help is engaged in the shape of girl assistants or apprentices who are boarded and lodged, and treated as members of the family. Each householder is in his way a master or independent manufacturer without the disadvantage of having to send his goods to the foreign markets on credit. When his work is finisbed he sells it direct to the local wholesale and export firms for ready money.

To start a toy "house industry" does not require a larger outlay than is required for the management of a simple handicraft, and there is always the possibility of the small maker being able to rise to the rank of a well-off manufacturer simply by the means of intelligence and industry. If he is able to produce a novelty in his line of work, it will now and then give him quite a lift; whereas, if he rests on the old method of producing for the lower classes alone, he will scarcely earn bread for himself and family.

The retail is simply an extension of the house industry. A number of people are employed in particular rooms under the supervision of the manufacturer, and paid for their work piecewise or by the dozen. The work in this case is brought to great perfection, especially if the director be a clever and educated man. These workpeople have also the advantage of receiving ready money for their work.

You will perceive that the retail and house-industry artisan, being free and independent, works cheaper and quicker than the irresponsible factory hand. As these men are struggling for existence, for the maintenance of their independence, and for the bettering of their position, greater results are expected and obtained from them than from the irresponsible worker. Many of these families, from the oldest to the youngest, work from sunrise to midnight when work presses, and they do it with glad hearts.

It is this class who are striving for the establishment in their town of a high art school, in which the young people possessing a special talent may have it developed by the best teaching the country can supply. They know the necessity of keeping their position in the world's markets, and that this cannot be done by standing still—it must be upward and onward, or give place to others more enterprising.

Of course the first thing we did was to deliver our letter of introduction to the head of one of the large wholesale firms. As soon as he learned our object in coming to Sonneberg he spent a whole day in going about with us and introducing us first to one place of business and then another, each being a specimen of some particular part of toy-making. After this one day of real help we find it easy to go about among the people, seeing them at work, and asking them questions—for all know our purpose and put themselves to great trouble in order that we may be interested and instructed in the occupations of Toydonia.

Nearly the whole of the 8,000 inhabitants, men, women, and children, are in some way engaged in toymaking; and although it is in this manner they earn their living, and that oftimes but scanty, I do believe from what I see that they have as much pleasure in the toys as the children for whom they are destined. It is amusing to watch the young children hurrying home from school to obtain an empty chair at the worktable and see and imitate their elders. This is quite voluntarily done, and evidently affords them delight. In this way they are quite unconsciously learning the work from beginning to end, and enabling themselves to be of assistance to their parents at an early age.

The life of the workers in the toy house industry seems to me by no means unpleasant. Masters and helpers work into each other's hands; they chat and sing at the worktable without delaying the progress of the work or calling forth rebuke, for a cheerfull spirit is declared by the masters to be a great help in the workroom.

The toy house industry more than any other requires the system of divided labour. Each part of a toy must be produced by a different maker, and except for the lathes used in turning the wooden legs and arms, there is no machinery used in the making of dolls and toys; neither are they made of expensive material—wood, refuse paper, chalk, coarse dark meal, and glue being nearly all that is required for their production. If with such humble materials they look exquisite, dainty, and attractive when complete, it is entirely owing to the ability, trouble, and intellect which have been expended on them.

The toymaker must exercise all his ingenuity to produce toys that will suit and content the different nations of the world for whom he works; and this is not easy, for the cry at the Leipsic Fair is ever for something new, something attractive, some toy which will appeal to the passions of the people and represent national events. You will scarcely credit it, perhaps, that in time of war the sale of toy-soldiers and military subjects is increased by hundreds of thousands. The toymakers are often at their wit's end to provide for the ever-increasing demand for something new. Toys must also be made at such a price that the very poor may be able to buy them for their children, and, above all things, they must be worth the money which the poor man spares out of his small earnings.

(To be continued.)

*Not to be confounded with the District of Sonneberg, which contains one or two little towns, Sonneberg being one, and a few villages.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

One of the many Lovers of the "G. O. P."—We are sorry we cannot give you the answer you desire, as we think you must "first learn to show piety at home;" and, as to your "always being discontented and making others so," we regret that any of our girls should show so evil and uncontrolled a temper. You do not live to please yourself, but to serve God and make others happy about you. How could you instruct or govern others when you have not learnt the elements of self-government? Begin at once, and think of everyone before yourself, master all the duties of your station, and remember that in everything you "serve Christ."

Forget-me-not.—You and your mother and sister would probably enjoy a visit to Paris very much. You would find plenty of addresses of French families desiring boarders in the English newspapers.

Officer's Daughter.—You are too young by four years to go into a hospital for training, but you might attend ambulance classes, and prepare yourself by careful study of a small book which we have before recommended, "Sick Nursing at Home" (1s. 3d., Upcott Gill, 170, Strand, London, W.C.). The study of this little work mainly contributed to the success of a friend of ours in passing her examination of the above-named society.

Silverdale must write direct to the secretary of the Civil Service Commissioners, at their office in Cannon-row, S.W., for their forms, which supply all information respecting their schools, fees, examinations, and prescribed ages of competitors, together with the salaries and holidays of the telegraph clerks. A stamped envelope large enough to hold the printed papers, and directed, should be sent in with the application. It is contrary to our regulations to write private answers to our correspondents.

Patience.—Read our article on "Nursing as a Profession," page 454, vol. i. (Part for July, 1880). Go and see the matron of any hospital in your own town; or, if you wish to come up to one in town and have a friend who could take you in, you might inquire at any of the hospitals named in our article.

Annie J.—St. Mary's Hospital, Paddington, W., would probably suit you. Write and ask for the needful papers, addressing the secretary.

ART.

Dicky Bird.—You will find gelatine, such as is employed for making jelly, the best gum to use for fastening photographs; but starch is the best thing to use.

A Lover of Animals.—You had better learn painting in oil or water colours.

M. E. J.—The artist draws his picture on the block of wood, and it is then cut by the wood engraver and prepared for printing.

Tom's Darling.—The colours for lustra painting are bought at an artists' colourman's. We cannot give addresses. Pour out some of the powder-colour upon a china plate; add to it the lustra medium; mix together with a palette knife until a thick liquid is

obtained; then brush this over the design with a fine hogshair brush. Much mixing of colours and shading had better not be attempted. Broad tones will best produce the desired effect.

A British Oak.—There is no difference between ivorine painting and the usual water-colour painting, excepting that the greasiness of the ivorine has to be removed, first of all, by laying on several washes of white-of-egg, and Chinese white and water-colour size must be used with every colour. Primrose roots had better be divided in September.

Sophie.—Apply to the bronze a thin paste made with equal parts of plumbago, peroxide of iron, and clay. Mix these together with water, and heat the bronze. When cold, brush in every direction for a long time with a stiff brush, which must be frequently rubbed upon a block of yellow wax, and then upon a mixture of plumbago and peroxide of iron.

COOKERY.

Rolly Polley.—One very good way of preserving eggs is to brush the shells over with a thickish solution of gum arabic, and when dry to pack them in dry charcoal dust. You may clean a sponge by leaving it to soak in cold butter-milk for a few hours, and washing it afterwards in cold water. Were you in a town instead of the country, you might procure some sponge-powder from any chemist for that purpose.

H. L.—1. We have just given a second recipe for making ice cream. 2. A hole is made in the ground, and the long poles supporting the telegraph wires are put into them, and men mount up on ladders and put up the wires. We do not think your question need have been written.

A. E. Wright.—You should ask for the recipe you require at the house where you saw the cake. We do not know it, or, at least, by the name given. We congratulate you on obtaining a certificate for our late competition, and thank you for kindly saying that our paper improves as it continues.

F. Comingsby.—We are much obliged for your recipes.

Field Marguerite may make all kinds of milk puddings without sugar or eggs; indeed, any kind of pudding can be made without the former if preferred.

Boulcott had better obtain instructions from a confectioner, as such things do not come under the domain of ordinary cookery.

WORK.

Dorell.—The embroidery sent us is well executed, but the cotton used is too thick. It is quite good enough for a dress trimming. We have not given any initial letters, as they can be so cheaply purchased in the transfer patterns. Your writing is too long and sloping.

A Hopeful One had better try at good baby-linen shops, as they will be sure to take superior work.

Redcap.—Undervests can be bought at a lower price than 4s. 6d. Ten yards would make a dress without much trimmings and puffings. A plain short one might be made for six, and the "toque" made out of the odd pieces left.

Annie.—See page 314, vol. i. Your writing is clear and well formed.

Leonie.—Buy one of the shilling knitting books at some fancy-work shop.

Adina.—Draw out several threads of the material one way of the stuff, and then work a buttonhole-stitch round four of the strands across the material, so as to draw them tightly together; secure this stitch with another taken in the body of the stuff, and then make one more, taking up in it the same number of strands. Work on the wrong side of the material, and hold the work so as that the buttonholes should run downwards. The day you inquire about was a Saturday.

Joyce.—Recipes for knitting counterpanes may be found in one of the shilling manuals. Our space precludes our giving such long work recipes. Those published in books are copyrights.

E. C.—No pattern is required for making a dog's coat. Lay a piece of paper on his back, cut it in a curve round the neck to make it fit, and a similar one at the other end to fit the sides. Let the coat be sufficiently long and wide to cover the body, and attach strings to the four corners.

Nita.—For recipes in reference to the cleaning of every description of material, see "The Fairy of the Family." Pronounce the name "Gœthe" as you would the same letters in the French word "Mœurs." The pronunciation of foreign languages should be orally demonstrated, as some of the sounds have no counterpart in our own, and we cannot exemplify them by means of those produced by our alphabet.

Little Blue-Stocking.—We are much obliged to you for your kind offer of new patterns for knitting and crochet work. If not already given in our paper, we will insert them; but you had better enclose a small specimen.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Sarah H.—You will find what you ask in a little work called "The Queen and Her Relations," being a genealogical table showing the descent of Her Majesty and the existing family relations of the Queen, published by H. G. Davies, 73, Ludgate Hill, price sixpence.

Bijou.—You may produce the appearance of ground glass by washing the window-panes with a solution of Epsom salts, or by the use of a piece of soft putty. Why do you make every "t" like an "s"?

A Very Anxious Mother needs recreation as well as rest, quite as much as her little schoolboy son. The strain on the mind, caused by household business and anxieties, should be relaxed for some time every day, and the thoughts turned into a different channel as agreeable and as restful as possible. The child should be allowed to amuse himself in his own way, if it be only "whittling a stick" or riding round the garden upon it. Six hours of lessons at school are amply sufficient for each day. Do not lay any further tax on his brain nor his endurance.

Pat.—We must refer you to page 271, vol. iii., for an answer as to the meaning of "Noblesse oblige."

Gwen.—The quotation, correctly given, is from *Othello*, act iii. scene 3—

> "Who steals my purse, steals trash; 'tis something, nothing;
> 'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands;
> But he that filches from me my good name,
> Robs me of that which not enriches him,
> And makes me poor indeed."

A. S. M.—You appear to be in a sickly, unwholesome state of mind, produced by a similar condition of body. Pray daily to God to deliver you from evil thoughts, occupy yourself in useful manual work, and read interesting books of travels, history, or such-like. Go to bed early, and either work in your garden or give yourself wholesome exercise with a skipping-rope, or battledore and shuttlecock, and indulge no more in such silly morbid fancies. If you continue to do so you will soon be fit for a lunatic asylum.

Tante Josephine.—If you want a child of two years old to be a companion of your own, and wish for a ward of Chancery, your best plan is to advertise in the *Times*. You say you have "plenty of means," and thus would not require more on the part of the child than would be necessary for its own expenses. This would make it the easier to meet with what you want.

Fernhurst.—We are much obliged for the information you kindly give us of the meaning of the Turkish word *eleme*, as applied to figs, *i.e.*, literally, "to my hand," an idiomatic way of saying "sorted out," as the best. Also that figs so designated come from Aïden, on the banks of the Meander, seventy miles to the south-east of Smyrna. If so, the statement made by Edwards, in his "Dictionary of Words, Facts, and Phrases" (Chatto and Windus, Piccadilly), page 190, is incorrect.

Ursula.—The simplest and best remedy for neuralgia is sometimes a change to an entirely different air, and the use of cod-liver oil. You do not mention where you live at present, so we cannot advise you. You appear to mistake the character of Job. His book was probably written before Abraham's birth, and may be read between the 11th and 12th chapters of Genesis. His religion was one of sacrifices, without any priests or sacred place. He was one of God's witnesses in the earliest ages of the world. There could be no question of what we should call "conversion" with Job; we think the term misapplied. When studying the Bible you will find much help in "The Bible Handbook," by Dr. Angus (published by the Religious Tract Society, 56, Paternoster-row, E.C.), where there is an excellent account of Job.

Clara Isabella Buttercase is advised to look in her dictionary for "opertimity," "reguler," "imatation," "indevour," "necessery," "weasted," "elisiting," "severel," "asumed," and "extremly." As we judge from her letter that she is very young, and we fear she is associating with vulgar people, we can only hope that her mother or governess will prevent her sending letters which stamp her as unladylike.

Alice E. G.—Ivy may be preserved for a long time by dipping it in melted wax when fresh.

Upwards and Onwards.—We imagine that the trembling of your hand in writing is the result of hard work. We are very glad to hear that our paper "has proved a great blessing to you," and thank you for your good wishes. The verses you have sent do credit to your Christian feelings and desire to make use of any "talent" lent to us by our Heavenly Master in His service, zealously and faithfully; but as a composition, the lines are not correct, and we regret we cannot publish them.

Lalla Rookh.—All the monthly numbers are to be had. If you read the Answers to Correspondents, you cannot fail to see how very often this question has been answered, and that the Editor has nothing to do with the publishing and sale departments. For the last time, we tell our correspondents to write for all books and magazines published at our office to Mr. Tarn. You have made no mistakes in spelling, but should write "will not" instead of "won't."

Cecilia.—Certainly we should not throw any papers sent in for a new competition into the waste-paper basket merely because the writer had failed on a previous occasion. That would be very unfair. You could not teach yourself to sing without a few lessons at the commencement from a well-qualified master, because part of the teaching must be oral, as in the teachihg of foreign languages. They may be learnt so as to understand them through books; but the pronunciation would prove a failure in the case of most languages, as, for instance, in French.

Girl's Own Home.—1. By our own laws, all persons are enjoined to bury their dead in woollen, and the persons directing the burial otherwise to be fined a sum of £5 (29 Charles II., 1678). This law has never been repealed, and thus our shrouds are made of flannel. 2. What is called "St. Martin's summer" begins about October 23rd, and lasts for thirty days, a period of the year when there is usually a return of fine warm weather. St. Martin was Bishop of Tours and Confessor, A.D. 397, was exemplary for his piety, converted the whole of his diocese to Christianity, and overthrew the ancient pagan temples, erecting churches in their stead. As he is commemorated at this period of the year (November 11th), the genial season was called after him. In British America it is designated the "Indian summer."

Margaret Denzie.—You do not give such a description of the birds as to enable us to identify them. The yellow hammer, or bunting, makes two notes; the first is repeated six times rapidly, and then the fourth above it once only. As we have no means of knowing what birds you mean, we cannot tell you the colour of their eggs. We thank you for your kind letter.

L. W.—1. The reason why London Bridge is said to have been "built on wool-packs," is that Henry II. put a tax on wool to assist "Pious Peter," chaplain of St. Mary Colechurch, to build a stone bridge to replace the original one made of wood, and destroyed by fire. 2. Your other query has been many times answered. Refer to our indexes.

Fish out of Water inquires for a south-coast watering-place, with a sandy beach, "to suit an asthmatic parent." Hastings is considered favourable to sufferers from that complaint, and the Island of Sark (Channel Islands) above all others. The former has a sandy beach, but is not "very quiet;" the latter is "very quiet," but we do not think it has a sandy beach. Lyme Regis is a nice place (Dorsetshire); sands firm, provisions reasonable, and a quiet locality. But lodgings not being in great abundance, it would be well to secure them early.

Scotch Mother.—You might perhaps obtain admission for your child either in the Alexandra Hospital for children with hip disease, 18, Queen-square, London, W.C., or, what would be still better, in their branch hospital at Bournemouth, on the sea coast. Write to the lady superintendent or secretary.

Gipsy and Inquisitive.—Go to bed early, be a good deal in the garden, or take a country walk, if in a safe, respectable neighbourhood and you have a suitable companion (never alone), and try to forget yourself in the constant endeavour to be helpful and attentive to others.

Ellen B.—The old verse to which you refer runs thus—

> "If the oak opens before the ash,
> 'Twill be warm and dry, with good wheat to thrash;
> But if ash-leaves open before the oak,
> There'll be cold, and of wet too great a soak;
> If the oak and the ash open nearly together,
> Look out for a summer of changeable weather."

Urania.—1. People can be married in any parish church, whether abbey or cathedral. 2. Read our article on "How to Play the Violin," in the monthly number for April, 1880, page 232.

Veritas.—Much necessarily depends on the age and family circumstances of the lady. If under age, her would-be lover should make known his serious intentions to her mother or guardian. This he naturally would not do, unless, after personal acquaintance with the young lady, he has satisfied himself that his society is at least agreeable to her. But if she be of more advanced years, he may make his proposal direct to her, and ask for a "conditional consent" before conferring with her family, leaving her time for more mature thought.

Nursie.—We were greatly pleased to hear that our paper first led you to see that in the performance of your daily duties to others you were serving God. There is no reason why you should feel shy in writing to us. We advise you to ask your mistress at what time she could spare you for your holiday, and try so to arrange that your place may be supplied as well as it can be during the week of your absence.

Hilda Cameron.—Seeing a bone-setter would be of no use in such a case. You have probably broken some of the small tendons, and if so, your wrists and forearms should be in splints until quite recovered.

Marguerite.—We can only imagine that you had not washed the seaweed free from the salt of the sea-water. You should then wait till it have dried, and apply the dye afterwards.

TO OUR READERS.

Those of our Readers who intend binding their monthly parts are informed that they may obtain the special end-papers to be used at the beginning and end of the volume for fourpence the set of four. These end papers contain portraits of our chief writers, composers, and artists, and make a fitting decoration to the new "Girl's Own Annual."

OUR NEW PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

A NOVEL COMPETITION.

In how few words can the whole of the alphabet be included?

This is a trial of thought, of patience, and ingenuity, and we ask all our girls to try their best to compete for the prizes.

The words used must form a clear, readable, and generally sensible sentence or sentences, and every letter in the alphabet must be employed at least once, and as many more times as the competitor requires.

The point in the competition will be, of course, to get the whole of the alphabet into the shortest possible sentence or the fewest possible sentences, and no one word must contain more than seven letters.

A copy of the new volume of "The Girl's Own Annual" will be presented by the Editor to every girl whose work shall consist of the fewest words, and shall in other ways be in accordance with these rules.

A copy of "A Crown of Flowers," being poems and pictures collected from the pages of The Girl's Own Paper, will be given to each girl who shall be found next to the most successful competitor in having used only one word more in her compilation.

In this competition girls of every age will be treated as equal, and will be examined upon one standard.

The sentence or sentences will be written upon a sheet of ordinary white note-paper, legibly, if not elegantly, and must be certified by a parent, minister, or teacher of mature years, as the girl's own unaided work. The words of the certificate to be written out and signed by the certifier are as follow:—

"I certify that the above compilation was made entirely by, and is in the handwriting of (here give name and address of worker, age not needed), and that she has not shown it to any person other than yours faithfully,

(Signature) ."

The envelope enclosing the work to be addressed:—

The Editor of
The Girl's Own Paper,
56, Paternoster Row,
London, E.C.

and marked, "*Private.—Alphabet Competition,*" in the left-hand top corner.

The last day for receiving the above is Saturday, January 3rd, 1885, being the anniversary of the publication of the first number of The Girl's Own Paper, but for the convenience of competitors the Editor is willing to receive the work on any date prior to January 3.

For the benefit only of those readers living in Australia and other far-away countries, the date for sending in will be extended to March 25th, 1885.

KNITTING COMPETITION FOR 1884.

The knitting competitions for the present season will consist of two articles, so that our girls who desire to compete may make a choice and select the article they prefer to work, and which will do most credit to their skill. The first is mufflers suitable for men's use, sufficiently long to go twice round the neck. We leave our girls the widest liberty as to stitch, wool, and colour, only stipulating that these be suitable to the purpose. It is hardly needful to remark that eis wool and other extremely fine and fancy wools are not suitable. All ends of wool must be properly knitted in, and the work well finished off.

The second article will consist of mittens or muffatees for the wrists, which may be made with thumbs, if preferred, and for which ribbed knitting is most suitable.

In the competition, evenness of stitch, suitability of wool, and good taste in the choice of colour, with careful and neat finish, will be taken into account. The ends of the mufflers may be finished with knotted fringe, but a crochet lace should on no account be used. Knitted patterns suitable will be found at page 54, vol. ii., and on page 596, vol. iii.; but any other suitable patterns may be used if preferred.

There will be three prizes of five guineas, three guineas, and one guinea awarded to the most successful competitor, and other deserving workers will receive certificates of the first, second, and third class.

Each article must be sent in by Lady Day, March 25, and be certified as the unaided work of the sender by a parent, minister, or teacher.

After examination, the cuffs and mufflers will be distributed among the old men and women of the London workhouses.

SNOWDRIFTS,

"Under the snowdrifts the flowers are sleeping."

the EXTRA CHRISTMAS PART, will be Ready NOVEMBER 24

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

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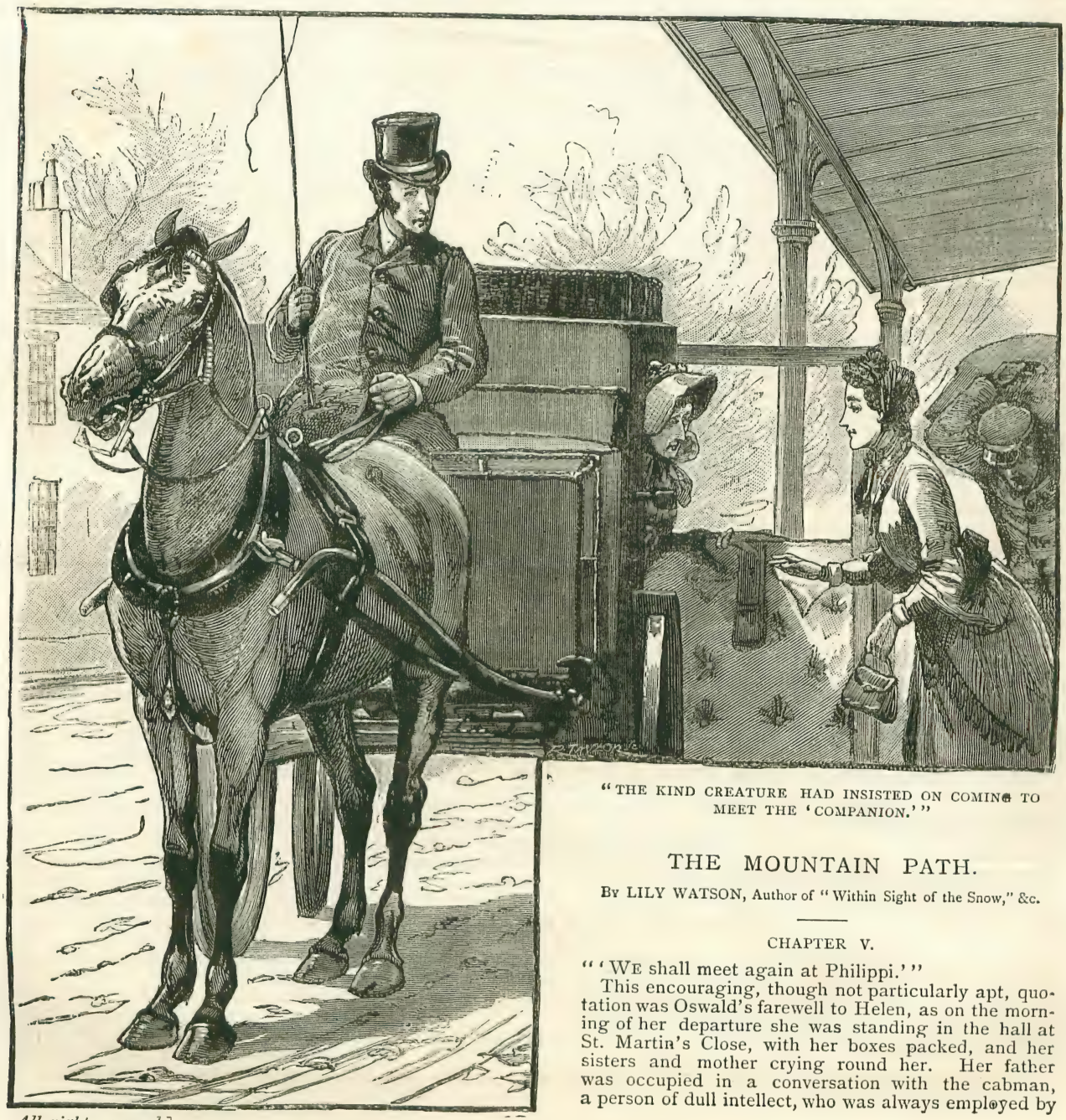

"THE KIND CREATURE HAD INSISTED ON COMING TO MEET THE 'COMPANION.'"

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THE MOUNTAIN PATH.

By LILY WATSON, Author of "Within Sight of the Snow," &c.

CHAPTER V.

"'WE shall meet again at Philippi.'"

This encouraging, though not particularly apt, quotation was Oswald's farewell to Helen, as on the morning of her departure she was standing in the hall at St. Martin's Close, with her boxes packed, and her sisters and mother crying round her. Her father was occupied in a conversation with the cabman, a person of dull intellect, who was always employed by

the family, but whose horse was the slowest ever known or heard of. He had been engaged betimes in order that there might be no danger of losing the train.

"Yes, Oswald, you will bring me news of them all. Have you any messages for Mrs. Thorne before I go?"

"No; I don't think I have any," undutifully replied Oswald. "Only my love, and that's no novelty."

"Don't let us think that I am going to the other side of the globe!" pleaded Helen, with wet eyes but smiling lips. "I shall soon be home again, with plenty of amusing stories of Yorkshire life; and I will write often. Good-bye, mother darling. Maggie, take care of her."

They were off now, Helen and her father, in the jolting cab; Mr. Brooke gazing out of the window with a sad, preoccupied expression, while Helen tried to think of something cheerful to say, and could not master her voice.

She was able to bid him farewell brightly, though, when, an hour and a half afterwards, her train moved out of the great Midland terminus, and she waved her hand as long as she could see him on the platform. Then she sank back into a corner of the carriage and began fairly to realise that she had left home. She was a girl of a brave, bright spirit; but she could not help feeling very desolate. The little excitement of preparation was over, the farewells had really been given, and her thoughts went sadly out into the untried world before her, wondering if she should ever find hearts half as tender and as good as those she had left at home. Every little instance of friction—and though Helen was a sweet girl, her character was too decided for these not to occur sometimes—came up before her mind, and she wished with all her heart she had never shown irritation at her mother's trifling despondencies, or laughed at her sister Maggie's matter-of-fact ways. Even Oswald came in for a share of her compunction, and she wondered (quite unnecessarily) if she had ever hurt his feelings by her clearly-shown opinion that he ought to work more steadily.

By-and-by, as she sped through the fair summer landscape, this softened mood was cheered by a touch of hope. She was a girl of deep religious feeling, though she could not "wear her heart upon her sleeve," and she trusted in the unseen Companionship that had never failed her yet. She resolved bravely to try and use the power that she felt was within her, to do good in the place whither she was going.

"And I will show that I have some strength in me," she meditated, "not to be overcome by almost the first trouble that I have known. Besides, is it a trouble at all? Let me call it a visit; other girls go long visits from home, and enjoy them. I am going on such a visit, and, in addition, I am going to be paid for it! I ought to consider myself extremely lucky."

Then her mind strayed to words from her favourite play, *King Richard II.*, when Gaunt strives to cheer his son upon his banishment.

"All places that the eye of heaven visits
Are to a wise man ports and happy havens.
Teach thy necessity to reason thus:
There is no virtue like necessity.

* * * * *

For gnarling sorrow hath less power to bite
The man that mocks at it and sets it light."

After a swift four hours' journey, clouds of smoke that overcast the horizon, and showed their blighting work upon the fields and trees which otherwise would have been lovely, warned Helen that she was nearing the great manufacturing town where she would have to change for Heatherbridge. She was perfectly able to manage for herself, and not alarmed at the sight of luggage and a porter, so she accomplished the transit easily, and was soon comfortably established in the local train.

"What a wonderful change from the blackness and desolation of the suburbs of the town!" she thought, as she passed between smiling fields, woods, and waters, while swelling hills shut in the prospect. The country where she had come to dwell was evidently beautiful and fertile. The station of Heatherbridge seemed to her to be placed in the most delightful spot she had yet seen on her journey, for a river, bordered by trees and rocky knolls, ran through the valley, the wooded hillside was dotted here and there with large houses nestling among foliage, and on the other side of the railway, green pastures stretched in level array to the foot of the gentle ridge that bounded the vale.

"Be you Miss Brooke?" a porter inquired, without the deference that marks the subordinate Southerner.

"I am."

"Then they've sent the carriage for yer. I'll take up yer boxes if yer go up them steps."

Helen went "up them steps," wondering with amusement at this free and easy way of denominating the Hill Crest ladies, and discovered the brougham outside the station, with the driver sitting immovable on the box, and the bonnet of Aunt Maria nodding at the window. The kind creature had insisted on coming to meet the "companion" herself, while Adela, though she was devoured with curiosity to see her, had indignantly refused to share in the expedition.

"Right!" shouted the porter, heaving the boxes up in front, and apparently equally regardless of the presence of the ladies inside, and unexpectant of the sixpence that Helen had ready in her glove. In fact, he was off before she could call him to receive it.

Aunt Maria had taken her by the hand.

"I wanted to meet you, my dear, to be sure you shouldn't feel lonesome. I hope you left them all well at home?"

How much can be done by a little simple kindness! Helen's prospects seemed ten times brighter after this homely speech, and she could have kissed her companion in gratitude.

"You'll not be offended, my dear, if I say I like your face," observed Miss Gascoigne, when a few minutes had passed in conversation, regarding her narrowly. "They did say you was nice-looking, but that ain't everything. Now I mayn't be very clever, but I feel sure you'll be a comfort to Adela and me."

"I will try, indeed," said Helen, with great earnestness.

"And I'm very glad you've come," said Aunt Maria, waxing confidential. "It will be a real blessing to me. You see, I'm old and Adela's young, and she ain't satisfied with an old woman's ways. It's natural enough, but *one don't like* to be called at my time of life, and she's always calling me."

The vision evoked before Helen's mind was that of Adela continually shouting for her Aunt, for she did not know that the word "call," in Yorkshire vernacular, is synonymous with "blame." She remained silent in some mystification, and Miss Gascoigne went on, as the carriage slowly toiled up the hilly road—

"I can't please her nohow. If I make a call with her, I always take leave too soon or too late. She don't like my bonnets or my dresses, though I always have the very best that money can buy."

Helen thought this was probably true, as the silk of Miss Gascoigne's dress was of a peculiarly boardy texture, and would certainly have stood alone.

"But, for my poor brother's sake, I won't leave the lass yet awhile," the good lady went on. "He married a poor sort of a fine lady; though she was but a governess, she was a more feckless wife than if she had been a countess. Ah, the men are all alike! caught with a pretty face. Well, she's dead, poor thing, and Adela favours her, not him. It does seem a pity that the poor man shouldn't be featured by either of his children."

Helen was inwardly much astonished at these confidences thus early in Miss Gascoigne's acquaintance with her, and did not understand that the poor lady's pent-up grievances had been waiting for some such relief, afforded now by the sight of her fine, sympathetic, womanly face. She only knew that it was utterly different from anything she had expected, for she had been steeling herself against a haughty coolness of demeanour from the members of the household.

Aunt Maria prattled on, and Helen was divided between interest in her talk and delight at the lovely rolling country that was displayed below them through the window on their left hand. Range above range of moorland hills stretched away in the calm evening light, and the river wandered among woods in the intervening plain. On either side of the road large handsome houses, in spacious grounds, were passed from time to time. Soon they entered a road

bordered by plain stone cottages, and travelled on till they saw a low square house with a verandah running round it, on a hill, surrounded by a small park.

"That's Hill Crest," observed Aunt Maria, with pride. "My poor brother paid a sight of money for it, but he died before it was done building, poor man."

They passed the lodge and drove through the park into the flower garden. It was a charming place, not in the least grand or pretentious, but the perfection of a country home. Helen was delighted at the large cool hall into which she was ushered, with its wide stone staircase, and the upper rooms opening from a gallery above.

The drawing-room presented to her a rather bewildering vista of a velvet pile carpet, blue satin damask, a huge conservatory, a great deal of gilding, and a faint sweet odour of flowers everywhere. In the midst of this splendour, a tiny figure, with short golden hair and a delicate face tinted like a blush rose, advanced languidly in a black lace dress which ruffled up against the whiteness of her neck, and invested her fairy form with a graceful airiness. Aunt Maria was so very different from this elegant vision that, in spite of her declaration that Adela "favoured" the mother's side of the family, Helen was astonished

"Oh, how pretty, how *pretty* you are!" she was thinking, while she took Adela's hand and listened to her somewhat affected condolences about the heat of the journey. Then she was allowed to escape to her own room, a small but pleasant apartment, and unpack and rest in peace until a gong summoned her downstairs.

She found the two ladies in a room with a large bay window commanding a wide prospect over hill and dale. Helen could not help an expression of delight at the extensive character of the view. It seemed to her that she would be able to count at least twenty villages, nestling in tiny remoteness on those great rolling slopes.

The table was spread with a substantial Yorkshire tea.

"I told Adela I knew you'd like this best," explained Miss Gascoigne; "she wanted to have dinner. I said no, after a journey there's nothing like a good substantial tea, and, as I'm housekeeper, I got my own way."

Helen expressed her thanks, while Adela looked disdainful.

"You don't see such teas as this in London, I'll be bound," pursued Miss Gascoigne.

"Not quite like this, but people are beginning to find out what a comfortable meal it is. After tennis parties they often have 'high tea.'"

"There, now," exclaimed Miss Gascoigne, "Adela said you'd think we didn't know what was what if we had tea at seven, and now you see it's quite a London custom."

"I saw your brother the other afternoon," said Helen, hastily turning the conversation from what threatened to be a dangerous topic. "He called on us in St. Martin's Close."

"Was he as absurd as ever?" questioned Adela.

Helen felt rather surprised at the bad taste of this inquiry, but evaded it, "We thought him very pleasant. He is a great friend of Mr. Oswald Thorne's, who lives with us."

"Ah, the son of the Thornes of The Woodlands here, of course," exclaimed Adela, rousing into interest. "When is he coming home?"

"Very soon, when his examination is over."

"Examination! What rubbish! Why on earth should a rich young man want to be a doctor?"

"I don't think he is going to be one. He says he will not practise, even if he gets qualified."

"Sensible fellow. I think it is a horrid profession, don't you?"

"No, I cannot say that I do; on the contrary, I think it is one of the noblest."

Adela stared in surprise at the young lady who had so decided an opinion of her own. "Oh, I am surprised to hear you say so! I can't imagine any gentleman choosing it. To my mind it is simply revolting."

"It is fortunate for sick people that gentlemen are not all of your opinion," Helen could not help saying.

"Oh, it is a question of money with most of them. With Mr. Thorne, of course, it isn't, and I am very glad he has sense to throw it aside. Is he very handsome? He is a cousin of yours, isn't he?"

"Yes, a sort of cousin," said Helen, ignoring the first part of the question. "We have been intimate all our lives. He used to come and see us when he was a boy at school in London, and then he has lived with us the last four years."

Helen felt obliged to give this explanation, and Adela was watching her closely with narrowed eyes as she spoke.

"There are not very many young men here, but numbers of girls, of course. That is always the way. And, by-the-bye, Aunt Maria, who do you think called here while you were out? That stupid girl and her mother."

"What, Mrs. Paget and Amy?"

"Yes. I never saw such a dull creature. She sat with her chin poked out, never uttering a syllable, and looking like an idiot. I wish I hadn't asked her to my tennis party for the 25th. Oh, you must invite Mr. Thorne, by-the-bye, to come with his mother. He'll be home by that day, won't he, Miss Brooke?"

"I think so."

"Then Aunt Maria shall send a note to-morrow," declared Adela, with animation, and the ladies left the tea-table for the drawing-room.

Adela now proceeded to put Helen through an examination as to her life generally, her family connections, her acquaintance with Aubrey, and was especially minute in asking particulars about Oswald. Then she suggested that an evening stroll round the grounds would be pleasant, and Helen assented, nothing loth.

"You can't come, you'll catch cold," Aunt Maria was authoritatively told, and the girls strolled out together. They were a picturesque couple: the tall, grave girl with her deep eyes and thoughtful face, the small, dainty, fairy-like creature at her side.

"You can see a little why I want a companion," said Adela. "It's *too* awful to be shut up with my aunt."

"She's very kind-hearted, I should think."

"Oh, kind-hearted! but that's nothing to the purpose. She irritates my nerves twenty times a day. It is terrible to have anybody like that about one, so unrefined; especially to anyone constituted as I am."

Helen foresaw she should have to express some of her views to this young lady before very long, but she felt it was better to keep silence at present.

"I can't think what my father meant by having her live here. However, that's done. Till I marry—and it's no affectation to say that of course I shall, some time or other—she must be here; and, of course, she's useful in a way, poking about after the servants, and all that. So you see why I wanted you. And I also wanted to keep up my French and German, for I have been a good deal abroad, and I forget half I learn; so it seemed a good thing to combine the two. I hear you are very clever at languages, and I've no doubt we shall agree very well."

Had Helen any doubt on the subject? Perhaps she had. She went to bed with more contentment on the whole than she would have deemed possible on a first night from home; but, oddly enough, her dreams were all of an old legend she had read in a book of Norse fairy tales, about the maidens of Elfland, who were lovely to look upon face to face, but whose backs were hollow, and who had no hearts.

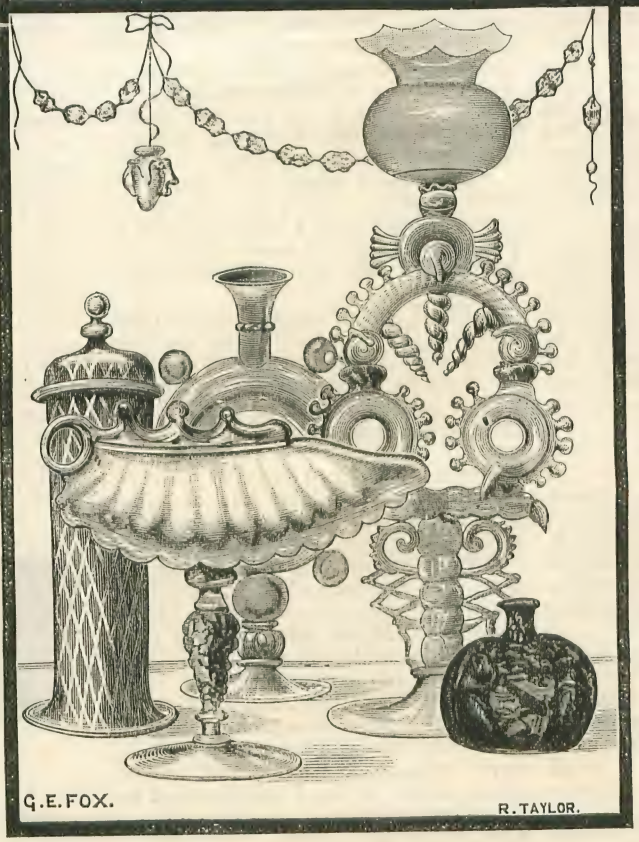
(To be continued.)

USEFUL HINTS.

FURNITURE POLISH.—Take of Castille soap, white wax, and beeswax, 1 oz. of each, shave these into half a pint of turpentine in jar or bottle, stand this in cool oven for some hours, and, when dissolved, add half a pint of cold soft water; shake well before using. All furniture should be washed with vinegar and water (about half a pint of vinegar to a quart of water), polished well with soft linen, then apply this polish, which will be found fully to repay all trouble. For removing dust from the ornamental work of furniture nothing is better than a goose wing, which is light and yet strong. I may add, to those girls who love to see their surroundings in perfect order, they will fully acknowledge that, although the recipe is so simple, it is well worthy of a place in the storeroom.

INSTRUCTIONS FOR WASHING FLANNEL SHIRTS.—Wash the garment in a moderately warm soap lather, then rinse thoroughly in clean water (warm), and *dry quickly*. *Avoid* boiling the flannel or rubbing soap on it. *Do not* let it lie in a damp condition.

VENETIAN GLASS



LET us take our stand, after a long climb of over three hundred feet, in the belfry of the Bell Tower of St. Mark's, which rises in the middle of Venice, near the famous church of that name. We shall be well rewarded for the trouble of the ascent by the wonderful view over sea and land which meets the eye. Almost beneath us, below, on the broad waters by the Ducal Palace, all is bustle and movement. The big vessels are anchored there, gondolas ply from point to point, and heavy market boats lie moored in groups, like water fowl on a lake. Let us now turn northwards. The salt lagoon stretches far away to the mainland, and the vision is less assisted by nearer objects than in our other outlook. The broad waters extend for miles, glittering beneath the intense light of an Italian sky, to the purple hills of the mainland; and here and there from their surface rise islands, small compared with the open extent of sea, and resembling ships at anchor on the bosom of the waters, the bell towers of the churches upon them showing as their masts. Each island is a little settlement, and the one nearest to us is Murano. That little island of Murano holds a town famous for its glass works all over Europe. At first these glass works were established in the parent city, in Venice itself, but, perhaps owing to the disastrous fires they caused, on account of their furnaces, it is believed that the manufacture was, as early as the close of the 13th century, transferred to the safer spot (Murano), where it has ever since been practised.

In process of time the beautiful products of these famous furnaces were carried far and wide by the adventurous Venetian mariners. The earliest notice we have of them in England, where they are now so well known, is of the time of our Richard II. In 1399, two Venetian galleys anchored in the port of London, probably close to London Bridge. They had run the gauntlet of the pirate rovers of Tunis and Algiers and the storms of the ever-restless Biscayan seas, with their frail cargo, and their captains had now permission from the English king to sell their wares on the decks of their galleys in the port. There were then no big establishments in London town for their display, but no doubt Andrea Jane and Jacopo Dandolo, the merchant adventurers, found many and good customers in the nobles of Richard's court, and doubtless many a gilded cup or glittering goblet of strange form was reserved for the King himself.

At a later date a list of household articles belonging to Henry VIII. shows that prince in possession of over four hundred vessels of glass of all kinds, the greater number of which were pretty certainly from the furnaces of Murano, and figured, no doubt, in the gorgeous banquets of that splendour-loving and luxurious monarch.

Quaint and odd as were many of the forms of the Murano goblets—some shaped like fishes, others like galleys and gondolas, others again like lions—they were, it appears from the account of an old French writer, intended for occasional use at least, and at great festivals would be handed round to the guests, as the "loving cup" still is at the Lord Mayor's banquet. In the time of our Charles I. and Charles II. these wonderful productions would figure as valued treasures amongst the gold and silver plate which on state occasions loaded the *beaufets* of our principal nobles. MSS. in the British Museum show that vases such as these were

in request in England in the middle of the seventeenth century.

So wide at last did the fame of the glass of Venice spread, that rulers of England, Spain, and Flanders enticed workmen from the Venetian State to introduce the manufacture into their various countries. The Government of the City of the Lagoons tried by every means in its power to retain the secrets of so profitable a trade in its own keeping, and not only ordered home all those workmen who had been tempted abroad, but kept their families in prison as hostages for their return. It is even said that emissaries were employed to assassinate the rebellious workmen if they did not obey the summoi of the State to quit the service of foreign princes. But the crafty republic did not rely on threats alone. It granted the glassmakers many privileges, among them the much-prized patent of nobility, by which "their daughters were considered equal matches for the sons of the best patricians."

On nights of high festival, the halls of some of the Venetian palaces were lit by huge lanterns whose richly carved and gilded framework was filled with a very peculiar glazing. Instead of panes of plain or engraved glass, the spaces were filled with twisted rods of glass placed closely side by side. To those who have not seen them, the wonderful brilliancy which this method of glazing gave to the light within can scarcely be imagined. Then, too, the mirrors, adorned with elaborate glass frames, and chandeliers of the same material, their branches covered with flowers of every hue, must have made the ballrooms of the Venetian nobles a very fairyland of joyous light and colour.

Competition arose, however, in other countries, and this trade as well as much else died out at last, and the principal branch of the glass manufacture finally practised at Murano in the last century consisted chiefly in the making of beads of all kinds in enormous quantities. Large consignments were made to Liverpool about that period, and no doubt many a ship trading from that port to the African coasts bartered away these products of the Venetian lagoons with the savage negro tribes of the Congo, the Gold Coast, and the Gaboon, and the hundred-hued beads made by the deft fingers of the Murano workmen became the royal treasures of savage slave-hunting kings.

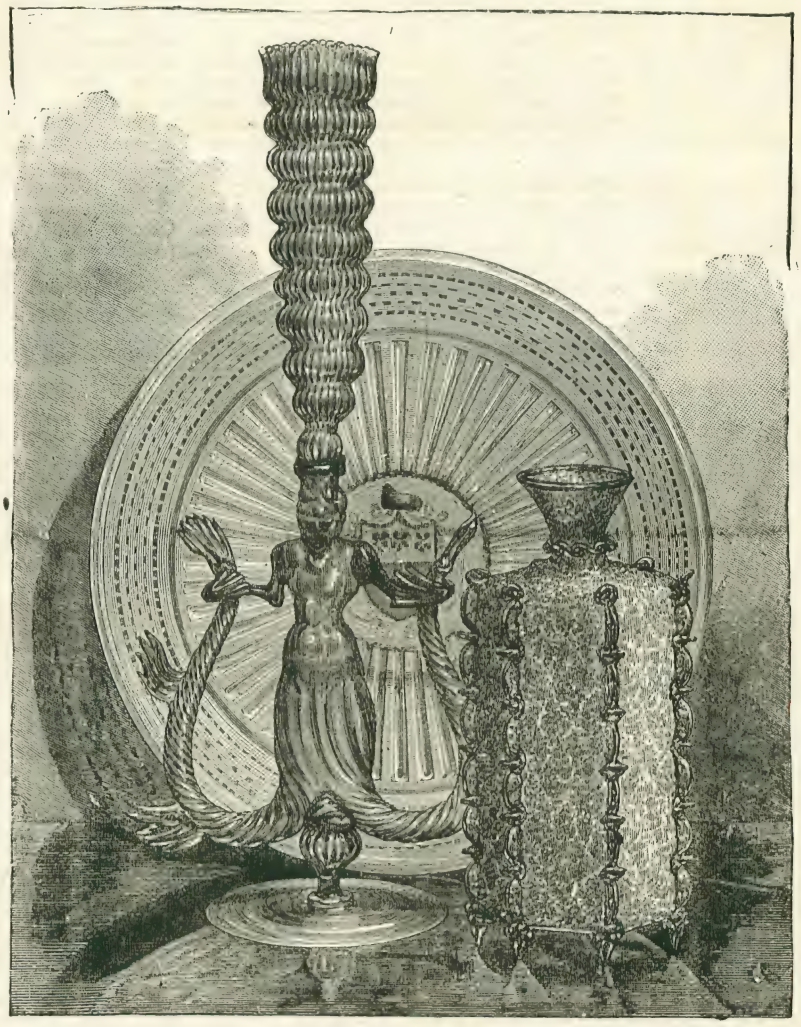
The making of beads has survived to this day, but the beautiful vases of Murano glass work, in imitation of those of the sixteenth century, of late years brought to our notice, may be considered a revival of the ancient manufacture due to the enterprise of Signor Salviati of Venice, and others.

These modern copies yield in no respect to the old originals in beauty of form and colour. Even the strange forms of the old vases, of which some examples are shown in our illustration, have been successfully imitated. Not only the forms but the colours of the different vessels are very varied. We have, besides clear white glass, blue, purple, green, amber, ruby, and a semi-transparent opal white, the most beautiful of all. Also clear glass covered with the most delicate network of gold or milk-white lines, called "Vitro di trina;" crackled glass, whose surface is ridged and intersected by minute divisions like tiny cracks, and the lovely variety imitating all kinds of precious stones, such as jasper, calcedony, and lapis-lazuli, and including the kind called "Mille fiori" (the thousand flowers), a little bottle of which is shown in our illustration. This is an opaque glass, sometimes with a ground of dark blue, speckled and dotted over with tiny flowery spots of all sorts of colours.

This latter kind may be considered as a direct descendant of the magnificent cups and vases which the ancient Romans prized above silver and gold, and deemed worthy to be buried in imperial tombs. To those who love the sight of beautiful colours, we could not offer a greater pleasure than a visit to the great glass room at the British Museum will afford, and we recommend to our readers a few hours' study of the splendid collection there, where they will find also many examples of old Murano work.

Of course, very many of these modern vases can only be considered in the light of ornaments, and very exquisite ornaments they are. But as it is always pleasant to combine utility with beauty, we may press some of the simpler forms of this glass from the lagoons into our service for the dinner table. Wine glasses of clear glass dotted with tiny coloured beads like jewels, tumblers of the lovely milky hue of opal, and flat dishes of the speckled gold kind, or of the "vitro di trina," will add brilliancy to our feasts and sustain and heighten the effect of the flowers, which must always remain the most beautiful ornaments of our tables. Discretion, however, is required, for too lavish display of colour in the various vessels is to be avoided as too glaring. Those of opal glass we are inclined to think the best, and are tempted to fancy that it is of goblets such as these the wondrous tales are told that they had the quality of changing colour and breaking if poison was poured into them—an invaluable quality at the banquets of princes in the treacherous times when the Venetian glass-workers made their great and deserved reputation, a reputation amply sustained by the lovely shapes and images of delight their descendants have brought again before us within the last few years.

GEORGE E. FOX.



VENETIAN GLASS.

NEW MUSIC.

DUNCAN, DAVISON AND CO.

Twilight Fancies. Words by Mrs. M. A. Baines. Music by W. C. Levey.—Is eminently vocal in character and pleasingly melodious.

W. MORLEY AND CO.

Till the Breaking of the Day and *Patience Rewarded.*—Words by H. L. D'Arcy Jaxone. Music by Ciro Pinsuti.—Both these songs, by this eminently successful composer, quite come up to the expectations we had formed from his previous compositions.

LAMBORN COCK.

Rêveries Caractéristiques. For the pianoforte. Composed by Claudius H. Couldery.—Mr. Couldery seems to possess a special faculty for writing reveries, for certainly the book before us contains twelve charming examples of this style of writing. We believe that we have before praised these reveries when they were sent to us separately, but now that they are published together in one portable volume, we can but reiterate our praise and advise our readers to purchase the book. Each piece is effective, simple, and carefully fingered.

MILK: AS MEDICINE AND AS FOOD.

By Medicus.

No longer ago than last evening I was paying a visit to a neighbour of mine, a professional man by the way, who lives some distance from London. I arrived unexpectedly, and found that coffee was being served. I always do get good coffee at this friend's house, because he buys the beans, short blunt little Mocha ones, and roasts them and grinds them himself. So of course I did not require a second invitation to partake of a cup.

"Hullo!" I remarked, "have you taken to Swiss condensed milk?"

"Yes," he said; "when there is any difficulty about obtaining fresh milk in the neighbourhood I fall back on the Swiss. There is no adulteration in it, and only sugar sufficient to make it keep."

"Well," I replied, "I daresay you are right, seeing that milk in cities is so very much adulterated. For I do not think there is anything deleterious in the condensed article, only I prefer the other myself."

"Once upon a time," I continued—but I suddenly paused, for I had no wish to be compelled to commence story-telling. I was too late, however, for my friend's wife said:

"Once upon a time, doctor—go on, please; you were going to treat us to one of your experiences."

"The Swiss milk reminded me," I replied, "that once upon a time I was starting upon a long voyage to the uttermost regions of the earth, when it occurred to me that milk would be a great treat while at sea. So I bought four dozen hermetically sealed tins of this delectate from an Aberdeen firm of some notoriety. I was assured that it was the best new milk that could be procured in that county of shorthorns and black polls. And so it turned out. But the fact was and the fault was that the milk was too good, for when, after being a few months at sea, I went one day and opened my case, and took out a tin, I found nothing in it but buttermilk and butter. The motion of the ship had effected the change. However, the buttermilk was delicious, and the butter itself really a treat. But, if ever I go so long a voyage again, I shall take a supply of condensed milk for private use."

Now, before going any further in this paper, let me give you a receipt for an excellent substitute for milk in tea or coffee. It is simply a new-laid egg, well beaten up, and a little warm water and sugar added to it. Many prefer this to milk, and it is certainly most nourishing.

Milk is the simplest and most perfect of all foods for the young, and it is often used with great benefit by both old and young as a medicine.

I must speak of it first as a food.

First, then, catch your hare; in other words, procure your milk as pure as possible, free from adulteration, and in every way genuine. The littlest housekeeper who reads these lines can tell very easily whether or not the milk supplied to the family contains a sufficient proportion of cream. She has only to pour it into a thin glass tumbler, and stand aside for a few hours, when the cream will show itself on the top, and it should be quite as thick as three penny pieces placed one on top of the other.

The milk, moreover, should not be bluish in colour, and it ought to be very pleasant to the taste, and not at all salt.

It is a difficult thing, however, for our little housekeeper to tell good milk by looking at or even by tasting it, for if it has been sold by unprincipled dairymen—and I fear there are a deal of them about—after having added water to it to increase its bulk, they will not have forgotten to add also some treacle, with perhaps a little salt, or some annatto and sugar, in order to restore its colour and give it flavour.

Again, the milk supplied may be good enough and rich enough, but may have come from a dairy where they are not over particular in cleanliness. In milk like this there will be a slight black sediment. Now, I would not have my readers use such milk on any account. The sediment, it is true, may only be dust, but that dust has no business to be there, and I feel convinced that people who are not particular about the cleanliness of their milk, their milk utensils, and milkmen, would not hesitate to allow the cow herself to drink putrid water, if she felt so inclined. And this is precisely how that terrible disease, typhoid fever, is often spread throughout whole villages and parishes. So girl housekeepers must beware, even in country places. Those who live in cities would do well to study the outs and ins of the dairy from which they get their milk, and on no account should they buy what I may call secondhand milk, that is, milk which has been sold from a dairy to a small milk or bread shop, and from which it is retailed.

Another hint I must give you about milk. Pray do not forget that it is an absorbent of whatsoever impurities may be floating in the air around it. Put it in a clean jug when you get it, place that jug in a pure atmosphere, and, in order to make assurance doubly sure, cover it up.

Never keep milk long before using it. Have it fresh and fresh.

Whether the milk you buy be intended for young or for old, for those who are well or those who are sick, get it if you can from the same cow as long as possible. Young cows give the best milk, and cows that are well-tended, well-fed, and well-bedded at night. But some kinds of food, such as turnips, may affect the flavour of the milk and, on the whole, you cannot expect milk to be quite so good in December or January as it is in June.

I should add to this, however, that just after the cows have been turned out to the young grass in the spring, the milk becomes more abundant but also more watery, so one has many things to study before jumping to the conclusion that the milkman has been calling in the assistance of "the cow with the iron tail."

Charity is a rare but beautiful virtue. It is Burns who says,

"O! gently scan your brother man."

I should advise you to act up to what the poet preaches. Gently scan your brother man, but at the same time if he be a dairyman, and did not supply me with what I considered right, I am not so sure I would not take my jug to the next shop, scanning or not scanning.

We ought to be more than particular about the kind and quality of milk infants have. If typhoid fever may be begotten in the human being—as it sometimes is—by drinking milk from cows that have imbibed or drank that which is unwholesome, can we be so very certain that bad milk may not sometimes be the beginning of many and many a little ailment in infancy?

It may occur to some mothers who read this paper that boiling the milk before giving it to the child would effectually prevent any danger from anything injurious which might be in it. True, it might and very likely would, but it should be remembered that if you boil the milk you to some extent spoil the milk, for you rob it of many of its salts and other of what I may content myself with calling its virtues as a food.

The milk given to an infant should be, as I have said, if possible, from the same cow all along. I quite agree with most medical men that the outcry against the mixing of milks is nonsensical, but at the same time if the article can be procured from a young and healthy, well-conditioned cow, then my advice is to hold by that cow, and I believe most mothers will agree with me.

The milk given to a very young child of say two to four months old, that is being brought up by hand, should be half hot water with a teaspoonful of more of sugar in each bottleful (the sugar of milk is best—this can be had at any respectable druggist's shop). In addition to this, as the milk of the cow is apt to be, or soon to turn acid, and cause attacks of indigestion, to each feeding bottleful should be added from a teaspoonful to a dessert-spoonful of lime-water This is also got at the chemist's, though it is easily made, and for the benefit of those who live in far-off country districts, I here give the receipt for its manufacture:—Take of slaked lime, one ounce; pure filtered water, half-a-gallon; put them in a large stoppered bottle and well shake for several minutes, then stand aside till this sediment sinks, when it must be drawn off with a syphon into a *green-glass* bottle for use as wanted, and this bottle must be kept well stoppered.

As the child gets older more sugar and less water should be used.

A word about the water itself that is put into baby's milk. If common well water, often so hard, disagrees even with the constitutions of grown-up persons, how much more likely is it to injure the tender infant? Use then pure, soft, filtered water and nothing else, even if you have to send a hundred miles to procure it.

But lime-water in milk is good for invalids of all ages as well as for children. It aids the digestion of it in a remarkable degree. Indeed, many people could not assimilate milk at all if it were not so treated. They may swallow it, and it may lie in an undigested semi-hardened state in the stomach for days, and thus be very injurious to the system, and militate against the chance of the patient getting well.

I cannot put it too strongly, and I beg invalids most earnestly to remember, that although milk if it can be digested is a most invaluable food, if not assimilated it is all but a poison. Your milk and soda-water I have little faith in, unless lime-water has been added to it, for there is no soda nor any alkali in soda-water; it is only aërated water pure and simple.

Milk is more easily borne by the invalid with breakfast than at any other meal, and it should not be taken with supper unless well cooked, and only then if it is found to agree and not to cause sleepless nights. Porridge and milk is much vaunted as a supper dish by our brethren beyond the Tweed. Well, it should be taken early if at all, and it ought to be borne in mind that in a naturally bracing country like the north of Scotland, where people live a deal out of doors, many an article of diet can be used with benefit which we in the south cannot touch with impunity any more than we could thistles.

Goat's milk is the most nutritious of all milks, but not the most easily assimilated by weak stomachs.

Ass's milk is easy of digestion, and is therefore often prescribed for the delicate invalid.

Milk is not the best drink invalids can take, but warm from the cow in the morning it does good. Buttermilk and whey possess many virtues, and certainly ought to be drunk by

human beings instead of being thrown to the pigs, as they invariably are in England.

If I had a patient of a delicate constitution or one suffering from debility, who was about to go to some bracing mountainous country, or to the seaside for a change, I should very likely recommend milk as a medicine. "Get the best," I should say, "goat's, if possible. Take it in small quantities at a time, and add a little lime-water to it. If at the same time you can digest cod-liver oil, take that; and if you cannot, take the extract of malt instead. This is an excellent tonic." Milk is invaluable to the consumptive. He or she ought to try to take it, just as much as she tries to take cod-liver oil.

Milk is an emollient and a demulcent, and of great use in coughs and colds, and in many states of debility or actual disease of the internal organs.

Milk, then, is most valuable to even grown-up people both as a medicine and as a food, but to the young, especially the very young, it is life itself.

THE SPINNING WHEEL IN USE AGAIN.

ABOUT twelve months ago Mr. Albert Fleming, a devout disciple of Mr. Ruskin's and a Companion of the Guild of St. George, while pondering how to find some way of helping certain poor women living on the fell-sides above Elterwater and its neighbourhood, had the happy thought that it might be a good thing to try to revive what Wordsworth calls "The venerable art torn from the poor." The women Mr. Fleming wished to help were too old to go out to clean, and too blind to sew. Spinning is a work which can be carried on at home. It can, as needlewomen say, "be taken up and put down," that is, it can be done during odd moments of leisure. What is more, it does not require much eyesight. The difficulty was to find a spinning-wheel, for all those once in use in this valley had, as the local expression goes, long since been "broken down." A wheel was, however, found in that storehouse of ancient things, the Isle of Man; and then an old woman of eighty-four was found whose fingers had not forgotten their cunning. She taught Mr. Fleming, and gradually a few infirm old wheels were got together from various parts of the country, and from these he pieced together a model from which a clever local carpenter made fifteen new ones. Mr. Fleming's next step was to take a cottage, which he dedicated to St. Martin, whose typical act was clothing the poor. Here, with the help of a clever and kind lady friend, classes were held, and here Mr. Fleming himself taught many of the women; and as soon as one of these was able to spin a good thread, he lent her a wheel and gave her some flax, together with an assurance that he would buy it back when spun, at the rate of 2s. a pound. Under favourable circumstances, and without neglecting home duties, women can easily earn 5s. or 6s. a week; but as they daily become more fond of the work and more expert, they will probably earn more. The finding wheels was by no means the greatest difficulty Mr. Fleming had to encounter; the next thing was to find a loom. At length, however, one that was very old was disinterred from a cellar in Kendal, where it had been hidden away for years. It was in no less than twenty pieces, and no one had the least idea how to set it up. Art came to the rescue. A photograph was procured of Giotto's "Weaving," from the Campanile at Florence, and that proved of the greatest service, for the old loom from Kendal was practically the same as that which Giotto has left to us. A weaver was found, too; and now the work of teaching, giving out flax and weaving, all goes on under the roof of the pretty little cottage dedicated to the soldier saint, and the webs which gradually grow into being are bleached within a stone's-throw of the house in the simple old Homeric fashion. No chemicals are used; all is effected by the honest and kindly agency of nature. The result of this single-hearted effort on the part of Mr. Fleming is that twenty spinning-wheels are now busy at work in the Dales—or, in other words, that twenty women who could not otherwise have earned a penny are now feeling honest pride in helping to provide for their families. Their cottages, too, are much brighter than they used to be, for it is part of a woman's religion to put everything in order before sitting down to work. The Langdale loom produces a strong and thoroughly honest sheeting that can be trusted to outwear many a machine-made rival. It is forty inches wide, and sells readily at 4s. a yard. Some specimens were recently presented to Mr. Ruskin. They were of a finer quality, and had been expressly woven for him. In the corner was embroidered, in soft silks, the lovely cluster of roses from the garment of spring in Botticelli's famous picture of Venus. This clustre stands on the title page of "Fors Clavigera," on the fly-leaf of all Mr. Ruskin's books, and has come to be regarded as the badge of St. George's Guild. Besides linen sheeting of various degrees of fineness, the workers in St. Martin's Home produce an unbleached linen so good in tone and texture, that when known it is certain to be in great demand for crewel-work and other kinds of embroidery. It is impossible not to feel a hearty interest in Mr. Fleming's undertaking. To clothe the naked and feed the hungry is an excellent work, but it is more excellent still to put them in the way of earning their food and clothing for themselves.

M. H., from the *Spectator*.

VARIETIES.

TWO SIDES TO EVERYTHING. — Everything has its fair as well as its seamy side.—*Sir Walter Scott.*

SLANDEROUS TONGUES.—The worthiest people are the most injured by slander.—*Swift.*

THE GREAT METROPOLIS.—I have often amused myself with thinking how different a place London is to different people. Those whose narrow minds are contracted to the consideration of some particular pursuit, view it only through that medium. A politician thinks of it merely as the seat of Government in its different departments; a grazier as a vast market for cattle; a mercantile man as a place where a prodigious deal of business is to be done upon 'Change. . . . But the intellectual man is struck with it as comprehending the whole of human life in all its variety, the contemplation of which is inexhaustible.—*Boswell.*

OVER-PRECISE.—We are often over-precise: scrupling to say or do those things which lawfully we may.—*Fuller.*

OUR OWN HEARTS.

The stern behests of duty,
The doom-books open thrown,
The heaven ye seek, the hell ye fear,
Are with yourselves alone.—*Whittier.*

THE MUSIC OF LOVE.

Love took up the harp of life, and smote on all the chords with might;
Smote the chord of self, that, trembling, passed in music out of sight.

Tennyson.

AN ECONOMICAL PLAN.—There is certainly a great economy in a woman's adopting for occasions of ceremony one dress, from which she never diverges. It becomes her characteristic, and there is even a kind of style and beauty in the idea.

THE ART OF HAPPINESS.—If you would be happy, try to be cheerful, even when misfortune assails you. You will soon find that there is a pleasant aspect to nearly all circumstances—to even the ordinary trials of life. When the hour of misfortune comes, whether it appears in the form of disease or pecuniary loss, face it manfully and make the best of it. Do not nurse your troubles to keep them warm; and avoid that useless and senseless habit of constantly referring to them in your conversation.

THE NAMES OF WOMEN.—The names of women should be soft and clear, captivating the fancy, and ending in long vowels resembling words of benediction.

HOPE AND DESPAIR.—Hope thinks nothing difficult; despair tells us that every difficulty is insurmountable.—*Watts.*

HOW TO BE JUST.—It is not sufficient to constitute us just men and women that we strictly pay our debts, keep our promises, and fulfil our contracts, if at the same time we are stern when we should be kind, hard where we should be tender, cold where we should be sympathetic: for then we pay only half our debts and repudiate the other half.

32 BURIED RIVERS OF ENGLAND, SCOTLAND, IRELAND, AND WALES.

At Stow yesterday Kate espied Netty near her at a market-stall; and on greeting her, said, "Dear Netty, are you coming for a run with Amy and me?" She had not mistaken Netty, whose sad countenance underwent a change to joy. Pleased to abandon her task, she skipped over hillocks and stones, as gay as ever now, till she heard a rent and her cape was stayed by the brambles. "Oh! Kate, I think you see that rent, can it be mended ever? And my shoe is gone now, I trod in green mud! What will mother say to us, Kate, for this? Let us go home down this lane, you will tell her we are indeed so sorry."

ANSWER TO CHARADE (page 35).
M-ACE.

"UNHEEDED."

By V. OSBORN.

A LITTLE child passed down the street,
With aching limbs and weary feet,
And these the words he sadly said:
"Give me something to buy me bread!"

Drip, drip! sang on the dismal rain,
He shivered from the cold again,
And begged, that child, half-clad, half-fed,
"Give me something to buy me bread!"

The wintry wind so bleak and chill
Was blowing drearily and shrill;
The boy appealed with bitter cry,
"Oh, give me bread or I must die!"

Patter, patter, the raindrops fall
As only answer to his call.
He crept with lagging steps along;
Would no one hear his plaintive song?

"So cold," he wept, "so very cold!
For see, my clothes are poor and old,
And I am very hungry too;
What is a child like me to do?"

Unheeded was the sobbing cry,
Careless or rough they passed him by.
What closed the heart and shut the ear
Of those who would not wait to hear?

He lay beneath the hedge that night,
The snow upon the ground was white,
For ever hushed that helpless cry,—
The child had laid him down to die.

More merciful than man was One,
Whose loving heart is closed to none;
He listened to the sobbing breath,
And took the child away—in death.

He rests, but they who would not heed
The baby voice that spoke of need,
How will they still their vain regret,
And how that pleading cry forget?

Oh! in this world with sorrow fraught,
Let thought of self be *second* thought,
And let the plea of want and woe
Straight to a heart of pity flow.

And we who day by day can read
Of tears that fall and hearts that bleed,
Should thank for all God gives, and pray
For those less blessèd every day.

DONALD AND I.

By NELLIE HELLIS, Author of "Gipsy Jan," "Roving Robin," "Little King Davie," "Bennie the Breadwinner," "Weak yet Strong," "A Soldier of Cross and Crown," "Rob and Ralph," "Under a Cloud," etc., etc., etc.

CHAPTER I.

I DO not say that the first twenty-four years of my existence were without joy or pleasure, but, compared to what my life now is, they seem like the grey morn which sometimes precedes a clear, cloudless noon.

There were three of us—Marion a year older, and Elspeth two years younger than myself. Mother died when Eppie was born, and she, poor child, was so delicate that nobody thought she would live through her infancy. She survived that period, however, growing into so fair a child that the artists who in the summer and autumn visited our neighbourhood, would offer tempting baits of "sweeties" and "big silver pennies" in order to keep our darling long enough in their sight to make her a prominent object in their pictures.

My father was as poor a man as ever rented a few acres of barren land, and tried, with the help of one old horse and a boy, to make the land produce the wherewithal to maintain himself and his family. It was fortunate that our live-stock consisted of a cow as well as a horse, for with plenty of milk, a few sacks of wheat, and a sufficiency of oatmeal, a Scotch appetite, hearty as it is, is satisfied from one year's end to another.

Although I was but seven when we left the old homestead, I have a clear remembrance of our cottage, the one large room of which, the kitchen, was kept clean and tidy by old Nannie Maclean, in return for a weekly supply of meal. Here, over the peat fire, Marion, mere baby as she was, baked scones and "cakes;" and here, on winter evenings, father sat and read the books he loved so well; while little Eppie, her pretty hair shining like gold in the rays of the solitary candle, lay fast asleep in his arms.

Suddenly there came an end to these pleasant fireside scenes.

One afternoon in January, father, leaving directions with Sandy to milk the cow and stable the horse, started off on business to Glenvala, a village eight miles distant by road, and five across the hills as the crow flies. He promised Eppie he would be at home in time to put her to bed. But Marion had long performed that office, when Sandy, coming in from taking a last look at horse and cow, told us a dense fog had obscured the mountain, at the foot of which our cottage was situated.

"It's that thick," said Sandy, "that in the farmyard yonner ye canna' see the light frae the hoose here."

Children as we were, we knew the danger to which father would be exposed if he attempted to return home over the hills that night. For a long time our anxiety drove away sleepiness; then, feeling that we could no longer keep our eyes open, we crept into bed with Eppie.

It was long past our usual hour of awaking when, on the following morning, we were aroused by old Nannie. Her incoherent exclamations of grief and distress were explained by the entrance of some neighbours. They carried a hurdle, and on it, hidden from sight by a couple of sacks, was the still, dead form of our father. Overtaken by the fog, he had strayed from the path and fallen down a precipice. When found by the men to whom Sandy had made known his anxiety respecting his master, the body was lifeless.

So now we were fatherless as well as motherless. Our only near relative was a grandmother; she lived in a town about fifty miles distant, and to her home we three children were taken.

I cannot linger over the sad events of the next ten years. It is sufficient to say that one by one my sisters and grandmother left me. First Eppie, then Marion, and lastly

"AT THE AGE OF SEVENTEEN I WAS ALONE IN THE WORLD."

Grannie. At the age of seventeen I was alone in the world, with no nearer relative than the widow of a third cousin of my father.

This lady, a Mrs. Forsyth, was an Englishwoman, and although she and her son had known whta it was to struggle with adversity, they were now in very comfortable circumstances.

On hearing of my grandmother's death, she wrote, asking me to tell her exactly how I was situated. In reply, I stated that the small annuity left to my grandmother by a second husband reverted on her death to his friends, and that, except for the money which the sale of the furniture would realise, I was absolutely penniless.

By return of post I received another letter from Mrs. Forsyth.

Her son, she said, was on the point of leaving home to spend a week in Edinburgh. He would break his journey in order to see me, and arrange for the disposal of the furniture. On his return to Sunniehead—the town in the north of Scotland where the Forsyths lived—he would again give me a few hours of his time in order to settle any business that might require attention. I was then to accompany him to his home, where, Mrs. Forsyth said, I should be welcome to remain until I met with a suitable situation. I thought the letter somewhat cold, and felt she need not have been at such pains to make me understand her house was to be no permanent home.

It was doubtless this feeling which caused me to greet Donald Forsyth with more stiffness and reserve than belonged to my nature. Saying as little about myself as possible, I told him of Marion's long illness, and how her grave had not grown green before grandmother was stricken with paralysis and taken suddenly from me.

But in spite of my endeavours to keep it steady, my voice trembled, and coming to an end of my story, I burst into an uncontrollable fit of weeping. Vexed with myself for showing such weakness, and knowing I should sooner regain composure alone, I rose hastily, intending to go for a few minutes to my own room. I had scarcely taken a step, however, before Donald's arm arrested me, and, as he held my hand firmly in his own, he said compassionately, "And the wee bit lassie suffered all that alone! Puir bairn, puir bairn!"

Had it not been that I cried out some of my bitter loneliness and sorrow on his shoulder I think my heart would have broken.

Early on the following morning, having given full directions with regard to the sale of the furniture, Donald Forsyth proceeded on his journey.

He left me strangely comforted. I had a friend now, one who pitied my loneliness, one who had promised that my future should be his care. Such a ray of sunshine and warmth entered my cold and clouded life that I took heart, and for the first time since grandmother's death ceased to add in my prayers a petition that, ere long, I might be laid by Marion's side in the kirkyard.

He was a friend worth the having, too. Not a mere boy, but a middle-aged man of thirty (to seventeen thirty is a long advance in life), with a heart as big and as kindly as his own stalwart form and handsome face. When he said that he should henceforth regard me as his sister, I knew his word would be faithfully kept.

At the end of a week I and my belongings were safely lodged beneath Mrs. Forsyth's roof. She received me with kindness, but her manner had none of Donald's geniality and warmth. I soon discovered that the absorbing passion of her life was love for her son. He returned it with a tenderness and reverence that still more attracted me towards him. Yet so jealous was she of his affection that though she liked and pitied me, she would not let her better nature accede to what I afterwards learnt was Donald's desire, namely, that she should receive me as a daughter, and that their home should henceforth be mine.

The memory of my past troubles often saddened me; but, apart from that, I spent six happy months at Sunniehead.

During the first few weeks of my stay I was far from well, for the strain of the two previous years had tried me beyond my strength, and I was almost as thin and as hollow-cheeked as Marion in her last illness. It was then that Donald, to draw off my thoughts from my sorrows, began to teach me music, and though I only gained a knowledge of the rudiments, and the ability to play a few simple melodies, yet the power afterwards stood me in good stead. As with plenty of nourishing food and the pure sea air I grew strong and rosy, he devised other amusements and occupations, while in the evening he would take me long walks over the hills, or give me rows in the little pleasure-boat which he managed so skilfully.

All too soon for me these happy months ended, and for the last time I found myself in the boat with Donald.

"What is it, lassie? What's troublin' ye noo?"

Mrs. Forsyth abhorred a Scotch accent, and when in her presence Donald was careful not to offend her ears by so much as a dropped "g." When alone with me, however, he was not so particular, and, as often as not, spoke as his father had spoken before him.

"I wish Paris were a seaside town," I said, with a sigh; "then I could stand on the shore and think that perhaps the water which was flapping against my feet had beat upon the rocks of my own bonnie land."

"You are afraid you will feel lonely in a foreign country?"

"I know I shall," I replied quietly. "Here I have you and Mrs. Forsyth—there I shall have nobody. Even the language will be strange."

"Not for very long; you'll soon pick it up. That's why I think it's such a good chance for you, Jennie. You'll be kindly treated by the Draytons, and in a year or two you'll come back and get a high salary for being able to speak French like a native."

"I shall choose a situation for myself then."

"Have you not chosen for yourself now, lassie?"

"Not exactly. I would rather have been a servant in Scotland than a governess in France; but Mrs. Forsyth thought it was a good thing for me, and so did you. I daresay it is; you must know best."

There was a troubled look in the kindly grey eyes that were now bent upon me.

"If you really dislike going, Jennie, I will call on Mrs. Drayton this evening, tell her that you shrink from the idea of leaving Scotland, and ask her to let you cancel the engagement."

A rush of joy thrilled through me. Stay in Scotland! Stay where, at any rate, I had one friend, where the tongue was sweet and familiar to my ear, and where the mountain breezes brought me memories of my sisters and of the old home with father!

But only for a moment did my heart beat high with the sudden hope. There was another aspect in which to regard the alternative. Donald's words had put new life before me.

Mrs. Drayton, whose house was in Paris, had been visiting some friends in Sunniehead. She knew my history, and, wanting a governess for her two little daughters, had offered me the situation. I never wished to accept it, though I was aware that the salary she proposed to give (£30) was more than an uneducated girl like myself could expect to receive. Mrs. Forsyth caught eagerly at the offer; Donald, too, thought it "an excellent opening," and consequently I acquiesced. At her own expense, Mrs. Forsyth had provided a neat but comfortable outfit, and in a few days I was to leave Sunniehead with Mrs. Drayton, *en route* for Paris. Should I, then, be so weak as to draw back now? To say "yes," and then at the moment of action give in like a silly, foolish child? No, I would be brave and go through with it.

"You are very good, Donald," I said, raising my eyes steadily to his; "but I will abide by my word."

"That's right! I am glad to hear it. You will make friends, never fear, and you will find that in doing your duty happiness will come. God always helps those who help themselves, you know." And, shipping his oar, he stretched out his hand to give mine a firm, appreciative pressure.

I was glad I had conquered in that moment of temptation.

(*To be continued.*)

LOVE AND SORROW.

By MARY ROWLES.

Love came through a gateway
Of the summertide;
In her footsteps straightway
Roses opened wide.

Sunbeams smiled upon her
As she passed along;
Birdies in her honour
Sang their loudest song.

Many a tired heart listened
For her coming near;
Many a sad eye glistened
At her words of cheer;

For the sweet old story
That she whispered low,
Brought back Eden glory
From the long ago.

Through that gateway olden
Sorrow came one day
When the leaves were golden
And the skies were grey.

Straightway all the roses
Faded side by side,
Honeysuckle posies
Drooped their heads and died.

And the birdies faltered
In their autumn song;
All the world seemed altered
Where she passed along.

Then spake Love, undaunted,
"None can work in vain,
Though the way be haunted
By such loss and pain.

"Earth hath need of sadness
And of wintry hours;
After springtime gladness,
After summer flowers."

So Love bears with Sorrow,
Journeying toward the home
Where, in God's to-morrow,
Loss shall never come.

Through its shining portal,
At the break of day,
Love shall pass, immortal,
Sorrow flee away.

THE ESSENCE OF FAMOUS BOOKS.

By JAMES MASON

I.—Steele and Addison's "Spectator."

This series of articles is to give an account of some of the famous books of the world. It will try to perform the same office for them that works of travel do for distant countries, and will describe such intellectual Chinas and Perus as ought to be visited by all who possess the necessary time and opportunities. Few of us are quite at our own disposal, but it is useful to know what we may expect to meet with if ever fortune leaves us free to roam where we please and read what we like. It is second-hand information, no doubt, but a great deal of our knowledge, especially in these times when so much is to be learned, can never be anything else.

So long as the fact is not overlooked that descriptions, outlines, and abridgments are not the same as the real thing, such aids to knowledge are of service. To speak only of one advantage, they save the labour of original research in discovering what suits our own individuality. On hearing about a book, "Why," says a girl, "that is not very interesting." But another exclaims, "Oh, that is one that would suit me; what you say it tells is just what I want to know." The description has taught the one what to avoid and the other what to peruse for herself. The latter will sit down to the feast with a far keener appetite, because she knows the bill of fare, and that there are some things to be served up of which she is exceedingly fond, or to taste which she is particularly curious.

There are several books everyone is supposed to have read, just as courtesy makes us take a great many other things for granted. We may often doubt the fact, but we do not like to say so. The number of pages it is possible to read in the leisure of a lifetime is a simple question in arithmetic, and by working it out one may clearly see that a thorough personal acquaintance with all the famous productions of literature is beyond the reach of most of us. Many delightful and often quoted volumes we can hardly ever hope to read through. This makes another good reason for the preparation of this series of papers. About what is frequently referred to, either in books or conversation, we should at least know something. It may not be much, but a little knowledge is better than none.

The first book on our list is the *Spectator* of Steele and Addison, perhaps the most famous periodical ever issued in this country, always, girls, excepting one which the modesty of the editor has forbidden me to name.

The *Spectator* is far more associated in the popular mind with the name of Addison than with that of Steele; but the fact is that Steele was its founder, its editor, and the writer of almost as many papers as his more famous contributor. This is the usual way—the greater light so dazzles us that we make small account of the lesser. The two—Addison and Steele—had been boys together at school and were on most intimate terms, indeed, Professor Morley, referring to some expressions made use of by Steele himself, very well calls the *Spectator* "a monument befitting the most memorable friendship in our history."

It was not the first work of its kind—it was preceded by a similar series of periodical essays, under the title of the *Tatler*, also projected and edited by Sir Richard Steele, and to which Addison contributed.

The *Tatler* came to an end in the beginning of 1711, and on the 1st of March of the same year the *Spectator* made its appearance; it came out daily, Sundays excepted, from that date till the 6th of December, 1712, when it was formally wound up. From the start it was successful; before the tenth number was reached three thousand copies were distributed every day—a respectable circulation for that time. Of some more than ordinarily popular numbers twenty thousand copies were sold, and there was also a large circulation in volume form. The numbers to the end of 1712 were made up into seven volumes.

After being discontinued for about a year and a half the *Spectator* started again, Addison editing it this time, and three papers only being published every week. Continuations and resuscitations are seldom successful, and it is not surprising that the revived *Spectator* lasted only six months. "Addison," remarks Professor Morley, "had not Steele's popular tact as a writer; he preached and he suffered drier men to preach, while in his jest he now and then wrote what he seems to have been unwilling to acknowledge. His eighth volume contains excellent matter, but the subjects are not always well chosen or varied judiciously; and one understands why the *Spectator* took a firmer hold upon society when the two friends, in the full strength of their life, aged about forty, worked together and embraced between them a wide range of human thought and feeling."

Of the *Spectator*, Addison's continuation included, 635 numbers were issued altogether. Of these Addison wrote 274 and Steele 240; the remainder—that is to say, 121 papers—were by other contributors. Pope, the poet, wrote two, and Swift one; but we need not burden our memories with the names of the others.

Addison's papers were marked by one or other of the letters in the name of the muse Clio; Steele's were signed with an "R" or a "T," but why he chose these letters it is hard to say.

The style of Addison has been praised till its excellence has passed into a proverb. Its happy expressions, ingenious turns, well-chosen words, and harmonious sentences strike even the dullest reader. We have no more refined writer in the language, and there is much truth even now in the saying of Dr. Johnson that "whoever wishes to attain an English style, familiar but not coarse, and elegant but not ostentatious, must give his days and nights to the volumes of Addison." This often-quoted opinion has lost just a little of its force nowadays, for the reason that style has undergone a change in the course of a century. We want something now less artificial and more vigorous, and an exact reproduction of Addison's manner would be found a trifle wearisome.

Steele had good qualities as a writer also; his genial way of looking at things forms a pleasing contrast to Addison's refined and delicate humour; he had a great deal, too, of naturalness and originality. "In regard to style," says Dr. Drake, "Steele's great misfortune has been the comparison so perpetually drawn between himself and Addison. The proximity of their productions has naturally led to the consideration of their respective merits in point of composition; and though it must be allowed that from the best manner of Addison Steele stands widely apart, yet there are several papers which, having been written by Sir Richard with more than usual care, and with evident marks of emulation, appear to have imbibed a portion of Addisonian grace."

In Steele we have one of the most kind-hearted of men; but, unfortunately, his precepts were almost always better than his practice—in which respect he has never been singular. Posterity, however, has dealt in a friendly spirit with his memory. "All, women especially," says Thackeray, in his "English Humourists," "are bound to be grateful to Steele, as he was the first of our writers who really seemed to admire and respect them. . . . It was Steele who first began to pay a manly homage to their goodness and understanding, as well as to their tenderness and beauty." He "admires woman's virtue, acknowledges their sense, and adores their purity and beauty, with an ardour and strength which should win the goodwill of all women to their hearty and respectful champion."

The plan of the *Spectator* is fortunate. Each essay may be read separately, and yet it forms part of an interesting and artistic whole. The complete work, indeed, Lord Macaulay has pointed out, may be regarded as a sort of novel, without rapid action, it is true, or an exciting plot, but with great strength in the delineation of human character.

The thread of connection running through the work is the Spectator Club, which was supposed to meet every Tuesday and Thursday to carry on the publication. There were seven members of the club in all.

The Spectator himself is sketched by Addison in the first number. He is represented as a shy, taciturn, observant man, with an insatiable thirst for knowledge, a frequenter of all places of public resort, and one who as an onlooker invariably saw most of the game.

In the second paper Steele describes the characters of those associated with the *Spectator*. The first is Sir Roger de Coverley, whose name we all know. He is a baronet of Worcestershire of ancient descent, and the grandson of the inventor of the famous "Roger de Coverley" country dance. "He is a gentleman," says Steele, "that is very singular in his behaviour, but his singularities proceed from his good sense, and are contradictions to the manners of the world, only as he thinks the world is in the wrong. . . . He is now in his fifty-sixth year, cheerful, gay, and hearty; keeps a good house in both town and country; a great lover of mankind; but there is such a mirthful cast in his behaviour that he is rather beloved than esteemed."

The next is a member of the Inner Temple, a man of probity, wit, and understanding, but a greater authority on the stage than on the laws of the land. Then comes Sir Andrew Freeport, a merchant of eminence in the City of London, "a person of indefatigable industry, strong reason, and considerable experience."

The fourth is Captain Sentry, a soldier of great courage and good understanding, but invincible modesty. Will Honeycomb is the next; he is a gentleman well acquainted with the gallantries and pleasures of the age, and, after Sir Roger, the most interesting member of the club. The last is a clergyman, "a very philosophic man of general learning, great sanctity of life, and the most exact good-breeding."

The *Spectator* was a periodical with a mission, and started with a plainly avowed purpose. "It was said of Socrates," remarks Addison in the tenth number, "that he brought philosophy down from heaven to inhabit among men; and I shall be ambitious to have it said of me that I have brought philosophy out of closets and libraries, schools

and colleges, to dwell in clubs and assemblies, at tea-tables and in coffee-houses." In another place he says, "The great and only end of these speculations is to banish vice and ignorance out of Great Britain." That was rather beyond the powers of one periodical, but there can be no question that the *Spectator* has done much good work in the cause both of morality and education.

It is an amiable production if ever there was one. There is a kindly air all through it, and particularly in those papers which are Addison's. He had a naturally happy temperament, and might well have taken himself for an illustration when he wrote in the 169th number, "Good nature is generally born with us: health, prosperity, and kind treatment from the world are great cherishers of it where they find it; but nothing is capable of forcing it up where it does not grow of itself. It is one of the blessings of a happy constitution, which education may improve but not produce."

The fun of the *Spectator* is never boisterous. "I have always," Addison writes, "preferred cheerfulness to mirth. The latter I consider as an act, the former as a habit, of the mind. Mirth is short and transient, cheerfulness fixed and permanent. These are often raised into the greatest transports of mirth who are subject to the greatest depressions of melancholy; on the contrary, cheerfulness, though it does not give the mind such an exquisite gladness, prevents us from falling into any depths of sorrow. Mirth is like a flash of lightning that breaks through a gloom of clouds and glitters for a moment. Cheerfulness keeps up a kind of daylight in the mind, and fills it with a steady and perpetual serenity" (No. 381). This calm cheerfulness is highly characteristic of the *Spectator*: it is the mood in which the bulk of its papers appear to have been written.

The subjects treated are of the most varied kind. All human affairs, great and small, the manners, dress, and amusements of the time, lessons of morality and religion, teachings of common-sense, first principles of criticism, counsels of prudence, and mysteries of affection—nothing seemed to come amiss to the pen of Addison and Steele. To read the *Spectator* is to live in the midst of a busy world, full of change and full of interest.

The papers which deal with questions of morality and of revealed religion have remarkable dignity and earnestness. One, composed of reflections on the Divine perfections (No. 565), has been rightly characterised as "one of the most perfect, impressive, and instructive pieces of composition that ever flowed from the pen of an uninspired moralist."

A better known paper is the "Visit to Westminster Abbey, No. 26." The sentences with which it concludes are very characteristic of Addison: "When I look upon the tombs of the great," he says, "every emotion of envy dies in me. When I read the epitaphs of the beautiful, every inordinate desire goes out. When I meet with the grief of parents upon a tombstone, my heart melts with compassion. When I see the tomb of the parents themselves, I consider the vanity of grieving for those whom we must quickly follow. When I see kings lying by those who deposed them, when I consider rival wits placed side by side, or the holy men that divided the world with their contests and disputes, I reflect with sorrow and astonishment on the little competitions, factions, and debates of mankind. When I read the several dates of the tombs, of some that died yesterday and some six hundred years ago, I consider that great day when we shall all of us be contemporaries, and make our appearance together."

Maxims of prudence are presented to us in the *Spectator*, illustrated by many an example and advocated with much common-sense and quiet humour. Let those who are ignorant of the value of time, who lack discretion, who are prone to extravagance, or dilatory, or idle, consult its pages for themselves.

Love is treated in every phase. We read of courtship, jealousy, and disappointment; we have the dissection of a beau's head and a coquette's heart (Nos. 275 and 281), and, as a warning, an account of those who leaped from the promontory of Leucate into the Ionian Sea, to cure themselves of hopeless passion (No. 233).

Envy, pity, fear, anger, ambition, flattery, dissimulation, grumbling, and contentment, are all discussed; friends and enemies, husbands and wives, children and old people, are seen in all their relations on this varied stage. But enough is as good as a feast, and it would serve no good purpose to enumerate all the topics passed in review by Steele and those associated with him.

A great many numbers of the *Spectator* deal with the popular life of the day, changes of fashion, amusements, habits, and follies. These have, to a certain extent, lost their interest—current fashions and follies taking up most of our attention; but human nature is always the same, and even if we do not read papers of this class to discover the human nature of them, they are worth studying on account of their form and style. "These essays," says one writer, "are absolutely perfect of their kind. No man, perhaps, has ever been so consummate a master as Addison of satire in its purely kindly form, without one drop of the bitterness and contempt, the presence of which changes its whole nature and curdles it into poison; no man has ever used so effectively that gentle raillery which can expose and reprove a vice or a folly, and show it in its most ludicrous form without wounding or irritating those whom it seeks to instruct."

The women of the time have their fair share of notice, and the *Spectator* is very observant of their pretty, affected ways, their artifices, the extravagances of their toilets, and all the oddities of their patches, muffs, fans, scarfs, and tippets. Addison took rather a different view of women from his friend Steele. "His writings," says Thackeray, "do not show insight into, or reverence for, the love of women, which I take to be the one the consequence of the other. He walks about the world watching their pretty humours, fashions, follies, flirtations, rivalries, and noting them with the most charming archness. He sees them in public, in the theatre, or the assembly, or the puppet show; or at the toy-shop, higgling for gloves and lace; or at the auction, battling together over a blue porcelain dragon or a darling monster in Japan; or at church, eyeing the width of their rival's hoops or the breadth of their laces as they sweep down the aisles. . . . He was a man's man, remember. The only woman he *did* know, he didn't write about. I think there would not have been much humour in that story."

The critical papers of the *Spectator* are not now of much value except historically, but they did great service when they were written. If they seem to us narrow and exclusive, we must remember they came of an artificial age.

The series of essays on Milton, which appeared in each Saturday's *Spectator* from January 19th to May 3rd, 1712, were the first to call the attention of the public to the genius of that great poet, and to restore Milton to the position he had lost through popular passion and prejudice at the time of the Restoration. In these papers Addison "praises Milton with all his heart, bends his knee, and frankly pays homage to that imperial genius."

Addison was ahead of his time in appreciating popular literature. It required some courage then to praise such rude ballads as "Chevy Chase" and the "Babes in the Wood." The first of these forms the subject of two of the *Spectators* (No. 70 and 74), and the second has a whole paper to itself (No. 85). "No essays in the *Spectator*," Lord Macaulay truly observes, "were more censured and derided than those in which he raised his voice against the contempt with which our fine old ballads were regarded, and showed the scoffers that the same gold which, burnished and polished, gives lustre to the 'Æneid' and the Odes of Horace, is mingled with the rude dross of 'Chevy Chase.'"

Other critical papers are those on the English Language (No. 135), and on Pope's Essay on Criticism (No. 253). A well-known series is that on the Pleasures of the Imagination (Nos. 411 to 421), which formed the foundation of Akenside's fine poem.

In his purely imaginative writing, Addison is seen at his best. Take for example the often quoted Vision of Mirzah in No. 159.

"The Mount of Miseries" (Nos. 558 and 559) is another famous vision of Addison's with a wholesome moral, which is this: "I learnt from this vision," he says, "never to repine at my own misfortunes, or to envy the happiness of another, since it is impossible for any man to form a right judgment of his neighbour's sufferings; for which reason also I have determined never to think too lightly of another's complaints, but to regard the sorrows of my fellow-creatures with sentiments of humanity and compassion."

Another well-known imaginative contribution to the *Spectator* is Addison's antediluvian novel of "Shalum and Hilpa" (Nos. 584 and 585), containing the earliest *billet-doux* extant, and showing that to marry for money is not peculiar to modern civilisation.

The "Journal of a Retired Citizen" (No. 317) is worth reading, and the advice is good with which it ends: "I would recommend to everyone of my readers the keeping a journal of their lives for one week, and setting down punctually their whole series of employments during that space of time. This kind of self-examination would give them a true state of themselves, and incline them to consider seriously what they are about. One day would rectify the omissions of another, and make a man weigh all those indifferent actions which though they are easily forgotten, must certainly be accounted for."

But of all papers in the *Spectator* the best known is that series in which we meet with "Sir Roger de Coverley." For genuine humour these have never been surpassed.

The first mention of Sir Roger is, as we have seen, in the paper by Steele, in which the various members of the club were sketched. Addison, however, soon took him out of his friend's hand. It is said, indeed, that Addison killed Sir Roger at last in order that no one should have a chance of spoiling him.

We hear little of Sir Roger, except an occasional opinion, until the 106th number, in which the spectator goes to visit him at his country seat, and finds him surrounded by domestics grown old in his service. "As the knight is the best master in the world, he seldom changes his servants; and as he is beloved by all about him, his servants never care for leaving him; by this means his domestics are all in years and grown old with their master."

After Sir Roger, the principal personage at the Hall is the chaplain, who had been selected for that office as a clergyman rather of plain sense than much learning, of a good aspect, a clear voice, a sociable temper, and a man that understood a little of backgammon!

We have in two subsequent papers an account of Sir Roger's conduct to his servants, and a description of the portraits of his ancestors,

both by Steele. Then the ghosts which haunt his house and the neighbouring ruins of an old abbey form the subject of another paper.

Next comes an account of a Sunday with Sir Roger. The knight's behaviour at church is original, to say the least of it. "As Sir Roger is landlord to the whole congregation, he keeps them in very good order, and will suffer nobody to sleep in it besides himself; for if by chance he has been surprised into a short nap at sermon, upon recovering out of it he stands up and looks about him, and if he sees anybody else nodding, either wakes them himself or sends his servant to them.

"Several other of the old knight's peculiarities break out upon these occasions; sometimes he will be lengthening out a verse in the singing-psalms half a minute after the rest of the congregation have done with it; sometimes, when he is pleased with the matter of his devotion, he pronounces "Amen" three or four times to the same prayer; and sometimes stands up when everyone else is upon their knees to count the congregation and see if any of his tenants are missing."

In the next paper of the series we have an account by Steele of Sir Roger's unsuccessful courtship in his youth of a "perverse widow"—the origin of all his oddities. By way of contrast we have next a hunting scene, and after that Sir Roger at the county assizes.

At last Addison brings Sir Roger on a visit to London, but considerations of space forbid our dwelling on the knight's eccentric doings there. He returns home, and one day a letter comes to the Spectator Club from Sir Roger's old butler, telling of his master's death. This is one of the most touching passages in all literature, and in alluding to it we must bring our notice of the *Spectator* to a conclusion.

The letter of the butler is accompanied by a book which the worthy knight had destined before his last sickness for Sir Andrew Freeport. It proves to be a collection of Acts of Parliament, with some passages marked to convince the citizen that he was wrong in some argument they had held at the club. Sir Andrew opens the parcel, casts his eye on the old knight's handwriting, bursts into tears, and puts the book into his pocket. "That single incident," it has been justly remarked, "would have stamped Addison as a master of nature and pathos."

SEVEN YEARS FOR RACHEL.

OR, WELSH PICTURES SKETCHED FROM LIFE.

By Anne Beale.

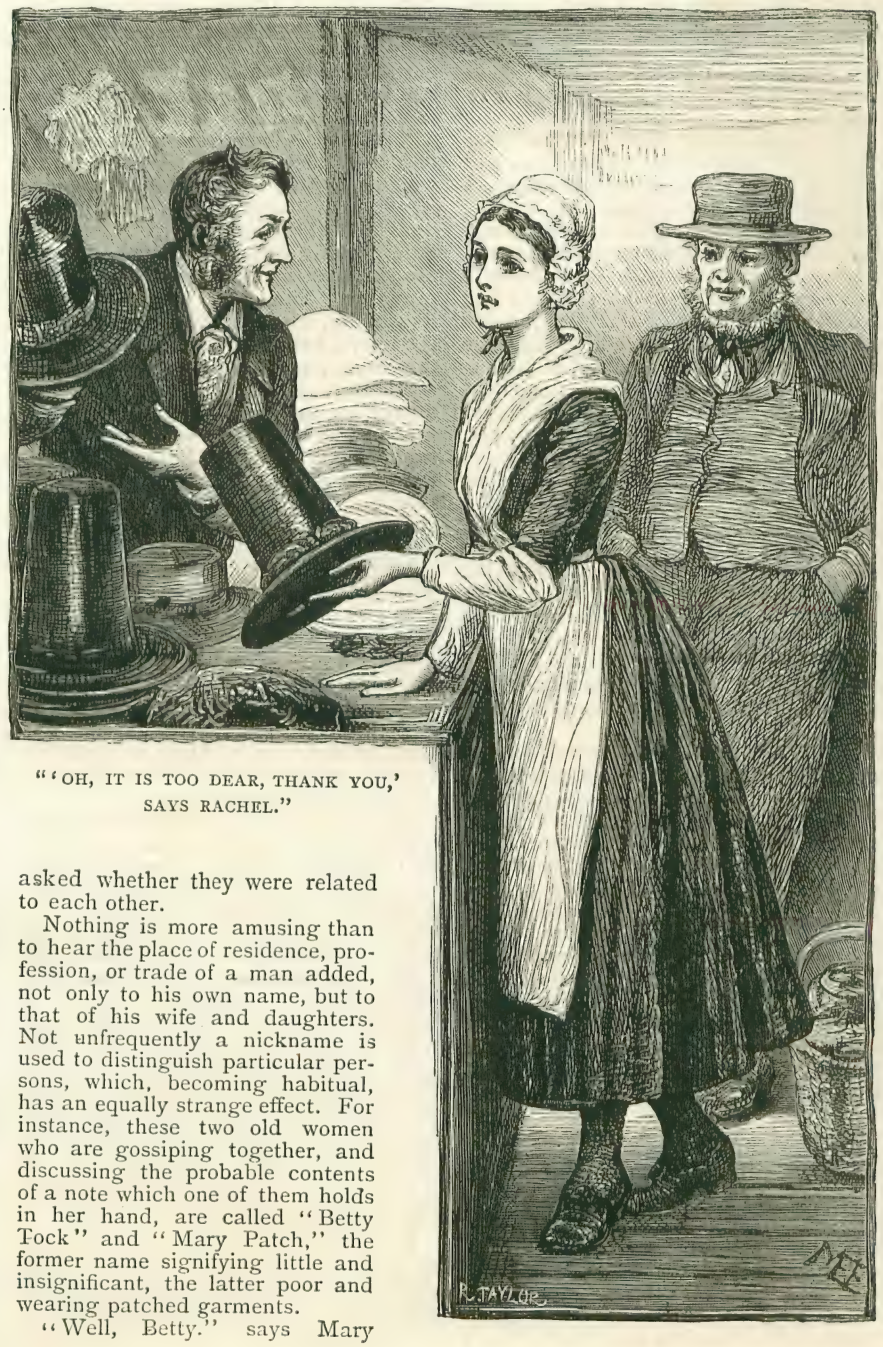
CHAPTER IV.

A COUNTRY TOWN.

OUR town, though of considerable importance in this part of the world, might, at a first glance, be reckoned by many an assuming person a large village. A town, however, it is, containing several streets, dignified by different names, such as Church-street, High-street, and the like. As there is not the slightest danger of losing your way amongst their mazes, you at first rather wonder why these streets are named at all. Let us look on the shop doors, and we shall perhaps guess.

There we see John James, William James, and a host of Jameses; Lewis Lewis, David Lewis, and twenty other Lewises; Griffey Griffiths, Thomas Griffiths, and an incalculable number of Griffithses. There are Thomases, Williamses, Davieses, and Shenkinses without end. Two or three families of the same name may live next door to each other, one selling haberdashery, another meat, and a third gingerbread. Half-a-dozen sets of Joneses may dwell in the same house, and as many Evanses may dine at the same table, yet all be totally unconnected with each other.

In London it is singular that in reading the names throughout a whole street of shops, you rarely see the same occur twice. In Wales, on the contrary, where all the inhabitants must originally have sprung from the same families, you have only to learn by heart a dozen names or so, and you cannot fail of knowing the appellations of all the residents of the town and neighbourhood, the English settlers excepted. The great man of the place and his shoemaker, how much soever they may dispute over a pair of shoes, cannot quarrel concerning their names. We may have "'Squire Evans, Pontpren," "Evans the butler, Pontpren," and "Evan Evans, the boy, Pontpren," but the 'squire, the butler, and the boy would be all equally surprised were they asked whether they were related to each other.



"'OH, IT IS TOO DEAR, THANK YOU,' SAYS RACHEL."

Nothing is more amusing than to hear the place of residence, profession, or trade of a man added, not only to his own name, but to that of his wife and daughters. Not unfrequently a nickname is used to distinguish particular persons, which, becoming habitual, has an equally strange effect. For instance, these two old women who are gossiping together, and discussing the probable contents of a note which one of them holds in her hand, are called "Betty Tock" and "Mary Patch," the former name signifying little and insignificant, the latter poor and wearing patched garments.

"Well, Betty," says Mary

Patch, "where are you going with that note?"

"Oh," replies Betty, all importance, "I've got to carry it to Mrs. Thomas, the captain, from Mrs. James, the doctor."

Mary Patch leans upon her sweeping broom, and would like to know something of its contents, whilst Betty Tock confidently insinuates that she thinks there's a party going to be, for Mr. and Mrs. Jones, the lawyer, are staying at Mrs. James, the doctor's, and notes have been sent to Miss Price, the clergyman, Mr. Rytherch, the curate, Mr. and Mrs. and Miss Lewis, Llansannan, and she didn't know who besides."

Betty Tock and Mary Patch are joined by a poor idiot boy, and an extraordinary trio they make. "Betty Tock," or "Old Betty," as she is familiarly called, is the oldest body in the town. Every one knows her well, for she flatters and begs of you at the same time. If you have sixpence in your pocket, her commendatory whine will surely get it out. She will tell you that she wishes the streets were paved with gold for your feet, and afterwards induce you to charity by bringing forward a good example; Miss Lewis, the bank, or Mrs. Jones, the lawyer, gave her sixpence the other day, and they are uncommon kind to her. "I haven't long to live," she says, drawing her hand across her eyes, "for I am over ninety, and can't do what I could once; a little knitting now and then to turn a penny, or selling a couple of apples, is the most I can help myself with now." Then she insists on shaking hands with you, a ceremony you would rather be rid of.

Poor Mary Patch is almost as old as Betty, and much more ragged. "She is not quite right," they say, though she displays no symptoms of insanity either in her daily occupations or conversation, the former consisting in sweeping from morning till night a broad piece of road, the latter in scolding the troublesome boys, who delight in teasing her by throwing stones over the places she has swept, or scattering the heaps of dust she has collected.

The idiot boy, another well-known appendage to our town, completes the group before us. He looks up into the faces of the two old women with infantine simplicity, but with less than infantine consciousness. Deformed in almost every limb, and deprived of the powers of mind and speech, he creeps about from place to place, known to, and protected by, everyone. The whole town is his friend, and he, in his turn, is the friend of the whole town. In the first place he is deputy sexton, and sees everybody in and out of church, carefully locking the doors after them, and remitting the keys to his superior in command. In the second he is a kind of clerk of the roads, and is a decided enemy to stray stones and such like obstacles. Does he come across one in his perambulations, he, with considerable difficulty, first of all, lays down his stick, then, with still greater effort, stoops, and, as well as his poor, deformed hands will allow him, removes it from the path. Is the stone too ponderous for him, he stands by it, watching it as wistfully as a cat would a mouse, until some one of his youthful allies chance to appear, when, pointing with his stick, and uttering an unintelligible guttural sound, he gives him to understand that he wishes it taken away, and his orders are instantly obeyed, for every boy in town, however refractory towards his schoolmaster, is docile as a lamb to the commands of poor Morgan the silly.

A small town on an elevation in the midst of a green valley, with a bright stream running through it, looks, to say the least for it, very snug and comfortable, as from another height you glance down upon it. It was evening when I first drew near our little town, and as it lay snugly nestled amongst its amphitheatre of mountains, it appeared the abode of peace and happiness. If the consciousness pressed upon you for a moment that much of good and evil was within, it was lost in the contemplation of the quiet it was apparently enjoying; still you felt that, though partly shut out from the world, it had a little world within itself. There was an assemblage of houses thickly crowded together, from which arose the curling smoke of many a chimney, and within which you imagined the cheerful hearth and the happy family gathered round it, for one always fancies bright scenes on a fine May day. The houses that appeared in its vicinity, scattered here and there by the river's bank, or amongst the trees, the country seat—the farm—the cottage—all were equally at rest. "Could anything ever trouble a scene so peaceful?" was the question the softened heart asked itself. "Could a place so far removed from the busy theatre of the world be exposed to its tumults and changes?" The question was soon answered. We descended the hill, lost sight of the town, and in about half-an-hour arrived within its precincts. Happiness and unhappiness—health and sickness—riches and poverty—sobriety and dissipation were visible. The young, the middle-aged, and the old appeared in all their different characters, and told that, even here, every passion and emotion that troubles life in a more extended sphere had found an entrance and made an abode.

As in all small towns, we find the dwellings of the rich and poor in close contact with one another. Here, next door to a little cottage, rises a good stone house, the inhabitants of which still preserve old Welsh notions of hospitality. In ancient times the house and table of a Cambrian were open to every person, whether friend or stranger, of whatever rank he might be; and this hospitality is still a national characteristic, for if the people do not, as did their ancestors, offer you water to wash your feet, and consider your acceptance of it as an earnest of your being their guest for the night, they welcome you with such evident warmth and cordiality, that you cannot avoid feeling at once at home with them.

Passing by the stone edifice and its hospitable inmates, we see the usual number of shops and private dwellings interspersed with most fashionable disregard of order. Here stands the hotel, with its iron railings and balcony, and a very good one it is; there a small alehouse, and a very bad one it is. Here the comfortable residence of a private gentleman, there a huckster's shop; here the town-hall, there the broad, square market-place. Now we come back upon the church, situated in the best part of the town, and very well situated. It is a venerable-looking building, with three or four fine elms, and one large chestnut-tree in its extensive church-yard, from which we have a lovely view of distant hills, and round which are grouped the most respectable of our houses. The post-office comes next, and shops again — booksellers, chemists, linen-drapers, etc., in due succession. But as the laws of precedence are as strictly attended to, and as much disputed in these parts as at court, we will stop at what is, *par excellence*, called "The Shop," the proprietor of which being also *par excellence* styled "Mr. Lewis, the shop."

"The shop" contains everything you can wish or desire, from a satin dress to a yard of tape; from a smooth black hat to a coarse straw bonnet; from the best green tea to the worst black; from wax candles to farthing rushlights; white sugar and brown sugar, spice, and tobacco, snuff, coffee, pins and needles—in short, specimens of the contents of half the London warehouses, our shop displaying more variety than is to be met with in any ten shops in the metropolis. There is a carpeted showroom at the bottom, where is a handsome mirror, in which the ladies may arrange their hats or bonnets, or take a sly peep to examine the general effect of their dress and faces.

Not that ladies are inclined to such vanities, as the position of yonder girl at the end of "the shop" will prove, who, with a number of hats before her, has placed herself with her back to the mirror, and does not even turn towards it, as she puts them one after another upon her head. Still, if her face do not belie her figure, she must be pretty; but the old man by her side and the shopman appear much more interested in the becomingness of the hats than she does. Let us take a nearer view of her. Pretty! yes, truly she is pretty; for it is no less a person than our friend Rachel, and the old man is her father. Poor Rachel! she looks as melancholy as the moon on a foggy night, whilst Jackey looks as obstinate and determined as a broad hot sun at noon day. And no wonder, for Rachel is going to service, and is very unhappy. In a few days the dreaded Hollantide fair will decide her fate, and separate her, for the first time, from her father and friends. It is market day, and they have now come to "Town" to purchase a new hat and gown against the expected change, and Jackey looks quite wrathful at the utter lack of interest displayed by his daughter in the hats and patterns of flannels laid before her.

"Come, Rachel, come," he says. "Choose, girl; put on the hats. Look there, now, there's a glass, and you can see which suits you. The women, you know," winking at the shopman, "like to look well, for they are aware that they

haven't much to recommend 'em besides their looks."

Rachel gently places a good beaver hat on her head, and her father, as he glances at her sweet face, feels a glow of pride, in spite of himself, kindling in his bosom.*

"What is the price of that, now?" he asks.

"Fifteen shillings," is the reply of the shopman, who is looking admiringly at the pretty Rachel.

"Fifteen shillings! Who ever heard of such a price!"

"Oh, it is too dear, thank you," says Rachel, taking it from her head; "I'll just try another."

"Too dear; I should think so, indeed," grumbles Jackey; "that's how you impose on us poor people, as if we had never seen a good hat in our lives. Do you mean to say, now, that fifteen shillings is the lowest for that hat? Why it's more than a woman's worth, much less her hat."

"Couldn't say less, indeed; a capital hat. Just look at it now, soft as silk or satin; and I'll answer for its wearing well."

Jackey makes a peculiar guttural sound, to which he is accustomed when excited, and declares that "Mr. Lewis, as everybody knows, has a dozen prices."

Without in the least wishing to detract from Mr. Lewis, the shop's, merits, I must be allowed to say here that we country-folk love from our hearts a little bartering and beating down, and that, consequently, the shopkeepers are obliged frequently to set a higher price on their goods than they expect to obtain, in order to indulge their customers in this, their amiable weakness. By this means neither party eventually either loses or gains, and a great deal of pleasure is experienced, on one side at least, for a lady who carries home a dress at two shillings and sixpence a yard, that was originally offered at three shillings, rejoices greatly at her bargain, she not imagining it possible that two prices could have been put upon any article she, individually, was about to purchase.

Jackey is an old hand at a bargain, and "the shop" knows him well. He prides himself upon detecting the real merits of the article by the manner of the seller. Hat after hat is tried on, until the meek Rachel is almost tired; and, to make matters worse, old Pally Lewis enters the shop, and joins most energetically in the discussion.

"What do you say to that, now, Pal vach?" exclaims Jackey, as he again places a hat on Rachel's head.

"Very pretty," replies Pally. "What's the price?"

"Fifteen shillings, but we know better than that."

"Fifteen shillings!" screams Pally, with uplifted hands. "Why, when I was a young 'ooman, I remember I got a much better one for ten, and that was the very hat I first seed John Lewis in, and he liked it so well that——"

"No, no, Pally," interrupts Jackey, with a gallant air, "'twasn't the hat, but the face."

Pally almost gets up a blush, and smirks and smiles just as if she were sixty years younger than she is. Whether this little conversation has excited any woman's vanity in Rachel, and has made her consider that it is just possible that William, the corporal, may see her in her new hat, I cannot tell, but, for the first time, she peeps into the glass, and adjusts the border of her cap, really blushing the while, as if she were committing an indiscretion. The shopman's exclamation of "That's the nicest hat after all," calls the attention of the elders, whilst it tinges Rachel's face with a deeper crimson.

"Nice hat enough for eight or ten shillings," responds Jackey, "but not worth fifteen nor near."

"Well, say fourteen," suggests the shopman.

"Nor fourteen neither; there's Mr. Lewis, and I'll ask him. I say, Mr. Lewis, do you mean to have the conscience to ask fourteen shillings for such a hat as that?"

"Oh, Jackey, is that you? I'm very glad to see you again," says Mr. Lewis, the shop, as he approaches and joins in the consultation. "Fourteen shillings is the least farthing; why, it cost me thirteen and sixpence, besides carriage."

"Well, you're all alike—like master like man; but I'll go to the Manchester house, where they sell hats dirt cheap, and if I can't get one there, I'll wait till the fair, that's all." And with this resolution, Jackey turns on his heel.

"You won't get one to suit your pretty daughter so well as this," interposes Mr. Lewis. "Why, the hat was made for her. So, as I've known you so long, we'll say twelve shillings and settle the business at once."

Jackey and Pally are seen to hold a consultation, the result of which is, that they declare the hat to be too dear, and that they will look elsewhere. As Mr. Lewis, the shop, has now, in good earnest, named the real value of the hat, he stands firm, and unrelentingly declares that he will not abate another penny.

"Very well," grumbles Jackey, "then now, Rachel, look at the flannels."

Striped Welsh flannels are turned over, and after considerable deliberation and beating down, a black and red one is chosen, which Pally pronounces the most useful for service, and which Rachel appears to admire.

"Then you won't say less for the hat, Mr. Lewis?" inquires Jackey, as the trio prepare to leave the shop. "You'll never sell it at that price."

"No, never, I'm sure," adds Pally, emphatically. "The one I've got on now was only six shillings, just half, and 'tisn't so much worse after all."

Rachel can hardly restrain a smile as Pally takes her dirty old hat from her head, and places it by the side of the smart new one.

"There, that hat 'a seen more than the other, anyhow; she 'a seen many's the corpse candle and many's the spirit."

"The shopman laughs outright, and Pally, much incensed, pulls Jackey by the arm, whilst Rachel ventures to say, "Father, may we not as well give the twelve shillings, and have done with it?"

"Hold your tongue, girl, you'll never be worth a farthing at driving a bargain, I'm sure. Come along. Good day, Mr. Lewis." And full of importance, Jackey, followed by Pally and Rachel, walks out of the shop, fully expecting to be recalled, and to have the hat offered him for eleven shillings. He is, however, mistaken, so, after walking down the street, and staring, for what he considers a sufficient length of time, into the shop windows, they go into the Manchester house, turn over a few hats, and leave it again, retracing their steps to the shop, where Jackey attacks Mr. Lewis with, "Well, Mr. Lewis, hats are cheaper everywhere than here, I find, but I don't like to change, as I have known you so long, ever since you were a baby, and your father before 'ee, so I'll take the hat. It suits the girl, too, or perhaps I shouldn't have had it after all, for I never bought anything so dear before. I wonder you can have the face to ask twelve shillings for it, that I do."

"The greatest bargain I've sold to-day," replies the now inflexible Mr. Lewis, as he wraps the disputed hat in brown paper, ties it up with twine, and calmly receives the twelve shillings.

Pally purchases a yard of check for an apron, which, by dint of bargaining, she obtains for sevenpence instead of ninepence, and they all once more take their departure. Mr. Lewis slips into Rachel's hand two or three yards of pink ribbon, "against the fair," which she takes with a modest courtesy, and a half suppressed sigh, for the mention of the fair brings sorrow instead of mirth to her mind.

(To be continued.)

* This hat, so becoming to many, is being gradually replaced by the expensive, but often more tawdry, bonnet.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

R. A. W.—There is a Society for Studying Languages by Correspondence, comprising English, French, German, and Italian. The secretary is Miss M. Hedge, East Gates, Colchester, Essex. A prize of 10s. is given for the best papers sent in during the half-year, and one of 5s. for the second best. The half-years commence on August 1st and February 1st, respectively. Apply yourself for the rules, enclosing a stamped envelope for them.

Miss E. E. Page.—We do not sell cut-paper patterns. If you teach your scholars that "the whale swims with its jaws open, taking in shrimps, small crabs, and lobsters," you misinform them. The whale is necessarily a deep sea fish, and to catch shrimps and small crabs he would have to follow the example of the shrimpers, and run his chin along the sands close on shore, as they do their nets. You spell "too" with one "o," and write "undertake" in the middle of a sentence with a capital "U," and you omit the use of the articles "a" and "the," yet you inquire, "What salary ought I to expect" (as a nursery governess)? At fifteen you are too young for such a situation, and, fortunately, you have some years of schooling yet before you in which to improve your education.

ART.

Country Maiden.—The prices of oleographs depend so entirely upon their execution that it is impossible to give any fixed sum. Large ones can be had, but they would cost from 16s. to £2; so "Country Maiden" had much better enlarge a small one.

Boadicea.—Take your pictures out of the frame, and slightly damp their backs and restretch them. Chas

nuts should not be eaten late at night, but, well boiled, are very wholesome at an earlier hour of the day.

OUIDA.—Inquire for sheets of wax for making flowers at a fancy-work shop.

M. E. ARMINSON.—Your letter is kind and gratifying, and we are glad that our illustrations afford pleasure to your little invalid daughter. Perhaps some day, when she becomes experienced as an artist, she may realise her wishes; but our selection has necessarily to be made from amongst the very best offered, and all the designs and illustrations must be original.

MOTHER'S GIRLIE.—Smooth the colour down while wet by stippling. *Write to the St. John's* Ambulance Society, Clerkenwell, for a list of places at which they will give lectures. A lecturer will aways be sent to any place where a class can be formed and a small sum subscribed to the fund.

COOKERY.

CINDERELLA, LORNA DOONE, and "A MILKING MAID OF 9½ YEARS."—We are much indebted to you all for kindly sending us recipes of various kinds.

A SUSSEX FARMER'S DAUGHTER.—Probably the ginger-beer will not be spoiled; but another time we should use an earthenware or wooden vessel, and allow it to stand all night in it.

LITTLE JOE sends us a recipe for a "grandmamma's pudding," which, she says, she makes herself, and that it is very good:—Crumble stale bread without crust, tie up tightly in a pudding-cloth, put into a saucepan of cold water, and boil for at least one hour. Serve with jam, marmalade, butter and sugar, or custard.

ROSA C. must send 1s. 2d. in stamps for "The Girl's Own Cookery Book," to the Publisher, 56, Paternoster-row, E.C.

ANCHOR BROOCH.—Boil a few heads of asparagus, cut up the tender part, and mix with your omelet as you would mix herbs.

MISCELLANEOUS.

DARK-EYED BESS.—December 17th, 1866, was a Monday. Writing scarcely formed yet. Glad our paper has been of use to you. Accept our thanks.

CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL.—The name Islam is pronounced "Iz-lam." Your writing is formed and fairly good.

FLORENCE AMY.—Unless you mean to accept a man's proposal of marriage, you ought not to accept any ring from him. If you do, he has a right to consider that his attentions are received with favour. Your second question is one that we have ceased to answer. Refer to our indexes.

T. J. F.—The bride's family provide the wedding-cake and breakfast; but, of course, the bridegroom may present the cake should he particularly desire to save her family so much of the expense entailed.

ELIZABETH ANNE R. informs us that "it is mostly for the competitions and prizes that she takes our paper in." We shall give due notice of any future competitions, but do not answer private queries about our plans. The description of petticoats and slippers she names would be suitable for hospital use.

CHIMBORAZO.—March 3rd, 1869, was a Wednesday. Your handwriting not yet formed.

FAT ONE.—Find the ant-hole, and pour the boiling water into that only. We cannot see how the flowers would suffer.

SCRAP.—We know of no other "rhyming dictionaries." You can obtain the monthly numbers if you write for them to 56, Paternoster-row, E.C.

CYCLIST.—You had better consult the makers of your machine.

ALISON.—Have you never read the address of our publishing office at the foot of each title-page? Nor ever seen in the Answers to Correspondents the replies to your question about the indexes, nor the name of Mr. Tarn? Editors should not be addressed on subjects belonging to the publishing and selling departments.

MYRTLE.—1. The dark colour of silver stopping shows through the enamel of the teeth, and there is no means of concealing it. White stopping, or gold, does not give a dark shade to them. It is not discolourment. 2. "Francesca da Rimini" is the name of a dramatic poem, by Leigh Hunt (1784–1859), published in 1816. The heroine was a daughter of the Lord of Ravenna, in the latter part of the 13th century, and married to Lanciotto, son of Malatesta da Rimini, who avenged on her and his brother their wicked treachery to him by putting them to death.

A SAXON QUEEN writes a very good hand, but we cannot discover for her any place where she may obtain MSS. to copy.

ROSA.—Write copies daily; hold your pen higher up on the handle, and try to write a small, even round-hand, sloping every letter the same way—from right to left.

A CONSTANT READER.—There is a hydropathic establishment at Matlock, Derbyshire, on the banks of the Derwent. The mineral waters are recommended for your complaint, dyspepsia, as well as for rheumatism, biliary and glandular affections, and disorders of the nerves, etc.

AN ANXIOUS ONE.—We do not perceive how recreation, taken in moderation, and being such as your parents approve, could hinder your devoting a part of each day to useful occupations, or interfere with your Christianity. Be guided by your mother; she is the natural guide and guardian appointed by God to counsel and direct you. Your writing is unsuitable for a copyist.

VIOLA.—Your mourning for an intended mother-in-law should be slight; not crape, as it is only "complimentary." An engagement ring is not usually worn on the wedding-ring finger; but if worn there from individual choice, it should be removed before going to church.

SISSY.—We think that you must be qualified to take a situation as schoolroom maid, but not as lady's-maid. For the latter you should understand hair-dressing, millinery, and dressmaking. You write fairly well, and we thank you for your kind and grateful letter.

GRAN'S PET.—We are quite sure that we should appreciate "granny" also, if we had the pleasure of knowing her; and all you say about your converse over bygone times and friends of her former life interested us much. May she be spared to you long, and may you find some good friend to comfort and be a companion to you when she is taken home to "the better land."

NINON STANLEY.—An early walk is desirable; but you should never go out fasting. If you cannot get your regular breakfast so early, get a cup of milk and a piece of bread-and-butter, and then you will neither come in exhausted nor be so liable to take infection of any kind, nor blood-poisoning from any bad odour. A plain face, with a bright, honest expression, is far more attractive than one that has only regularity of features to recommend it.

FOXY.—We fear we can give you no more information than is given in the Bible, as we have no other source of knowledge than yourself. You should clean white

EXPECTATION.

marble with a paste made of washing soda and whiting, laid on wet, and allow it to remain twenty-four hours.

LOUISA D.—We can only advise you to consult a doctor. We are very glad to hear our paper has been so useful to you.

LADY VIOLET SINGLETON.—July 26th, 1866, was a Thursday; September 21st, 1867, was a Saturday.

RITA.—On a sea voyage you will find the use of glycerine, after washing and before drying yourself, a great protection to the face from the sun and wind.

E. M. H.—*Petite* in French would be a term of endearment corresponding to our "little one." You do not tell us the year, so we cannot help you.

PETERIS AQUILINA.—Your letter is indeed melancholy. We should recommend a simple iron tonic, sea bathing, or a tepid sponge bath, followed by a good rubbing afterwards, plenty to eat, spending your days as much as possible in the open air. Change of scene will do you more good than anything else. Leave off reading and study, and do not worry yourself about anything.

LISETTE A. SOUFLETTE.—We have read your letter and its enclosures with much interest, and we think that the last attempt at verse-making does you credit, but it is not such as we should like to publish. Try again, and if the writing of it give you pleasure, and your friends too, you will have gained something.

MARY.—We are much obliged to you for your verses, which show a feeling heart for the sorrows of others. We are grieved to hear of your illness, and trust you may soon be well again.

PAPA'S PET is thanked for her note and enclosure, which latter we regret to decline. The postage of the monthly numbers varies from 2d. to 2½d.

NATIVE COMPANION.—Many thanks for your note. The enclosure is very nicely written, but lacks originality of thought.

E. D. M.—We beg to acknowledge the receipt of your letter and poem on "the moon." In the latter, we regret to say, we can find neither "rhyme nor reason."

ALICE FORBES.—Your first attempt at poetry is far from bad. Try a great many times more, and perhaps you will improve enough for our columns.

MAUDE.—Your stories of the birds are very interesting and well told. Many thanks for letting us see them.

PHILOMEL.—We have read your poems with great attention, and are glad to see by your close imitation of them how you appreciate Tennyson and Christina Rossetti.

DOUBTING HEART.—If you believe in the Lord Jesus as your Saviour, if you love Him, and try to follow Him, there is no just cause why you should not "come to His table." Do not neglect His Divine ordinance and command, waiting to be "more worthy of that great privilege." We all fall miserably short of what we ought to be, and are troubled with doubts. "Within were fightings (with sin), without were fears." But He has said, "Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out." Learn that hymn—

"Just as I am, without one plea."

ANNIE.—We could not possibly tell you where you could obtain work as a copyist of manuscripts. Your handwriting is scarcely formed.

CLEMIE.—The name is called as spelt, "Pears," we believe.

A MONTHLY READER.—You had better go to a dentist and let him see your teeth. Brown bread made of real whole meal is good for them, as well as for the general health.

KITTY WHITE.—We should think you would find such a book most useful. Nun's veiling will clean or wash admirably. The dress can be cleaned without unpicking it.

LILLA; A LILY OF THE VALLEY.—The lines you send us are full of good thoughts, but they are not poetry. So far as writing them does you no harm, and in some measure helps you to think, they form an outlet to sacred feelings, of which you might not talk to anyone. We are glad indeed to hear that you aspire to live "the Life Beautiful." God bless and keep you in it to your life's end.

MELISSA.—Certainly, take your bath under the circumstances. There are hundreds of people who would never take a bath at all if they waited for soft water. Do not over-tax your strength in the housework, but be sure and take plenty of exercise without fatigue.

JOCK, H. B. F., and others.—*Cymon and Iphigenia* is the title of a drama by Dryden, based on classic legend. The story is a mythical one entirely, and the picture is taken from the drama.

A GARDEN DAISY can clean her white fur muff with hot sand. Rub it in, and when quite clean from grease and dirt, rub with clean flour or bran.

SIGMA.—There is no opening that we know of for girls at that age in the Civil Service.

DUTCH GIRL (Utrecht).—The account of the proposed Girl's Own Home was given in the part for October, 1882. Your handwriting would be improved by separating, or rather spreading, the letters of each word; they are also too narrow, upright, and close together. The forms are correct, but look too much as if they had all been squeezed together. Your English is very good, and does you credit.

T. PR.—You express yourself very clearly for a foreigner, although you have not learnt to write English correctly. We do not know how you could obtain employment in travelling, unless you were competent to be a lady's maid; but for such a situation you would require long and careful training. You are in a very pretty, nice seaside place, and if you are tolerably comfortable in your situation, and have a kind mistress, we advise you to be content where you are. The love of change proves ruin to many servant girls.

SKYROCKET.—The uniform of a hospital nurse varies a little in each hospital. It consists of a gown, apron, long white cuffs, cap, cloak, and bonnet. We are indeed glad to hear that our paper has been the means of helping you so much in your Christian life.

COUNTRY COUSIN.—Yes, it is quite worth while for a poor person to "glean" after the corn has been "drawn" or "led." A woman, aided by a couple of children, might gather about four bushels—five at the very most. To a bushel of corn there would be three and a half stones of flour. Then the straw and chaff would be of use, likewise, for cowshed or stables. But seasons and crops vary, and all land is not equally productive, nor are all farmers equally generous to the gleaner.

DORA HOPE should consult her mother on such a point, or whoever may occupy the position of guardian or chaperone. Of course, much would depend on the age of the bride-elect.

MARGUERITE.—We see no "special faults" in your writing. We are pleased with the feelings expressed in your letter, and wish you every blessing.

FISHWIFE.—1. All fish do not sleep, and goldfish are included amongst the ever-waking ones. Tench, carp, and minnows do sleep, and the various species of the wrasse. 2. Apply ammonia or sal volatile to the mosquito stings.

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

VOL. VI.—No. 254. NOVEMBER 8, 1884. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

THE MOUNTAIN PATH.

By LILY WATSON, Author of "Within Sight of the Snow," &c.

CHAPTER VI.

ON the next morning Adela and Helen were standing in a cosy room, furnished in dark blue, looking out upon the flower-garden and the small park beyond. It contained a well-filled bookcase and a piano.

"This is to be our study," said Adela. "My idea of our life is something like this. You will read French and German, and practise or draw with me in the morning, as much as I feel inclined;

"AND TRILLED AWAY LIKE A BIRD."

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sometimes it may be two hours, sometimes less. Then you won't mind seeing after and arranging the flowers?"

"I shall love it!" exclaimed Helen, for she had, as we know, a strong infusion of the artist instinct in her nature.

"Then comes lunch. I generally have some calls to make, and you will go with me. Aunt Maria will be only too glad to have her afternoon nap in peace. Or sometimes I want to go shopping into Millstead, and then you will come too. In the evening, if I go out you will come, if you are asked; but if not, you won't mind staying at home? People are sure to invite you when they know you are here, especially since you are connected with the Thornes, who are much thought of."

"Do you go out very much?" asked Helen.

"Pretty well. Of course, we have a great many quiet evenings; but then I want you to play my accompaniments. I can sing, but I hate playing. I know you draw very well, so you shall help me in that. Is there anything else you can teach me?"

The question was rather unceremonious, but Helen answered gently—

"I could teach you Italian, if you liked."

"The very thing! I will learn; then I can sing Italian songs better. How did you learn all these languages?"

"I am especially fond of them, and had very good masters."

"That is delightful! So now, Helen, I shall call you by your Christian name, and you will do the same to me. And you must be fond of me, because I can't do without affection. I haven't anyone to love me, and Aunt Maria has no idea of my need for it. She never pets me at all."

Helen was so touched by this unexpected appeal, that she forgot for the moment Adela's very repellent behaviour to the person whom she blamed for lack of tenderness, and pitied her with her whole heart. She put her arm gently over the girl's shoulder, and stooped to kiss her brow. The caress was effusively returned.

"I am so glad you're not cold and hard. I thought last night you were, but now I see you're not. I always do win my way into people's hearts, somehow."

Helen felt the impulse of tenderness slightly chilled by this contradictory utterance, but blamed herself for it, thinking, "this is a motherless girl," and knowing all the terrible deprivation and loss which that word implies. With Adela's consent, she took down the books and began to investigate the amount of her knowledge of French and German literature, which she found surprisingly small.

It is true that Adela could chatter French in a glib, incorrect fashion, and with a good accent, but she knew very little of the construction of the language. German fared even worse.

"I can't bear German," she declared pettishly, breaking off in one of Heine's poems, that Helen was reading with her.

"Why not?"

"It is so harsh and ugly."

"Do you think so? It never has that effect to me. I think it is a very beautiful language—not pretty, perhaps, but with a wonderful depth of meaning."

"It is barbarous! I think I will put it aside altogether, and we will drive into Millstead this afternoon to order the Italian books."

This programme was carried out, and Aunt Maria was, to her great satisfaction, released from attendance upon Adela, being left to slumber in peace while the two girls drove, by way of a lovely woodland village, into the great manufacturing town five miles away. Adela was in high good humour, chattering incessantly, and showing Helen all the local objects of interest: the really fine public buildings and wide busy streets.

"We will call at the Library. We shall see numbers of girls there."

In effect, there were "numbers of girls," in costumes of different varieties of costliness and elegance, scattered about the great quiet, lofty room, with its delicious scent of Russia leather.

"The girls read so much in this neighbourhood," explained Adela.

"What do they read?"

"Oh, novels, of course. Don't you?"

"Some," Helen acknowledged.

"Do you like other reading?"

"Well, yes."

"Then I don't," Adela admitted with candour. "I did get Max Müller's 'Chips from a German Workshop' because everybody was talking about it, but I couldn't read it. I pretended I had, though."

"I should like to read some 'Ruskin' with you," Helen ventured to suggest; 'Sesame and Lilies,' for instance. I think you would find that quite as interesting as any novel."

"Oh, no, I don't think I should at all. I have no patience with those out-of-the-way writers who think they know better than anybody else."

"Mr. Ruskin does know better than a great many people."

"Well, he is not at all in my way, at any rate. Of course, I don't say this to people generally; but you would soon find me out if I began to pretend. Aubrey gets furious with me."

The vision of the languid, dreamy, contemplative Aubrey "getting furious" with his yellow-haired mite of a sister amused Helen so much that she laughed aloud.

"Oh, it's no laughing matter, I assure you!" cried Adela. "However, as there is a certain set of very clever people here, I do attend the ladies' lectures that they get up. It is rather amusing sometimes to see the girls pretending they take it all in, when I know quite well they don't understand what the professor is driving at any more than I do. However, it does to talk about afterwards."

In this style, the little lady chattered on to her companion, and Helen very quickly gauged her character, discovering that she was vain, selfish, shallow, idle, and yet not devoid of a certain superficial quickness and a frankness and readiness of perception which made her an amusing companion. Whether she could ever be helped to become anything more than this was the question. Could that self-indulgent nature be roused into a comprehension of the beauty of unselfishness? Would it be possible for the clinging inclination to receive affection, which had surprised Helen that morning, to be converted into a capacity for self-forgetting love? Could the volatile flippancy be steadied by a comprehension of the real meaning of life and its duties? And would the zest for any new acquirement be changed by dint of application into an honest love of knowledge? Helen pondered over these problems as they drove homewards, bearing a brown-paper packet containing an Italian grammar, a dictionary, and a volume of Metastasio, which they had fortunately been able to procure in Millstead.

Then she was suddenly struck by feeling that she had asked herself these questions before, with reference to someone else. Who was it? Why, *Oswald*, came the recollection, with an unpleasant shock of surprise. She had wondered, with regard to him, whether he would ever see the beauty of an earnest purpose in life, and rise to the nobility of self-sacrifice. Yet there was a difference between his character and Adela's that Helen could not at first define, but that she felt intuitively was a wide one. Oswald had capabilities for good; so, indeed, had poor Adela, for who has not? But Oswald had depths in his nature which had not as yet been sounded, while Adela's character was shallow throughout.

Confused meditations of this kind made the little heiress at length exclaim at her companion's gravity, and Helen roused herself to be communicative and agreeable.

The Yorkshire tea that had evoked Adela's ire on the preceding day was now replaced by dinner, after which the young lady proclaimed her intention of singing to Helen's accompaniment.

She had a brilliant soprano voice, rather thin in quality, but clear, flexible, and true. She produced an immense quantity of operatic music, and trilled away like a bird, indulging in shakes, runs, and high notes to an extent which showed she had been taught with the utmost assiduity. Helen complimented her on the amount of industry she must have brought to the study of singing, reserving meanwhile her own opinion as to the satisfactory character of the results achieved.

"Yes, I learnt in Paris, and I worked really hard. I do love singing."

Helen was pleased to hear an earnest expression of fondness for any study, but was rather disappointed when Adela went on:

"Singing really tells for something in society. People see you are accomplished. Now as for knowing German, or, say, such things as mathematics, or even Greek—I once knew a girl who learnt Greek—where is the good? Nobody is any the wiser, unless a quotation happens to come up, and you can translate it, or people ask you straight out any difficult question. While, if you

know how to sing, after dinner you are sure to be asked, and then everybody is delighted."

"You mean it gives more pleasure than studies which you cannot exhibit?" Helen charitably interpreted this speech.

"Hardly that. I mean, people see you are not a mere nobody, and like to have you at their houses."

"Surely you look upon music in a higher way than that!" exclaimed Helen. Aunt Maria was wandering about the conservatory, snipping off a leaf here and a leaf there, and the two girls were alone.

"I don't know what you mean."

"Why, surely, music is not, to you, just a means of attraction, when you have such power for it? That seems to me terrible."

"Explain yourself," said Adela, fixing a cold gaze on Helen's ardent face, and the light that shone in the dark blue depths of her eyes.

"Music is to me—to all of us at home—a noble art, that we love and reverence for itself, and because it brings us nearer to the best of all that is beautiful and sacred. The more we study it, the more we seem to approach to the mystery—that wonderful Presence that speaks to us in the woods, the hills and streams, in great thoughts, in all that makes life worth living——"

Helen suddenly stopped, conscious that in her ardour she was saying what was not understood in the very least, and making herself, in Adela's eyes, ridiculous.

"Dear me! I did not know you were so musical."

"I can do nothing wonderful in the way of performing," Helen replied with a blush. "I have studied the theory of music, and I love it, but my sister Lilian is the one who plays. She is deformed, and what her music has been to her and to all of us I could not tell you. It has been the saving clause in her life, making it beautiful to herself and helpful to others."

"If I were deformed I should go mad!" cried Adela. "Even if I were plain I should be hopelessly wretched."

"No, you would not, if you were worth anything," observed Helen, with some youthful severity. "You would try to make your life beautiful, if your face could not be."

"It's very easy for you to talk because you are not plain, as you know very well," retorted Adela. "Oh, yes, it is quite proper to frown and pretend you are vexed, but you would not be so virtuous about it if you had not what Aunt Maria calls 'a pleasing appearance.'"

"Well, I can point you to Lilian, at any rate," returned Helen, eagerly. "She has triumphed over what is worse than plainness."

"I never could. Don't let us discuss it, but ring for tea."

The next morning Adela began her Italian studies with great vehemence, and continued in the same creditable style for nearly a week, keeping Helen tolerably hard at work. In the afternoons the two girls drove about to the houses in the neighbourhood, calling first of all on Mrs. Thorne, who received Helen with open arms. Soon Adela noticed that her companion became rather abstracted, and looked for the London paper eagerly, morning by morning, until a day came when she laid it down with a sigh.

"What are you reading?" cried Adela, running to look. "'Royal College of Surgeons of England. The following gentlemen, having passed their primary examinations in anatomy and physiology, were admitted members of the college.' Then a number of names. 'Eight gentlemen having failed to satisfy the examiners, were referred to their anatomical and physiological studies for a period of six months.' What is there in that to cause such a doleful sigh?"

"Mr. Thorne has not passed."

"What of that? Oh, now he will be able to come to my tennis party. I am curious to see him. I don't wonder that he didn't pass; my only wonder is that he was stupid enough to go in for it at all."

Helen was glad that Adela was called away just at this moment, and that she was left to think over the matter.

"I am silly to let it vex me," she thought. "No, I am not silly, for it is such a pity. He has the capacity to do something in the world, and now he will come here and be petted by all these rich people, and lose even the good he got from the little that he did in town. Well, he would not have practised even had he passed; I must try not to take it to heart."

But Helen did take it to heart. Not merely Oswald's failure, but the prospect she saw opening before him of an idle existence among these palaces of luxury, with work regarded as a means of money-getting alone, and all the noble possibilities of life ignored in a race for wealth, or a revelling in the good things obtained thereby, dismayed her for her friend's sake. The young men she had already met struck her most unpleasantly. They seemed to be saturated with a love of money, and of the luxury that money brings. Their talk was of the one theme—money, money, endless money, or else of the fine houses, grounds, horses, carriages, hothouses, and so on, that their friends and relatives had amassed, or that they themselves hoped to have. They seemed thoroughly demoralised by this all-pervading tone.

What of the nobler life, that money cannot buy or take away? In the neighbourhood of Millstead it counted for little. Even a Christian minister was frequently appraised by the amount of money he managed to extract from his congregation.

A man who had not succeeded in business, whatever might be the reason, was spoken of with a smile and a shrug of the shoulders. Get money; not dishonestly, of course, but get it, and plenty of it, or else your life is a failure; for the only enjoyment comes from the abundant use of it. Such was the Millstead code of morals, and Heatherbridge provided the smoky city with a lovely country suburb wherein these merchant princes built themselves each a lordly pleasure-house wherein to dwell.

So Helen grieved for her friend, that he should fling away the possibility of noble work, and come to settle down in idleness upon his father's gains in such an atmosphere. She wrote to Maggie about this time in answer to a long letter received from home, partly on the subject of Oswald.

DEAREST MAGGIE.

You are very kind in trying to comfort me, and of course what you say is true. If Oswald did not mean to practise, *why should he* become qualified? Well, I should have been glad if he had shown he could win the diploma that stamped his past labour and gave him power for the future, and I always had a wild hope that somehow or other he would use it if he had it. I know he liked his work. However, it is no use to fret about it, and I shall not mention it unless he begins. If he would only try again! But that is hopeless.

All your news about the dear old home is most interesting. I feel as if I had been months away, instead of only a fortnight. I am amused to hear that Mr. Aubrey Gascoigne has been to see you again, and I am really grateful to you for taking up the charge of Bobby for me. Tell me everything you can about him in detail.

You ask, am I happy and satisfied? Yes, and no. I am most fortunate. I have a charming home, not one slight to boast of, and cannot in any respect pose as the "neglected companion." Not one girl in a thousand is so well off as I. Miss Gascoigne is *kindness itself*. But the prevailing spirit of the neighbourhood strikes me as strange. The people seem to be very rich, and live in grand houses with rooms that would take all our ground floor that we thought so spacious, and swallow it bodily. Conservatories, ferneries, grounds, all are on a gigantic scale, and mostly very new. Everyone seems to judge everyone else by his possessions, and people talk incessantly of their servants, horses, carriages, and everything that is theirs. I hear there is a different set at Millstead, but I haven't yet seen any of them. Mrs. Thorne is almost the only exception out here.

I can fancy your dear, kind, sisterly warning against being uncharitable, but just hear one word more. Adela is a curious girl, a mixture of odd frankness, selfishness, and vanity. She learns things with great eagerness for a little time, and then slackens. She seems fond of me, as far as she can be, but I do not think that is very far. I don't know if I shall be able really to help her in any way. I want to rouse her to a sense of something beyond personal ease and comfort, but at present I don't see the very least trace of any success, and feel that I am stupid and incompetent.

However, you always laughed at me because of my impetuousness, and it is early yet. After all, a fortnight is not so very long.

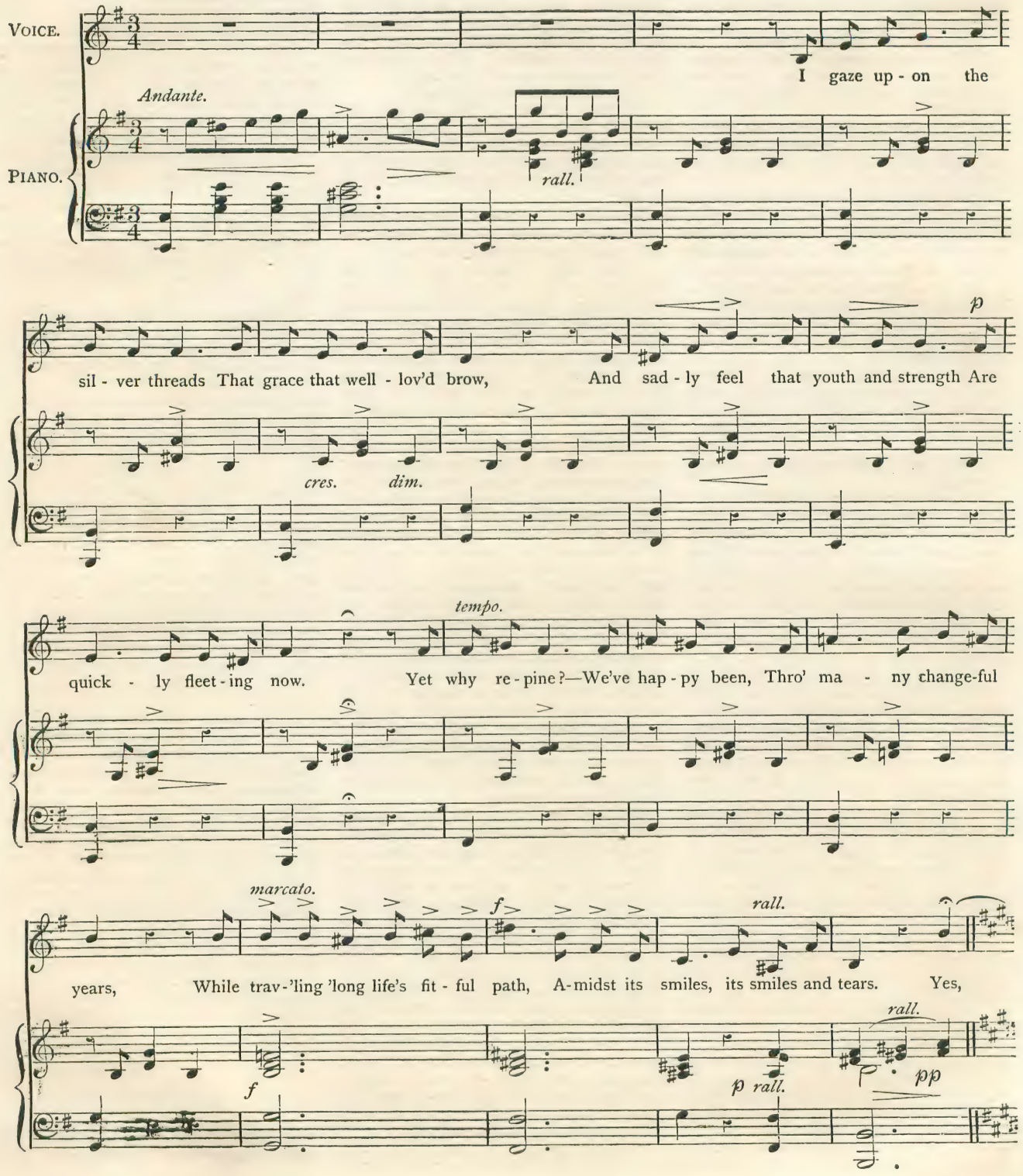
Ever your loving sister,

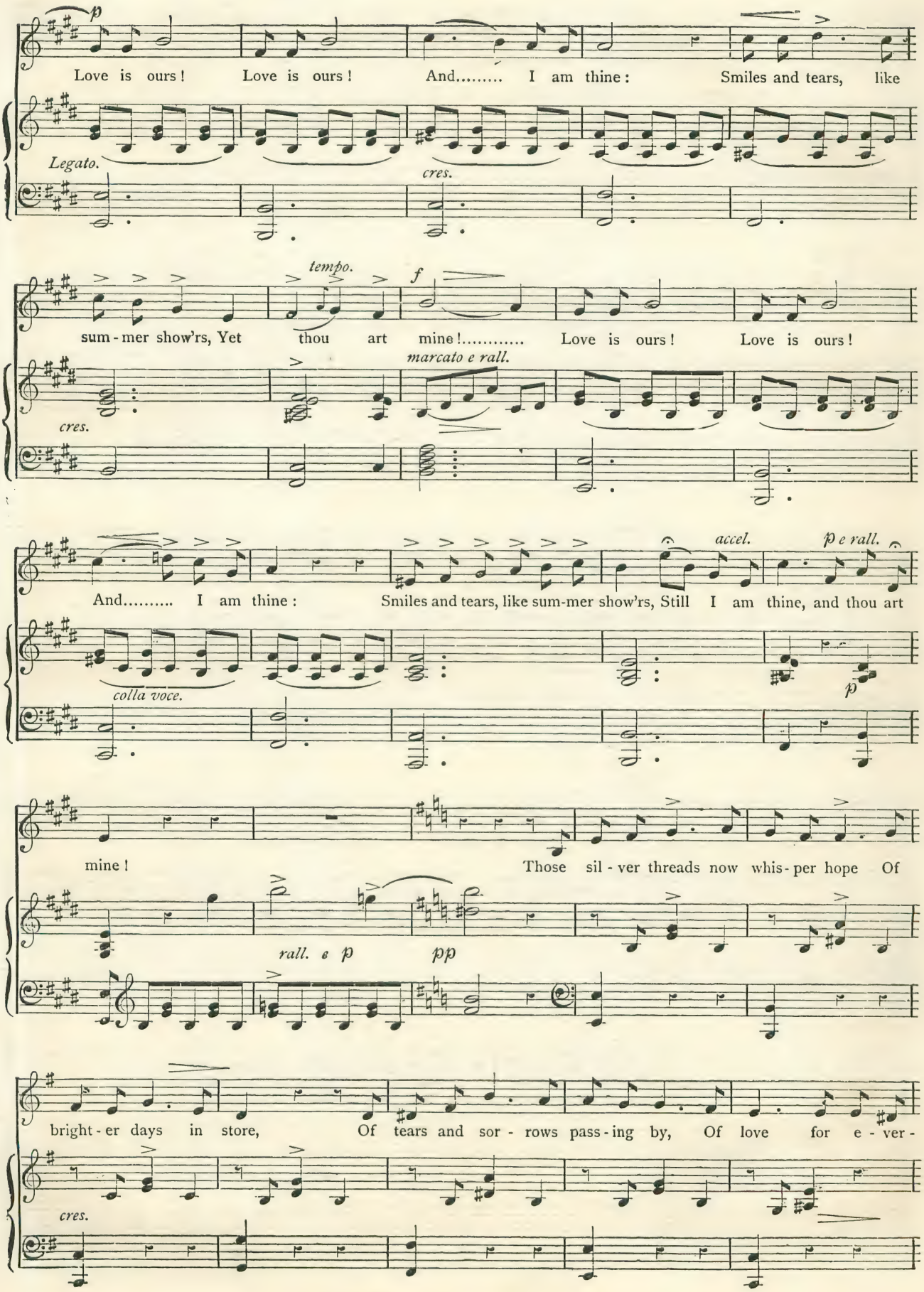
HELEN.

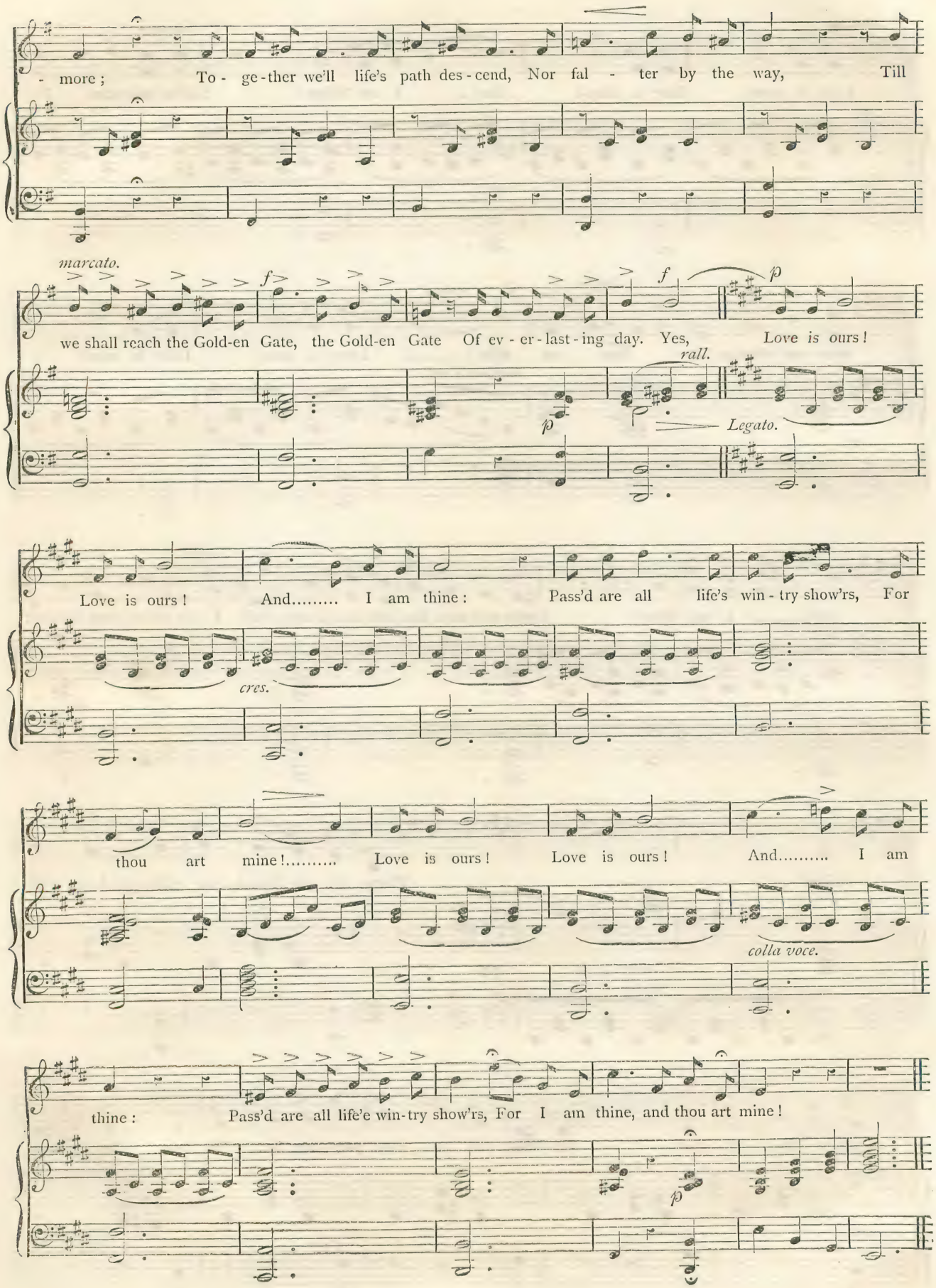
(*To be continued.*)

LOVE IS OURS.

Words by H. BARRINGTON. *Music by* LOUISA BODDA-PYNE.




p
Love is ours! Love is ours! And..... I am thine: Smiles and tears, like
Legato.
cres.
tempo.
f
sum-mer show'rs, Yet thou art mine!..... Love is ours! Love is ours!
marcato e rall.
cres.
accel.
p e rall.
And..... I am thine: Smiles and tears, like sum-mer show'rs, Still I am thine, and thou art
colla voce.
p
mine! Those sil-ver threads now whis-per hope Of
rall. e p
pp
bright-er days in store, Of tears and sor-rows pass-ing by, Of love for e-ver-
cres.


- more; To - ge-ther we'll life's path des-cend, Nor fal - ter by the way, Till
marcato.
we shall reach the Gold-en Gate, the Gold-en Gate Of ev - er-last-ing day. Yes, Love is ours!
rall.
Legato.
Love is ours! And..... I am thine: Pass'd are all life's win-try show'rs, For
cres.
thou art mine!..... Love is ours! Love is ours! And..... I am
colla voce.
thine: Pass'd are all life'e win-try show'rs, For I am thine, and thou art mine!

THE QUEEN'S ROYAL DESCENT THROUGH FEMALE LINE.

HOSE of our girl readers who are fond of history, and we hope they are many, may find it interesting to trace some of the many cases in which it has been through female ancestors that the crown has descended to our own beloved Queen.

We have in an old volume entitled "George III., His Court and Family," written early in this century, and now very scarce, this statement :—

"It is worthy of being generally known that our late venerable monarch, George III., was descended in the female line from Cerdic, founder of the kingdom of Wessex, and the Royal family of England have possessed the throne for considerably more than a thousand years. Cerdic, our chronologers tell us, landed in England in the year 495, and having founded a kingdom, left it to his descendants, who in succeeding generations reduced all the other kingdoms of the Heptarchy under their own power, and became sole monarch. It is true that there have been periods in our national history when kings, not of this line, have sat on the throne; but in the course of time the crown has always reverted again to the same dynasty.

"Very often it has not descended to the next in succession; but still, the crown has continued upon the head of one in the same family."

This interesting fact in our national history must be attributed to the opposition our early sovereigns made to the principles of the Salique law, and their determination to maintain the right of female succession to the throne.

The history of Boadicea shows that the principle is an ancient British one. Though we had no Saxon queens either before or after the Heptarchy, history tells us that William Duke of Normandy founded his claim, although other circumstances connected with his birth proved it to be an invalid one, on his descent from Matilda of Brunswick, who was descended from Elfrida, daughter of Alfred the Great, and grandson of Egbert, the first Saxon monarch over the whole kingdom of England.

This claim was strengthened by his son, Henry I., marrying Maud, daughter of Malcolm III. of Scotland, by his wife, Margaret, sister of Edgar Atheling, the last of the Saxon princes, and who was the undoubted heiress of the English crown. Henry's daughter, Maud, was twice married—first to Henry V., Emperor of Germany, and secondly to Geoffrey Plantagenet, by whom she had Henry II. Both he and his rival, Stephen, laid claim to the throne through their female progenitors.

In the feuds between the rival houses of York and Lancaster in the fifteenth century, Henry VII. founded his right on his descent from his mother, Margaret, Countess of Richmond, great grand-daughter of John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, fourth son of Edward III., though he prudently strengthened that claim by his marriage with the heiress of the hostile house of York. James I. claimed the crown of Scotland as well as of England in right of his mother, Mary, and thus secured the union of the two kingdoms.

On the abdication of James II., the crown was offered to Mary, as well as to her consort, William III., both having female claims to it—the one as the daughter of James, and the other as son of Mary, the eldest daughter of Charles I.; and on King William's death it fell to Queen Anne, in right of her progenitors, as well as to Protestant laws of descent founded on the Revolution.

In 1701 an Act was passed by which it was settled that after the death of King William and Queen Anne, without heirs, the succession should revert to the Princess Sophia, Duchess Dowager of Hanover. Had she lived only seven weeks longer, we should have had in her a Queen Sophia of England restored to the throne from which her ancestor had been driven. Queen Anne survived her only that short time, and dying on the 1st August, 1714, George was proclaimed Elector of Hanover and King of England, being the first of that name.

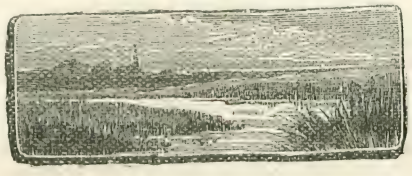
He was son of Ernest Augustus, first Elector of Hanover and his wife, the Princess Sophia of Bohemia, grand-daughter of James I. of England. His birth united the whole royal line of British blood with the Brunswick pedigree. He, in his turn, married Sophia Dorothy, heiress of her uncle, the Duke of Zell, and the unfortunate mother of George II.

The fondness of this monarch for the land of his birth was not flattering to his English subjects. Many satirical poems and rhymes were composed on the subject, some clever, and some coarse. Several are preserved in "Nichol's Literary Anecdotes." One, especially, called "The Regency," contained a skit upon the persons entrusted with the Government during the King's absence, and was written by Samuel Wesley, elder brother of the celebrated John Wesley. The first verse runs thus :—

"As soon as the wind it came fairly about,
That kept the king in and his enemies out,
He determined no longer confinement to bear,
And thus to the duchess his mind did declare.
Quoth he, my dear Kenny, I've been tired a long while
With living obscure in this poor little isle,
And now Spain and Portugal haven't more mines to spring,
I'm resolved to go home and live like a king."

On this king's death, in 1727, he was succeeded by his son, George II., who reigned till 1760.

His eldest son, the Prince of Wales, dying in the lifetime of his father, the king's grandson inherited the throne, and at the early age of twenty-one became George III. His long reign lasted till 1820, after which his two sons, George IV. and William IV. succeeded, and dying without issue, in 1837 our own beloved Queen became sovereign of these realms, in right of her father, the Duke of Kent, who died when she was barely a year old. To her other titles has been added that of Empress of India. It is the devout wish of every one of her loyal subjects that God may long preserve a life so precious, and spare her still to set an example of every domestic virtue to the people committed to her charge.



VARIETIES.

POETICAL CONTRIBUTIONS.

"Fortunately," says a patient editor, "the greater part of the potential poets do not employ their gifts; but, even so, the magazines are fairly inundated with poetical contributions, whose numbers as compared with their merit may be seen from the following table :—

"Doggerel.....	1,000
Fair rocking-horse poetry.....	100
Paraphrases, translations, and very good original verse.....	10
True poetry.....	1 "

THE CHAIN REMOVED.

A slave had long worn a chain upon his ankle. By the order of the master it was removed.

"Why dost thou spring aloft and sing, O slave? Sure, the sun is as fierce and thy burden as heavy as before?"

The slave replied: "Ten times the sun and the burden would seem light now that the chain is removed."—*From the Arabic.*

TO ALTHEA, FROM PRISON.

Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage;
Minds innocent and quiet take
That for an hermitage.

If I have freedom in my love,
And in my soul am free,
Angels alone, that soar above,
Enjoy such liberty.

—*Lovelace.*

KINDLY DEEDS.

It is not at every time and season that acts of beneficence are easily performed. When thou art able, then, hasten to do them, lest they should become difficult to execute.—*Arab Saying.*

BEAUTY AND DRESS.—Never teach false morality. How exquisitely absurd to teach a girl that beauty is of no value, dress of no use! Beauty is of value; her whole prospects and happiness in life may often depend on a new gown or a becoming bonnet. If she has five grains of common sense she will find this out. The great thing is to teach her their just value, and that there must be something better under the bonnet than a pretty face for real happiness. But never sacrifice truth.—*Sydney Smith.*

IN CONVERSATION.

When next you talk of what you view,
Think others see as well as you.

THE LAW OF KINDNESS.

People know not what they lose by a surly and overbearing spirit. Kindness is the only way to soften the heart and make all those our friends who previously were our enemies. Here is an anecdote in illustration:—

The horse of a gentleman happening to stray into the road, a neighbour put him into the pound. Meeting the owner soon after, he told him what he had done, and added, "If ever I catch him in the road hereafter I'll do it again!"

"Neighbour," replied the other, "not long since I looked out of my window in the night and saw your cattle in my mowing ground. I drove them out and shut them in your yard, and I'll do it again!"

Struck with the reply, the man liberated the horse from the pound and paid the charges himself.

OUR ACTIONS.

Our acts our angels are, or good or ill,
Our fatal shadows that walk by us still.

AN OLD LETTER.

By SARAH DOUDNEY.

I FOUND an old letter, long lost, to-day;
The ink is faded, the words are few,
But they speak to my empty heart, and say,
"One love in your life was deep and true!"
And far away from this quiet room,
Away from this working-day world of ours,
My soul flies out through the twilight gloom
To a land of temples and palms and flowers.

Once more I am watching the minarets shine
In the last rich glow of a tropic sun;
Once more I am clasping his hand in mine,
When the sultry hours of day are done;
The air is full of the balmy scent
Of Orient blossom and shadowy tree,
And I muse and rest in a still content
On the heart that ever was fond to me.

It is but a dream that is far too fair!
The voice is silent, the rich light dies;
I am here in the dim old London square,
He sleeps in peace beneath Indian skies;
And I fold the letter, and meekly pray
For strength to suffer my life-long pain,
Till I come at last to the quiet way
That shall lead me home to my love again.

GIRLS OF THE BALLET AND CHORUS.

By ANNE BEALE.

"HERE'S mother! There's mother! May she come and sit with us?" said several young girls, seated round a tea-table at which we were presiding.

Permission being given, one of them scrambled over the form, disappeared, and returned with "mother," for whom we had prepared the place of honour. But instead of the middle-aged or venerable dame we expected, a young woman appeared and took the offered seat. Seeing our look of surprise, the dozen girls began to laugh, but she explained—

"They call me mother because I am their ballet and wardrobe mistress. I have thirty-six under me. Now, be steady, young ladies,' she added to her pupils, some of whom were slightly obstreperous.

But they all calmed down when they were called upon to sing the grace, and subsequently invited to partake of the excellent meal provided for them. This was the first entertainment of the kind any of them had attended, and not only our especial round dozen, but nearly a hundred other girls and children seemed pleased and amazed at the unwonted hospitality. They were all engaged in the theatres of North London, and the feast was provided to attract them to join the Theatrical Mission, and to give opportunity of speaking to them of a Saviour. During the meal mother and girls asked and answered many questions concerning it, and said they thought it very kind of people to interest themselves in them, and they would certainly not forget it. From the mother we learnt not only what hard and doubtful work it was to train and be trained for the stage, but something of her own history. Tears filled her eyes when she said she had lost her own mother a year ago, when she was engaged in the provinces.

"It would not have been so hard, if I could have been with her," she added; "but when I came home, she was gone." Her face brightened at the gift of a large floral text card, and she said she should have it framed. So did her attendant "sylphs and fairies," when they received a smaller one. This was succeeded by a card of invitation to the weekly teas and meetings, held gratis, at the Theatrical Mission Rooms, 21, King-street, Covent Garden; and it was curious to watch the wondering faces of the impressionable young people, which seemed to say, "What is it all about?"

Their question was answered by the founder and director of this good work, Mr. Courthope Todd. No sooner was the tea over than he addressed them, and succeeded in interesting them by means of a series of revolving Scriptural pictures and texts, and apt anecdotes, which he knew well how to apply to those whose knowledge of such vital subjects was sadly limited. Again he invited them to King-street, and membership with the Mission, and after singing a hymn, the hour of separation had come. This was early, because most of the guests were about to "turn night into day," by acting in pantomimic dancing in ballet, or singing in chorus, for the amusement of a London public, who little understands the poverty, blighted lives, and unnatural excitement of the twenty-one thousand actors and actresses who minister to its so-called diversion and relaxation.

We were so much engaged with the seniors of the gathering, that we had not much time for the juniors, who had a table and lady-waiters to themselves; but they were interchanging comments on various picture-cards and little books which they had received, and were quite ready for another treat. Our especial friends took leave of us, with hopes that we should meet again; and the mother and several of the girls expressed their determination to accept the invitation to the central reception rooms, on the first convenient Thursday, the day named as the "At Home" for the ladies of the ballet and chorus.

We, too, will wend our way thither, and see what is done for the theatrical *employées* in this great wilderness of London, where highways and byways are full of pitfalls for the young and ignorant.

We find that not only Thursday, but every day, Sunday inclusive, there is an "At Home," at 21, King-street, Covent Garden, and that Mr. and Mrs. Todd are always there to receive their guests. These grow ever more and more numerous, for within ten minutes' walk of the small but hospitable dwelling, there are twenty theatres, all of which send their quota; while from every point of the compass, and from considerable distances, come others of the invited, often at much personal trouble and fatigue, for are there not forty theatres in this our intricate and ever-widening maze? Of the young girls and children employed nightly in these, five thousand are members of our theatrical union, and numbers daily take advantage of the shelter provided, 8,000 having visited the rooms during the last three months; while so many flock to the teas, meetings, and entertainments, that the rooms are already too narrow for them.

Let us glance through them. They are small, but well arranged for service. On the drawing-room floor are the reading-room, dining-room, and tiny kitchen. In the first we find a dozen or more of young women, looking over periodicals and papers, judiciously chosen for their moral or religious tendency; in the second, as many or more seated at tables with tea, coffee, cake, eggs, and what not before them, consuming a cheap meal between rehearsal and play; in the third, stoves and boilers, prepared to supply the constant demand for edibles and drinkables. Coffee, one halfpenny per cup; bread and butter, or cake, on the same terms. A respectable matron superintends this small establishment, and when we think that but for it, those who frequent it must wander about the streets for hours, too often alone, unprotected, and frequently strangers in London, we cannot be too thankful that the devotion and energy of one individual has done such "great things" for them. Here, too, is a lending library, which has already seen such good service that the books are worn out, and must be renewed. Anyone who will visit these rooms, and learn *viva voce* all that is done here for the benefit of the actresses, will be heartily welcomed; and anyone who will send healthy, cheerful, pleasant volumes, either religious or secular, will be looked upon as a true benefactor of the theatrical profession. In the room, at this moment, is a sad mother, who attributes the ruin of two of her daughters to the reading of what she calls "those yellow novels," meaning the "cheap and nasty" books issued by publishers without consciences. She says that her girls were well employed at trades before they took to them; but that they suddenly left her, and

AN OLD LETTER.

went to Ireland, where they are now on the stage. She has come, like many another anxious parent, to endeavour to trace them through this mission.

On the mantelpiece is the photograph of a young girl who has also left sorrowing parents for this acting chimera, who hope to find her through her companions of the stage. Mr. Todd always appeals to them for aid, and many runaways have been traced and restored by their loyal *help, together* with that of photographs. One is now in the room who is believed to have deserted her home, but who does not choose to acknowledge it. Still, her presence at the Mission gives hope that she may repent. Who can imagine the misery and heartaches of parents whose children thus forsake them? And for what? To pass through the fire of temptation, and probably fall into sin. People talk of purifying the stage; they must first purify our literature and the plays acted on the stage. Therefore, kindly reader, we clamour for good books for our lending library, for funds for our Mission, and, above all, for personal help and sympathy. To the library is due the formation of a theatrical institute for the boys. "Mr. Todd, sir, we like the books you lend our sisters; will you give us, too, a library and reading-rooms?" said a couple of "young stagers" one day; and the appeal has been answered. At 14, York-street, "Christian club rooms" have been opened for the masculine theatrical element, where pantomime lads, "juvenile tenors and baritones," acrobats even, come "between the acts." One day lately a strange scene was enacted there. Three young acrobats terrified the respectable Scotch matron by performing wonderful feats of gymnastic prowess. They turned somersaults, stood on their heads, vaulted to the ceiling and became so obstreperous, that she was compelled to close the rooms much earlier than usual. When subsequently Mr. Todd expelled them, one of them said he felt more at home in the air than on the earth. These were exceptions, for the lads are generally well behaved, and attend the Bible-classes, which they really like, and other meetings regularly. A library is also in formation for them. The other day two old men looked in and asked for a "book with no religion in it." When invited to enter, they declined, saying "They did not want to be converted." A book being given them, they turned it over to be sure "that it contained no tract."

A general idea exists among the *employés*, male and female, that if they are "converted," they must leave the stage. Hundreds desirous of leading religious lives, and feeling keenly the temptations of their profession, would gladly do so, could they find other occupation. This is the difficulty, since they have generally been trained for the stage, and know no other sphere of labour. Moreover, they are too often looked upon with suspicion, and shunned on account of their profession. A young girl not long since burnt her theatrical appliances, and resolved never again to set foot on the boards. She studied as a hospital nurse successfully, and obtained employment; but, incredible as it may seem, she lost it when it was understood that she had been on the stage. An accomplished young lady, once a governess, was equally unfortunate. Hundreds of examples continually occur to warn girls against this delusive and tempting profession; but, to such as pursue it, the Theatrical Mission is an incalculable boon. Even while we are looking about us the rooms fill with young women, varying in age from fifteen to twenty, or over. The tables have been rapidly cleared and laid for a tea similar in character to the one described at the commencement of this sketch, and we may here chronicle the fact that the guests who now frequent these assemblies are vastly improved in manners and conversation since their institution. Fifty-three seat themselves at the "boards," and we learn that many of them have walked miles to this half-past four o'clock tea. Lambeth, Kennington, Battersea, Walworth, Marylebone, are amongst the places they name, and all will hasten to "play their mimic parts" when they leave King-street.

Truly strange, and often melancholy, are their stories. Some have been actresses all their lives. Among those known to the lady-visitors are a mother and nine children, all on the stage. The two youngest walked from Lambeth to the children's tea last week "because they liked to come," they said. Some good ladies devote themselves entirely to house visitation, and often appalling cases of distress are revealed to them. Work could be found for many more visitors, would they volunteer. Once on the books, and the members are never lost sight of. During this, our brief sojourn, a letter is brought to Mr. Todd, entreating for a loan, the writer having had her purse stolen, in which she had laid aside the money for her rent. She is well known to the director, has a paralysed husband, and children who labour to support him.

Most of these young people are bread-winners. Here is one who tells us she has left the stage for conscience' sake, and now works at a trade, at which her earnings are small, but they aid in helping the family while the father, a painter, is out of work. Another, once a ballet dancer, now employed at the black-lead works, was twitted by a friend of "the profession" for her dirty hands. "Better soil your hands than your heart," was her apt reply. But the majority are juvenile actresses or chorus singers, and the former speak unhesitatingly of their parts, and have ceased to think shame of their unbecoming stage attire. "I am a Bengalee," "I an Italian girl," "I act in *Faust*," "We are soldiers and sailors," they say, and so on. "I never get home till past twelve; on Saturday night, nearly half-past, for the omnibus men impose on us after midnight," says one; and we reflect sadly how the "poor players" and the "poor drivers" are compelled to break the Sabbath, to minister to the amusement of others. Let us all examine our consciences in this matter. Rapidly the forms are arranged for the address. This is given by Mr. Frank Bevan, who, like ourselves, comes to examine this remarkable work. But it is preceded by a chapter of the Bible, a prayer, and hymn. Very hearty is the singing, sweet are the trained voices, and kindly and judicious are the words of counsel that follow. Every eye is fixed on the speaker, and the attention of the auditors is unquestionable. We have not space to repeat, and can only add that we rejoice to think that so many young people will bear with them to their unreal evening performance the echo of the realities of true religion.

When they rise to take their departure, their kind friends ask for the addresses of such as may have changed either theatre or residence, and also inquire where So-and-so is to be found, and if one particular girl has been traced. Satisfactory answers resound. One or two strangers present themselves, and receive cards of membership. One of these, a pretty, bright-looking girl, says she is fourteen; has been on the stage since she was three, acts in the provinces; has even been on the Continent, and would like to attend the meetings, and join in the Scripture Union.

Mr. Todd tells her that she shall be placed under the care of a lady who will write to her once a month, and to whom, he hopes, she will reply. This brings us to one of the earliest efforts of the Theatrical Mission, that of correspondence.

Some Christian lady interests herself in a particular individual—woman, girl, or child, as maybe—and by means of what is called the Letter Mission, succeeds in influencing her, and often in discovering much of trial or privation. The young people, especially, grow to like their correspondent, and show much anxiety for a personal introduction. From these letters have proceeded wonderful results.

In every large town in Great Britain and Ireland where there is a theatre, ladies connected with the Mission by bonds of Christian love are prepared either to visit or receive visits from the *employées*, and to advise or aid them if necessary.

Many clergymen are also active in the work, both in London and the provinces. Even in the principal Continental cities there are friends at hand to whom the members of the Mission may be entrusted. In Paris, Miss Leigh has opened a home for young actresses. But let us warn girls, whether on or off the stage, against advertisements to entice them abroad. They are too often snares for the unwary, and many innocent victims are entrapped by them. We would also advise such as begin to seek a livelihood not to be attracted by the glare and glitter of the theatre; but to those already surrounded by its temptations, we would say, "adorn your profession," and, under all circumstances, act the Christian's part. God will help all who sincerely desire to lead good lives.

For such as are unbefriended in London, Mr. Todd would fain have a home, superintended by a respectable matron, who would await their return from their dangerous calling and watch over them. This would soon be nearly self-supporting, but funds there are not to found it. Of the numerous Girls' Homes, none is, alas! available. Late hours and doubtful associations are the obstacles. We, however, hope soon to see that the young actress is not "shut out in the cold," and that, in addition to the reading rooms, children's rooms, special bi-weekly teas, addresses, Scripture union, learning-by-heart union, sewing class, temperance meetings, and library, a "home" may be added, in which these, our sisters, may be shielded from the awful dangers to which they are subjected, body and soul.

The children's rooms—or "parlour," as they like to call it—are below the basement of our mission house; but we have not time for them to-day. Should our "travelling companions," however, not be tired of us and our wandering troupes, we will visit them at the earliest opportunity, and see what is done for the little pantomimists by the Christian philanthropists who cater for their good.

We close this sketch with two extracts from a pile of letters written by "girls of the ballet and chorus." "Many thanks for all your loving kindness. My heart is with you in your—the kindest of all missions." "I can never speak of what the rooms, and our dear friends who work there, have been to me. God grant they may cheer and brighten many another lonely life as they have mine." The Mission motto is, "All is not gold that glitters."

VILLAGE BANDS.

"A VILLAGE BAND." The words have a pretty sound, and conjure up, as we write them or speak them, innumerable pretty pictures. We see the village street lit by the soft radiance of a midsummer moon, and faces of young and old looking placidly and smilingly from every window as the sweet strains go floating by, carried by the dancing breeze; or we have a vision of a crisp, frosty, winter night, all spangled with silver on tree and hedgerow, all flashing with sparkling stars, and of children's heads peeping from behind the curtained casement, as the Christmas carol rings out clear and full below, the instruments, as they play the well-known strains, seeming almost to speak the blessed, well-known words that tell of "Peace on earth and glory to God in the highest."

"A village band." We look into our own experiences of the first forming and setting going in a parish of such an institution, and the pictures which rise up before our memory are anything but very fair and pleasant. They are full of labour, and effort, and disappointment, and are as different as anything can well be from the pictures described above. And yet, though our two sets of pictures are so entirely at variance with each other, they are both essentially true. How can this be? we ask. We must look more closely into the subject of village bands before we shall be able to find any satisfactory answer to the question.

The two first requisites for getting up a village band—and indispensable requisites they are—are patience and good temper. If we do not start with a large reserved store of these two qualities we may as well never take the trouble to import from the distant town either a cornet or a drum. The kindness of rich inhabitants and neighbours of the parish provides the funds for the purchase of the instruments, a number of men and lads come forward, eager and ready each to take his part, rules are made, and promises of entire obedience to them are given with lightning swiftness, and the whole matter seems as easy as winding a baby's ringlet round your finger. For a few evenings the practisings go off as merrily as a ball in fairyland or a chime of New Year's bells, but suddenly we begin to feel that a change is come. The euphonium player takes a strange and unaccountable dislike for his own instrument and a fancy for a cornet, which the young man who holds that latter is very unwilling to satisfy; the tenor-horn has fallen into the hands of a youth who, after having given you the trouble of getting half a dozen different instruction-books for him, all at once finds out that he has not the slightest talent or inclination for music; the baritone appears at the practising about every seventh night; the performer on the bombardine, though he has a musical ear, has a most inharmonious temper, which is always upon the jangle and the wrangle with one or other of his brother-bandsmen; the boy who plays the triangle is found, just when he ought to be accentuating a *staccato* movement, standing on his head, striking the air with his heels instead of the tinkling brass with his hands.

This is no over-drawn picture, as anyone will know and own who has been engaged in the management of a village band; therefore, the work needs, as we have said above, patience and good temper, and, moreover, perseverance and courage under disappointment, and strength of will that laughs at difficulties. If a young lady—and it is indeed in its humanising elevating character quite a young lady's task—takes upon her to cultivate the musical ear and taste of a country neighbourhood by the establishment of a village band, she must be quite prepared, before she reaches any lasting success, to see the whole fabric that she has raised with the utmost pains and care fall in a moment, so that she will have to go hither and thither again, seeking for more suitable but raw material. Again and again she will believe that she has attained her point, and that she has founded a band that will play on melodiously for many and many a year, and again and again the whole thing will melt away like a morning mist, and she will perpetually find herself, with regard to her undertaking, just where she began.

All this should be borne in mind by young enthusiasts in the matter before they take a village band in hand. It is not an institution that can be founded on a few vague, æsthetic fancies about cultivating the masses. When, however, a lady in some position in a parish has looked coolly at the realistic, practical side of the enterprise—when she has resolutely made up her mind to face all discouragements and difficulties, and go forward in spite of them, she has, in truth, undertaken something that will help to lift up her generation. Music is never a more brightening, sweetening, softening influence than among English working men.

Having thus formed a full and earnest purpose with regard to carrying on steadfastly what we have begun, because our subject is a fair and high one, the first thing we have to do when we set about establishing a village band is to frame a code of rules for its members. The wording of these rules should be as simple and unambiguous as possible, and such as cannot allow of the smallest chance of a double interpretation. They should be few in number, and not too long; yet, at the same time, they should be very clearly defined. The rural working man's mind always likes things to be put very plainly before it. They should not, however, go into small particulars, but should leave a broad margin to allow for different characters and different employments. This latter point is very essential; for a bandsman who has been working all day at some hard field labour, or some trying trade, needs every allowance to be made for him.

It is difficult to draw out these rules exactly in a paper like the present, for different country districts will require, naturally, different arrangements with regard to their village bands, such as will suit the habits of the neighbourhood, and the people, and the kind of work in which the men who are to form the band are employed. There are two great points, however, to be kept in mind in forming all village band regulations in all country districts alike—one is to let the band be, as much as possible, an amusement and relaxation for the bandsmen, and not a thing of labour and trouble; the other is that the village band should be, in some measure at least, a help in teaching sobriety and high morality in the village.

On these two subjects, with regard to a village band, we want to say a few more earnest words before we go on any further. In the first place, we must remember that the performers in our village band are not professional musicians who can give up the greater part of the day to their art, but working men weary with toil. Their practisings must, therefore, be made as attractive as possible to them; they should have, in winter, a warm, comfortable room provided for their evening band meetings, and in summer they should find their music hall in some honeysuckle-scented lane. The music chosen for them should not be too difficult, but should be of an interesting, sympathetic character—such as some pathetic Scotch air, or an Irish melody, full of bubbling laughter; or a grand old psalm tune of the class which rang out from a meeting of the early Reformers into the silent night, when it was a crime in the land for Christian men to worship God in spirit and in truth. The time appointed for such practising to last should, also, not be too long; and it is a great help and encouragement to the village band if now and then ladies and gentlemen will attend their meetings and speak words of praise or gentle criticism, showing the men that those of higher culture than themselves are interested in their musical efforts, however rude they may be.

The other point we have mentioned should be considered very gravely, namely, the band being made to exercise some real, high moral influence in the neighbourhood. To do this we must have strict rules, and stick to them inexorably, to the effect that no man of intemperate habits or immoral character, however great his musical talent may be, can become a member of our village band; also, that any marked wrong-doing in a bandsman will turn him out of the musical brotherhood at once—even though he be the most proficient player in the whole band. To be taken into the village band should be well known by the whole parish to be as good as a written testimonial vouching for a man's temperance, honesty, and respectability. In this way, to become a village bandsman will be regarded as entering into an order of merit, and the band itself will be a strong power working for God's cause, independently of any lesser good it may do in the way of cultivating and polishing the minds and manners of the people.

As to a village band attaining to any real proficiency in music, this can only be done by steady, constant practice; and steady, constant practice, with a village band, means attendance on practising nights. Working men and lads, however fond they may be of music, and however real their anxiety may be to make advances in its study, have seldom any opportunity during the day of touching an instrument; their only leisure time is the evening, and then, unless they can be prevailed on to attend the general band practice, their musical efforts will usually be of the most desultory and unsatisfactory character. How to get village bandsmen to such practising is not such an easy matter as it may at first appear. Working men, when they come in from hard manual toil, often wet through, are frequently somewhat difficult to move from their own fireside; and the pleasure of even a musical evening will not always bring them again outside their own doors. This is why we should especially strive to make the band practisings attractive by means of a bright, comfortable room, and lively, interesting, popular music; and this is the way we should endeavour to make our bandsmen see that, without diligent practice, no success in any art can be attained even by the most gifted.

A village band should not, and must not, be a mere decorative and æsthetic appendage to rural life; it should be made of some real, substantial use in a parish. It must be a strong influence in the cause of temperance, both in giving rational, healthy amusement to performers and listeners, and in making the working man feel that intellectual pleasures are better than mere animal enjoyment; at every village festival it should strike, as it were, the key-note of harmless joy, with which everything and everyone should strive to keep in tune; it should be able to earn a little money by playing at respectable entertainments, which will pass into the pockets of its members, and add to home comforts; it should be the centre of a right sort of happi-

ness in the village, and happiness and pleasure of a really healthy, genial sort would be a power for good among our rural poor, nay, is a power, even at the present time, in some parishes, such as no words can describe.

The common complaint with regard to village bands is, that they can never be got to hold together for any length of time. The best remedy for this evil is a clever, intelligent, placid-tempered band-leader, who has the peculiar faculty, possessed here and there by certain individuals among working men and boys, of swaying his companions, and making them cling to him as if he were covered with some adhesive material. If such a man as this can be found to take the leadership of the village band—and all those used to daily going in and out among working men know that such men do exist in their class—the band will be as firm and compact as the pieces in a Florentine mosaic. If no such leader is to be obtained, the only course is to be contented with a fresh relay of bandsmen coming in whenever the old members give up; there are always sure to be plenty of men and lads ready to try their hands at music. Thus, though frequent change of members will prevent the band from reaching much musical skill, it will, at least, be doing good work in giving the men rational amusement, and furnishing them with something else to think of besides what is connected with the mere exercise of their physical strength in manual labour.

There is a comic side in the management of a village band which may well, without at all injuring the earnest aspect of the matter, wake up a little good-natured laughter and fun. Come into the room to-day where our village band are assembled for a practice, and watch them and listen to them. What a wondrous important gravity is there in the bronzed, weather-beaten faces as they take up their instruments! Into what strange words—that are like no language under the sun save, possibly, the language of the undiscovered islands—do they transform the names of familiar airs and pieces! How do they keep time with a vengeance, stamping it mightily and vigorously with their nailed boots! The leader of the band indulges in all sorts of long, grand, musical expressions, which his fellow-bandsmen cannot understand simply because they never heard them in their lives, and which no one, most skilled in music, could understand, simply because they do not exist in any known musical vocabulary. These terms are, however, if not comprehended, much admired by his followers, and add greatly to his *prestige* among them.

The highest object of attraction in the whole band, the object towards which all eyes turn with devout admiration, the object on which every village lad sets his affections far more than on cornet or euphonium, is the big drum—the big drum, which was once in a regimental band, and carries what is called in military parlance "its honours," in the shape of the names of all the battles in which the regiment to which it belonged fought and distinguished itself. Seven-eighths of the boys in the village are certain that they have a remarkable talent for music as they gaze fondly at that drum; the deafest old granny in the parish declares, with pride unspeakable, that she has actually caught the sound of it; the very toddling babies regard it with a kind of loving awe, and are never so happy as when they are allowed to caress it tenderly with their chubby hands. Look at the solemn dignity of the drummer now in office as he performs his part; he appears to have at least the welfare of the whole county resting on the amount of noise he can produce. No one can say he is wanting in energy, whatever other accusations sensitive ears may bring against him.

The brass instruments of our village band are as bright as if they were silver trumpets; each bandsman has the especial charge of his own instrument, and regards its polishing as a matter in which his personal reputation is concerned. Among our band rules there should always be one which forbids the village band going anywhere to play without the leave of the committee who are appointed to manage it, and this law will be a great safeguard to these same instruments, preventing them from being carried to a place where they can be in danger of rough treatment. The care of the instruments of a village band, though it seems a smaller point, is one to be attended to, for some of the men, at first, hardly know even how to handle them.

Finally, let us say to all those who are thinking of establishing a village band that it is an undertaking which needs courage and perseverance, for there are many difficulties connected with it that do not belong to other such institutions in a country parish. If, however, it is managed judiciously, if the founder is brave and has a strong will, and the band is well fenced round with rules which will entirely prevent any possibility of its leading to waste of time or intemperance, then it is a thing which will certainly bring a blessing with it, and which will help to spread light and melody through the land.

ALICE KING.

SEVEN YEARS FOR RACHEL;

OR, WELSH PICTURES SKETCHED FROM LIFE.

By ANNE BEALE.

CHAPTER V.

MARKETERS.

THE events of the past weeks have been full of moment to Rachel. She has refused decidedly, and with somewhat of her father's obstinacy, the hand of her red-haired admirer, even though he is the son of a respectable farmer, and will have plenty of money. She has given her father to understand, without at all meaning to do so, that she thinks William the very nicest young man in the world, and has been seen to shed tears when he talked of "'listing for a soldier, like his father before him." William has been more kind and attentive to her than ever, and, in spite of the jeers of his mother, the insinuations of his sister, and the anger of his father, persists in visiting Jackey Bach as often as he can make an excuse for so doing. He is frequently obliged to put his ingenuity to the test to find

"THEY PAUSE ON THEIR WAY."

one sufficiently plausible to gain him a civil welcome from Jackey, who has all but told him he does not desire his society; still, like a true and constant lover, he perseveres, and has managed to hint to Rachel that his feelings towards her have assumed a different character from the one they bore when he and she played, as children, together under the old oak, and he filled her pinafore with its acorns, and he has given her to understand that, like Jacob, he will wait seven years for her, if need be, and wouldn't mind fourteen.

Jackey's penetration has discovered, or fancies it has discovered, the secret, and after lecturing Rachel on the necessity of womanly obedience to the lords of the creation, he dooms her to salutary servitude. Rachel's tears avail nothing, but rather increase Jackey's obstinacy, and strengthen his determination. All the neighbours are grieved at the prospect of losing Rachel, and she has the pleasure in her sorrow of knowing herself greatly beloved. But she cannot bear to leave her home, and wonders what her father, to say nothing of William, will do without her.

Old Pally, as they walk homewards from their shopping expedition, endeavours to comfort her, and as they pass by the church she whispers, with a cunning look, "Who knows, Rachel, mayhap you and somebody we know will go there together yet." Rachel, far from being comforted by the hope thus expressed, is alarmed at discovering that her treasured secret—that secret which she had scarcely told even to herself—should be guessed at, and pretends to misunderstand the old woman.

"Don't be fullish now, Rachel," Pally continues; "I can see as far through a barn-door as another. As if I didn't know all about it. 'Twill come yet, so don't you grieve and fret, for 'tis no use trying to part them as are determined to join; 'tis like two oyster-shells, the harder you work to get 'em apart the firmer they stick together. Come you in to-morrow evening, All-Hallows' Eve, and then——"

The conversation is interrupted by the re-appearance of Jackey, who has been speaking to a friend, and they all three walk up the hill. They pause a moment to ask Mary Patch how her sweeping gets on, turn the corner, pass the market-place and school-house, and, leaving the town behind them, once more come in sight of the mountains, with the river, full from November rains, wandering among them. One moment whilst Pally says something energetic, and puts her forefinger upon Jackey's arm, they pause on their way. The youthful figure of Rachel contrasts well with those of the decrepit old woman and her sturdy-looking father. The "one word" uttered, they pursue their walk, and are soon passing through the turnpike-gate. We will leave them for the present, and follow this troop of Welshwomen, fresh from market.

How well they ride! they sit their horses as squarely and comfortably as if they were in an easy chair. No wonder that the French were alarmed into a retreat from the Welsh coast at the sudden appoach of a phalanx of Welshwomen in their red cloaks and shawls. This steady old horse looks well laden, and is certainly well covered. Poor beast! the tips of his ears and of his tail, with a portion of his legs and feet, are alone visible on one side. In front sits a jolly farmer's wife, with a round face and a broad hat. Each cheek is armed with a very stiff cap, the borders of which nearly meet under her chin. A scarlet cloth cloak falls from her shoulders, and almost covers part of her steed; beneath the cloak a dark striped petticoat of coarse woollen material reaches nearly to the shoes, which are very substantial, and if they do not shape, at least protect the feet they contain. One hand indifferently holds the bridle, the other grasps with care a huge basket, evidently loaded with marketings. The dame disdains a whip, or the horse requires none, as he jogs on at a steady untiring pace. Behind, on the same horse, sits a well-looking girl about eighteen, the age at which the Welshwomen mature into prettiness. There is more attention to appearance observable in her costume. Her rounded figure is shrouded by no cloak, but a neat crimson handkerchief is pinned tightly over her shoulders, and as the loose outer skirt of her gown falls back, it reveals a petticoat of fine material, striped with red. Open your eyes, O ye beauties of Hyde Park, and behold this rustic damsel sitting composedly behind her mother, on a horse whose paces I should fancy are none of the easiest, without even that ancient accommodation for riding double, a pillion.

Look a little further up the road, and you will see a similar pair, the hindmost of whom has a baby on her lap, whose disposition is none of the quietest, for he claps his little hands with glee at every jog of the animal they are riding. On either side of him hang, not panniers, but various tins and other market purchases, which make a fine jingle as they jog along. Fancy these good people amongst the crowd of the great city—how they would stare and be stared at!

The market carts rattle fast down the hill, and then fall into a lumbering roll at the bottom of it. Dobbin jogs composedly along in his rough harness and huge blind halters, looking as if nothing could discompose him—not even a feed of corn. How refreshing is that merry peal of laughter issuing from the young people who have been "for a treat" with their father and mother to market! Who would have imagined that yonder rosy-cheeked urchin's mouth could have contained the enormous piece of cake that has just vanished into it, and have received so speedily the sugary, slippery peppermint that succeeds it? As to the jolly mother, she would shame the most elegant of marchionesses in the art of driving, as she vigorously operates upon the back of the imperturbable Dobbin. Two little boys hang on behind the cart, and trot along at the horse's pace, laughing loudly as they share an occasional touch of the whip with him.

In the rear come a number of steady-looking farmers on horseback, conversing together on the state of the times. From the grave aspect of their faces, I fear they consider them bad; but farmers are libellously reported to be ever discontented with the weather and the crops. One of them brings out a canvas bag, from which he takes a sample of wheat, and displays it to his companions with an ominous shake of the head. Another of the party, however, who looks a cheerful man, says, "Not so bad—not so bad; a pretty good price:" whilst the remarks of the others vary according to their individual success during the past year.

The sounds we now hear proceed from a number of fowls, which are most uncomfortably tied together by the legs, and squeezed into market baskets borne upon the arms of some country lasses. They are doubtless bewailing their hard fate to each other, in the most melancholy accents of which their language is capable, whilst their bearers are discussing new gowns and handkerchiefs.

"Nouf, nouf, nouf," grunts an old sow: "wee, wee, wee," squeaks a little pigling, as their tormentor, man, most unceremoniously holds them to their road. One pig-driver is evidently venting his mortification on the poor animal he conducts as a return for his having found no purchaser. He gives many an unnecessary blow, though, to be sure, the creature, piglike, never goes where he ought. A louder grunt and strain at the cord which holds his leg evinces his dissatisfaction, but does not amend his manners. Now he walks to the one side of the road, and now to the other; now he pokes his nose into the dust, and now, happy beast, has actually grubbed up an acorn from beneath an old oak. "Get on, you old sow you—you obstinate pig," grumbles the man, with a poke of his stick. "Nouf, nouf," grunts the sow, and seems inclined to turn back. His young companion, the pigling, is better off. His master has evidently just purchased him, and, together with his wife, looks upon him as tenderly, and drives him as carefully, as if he were their first-born son. "Poor little piggy," fondles the woman; "let out the cord a little, Davvy, fach,"* and the creature, conscious of being humoured, takes liberties accordingly. They certainly never will get past.

I would rather be anything than a pig-driver. Yet I do not know. All drivers must have a thankless office, if we may judge from the man who accompanies the drove of cows in the rear. Still he looks contented enough, as, with his pipe in his mouth, and a long stick in his hand, he goes from side to side to urge on the animals.

They are passing through the turnpike, and as they are returning from a fair, whither they went yesterday, must pay toll. The gatekeeper and his wife, an active woman, whose eye is as sharp as an eagle's, stand to receive it. "How many are there?" asks the wife—women are always the sharpest. "Thirty-four," is the reply. "Oh! thirty-four are there; let's see—count you too, William. Four, eight, ten, twelve—stand still there!—

*Fach is a Welsh term of endearment.

fourteen, fifteen, nineteen—don't you drive 'em by so fast—twenty, twenty-four, twenty-eight—keep the calves still, do—twenty-eight, wasn't it? thirty—you're getting 'em on by the sly, but 'twont do—thirty-one, thirty-two, thirty-four, thirty-six. Thirty-six; there's for you now, for a cheat! Oughtn't you to be ashamed of yourself to try and deceive one so? But you're all alike. It was but a minute ago that a woman carried a little pig in her arms through the gate, and said he was weakly, all to save a halfpenny. But I was too many for her. She put him down too near the gate, and before she was quite out of sight; so I runs after her and gets the toll. Yes, sure, you're all alike." Before the active little woman has concluded, the man has paid his toll, and has walked sulkily on behind his kine, whilst she turns to her husband, and assures him that "he is too easy by half, and that if it had not been for her the drover would have cheated them."

One after the other the marketers disappear. I wish Gainsborough were here to sketch them as they wind round the corner after having mounted the hill, the cloaks dotting the road like a bed of scarlet lobelias. The sound of the wheels dies away, and the merry voices are carried onward by the breeze. The good people will soon reach their homes, and, in displaying their purchases to those whom they have left there, will receive as well as impart gratification. The yard of ribbon for Janny, the cake for Tommy, and the little history of the little journey will give food for the evening talk, until, tired and drowsy, they retire to rest, requiring no appliances to—

. . . . . "Weigh their eyelids down,
Or steep their senses in forgetfulness."

But, in spite of new hat and gown, Rachel enters her cottage with a heavy heart. When she bids old Pally good-night, that cheerful dame reminds her of the morrow, with a whispered, "William, Corporal Bach, is coming," and she gains heart a little; but, truth to tell, she loves her father dearly, and cannot bear to leave him. "Why should she?" she asks herself; and he, as if conscious of what is passing in her mind, answers her question by saying—

"You see, my girl, I am not so young as I was, and can't afford to keep you at home. 'Tis time you went to service and earned your own living, and helped to keep me from the workhouse."

This speech brought down the ready tears, and seemed an excuse for them.

"You shall never go to the workhouse, father," sobbed Rachel. "I will do my very best to help you."

"Then why didn't you marry Nat, my girl? Maybe he'll have a farm of his own some day, and then——"

"I couldn't, father," pleaded Rachel, putting her arm round Jackey's neck; and the old man, who loved her dearly, said—

"There! never mind—never mind. Only, you mustn't think o' them flowers called Sweet Williams, because I don't like the stock. There's lots of others. Now go and make the tea, and let's adone with tears, for I can't bear 'em."

"Very well, father," replied Rachel, meekly, and they were soon seated at the homely board.

(To be continued.)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

J. B. G.—We do not know of any Scotch papers of the kind you name.

Aged Nineteen, Maysie Katrine, Alice Keene, Cabbage Net, R. W. L., Aileen, Maia, will all, we think, find the Society for the Encouragement of Home Study (secretary, Miss A. C. Moore, Oakfield, Eltham) suitable. Prizes are given, and papers of questions set. The fee is one guinea.

Une Anglaise.—You could obtain a certificate from the College of Preceptors, 42, Queen-square, Bloomsbury, W.C., London. The fee is 10s. for the half-yearly Pupils' Examination.

Etiquette.—There would be no objection to your writing to thank the mother of your pupils. You should send up your card in that case, as you are not a personal friend.

Discepulus.—One of the chief principles to be observed is to pronounce the vowels clearly, and the consonants will, in a measure, take care of themselves. This rule will help you.

COOKERY.

Laura B.—To make ivory-dust jelly, put one pound of the above-named dust into a brown stewpan with a cover, and three quarts of water; simmer it gently for twelve hours, until it be reduced to one quart; then put it aside to cool, and when cold take away the clear jelly and add wine and sugar. You will find this most strengthening for your invalid. If a little flavouring be desired, you may add it. Sometimes sick people are troubled with prejudices, and in such cases it is often better not to inform them of the nature of the dainties provided for them.

Bessie Tudd.—We had pleasure in awarding you the certificate, and thank you for your letter and the following much commended recipe for "cocoanut ice:"—Grate one cocoanut; take a pound and a half of loaf sugar and the milk from the nut. Put the sugar first on the fire in an enamelled saucepan, with two tablespoonfuls of the milk, and when the sugar is dissolved add the cocoanut, taking great care that it does not burn, and boil them for ten minutes. Prepare a shallow tin, well buttered or oiled; take out a teacupful of the mixture from the saucepan, colour it with cochineal, and pour it into the tin; then add the rest, and, before it be cold, cut it into bars.

ART.

Undine.—If well executed, it would be valued at from 12s. to £1.

A Puzzled Donkey.—Oil-painting on satin would not require varnishing.

Frances Van Renca and Spring will find an article on painting on materials at page 65, vol. iv. Frances Van Renca does not say whether she be painting in oil or water colours. If the former, she should use Roberson's medium.

Myrtle.—The glaze should be taken off the surface of the photograph by washing it with water; but the best way is to pass the tongue over it several times. An article on colouring photos was given at page 183, vol. iii.

G. T. D. A. S. Y.—If you use Roberson's medium the colours will be properly preserved. For "underglaze painting," the terra cotta must be prepared with a coat of gum arabic.

Clover and Scraggie.—The method of setting both pencil and chalk drawings will be found at page 432, vol. ii.

Redgauntlet.—The colours used for painting oyster shells are the transparent ones that are sold for painting magic-lantern slides. No preparation is needed; the outline can be drawn in lead pencil.

Wild Fire, Rag and Tag, Ayacanora.—Stretch the ivorine with drawing-pins upon a board, and paint with Chinese white added to all the colours. Be careful not to put the colours on wet, as the ivorine cockles with moisture. Keep the ivorine when painted, and at all times, pressed flat.

Crochet and Quavers.—Ordinary pale varnish, sold at oil-colour shops for painters' use, is the varnish used for imitation barbotine. Use hard spirit varnish for the purest sort, for white wood articles.

B. M. S.—Paint on ivory with water-colours, and use a little water-colour size to overcome the resistance of the ivory to the paints. Work with soft washes for the foundation, and stippling for the finishing touches. The hard cakes are preferable to the tube colours, and but little Chinese white should be used.

Macaroni.—No reference is required at the Royal Academy for the reception of pictures of merit as to where they were executed. The first week in April is the usual time for sending them in and a paper relative to the receiving of exhibits can be obtained from the society. There is little or no sale for chalk drawings.

E. E. C.—You have been mistaken in the information given to you.

Alice.—Ordinary oil-cakes are employed for leather painting. These are reduced with turpentine, to take off their shiny appearance. Morocco leather is used, which is rather expensive.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Perplexed.—Read "We Two," a novel lately published. It will be a great help to you in convincing you of the beauty and truth of our religion, and will also teach you toleration to those outside the faith.

Milly Summers.—We think you will find that the "Lion" trimmings are what you require. They are very pretty, durable, and inexpensive. You will find them advertised in the monthly parts or our paper.

Red Rose.—You must think your friend to be much attached to you to give her your photograph unasked. If you be right in believing it would be valued, you might certainly do worse than to make it a birthday gift. Handwriting fairly good.

Beckie (Australia) wishes to know "what she should do if a gentleman loved her, and she loved another." We do not know why she should ask such a question of us. If engaged to that other man, she may not jilt him for anyone else, and must make the truth known to the second comer. If not engaged, and yet not caring for number two, still she ought not to marry any man for pity's sake, nor for money, nor any other consideration, if she do not love him. It would be a disgraceful act. Let her lose no time in making the state of the case known to the man rejected. 2. How is it that you correspond with a man to whom you are not engaged? If well-known to each other, and you have any matter of business obliging you to write a chance letter to him, address him as "Dear Sir," or "Dear Mr. So-and-So," and sign yourself "Yours sincerely." See pages 400, 416, vol. i., and page 655, vol. iv., in reference to bronze. Use vinegar and whitening for brass.

Welsh Girl.—The origin of the ancient Britons being called Welsh is to be traced to the mode of pronouncing words by the Saxons. The former having come from Gaul, the latter, instead of calling them Gallish, called them Wallish. In the ancient Teutonic the letter "w" is often employed in lieu of the French "g," as, for example, "ward" for "gard," and "warre" for "guerre." The term "welsher" has its origin in an old nursery song reflecting rather severely on the honesty of a descendant of the ancient Britons; but we hope the animadversion was of very restricted scope.

Budge.—You quote from some hymn and should look for the lines in the volume you employ at your church or chapel. We have given an article already on "Sunday School Work;" see page 282, vol. i., part for May, 1880.

My Lady.—The word "grammar" is derived from the Latin, and signifies the science of language, the theory of human speech, the study of forms of speech and their relations one to another, a correct understanding of which alone will enable a listener or reader to arrive at the real and full meaning intended to be conveyed. Certainly you may write again. We are glad that our serial stories are so interesting to you.

Tabby Cat.—We are not surprised that our little friend of "eight" finds the violin a difficult instrument to learn; she says she began learning to play at six! The next time the doctor comes to the house she had better give him a sharp pair of nail-scissors, and ask him kindly to cut the points off her canary's claws. She might injure and hurt the bird if she tried to do it herself.

Alice W. inquires "whether we shall be always singing hymns in Heaven." Poor little girl! We imagine you to be weary of practising scales or listening to hackneyed old songs when troubled with chronic headaches. But here the heart is often not attuned to the music, whereas in that land of inconceivable joy, the heart and the strains poured forth are in fullest harmony. Imagine what it must be to step over the threshold of the heavenly city and be led up to the footstool of Him, the inconceivable majesty and glory of whose presence was such that even "the beloved disciple" "fell at His feet as dead," a finite creature needing divine support to bear the vision of his God. Yet, then, imagine yourself raised up, and welcomed with the words (so ill-deserved) "Well done!" All pain and sickness, fears and conflicts, bereavements and disappointments, for ever at an end, and admitted to communion with Him, "Whom, having not seen, we love." Surely the bliss of that new life must be such that rapturous outbursts of praise and thanksgiving must needs give vent in a joy past all understanding.

Budgie.—Get a friend to procure you a pencil with patent copying ink leads. We cannot advertise names of manufacturers. We sympathise much with you.

Perplexed.—If one of these suitors be both respectable and agreeable to you, and your parents be so desirous that you should accept one of them, notwithstanding your being too young for marriage, you might accept him conditionally that you have not

changed your mind, nor he his, by the time you are of age.

EMMA LESLIE is cordially congratulated on gaining a prize, and as warmly thanked for so nice a letter of acknowledgment from her. We wish she may continue to prove successful in her efforts towards equally good and useful ends. 2. "Done to a t," is an abbreviated phrase, which means, "Done to a turn." It is one of a class of sayings having reference to cookery, such as "Done brown," "Roasted," "Put in a stew," "Settled his hash," "Cooked his goose," etc.

JAM inquires whether it be "proper for a gentleman to speak to a lady at the seaside without an introduction." Does she really feel doubtful as to the licence which the proximity of salt water, sand, and stones may concede to the stronger sex, and withdraw the protection usually claimed by the weaker? Is a man to forget his manhood, not to say his honour and gallantry as a gentleman, because he is enjoying the breezes of a watering-place? Or may a lady (so-called) so forget her womanly self-respect as to permit the impertinent intrusion upon her society of a low-bred man, because she is likewise refreshing herself at the same place? This would indeed be

> "Suffering a sea-change,
> Into something new and strange."

2. Wear an engagement ring on any finger you like.

FRANCES.—We have heard of a gentleman who had measles three times, but we do not think such cases are of frequent occurrence.

ATHENA.—We should advise you to get a little volume called "Winter Havens in the Sunny South," price 2s. 8d., published by Gill, 170, Strand, London, W.C.

A SUFFERER.—We should think your tenderness of feet may proceed from some gouty tendency, and you had better consult a doctor about them.

ONLY DAUGHTER.—Your digestion is probably at fault. You should go to a doctor.

A MEMBER OF THE "C. E. T. S."—We are much obliged for your kind note and recipe.

A NORTHUMBERLAND GIRL.—We fear we can give no further advice.

GLADYS CLIVE.—We commend your efforts to reduce your domestic expenses by your personal work, but we must refer you to already given directions. Why not consult our indexes for yourself, and spare an Editor unnecessary trouble and lots of time? See "How to Wash and Iron," pages 18, 107, 219, vol. ii., Parts for October and November, 1880, and January, 1881.

AN EDINBURGH FRIEND is thanked for the information, as far as it goes, respecting the lady for whom a correspondent made inquiries. Already a brother has responded to them, and we hope, by this time, the inquirer has been satisfied.

E. N. A.—The Healing Service is to be found in the "Sealed Prayer-book" of 1662. There is a copy of it preserved at Knaresborough. The service was that employed when the sovereign touched for the king's evil. Queen Anne was the last who performed the ceremony. 2. There is no harm in drinking when great thirst has been induced by copious perspiration, provided that great exercise has not increased the action of the heart, heated the blood, and so produced it. In this case the beverage should be warm. It is highly necessary to supply the waste of moisture from the body by drinking what may be suitable. It is said that a man in one of the copper furnaces at Swansea perspires 600 gallons a year, before the furnace, and has to restore the loss by drinking two or three gallons of water every twenty-four hours.

OSCARIA BYRON.—The work about which you inquire, "Sartor Resartus," is by Thomas Carlyle, and is a review of a German treatise on dress. It appeared in *Fraser's Magazine* in 1883-4, several publishers having refused it. 2. The quotation—

> "I had a nestful once of my own,
> Ah, happy, happy I."

occurs in Jean Ingelow's "Songs of Seven," last poem of the collection ("Seven times Seven"). See page 170 of her volume of poems.

SAD SEVENTEEN.—Present our thanks to your polite friends for their flattering opinions of us. But we give replies and advice to all alike, the well-bred and grateful and the thankless and ill-conditioned. Your query respecting the teeth was superfluous, as we have only to refer you to our indexes to show that all the advice we have to give on that subject has been given very many times. See article at page 390, vol. i.

DEBORAH TERTINE.—Write to the Secretary of the British and Foreign Bible Society for their Catalogue of Bibles in all languages, and select the size and type you prefer. Possibly they may publish French ones in one size only. The office of the society is in Queen Victoria-street, E.C.

MARGARET WEBB.—We have already given in answers to correspondents some of the particulars you send as to the father of Mrs. Cross (George Eliot) who lived at Ellaston, near Ashbourne, in Derbyshire, and afterwards, as you say, at South Farm, Coton, where she was born. We thank you for informing us further that her brother, Mr. Evans, of Griff, Nuneaton, has a son, the Rev. Walter Evans, living in Warwickshire. We give your information for those who may care to have it.

A GUERNSEYITE should use a better pen and leave a greater space between each successive line of writing, as her hand is too large for writing so closely, and the letters of one line interfere with those above and below it. We are glad that she values our paper so much.

CARA.—1. We could not pronounce definitively and *ex-cathedra* on the question you put to us, as there is a difference of opinion upon it. 2. We think the trouble of which you and so many of our girls complain is of very trifling importance. Do not risk trying depilatories, or the results of the remedy may prove worse than the disease. You will find many replies in our correspondence on the same query.

TURNIP-TOPS.—Some people pronounce Ralph like "Rafe," others like "Ralf;" the "a" in the first as in "back," and the second as in "bake."

A CONSTANT READER.—We could not enter into a detailed account of all the duties of a mother's help, but they may be summed up in the simple statement that whatever the mother would have to do herself if unassisted, you should be prepared to aid her in doing, or do in her stead. There must be no silly notions about certain work being "menial," and of other work that it is "not your place to do." Your "place" is anywhere and everywhere that you can prove yourself what you profess to be—a "help." At the same time, your chief business will be in the nursery, attending to the care of the children and their meals, walks, plays, ailments, and clothing.

ELLEN PEARCE.—Inquire at the office of the Society for the Employment of Women, 22, Berners-street, Oxford-street, London, or write to the secretary. The 19th January, 1846, was a Monday.

TWENTY.—As you are of an age to pay visits, your name should be on your mother's card; or, were you staying at a friend's house, she would, as your chaperone, allow you to write your name in pencil upon hers. We are glad to hear that you can make your own and your sister's dresses by means of the help our articles, by "A Lady Dressmaker," have afforded you.

MYOSOTIS.—Certainly, high-heeled boots and shoes are very injurious. They distort the shape of the foot, make the nails grow in, strain some of the tendons more than others, produce cramp, and make the wearer walk just like a turkey. To be short is, in some respects, a disadvantage, but in others quite the contrary; the back is usually the stronger for being so, and little people are less inconvenienced in public vehicles, and in church and all crowded assemblies. Be satisfied to remain as God made you.

MAYFLOWER.—It is not wrong to commence a letter with the pronoun "I," but it is incorrect to say, "very pleased." You should say "very much pleased," or "greatly pleased." Your handwriting promises well, but is not yet formed.

A BRITISH DAMSEL might spare a busy Editor unnecessary trouble and loss of time by looking for an oft-repeated answer with regard to superfluous hair and "freckles" for herself. Of what use does she think our indexes, if not to enable readers to help themselves? The 13th of April, 1861, was a Saturday.

BEATRIX.—1. We must refer you to our indexes for much advice respecting the hair. In your own case, the falling of it, attended by dandriff, may be caused by some temporary, if not constitutional, weakness. A doctor would prepare a suitable ointment to rub on the skin. 2. We do not approve of any other remedies being applied to defects in the skin or colouring matter beneath it than what we have so often prescribed already. Refer to our articles and Answers to Correspondents by the aid of our indexes.

MABEL HAZELWOOD.—Hadleigh Castle was built before the Norman invasion, and it has been the scene of many small battles, but none of great note. It was destroyed many years ago. A poem was published by a Mr. Wiseman, giving the account of a tournament held there. When the castle was first built only a small field divided it from the water, and a picture taken of it in the Middle Ages shows the vessels sailing close to the rising ground on which it stands. Now the sea has receded from it to the distance of a mile.

Ἀδελφε.—There are many traditions about the cuckoo, but none of these are to be regarded as absolutely authentic, as it is a bird whose habits are little known.

MELISSA.—Of course, soft water, even when hot, is better for the skin than "tap-water." Still it is better to use the latter for your baths than dispense with them. They should be taken at once.

AN OLD SUBSCRIBER.—Send a portion of the wall to an analytical chemist, that it may be tested. The charge will be 2s. 6d. only. See page 378, vol. iv.

E. E. MARGETTS.—A person under age cannot make a will; but a written wish of a deceased child might be voluntarily carried out by a father.

EHREN ON THE RHINE.—The 18th of March, 1861, was a Monday; the 23rd of February, 1862, was a Sunday.

RHODA.—The 9th of January, 1870, was a Wednesday. You had better ask your mother, or some older relative, to direct your reading.

SPARRY.—The 3rd of July, 1877, was a Tuesday. Your writing and spelling are both indifferent. "Idea" has no "r" at the end.

G. M. E.—We are much obliged for your note and regret that we cannot comply with your request.

R. W. L.—There is a certain muscular power in the lips themselves to contract. You can see this by the numberless people whose lips grow thinner in later life. You should avoid wetting them with the moisture of the mouth.

A CONSTANT SUBSCRIBER.—Your wishes shall be remembered in the future.

BOOKWORM.—We should advise you to ask a bookseller, or inquire at the lending library where you live.

ONE WHO IS ANXIOUS TO EARN HER LIVING.—We should advise you to advertise for a situation in both the London and country papers. You will be sure to find openings, as there is always a demand for trained telegraphists.

PAULINE.—You would say, "Gruyère is an excellent cheese," not "Gruyère are excellent cheeses."

FORGET-ME-NOT.—No Englishman can presume to bow to a lady unless he be recognised first by her. If sufficiently intimate, he may then speak to her. We have gone all through the question of out-door meetings of this kind, and must refer you to our former instructions.

GLADYS and MURIEL (Australia), PANSY BLOSSOM, and KATE H.—The 17th June, 1868, was a Wednesday; December 6th, 1868, a Sunday; and April 6th, 1866, a Friday. We thank you all for your kind letters.

LITTLE ESTHER.—We think the plan of endeavouring to see how many acts of kindness you can perform is a good one in every way, and will certainly act as a check on evil tempers and idle thoughts.

A SUBSCRIBER.—Salt taken in moderation is good. We never heard that its immoderate use would make you, or anyone else, thin. We think that eating raw starch would be bad for you.

LOUIE.—The 13th of January, 1871, was a Friday; the 19th November, 1859, was a Saturday; the 24th of March, 1863, was a Tuesday.

A. M. I.—You do not say of what nature the stains are on your satin. You must read the article on spots and stains in the "Fairy of the Family," in the fifth volume of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER.

A GRUMBLER.—1. Walking under a hot sun in a fur cloak, without a parasol; basting meat before a hot kitchen fire, rubbing your face with grease, or painting it with Warren's jet blacking, or the use of very common soap left to dry on the face, would "make it shine." "Diet" has nothing to do with it. 2. Your canary is very ill, and too much so, we think, to improve under any treatment. You should have consulted a birdseller before.

BELIEVER IN THE GOOD.—How could you, a finite creature, imagine that, as such, you could understand the infinite Creator of all things? If your little intellect could grasp the mysteries of His nature, you could scarcely worship Him as your God. The belief in the Holy Trinity is not, as you seem to imagine, a peculiar dogma of the English Established Church; it is one of the chief doctrines of all Christendom, and of all the earliest religions of the world. The churches of the East and West all hold it, whatever their differences as regards some other doctrines, church government, ritual, or no ritual. We sincerely hope that you may have grace to receive the faith of Christ "as a little child." Your handwriting is very good.

NELLIE BARKER.—Your quotation is from Keble's "Christian Year."

ONE IN DOUBT, and ANXIOUS.—A father dying intestate, leaving a wife and child, or children, they would take the following proportion.—One third to wife, the remainder to child or children. You will find this, and all such information, in "Whittaker's Almanack" for the year, price 1s. You had better consult a lawyer; and, in reference to the farm, make some family arrangement in the matter.

CARRIE BROWNFACE.—The water would require to be distilled, but no other ingredients are added.

EMILY PREECE.—The lines show much good feeling, but are not poetry.

MY HOEN IEO.—Use dogs' biscuit for your dog, and a small bone occasionally for a treat.

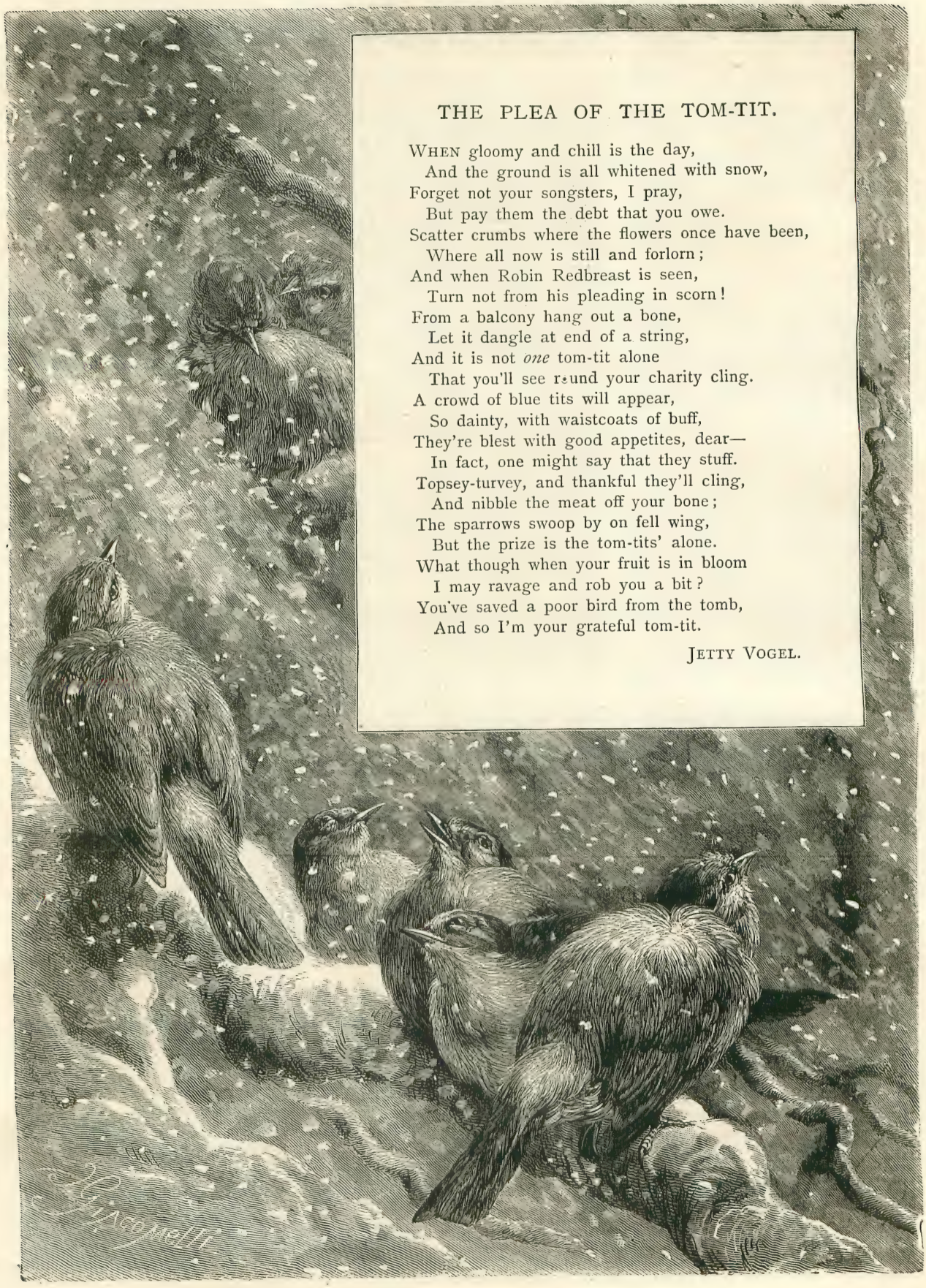
YRAM.—We regret we cannot accept your kind offer, nor can we suggest what you should do with the MS., as we have not read it.

"MUTTERLOS."—Isabella, or Isabel, is a pale brown colour or buff. It is so called from the Princess Isabella of Austria, daughter of Philip II. The tale runs that while besieging Ostend, the princess took an oath that she would not change her body-linen before the town was taken. The siege, however, lasted three years, and her linen became of the colour named in the story (1601-1604). The same story is related of Isabella of Castile at the Siege of Granada, 1483.

AN ANXIOUS ONE.—We have answered your question a great many times. You are evidently in a very morbid state of mind, and probably your liver is out of order. The sin so described is that of attributing the miracles of our blessed Lord to the power of "Beelzebub."

INNOCENTIA.—Before opening the hall door to admit a visitor, ascertain whether your mistress be "at home," and into what reception-room the visitor may be shown. Then open the door and close it after them at once, and precede them to the apartment above named. Do not leave them standing in the hall. You write fairly well.

WELCHIE.—We must refer you to what we have said already about damp hands, which you will find by means of our several indexes.



THE PLEA OF THE TOM-TIT.

WHEN gloomy and chill is the day,
And the ground is all whitened with snow,
Forget not your songsters, I pray,
But pay them the debt that you owe.
Scatter crumbs where the flowers once have been,
Where all now is still and forlorn;
And when Robin Redbreast is seen,
Turn not from his pleading in scorn!
From a balcony hang out a bone,
Let it dangle at end of a string,
And it is not *one* tom-tit alone
That you'll see round your charity cling.
A crowd of blue tits will appear,
So dainty, with waistcoats of buff,
They're blest with good appetites, dear—
In fact, one might say that they stuff.
Topsey-turvey, and thankful they'll cling,
And nibble the meat off your bone;
The sparrows swoop by on fell wing,
But the prize is the tom-tits' alone.
What though when your fruit is in bloom
I may ravage and rob you a bit?
You've saved a poor bird from the tomb,
And so I'm your grateful tom-tit.

JETTY VOGEL.

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

VOL. VI.—No. 255. NOVEMBER 15, 1884. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

SEVEN YEARS FOR RACHEL;

OR, WELSH PICTURES SKETCHED FROM LIFE.

By ANNE BEALE.

CHAPTER VI.

ALL HALLOWS' EVE.

OLD festival days, with their games and merriment, superstitions and legends, which have gone or are fast going into forgetfulness in England, are still important and still observed in Wales. All-Hallows' Eve, so famous in Scottish and Irish story, is here no less celebrated, and its customs no less kept. It is the people of the locality and the soil, who are not worn into the smoothness of general society by intercourse with large towns, that devote themselves to these observances; and thus the labourers and the old women of the village are they who particularly expect and keep Hollantide. The latter have ever been the treasurers of the superstition and the legend, the devotees of usages which they deliver, with a faith that amounts to religion, to their children and grandchildren. As what are called civilisation and intelli-

All rights reserved.] "BUT WHEN THE TWILIGHT COMMENCES, HER VIGOUR BECOMES SUPERNATURAL."

gence increase over the face of the country, these ancient observances naturally disappear; but whether a better faith and purer recreations succeed, I must not pretend to determine. I am confident, however, that old Pally Lewis would feel her blood boil in her veins were you to seem to doubt one of the marvellous stories which she relates—things which, she says, happened either to herself, or to some near kinsman or acquaintance. What she will relate in the following pages is not, then, the mere repetition of old stories for the amusement of those about her, but a detail of what she imagines to be facts in which she most firmly believes; but how a belief so marvellous can have rooted itself in her mind concerning events in which she professes to have been herself a principal agent, I do not pretend to understand; but we know that it is a phenomenon in the superstitious temperament for which there is no accounting.

Old Pally, though a poor widow, would rather go without her dinner half the year round than a "wassail bowl" on All-Hallows' Eve; and she is accustomed to gather all the young people of her vicinity about her own hearth on that occasion.

Although the crusade against drink has, fortunately, begun in earnest here as well as elsewhere, it has not broken the "wassail bowl."

The 11th of November has come round, and twenty times during the day has every nook and corner of her little room been swept and dusted by herself and her grandchild. All the crockery ware has been washed and rubbed until it shines again. No economy of bees'-wax and oil to polish the chairs and tables; the clock looks brighter than ever clock looked before, and ticks impatient for the company. Evergreens are placed here and there about the room, and the mantelpiece is loaded with the treasures of fifty years' fragmental china. Hosts of brass candlesticks and painted eggs are arranged to simulate with the fruit of the yew and ivy. All the day long the little granddaughter has been counting hours and minutes till the evening, and fearing that granny must sink before sunset under her extraordinary exertions. But when the twilight commences, her vigour becomes supernatural. The huge blue bowl is installed upon the table—the hearth is built up with logs—all sorts of curiosities and wonders leave their recesses, and bewilder the child's admiring eyes, who peeps under her grandmother's arms on tiptoe, as the mysterious cupboard is reverentially opened. What stores of apples and raisins! unthought of luxuries! But I must not anticipate.

It is All-Hallows' Eve, and as All-Hallows' Eve comes only once a year, Pally has determined to outdo herself in welcoming her friends, and crowning the season. They have at last completed the saloon, ever the smartest and neatest room in Caergwyn, and proceed to the labours that are necessary to bring their own persons into splendour. Granny soaps and scrubs the child's face until it shines and glows again, and then dons her best woollen frock. Pally's gown, and the starched structure of her cap, being lastly arranged, they sit primly down, and watch the clock and the weather: the former announces the speedy arrival of their visitors, and the latter, as it should, a boisterous night. The fire begins to blaze aloft—sparks shoot forth with a gladsome crack—the first knock vibrates on the door, and William, the young corporal, shows his handsome face. "Well, Pally," he asks, "who is coming to drink of your wassail bowl to-night?" Pally, with sly forbearance, enumerates some fifteen or twenty different young people, but withholds the only name he pants to hear.

Poor William has left his sister at her fragment of a looking-glass, and run across to Pally, in the hope of finding Rachel, as is her custom, assisting the old woman to arrange her room; but she is not there, and he has not courage to question any further. "Tap, tap, tap," daintily at the door, and enters Miss Corporal, with a "For shame, William, to leave me to come by myself, this rainy and dark night!" Another "tap, tap," and another and another quick upon it, introduce Thomas Shenkin, tailor, and his cousin Betto, Gwenllian Morgan, the peach-cheeked daughter of a small farmer, and Rachel's red-haired admirer, Nat Lewis. The nursemaid and housemaid from "The House" create quite a sensation, whilst the footman, who escorts them in livery, looks as great as did the Duke of Wellington in full uniform. By degrees Pally's one room is filled, and every chair receives its honoured burden of a Lewis, a Davies, or a Griffiths, but no chair sustains the Rachel. There is not a member of the party who does not regret her absence, and all but William and Nat are loud in their exclamations of disappointment. "Let us send for her," cry half a dozen voices at once; as many youths are on their feet, and William is at the door.

"No, no," says Pally, "she will come if she can, but you all know Jackey Bach, and if he takes a thing into his head, it is no good to try to put it out."

Every one present, and especially William, feels this to be true, and all but he endeavour to find amusement without Rachel.

Refinement will stare at the diversions of this rustic party, which Pally has arranged systematically in her presumed power to promote the mirth of the evening. In the first place, in the middle of the room, suspended from the ceiling, hangs an apple, large and red, which ever and anon, as it receives a hint, swings temptingly above the heads of the party. Chairs and stools are pushed back, and the arena cleared, when, with all his agility, up jumps Nat, opened mouthed, and dashing at the apple, encounters it with his chin, from which it indignantly rebounds, and, before his feet touch the floor, returns with vengeance upon his nose. A loud laugh, and a whispered "Nat's nose is getting as red as his hair," accompany this first essay. Another, and a taller youth, succeeds to him, but not calculating well his height, jumps too high, and the apple is again triumphant. A third, as much too short as the foregoing one is too tall, gives a heroic spring, with his goggle eyes and distended jaws directed to the prey, but finds himself to his astonishment violently seated upon the floor, amidst the uncontrollable laughter of the whole party. Another, and another, unadmonished by defeat, rise to the trial, but the unscathed globe bounds upon their heads, eyes, chins, cheeks, noses, and even lips and teeth, baffling alike their prowess and their address.

"Come, William, come, it is your turn now; you will bring it down yet," cries Pally, as she observes William endeavouring to slide away. He replies to the call, but without feeling the least inclination to attack the persecuted apple, when a shout of "Here she is, here she is," arrests him, and in glides Rachel.

All was now delight, and "Why didn't you come before? what have you been doing?" and a hundred such kind of questions assail her.

She blushed as William looked at her, and before the blush had vanished from her cheek, he had recovered his old love for All-Hallows' sports, caught the apple dexterously between his teeth, and brought it down amid the shouts of the party.

"You wouldn't have done that a few minutes back," said old Pally, with a knowing smile.

After jumping for apples as long as apples could make them jump with joy, another and a yet more recondite diversion was proposed. A somewhat shallow tub, filled with water, was drawn into the middle of the room, and being hoisted upon two chairs, was immediately surrounded by the party. A sixpence was dropped into the tub; after which preliminary, in popped a head. Again it was Nat who made the first essay. He seemed determined to take the lead of the evening. His head remained under water as long as he could hold his breath, but soon and suddenly up came the red portent again, with nose and mouth evidently distressed to suffocation, but without the pearl for which it had dived. Nat shook his ears and wiped his carrots, which now paled beside his cheeks. Before the girls had recovered from their convulsions, another head was immersed in water. This was an adventurous and plashing poll, but much as it dashed about, it was up in a few seconds again without the sixpence, but, with a grin from ear to ear, and a "'Pon my word! I wonder how they do these things at the Polytechnic." This was the footman from the House, whose first attempt at diving was accompanied by peals of laughter. One after the other the youths struggled for the prize. Red heads, black heads, brown heads, heads of all forms and dimensions, were seen, first buried in the water, then withdrawn from it, exhibiting on their retreat faces twisted into every conceivable contortion, but all looking ludicrously good-humoured. William was the first to secure the sixpence, and having done so, he quietly

slunk into a corner of the room where Rachel was standing.

She was thoughtful and abstracted, and did not laugh with the rest at the sports that used to divert her, for her heart was heavy as she looked forward to the morrow. She felt, in the midst of merriment, tears steal into her eyes, but as she saw William approach, she hastily brushed them away, and smiled as she said—

"So you got the first sixpence after all?"

"Yes," replied William; "will you take it, and keep it in remembrance of All-Hallows' Eve? And maybe, when you look at it, Rachel, you will think of this night, and will not quite forget him who won it for your sake."

The poor girl's heart was too full to allow her to reply, but the tear that left her eye spoke for her as she was about to take the little token.

"Wait a minute, Rachel," said William, and he walked to an opposite corner of the room where was a shelf upon which Pally kept her knitting. A needle was peering forth from the straw-work of an old basket, and without waiting to inquire whether he should draw down Pally's anger by dropping some hundred stitches of her half-finished stocking, he drew it out and returned to Rachel. He saw that every one present was still busily engaged with the sixpenny hunt; so putting the knitting-needle into the fire, he heated it red hot, and bored a hole through the sixpence.

"Now, Rachel," he said, "you will know this from any other sixpence, and perhaps you will some day show it me again."

Rachel took the coin, and, as she did so, she heard Pally declaring it was time to prepare the wassail bowl, and calling for her to assist. All was now bustle and laughter. The huge old chimney corner was crowded with seats. The place of honour—the large oak arm-chair—was reserved for Pally in the warmest corner, for she "couldn't sit down just yet." The grandchild's eyes glistened with delight as she followed granny, and saw the stores of buns, raisins, apples, spices, and elder-wine that issued from the venerated cupboard. The huge bowl was on the table, brim-full of ale. William held the saucepan, into which Pally and Rachel poured the ale, and which he subsequently placed upon the fire. Leaving it to boil, the party seated round the fire began to roast some of the apples that Pally had just put upon the table. This they effected by tying long pieces of twine to their stems, and suspending them from the different "pot-hooks and hangers" with which the chimney-corner abounded, twisting the cord from time to time to prevent their burning.

Here it may be well to say that Pally's "bowl" never induced intoxication—she was careful of that, and only provided sufficient to "keep up the old custom," as she expressed it. Indeed, she would have been the first to join the crusade against drunkenness had she been in the way of it, and heartily wished her friends would not imbibe so much of the national cwrw da, for she was a sensible old woman in all but her superstitions.

It is astonishing how cleverly the party have contrived to seat themselves. Pally occupies her oaken throne, whilst Rachel takes her accustomed place, on a low stool, at her side. Next comes William. Facing this trio is Nat Lewis, who divides the peach-cheeked farmer's daughter and Miss Corporal. The young ladies in pink from the House have their attendant beaux, and the footman in uniform makes himself vastly agreeable to all. Pally's little grand-child is crouched at Rachel's feet with the fine old black cat in her lap, and the rest of the party are all equally well placed. Everyone is happy; even Rachel seems gayer than she was half an hour ago; so, whilst the ale simmers, by way of adding to their merriment, they determine to withdraw the veil of futurity, and to ascertain whose wishes will be gratified and whose disappointed, by casting nuts and apple pips into the fire.

The smart footman throws in the first; not a symptom of a flame. Pally looks grave, and lifts up her hands and eyes. The footman takes it very easily, and says—

"Oh! never mind, marm; if that didn't blaze the next will," upon which he throws in a second nut, which soon emits a bright flame. Pally shakes her head, experience having taught her that the first nut is the certain test of the fulfilment or non-fulfilment of the wish.

"Well! I shall have a wish," cries Nat, and looks across rather darkly at William and Rachel. He is too wise to tell his wish, but casts his nut silently into the fire. It moulders away without flaming; he looks disappointed and sulky, and begins talking to Sarah Davies.

"The wishes of the wicked never prospers," interposes the footman.

"I have wished," gaily exclaims William, and his nut blazes at once.

"You will have your wish, certainly," says Pally; "and now, Rachel, it is your turn."

William looks at Rachel whilst she thinks for a moment, and then throws her nut into the fire. All the party watch it earnestly, and many turn pale, as a longer period than usual elapses, and no flame appears.

"Dead!" cries Nat, with a pleased look.

"Alive!" retorts William, as a bright light at length appears.

"Better late than never," says old Pally; and so thinks William, as glancing at Rachel he meets her eye.

Each having burnt a nut with various success, they attacked the apples which remained unroasted on the table, and began peeling them delicately. The merit here lay in taking off the rind without breaking or cracking it, which Rachel, who is very famous for her apple dumplings, effected.

"There! Rachel has finished first," said her friend and admirer Pally, who had been watching her; "she will make the most saving wife, for she peels her apple and takes off nothing but the bare rind. Throw it over your shoulder now, child, and let us see what letter your husband's name will begin with."

Rachel threw the apple-paring over her left shoulder, and everyone rose to see what shape it would assume. It was an extraordinary hieroglyphic; but some declared it one letter, some another, the majority deciding in favour of W.

"Let me see, let me see," cried Pally, as she made her way through the crowd.

Professing to be a profound scholar in apple-peel lore, she thought proper to consider the paring attentively for some time, having done which she pronounced it to be decidedly a W, "for there are two V's joined together," she said; "one stroke down and another up, and another down and another up; and everybody as can read writing must know that that's a W all the world over." No one but Nat dared to dispute so good an authority, and he vociferated that it was more like an N than a W.

I cannot permit myself any more such details, but some threw Ns, and some As, some Os, and others Cs; and some wondered what names X and Z could stand for, and were assured by Pally that those who got such out-of-the-way letters would never marry at all.

"Unless," interrupted the footman, "the ladies go up to London, where occasionally Mr. X Y Z advertises for a wife."

By the time they had all completed their trials the ale was boiling and the apples were roasted. The beverage went smoking hot into the bowl, when there ensued a hissing and spluttering greeting between the ale and the roasted apples, succeeded by the introduction of the buns, raisins, or biscuits, until the bowl was full to overflowing. With a sufficient proportion of spices and sugar it was finally prepared, and, as if by instinct, just as it was completed, in popped three or four of Pally's ancient cronies, all dying to partake of it. The cups and glasses were speedily filled, when William proposed Pally's health, which was cordially drunk or eaten by the whole party, for, as will be understood, cakes and apples had absorbed the ale. After this preliminary, she was asked for some of her famous old stories.

Now Pally was in her glory. She sat in her high-backed arm-chair by the fire, like the queen of spells. Her thin, shrivelled face looked out from a hedge of frill, and her keen grey eye twinkled strangely beneath her wrinkled brow, whilst a few white hairs hung straight over it. The black cat had leaped from little Mary's lap to that of the old woman, and added to her sybil-like appearance. In truth, as she glanced from one to the other of her auditors, and stretched out her long, thin, bony arm to add force to her words, she looked supernaturally knowing, and would, had she lived some few centuries back, have been taken and ducked or burnt as a witch. It was just the night and place for tales to set the hair on end—rough and black without, with a bright fire within, to keep up the courage to hear the most fearful thing to its close. The

candle was put out—for Pally never told her stories by candle-light — and the listeners were instantly fixed in profound attention.

"And what story shall I tell first?" inquired Pally, addressing the footman. "Perhaps, sir, as you come from England, you may never chance to have heard tell of the wonderful sights that some people have seen on All-Hallows' Eve?"

The footman having replied in the negative, Pally thus began:—

"Well, then, I will tell you what happened to myself some sixty years ago. You must know that we Welsh-women have got ways of finding out what we are most anxious to know on this night, when the spirits and goblins are about us more than any other night of the year. So, as I said, some sixty years ago, I and two or three other young women sat up together, and waited for twelve o'clock. According to custom, we laid the cloth upon the table, turned the knives and forks and spoons all upside down; and everything else that could be turned the wrong way, sure enough we turned it. When we had done this, we all sat down by the fire-light to watch.

"There we sat, getting paler and paler, as the hand of the clock pointed nearer and nearer to twelve. 'Twas a very blustering night, just like this, and every time the door creaked with the wind I thought it was a spirit; but I remembered afterwards that spirits don't make a noise when they move about. We waited and waited, shivering and shaking for fear, till the clock warned for twelve. I looked at my companions and they at me, but we didn't dare to speak, for speaking frights a spirit off directly.

"The five minutes ticked slowly away, and every tick went all through me, when twelve o'clock began to strike. I stared at the door, and before the clock had done striking, I saw the door move: yes—don't look as if you don't believe me—I saw it move. That wasn't all, for it slowly opened, and then I saw a man's hand, and then an arm, and then a whole figure—ay, don't look so unbelieving, Mr. Footman, you—a whole figure, and a very fine one too, whatever you may think. I should have screamed, but I was afraid; so I stared with all my eyes, for I couldn't help it.

"The spirit looked at me very pleasantly, and up he walked to the table, as plain as ever I see anybody walk in my life. He turned every knife and fork, and spoon, and dish, back the right way, whilst I was looking at him. Well, I shall know you again anywhere, thinks I. He had on a blue coat and yellow buttons, and a very smart frill to his shirt, with a collar and handkerchief as stiff as starch could make 'em; and he had brown hair, combed smooth and nice; and black eyes, and a nose and a mouth, and every feature quite right. When he had settled the table, he looked well at me, and smiled as agreeably as if he had known me fifty years; and says I to myself, I never saw you before, anyhow; I wonder whether I shall ever see you again. I was so sure at last that he was a real man, that I was just beginning to speak, when he vanished away, I don't know how. I looked at the door, and it was close shut, and then all around the room, but there was no man to be seen. There were the three girls, and the sight of them called me to myself, for I had never thought about 'em all this time. They hadn't seen any spirit, but said I looked so wild and strange, and stared so hard, they were afraid I was bewitched, but they hardly believed me when I told 'em what I had seen.

"For some time after this I went on thinking day and night about the fine young man; but as nothing came of it, I got tired of thinking at last, and began to fancy that All-Hallows' Eve was no more than any other eve after all. But I found out that it was worth all the other evenings of the year put together; and I'll tell you how I found that out.

"One Sunday I and two of the girls that watched with me went to chapel. When I was there, I just chanced to look round, 'twas when they were giving out the hymn, for I wouldn't have thought of looking about me any other time; and what do you think I saw? Guess, now—guess again!"

Here Pally paused and looked exultingly around her.

"Not the man?" breathed the footman.

"Yes," resumed the elated old woman, "the very man. There he stood—the spirit, John Lewis himself! He was looking at me with all his eyes, and no sooner did I see him than he smiled at me just as agreeably as he did on All-Hallows' Eve. I nudged my friend's arm, and says I, 'That's he.' 'That's who?' says she. 'The spirit,' says I; and sure enough there he was: blue coat, yellow buttons, frilled shirt, starched collar and handkerchief, smooth hair, black eyes, nose, mouth, chin and all. I see him now. Oh, he was a handsome man, John Lewis! I couldn't help glancing round at him sometimes—how could I? And he was always sure to be staring at me. He went out of chapel first, and when I came out I found him waiting outside, and he began to talk to me at once quite natural."

"What! without being introduced?" interrupted the footman.

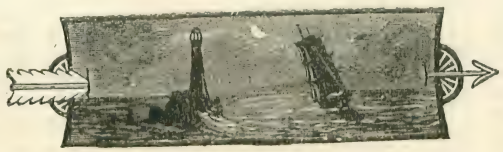
"Ay, to be sure, and what's more, before that day three months we were man and wife, and there never was a happier couple. We lived together nigh sixty years, and he has been dead, poor man, five years come next January, and all that story's as true as I sit here, and nobody knows it better than myself."

With this emphatic conclusion, Pally drew herself up and looked for applause, with as much certainty of obtaining it as a *prima donna*. The company, most of whom had known the story from the cradle, were quite as much delighted to hear it again as if they had never heard it at all. And still more enchanted were they at the astonishment of the footman, who could not conceive how anybody "could tell such a story of her own particular self."

"Have you another, marm?" he asked.

"Oh, yes, sir, fifty," Pally replied. But we must reserve them for another number.

(*To be continued.*)



LIFE

Now fades the rosy hue from out the sky,
Grey, cold, and dark the clouds are closing round,
The wind sweeps through the trees with plaintive sigh,
The sere leaves, downward flutt'ring, strew the ground.

Thus, to my heart when youth is fled, seems life—
Dark the horizon, dim and sad the scene,
With ceaseless turmoil, restless care and strife,
And clouded with that mournful might-have-been.

The sere leaves fall. What then? So sorrows, sins
Fall from us, and, oh! Allwise One, Thy power
From death brings fairer life, e'en as earth wins
Strength from decay, to nourish root, and branch, and flower.

So, weary soul! sin-stained, and tired, and sad,
Rise from thy sin to life and liberty,
Let heaven's own promise make thy future glad
With the full glory of what yet shall be.

R. M.

DONALD AND I.

By NELLIE HELLIS.

CHAPTER II.

"Have another scone, Jennie. You won't get them in Paris; not home-made scones at any rate."

These were Donald's words as we sat at tea on my last evening at Sunniehead.

"No, thank you; I have eaten enough."

"Then put on your hat and come for a walk. There will be a glorious sunset presently."

"Jennie has a long journey before her, to-morrow," said Mrs. Forsyth, with a peculiar intonation in her voice. "She will do wiser, I think, to remain in the house and rest."

"She shall walk slowly, mother; I will take care that she does not tire herself."

Mrs. Forsyth said no more, and, taking her silence for permission, I left the room to get my hat and gloves. I walked quietly, but once outside the door I let my feet have their own way, and bounded upstairs two steps at a time. A walk and a talk with Donald were more pleasant than a row, I think. When I came down he was waiting in the hall, and as we passed the hat-stand he took from one of its pegs a warm woollen shawl which he threw over his arm.

"I shall not need that," I said. "It is a warm evening, and I suppose we shall not be out very long."

"We will go and sit down somewhere," he replied, "and then you will not get tired. But you will be chilly if you have nothing to put over your shoulders. I mustn't let you catch a cold to take away with you to-morrow."

There were no leafy trees around Sunniehead to form a pleasant and natural arbour for a rustic seat. The land was too sterile, and the air too bleak, to admit of their growth. But about half a mile from the town, in an alcove excavated for the purpose, a bench had been placed. Towards this spot we bent our steps, and we were soon seated side by side talking gravely of a "matter of business," which, Donald said, he was anxious to discuss with me.

"You know how much was realised from the sale of the furniture, don't you, Jennie?"

"Yes, thirty-five pounds."

"Well, that sum is still yours. What would you like to do with it?"

"I should like a little to take with me," I said, somewhat timidly.

"We shall not send you away penniless, Jennie. Mother intends giving you a five-pound note when you leave to-morrow. You will want no new dresses just yet, and Mrs. Drayton will pay all your travelling expenses, so don't you think that will last you till you receive your first quarter's salary?"

"But Mrs. Forsyth ought not to do it," I said, decidedly. "If I have money it is only

"'WE BOTH HAVE CAUSE TO BE GRATEFUL.'"

right and just that I should supply my own wants from it."

"I think, lassie," he replied, gently, "that the very least we can do for you is to give you a decent outfit, and send you away with five pounds in your pocket."

He meant kindly, I know, but somehow his words struck a cold chill to me. It seemed as if, with a fair start in life given me, I was expected to battle with the world without further assistance either from mother or son. A few minutes after and I was reproaching myself for the thought, which, towards Donald at least, was most unjust.

"And what about your money, Jennie?" he continued. "What would you like me to do with that thirty-five pounds?"

"I suppose I had better ask Mrs. Drayton to take care of it for me," I replied. "If I keep it myself I shall be afraid of losing it."

He burst into a laugh.

"My dear child, you are not obliged to carry your money in your pocket just because you happen to possess it. I was going to propose that you should lend it to me, and that I should give you—well, say ten per cent. for it."

"Isn't that too much? I heard you tell Mrs. Forsyth last night that in getting five per cent. for some money you had lent you thought you were receiving good interest."

"I will give you twenty per cent., Jennie, if you will accept it."

"Supposing I take you at your word?"

"Do."

"Since when have you become so rich, Cousin Donald?"

But he answered gravely—

"You *can't think* how pleasant it is to know that the struggle which has been going on for years is over. Mother's heart was always set upon making a lawyer of me, and to article me to Grey and Grey she had to make great sacrifices. You don't know what a good woman she is, Jennie."

"Yes I do."

I suppose my voice was wanting in cordiality, and the deficiency vexed him.

"*But you do not like her?*" he asked, anxiously.

"She does not like me," I replied, bluntly.

But no sooner were the words out of my mouth than I repented of them. I owed Mrs. Forsyth a debt of gratitude I should never be able to repay, and was this a seemly way to speak of her? No wonder he looked hurt and cold.

"Oh! I ought not to have said that," I cried; "she has been far kinder to me than I deserved, or had any right to expect. Forgive me. It is only that I do not understand her, that is all."

"Yes, that is it," he said, and I knew at once that he had taken me back into his favour. "You do not understand her, and——" he paused for a moment, then went on—"and, perhaps, she does not quite understand you. But she has your interest very near at heart."

"I am sure she has," I said, humbly; "and believe me I am grateful."

"We both have cause to be grateful. Now, I am thankful to say, I can give her a comfortable home. I have a good position at the office, and—can you keep a secret, Jennie?"

"I will keep yours at any rate."

"Before very long I shall be junior partner in the firm."

"Oh, I am so glad! But I am not surprised, you are so clever and learned."

"So you and my mother think."

"So does Mr. Grey, or he would not take you into partnership. I wish," and I sighed wistfully, "that I had been better educated. I know nothing beyond a little grammar, and history, and geography. I only wonder you care to talk to me at all."

"Do you? Then I shall not tell you how much I like it, lest you should begin to wonder more. But as regards that lamentable ignorance of which you speak—nay, Jennie, you need not look at me so uneasily from under those long eyelashes of yours. I am only laughing at you."

"It is no laughing matter to me," I said, with another sigh.

"Well, dear, you are not yet so old but you may learn, nor bred so dull but you can learn."

"If you hadn't made me read the *Merchant of Venice* with you the other evening, I shouldn't have known where that came from."

"Reading will do a great deal for you. It will give you general knowledge. Whatever you want to know thoroughly—such as a language, for instance—you must, of course, study attentively and perseveringly. I shall expect you to make good progress with your music. Mrs. Drayton says you can have an hour every day for practice."

This was news to me, and my face showed my satisfaction.

"I owe that to you, too," I said. "But, there! I shouldn't have had the situation at all if it hadn't been for you, for Mrs. Drayton said she could not have engaged me if I had not known something about music. I have many things to thank you for, cousin Donald."

"Is the twenty per cent. to be among the items?"

"No, I cannot let you do that."

Then I told him I would take five per cent. for my money; that the interest should be added to the principal year by year, and that if my funds ran low I would not hesitate to ask him to send me the wherewithal to replenish them. So we talked on, till the sun, sinking beneath the far-off waves in the midst of a billowy mass of crimson and gold, reminded me of the lateness of the hour.

"Had we not better be going home, Donald?"

"Not just yet. To-morrow night you will be far away, and however much I may want the pleasure of my little cousin's company, it will not be in my power to enjoy it. I must keep you, then, while I can."

"Thank you for saying so." And I slipped my hand into his. "The memory of those words will cheer many a lonely hour."

"Besides making me your banker," he said, presently, "I want you to promise that if you are in any trouble or want advice you will write to me at once."

"If I find myself in any great trouble or difficulty I will; but I must learn to be independent and act for myself. Don't you remember what you said last night?"

"What?"

"That God helps those who try to help themselves."

There was silence for a few minutes; but I knew by the pressure of his hand that he was pleased with me. Then, half-jestingly, he said—

"I have one piece of advice to give you. Don't let your wise little head be turned with the flattery that your pretty face will be sure to provoke."

"But I am not pretty," I said, looking up in astonishment. "It was Marion who had all the beauty. Though I think if Effie had lived she would have been even more lovely."

"I suppose with their mother's beauty they inherited her delicate constitution?"

"Yes," I replied, sadly; adding, "I take after my father. I am strong and vigorous, and not remarkable for my good looks."

"You may not be actually beautiful," he said, scanning my features thoughtfully and leisurely, as if he found it a pleasant task; "but there is something very sweet and fascinating about you. That 'quiet kind of grace,' which to many men is more attractive than mere beauty."

"Is there? I did not know it."

For a second time that evening he burst into a hearty laugh.

"What an innocent child it is! Come, lassie, let us go home."

An innocent child! Yes, I was then, but twenty-four hours after I awoke to the fact that I was a child no longer; for, with all a woman's power of loving, I loved Donald Forsyth.

(To be continued.)

PLAIN NEEDLEWORK.

CHAPTER I.

THE first historic record of the labours of the needle is connected with the raiment with which we are covered (Genesis iii. 7). A beginning of sin and disobedience, but containing consolation even in sorrow. Innocence and unalloyed happiness had both fled from the world of mortals, when needlework and clothing came into it. But work — employment for head and hands, and steady labour, must be ever considered as amongst the best sources of consolation in the griefs of heart and mind. And so to-day, under their soothing influence many a man and woman gains quietude and calm in the "labour which is really prayer."

The "fig leaves" mentioned are supposed by Milton to be the leaves of the banian tree, which is the pride and worship of Hindustan. It is considered there as especially emblematic of the Deity, from its apparently never-ending life, its far-stretching arms, and its overshadowing beneficence. It has been known to have 350 large trunks; and in the march of an army to have sheltered 7,000 men. The leaves are large, soft, and of a lively, bright green, and the fruit produced by it is a small, bright scarlet fig.

The thorns from which the "mother-of-all-living" procured her earliest needle, were a part, alas! of the curse pronounced by God, that the earth was to "bring them forth," and this was the first use made of their otherwise useless spines. The white thorn, which grows near Jerusalem in abundance, and which is supposed to have been the kind used for Our Saviour's crown, is by many people considered to have furnished Eve with the first needle. No creature had been killed at that time, either for food or sacrifice, so the usual resource of the aboriginal, the pointed, thin, and easily pierced fish-bone was not attainable.

Throughout the Bible the mention of needlework runs like a golden thread, and on it are strung, like precious pearls, many of the beautiful stories most often told and loved by children, related by prophets, kings and lawgivers, inspired to record them—Joseph's "coat of many colours," Hannah's "little coat," in the making of which how many loving thoughts had been bestowed on the boy beloved, dedicated and given up to God! And not only to little children do such stories appeal, with lessons that are well worth learning, but to our girls as well, in the praise of the "wise-hearted" and "willing-hearted," who offered the work of their hands to the Lord at the building of the first "sanctuary

made with hands," down to the story of Dorcas, restored to life by St. Peter, and the coats and garments she had left as a testimony alike of her close industry and of her love to the poor of the flock. In death her skill with the needle was quoted to glorify her good name, and her fellow women displayed its fruits with pride and joy.

Recent writers have taught us much regarding the symbolic nature of Eastern habits, and of the reason for the adoption even of their clothing. In Roberts's "Oriental Illustrations" we find a mention made of the "coat of many colours," which throws so much light on the reasons why it was worn and on the Bible narrative that I quote it here to give additional interest to the subject of clothes. "For beautiful or favourite children," says Roberts, "precisely the same thing is done at this day—crimson and purple and other colours are often tastefully sewed together. Sometimes the children of the Mahommedans have their jackets embroidered with gold and silk of various colours. If a child be clothed in a garment of many colours it is believed that neither evil tongues nor evil spirits will injure him, because the attention is taken from the beauty of the person to that of the garment. Children (in the present day) seldom wear them after they are eight years old, though it must have been the custom amongst the ancients referred to in the Bible to wear them longer."

This little diversion is the more interesting as it supplies us with the first mention of another of the earliest works given to us to perform in our childhood, and that is "patch work," for in this way was the "coat of many colours" probably manufactured, as the Hebrew name would seem to imply.

It is singular to observe, when we read of this most ancient art of needlework, how great was its value in early days, and that it was not the material of the garments which made that value, but the ornamental embellishments with which they were afterwards invested by the needle. This is shown by the delighted anticipations of the mother of Sisera, in speaking of his share of the spoil, "A raiment of needlework, a prey of divers colours; of divers colours of needlework on both sides." In those early days there was no silk. The groundwork of all things was either of wool or linen, rendered valuable by needlework and the gold and silver used on it.

In these days we have changed all that, and have placed the value on the material itself—rich indeed, but made by machinery—and thus have deprived that of its proper value on which time, thought, and skill were all applied. It is difficult to obtain anything like its real value for needlework in the present day; in many people's eyes ornamental needlework has none at all, and as for plain needlework, it is not easy to make even one's daily bread by it. This is, in part, due to the low ebb at which both departments of the art have arrived; the term "fancy-work" being synonymous with "rubbish," and good plain work being nowhere procurable.

I need not remind my young readers of the many instances in which the Bible speaks of "raiment" being a great part of the "treasures of the household" in the East. Job makes many allusions to the subject, and the reference made by our Blessed Saviour to the "heavenly treasures," shows us that the earthly ones were of material such as the "moth" will eat and spoil; while St. James is more explicit, and says of "the rich men," "your gold and silver is cankered, and your garments are moth-eaten." In former days, too, the arraying of a person in rich robes was a very high compliment; and it was one of the ancient methods of investing with the highest degree of subordinate power—Joseph being thus arrayed by Pharaoh, and Mordecai by King Ahasuerus. The purple robe put on our Blessed Lord in mockery thus finds its deepest and most purely symbolical meaning.

In the primitive days of Christianity the Apostles and early Fathers of the Church were much exercised on the subject of the dress and fashions which prevailed in their times, and appear to speak of them in such a way that many people have gathered the idea that they did not approve of any care being taken in the matter, nor of any difference of dress being right between those who are blessed with this world's goods, and those who are not. We shall understand the situation with regard to dress if we consult some of the early Christian writers, for they give an account of garments inscribed with verses and titles and decorated with figures of men, women, and animals, and even cities and towns were also depicted upon them.

The following description is from a homily on Dives and Lazarus by a Bishop of Amoasan in Pontius, in the second century:—"They have here no bounds to this foolish art, for no sooner was the useless art invented of weaving in figures in a kind of picture—such as of animals of all sorts—than rich persons procure flowered garments and also those variegated and embroidered with an infinite number of images, both for themselves, their wives, and their children. . . . Whenever thus attired, they go abroad—they go, as it were, painted all over—and pointing out to one another with the finger the pictures on their garments.

"For there are lions and panthers, and bears and bulls, and dogs, and woods, and rocks, and huntsmen; and, in a word, everything that can be thought of, all drawn to the life—for it was necessary, forsooth, that not only the walls of their houses should be painted, but their coats (*tunica*) also, and likewise the cloak (*pallium*) which covers it.

"The more pious of these gentry take their subjects from the Gospel history, *e. g.*, Christ Himself, with His disciples, or one of the miracles, is depicted. In this manner you shall see the marriage of Cana and the waterpots; the paralytic carrying his bed on his shoulders; the blind man cured by clay; the woman with the issue of blood taking hold of the border of Christ's garment; the Magdalene at the feet of Jesus; Lazarus coming from the tomb; and they fancy there is great piety in all this, and that putting on such garments must be pleasing to God."

After reading this description, we shall not wonder that the founders of the early Church wrote as strongly as they did, for these garments must have been most distracting to the attention, wherever they were seen; but especially wherever the public worship of God was proceeding, and have conduced largely to vainglory and pride both of person and purse.

In further allusion to the lettered garments which these early Christians wore, with texts of Scripture worked upon them in large characters, we find a profane writer—Ausonius—celebrating a lady named Sabina, in verse, as being a famous needlewoman and "spinster," and also a poet. He says—

"They who both webs and verses weave,
The first to thee, O chaste Minerva, leave,
The latter to the Muses they devote.
To me, Sabina, it appears a sin
To separate two things so near akin,
So I have wrote thy verses on my coat."

And again—

"Whether the Tyrian robe your praise demand,
Or the neat verse upon the edge descried,
Know both proceed from the same skilful hand:
In both these arts Sabina takes a pride."

Down to very recent times, and in all ages, the great occupation of female life has been needlework, whatever form it may have taken—viz., that now called "plain," or the ornamental, which now is known as "fancy" or more lately "art" needlework. It does not appear, however, that our ancestors made any such distinctions; and very naturally, too, for if we may judge from the beauty of the work on the little shirt made by Queen Elizabeth (when Princess) for her brother, Edward VI., which was exhibited some years ago in London, or from the story told of the chemise embroidered in gold and silver which was preserved as a memorial of one of the wives of Henry VIII., the ancient needlework was truly artistic, and might be called "fancy work" as well, being also employed on the very articles which we regard as peculiarly dedicated to "plain sewing." We wonder unceasingly at the good sight and at the marvellous patience of those dames of centuries ago, and we may certainly sit at their feet and learn from them with great advantage.

Not only were they skilled with the needle, but many of them were far in advance of the most learned women we can produce to-day in their knowledge of ancient and modern languages and the arts of music, painting, and medicine. It is difficult to comprehend the cause of the change in woman from the time when she was not only learned, but well skilled in needlework and all housewifely work, to these days, when she has a smattering of knowledge, thanks to examinations and "cramming," and can neither hem, nor darn her stockings, while amongst most girls the name of economy and thriftiness is considered to be synonymous with a mean spirit and stingy habits.

I have thus given a short account of the beginnings of needlework, in which I trust the readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER will be interested, and in my next article I shall commence by describing the stitches used both in plain needlework and the fancy ones also connected with it.

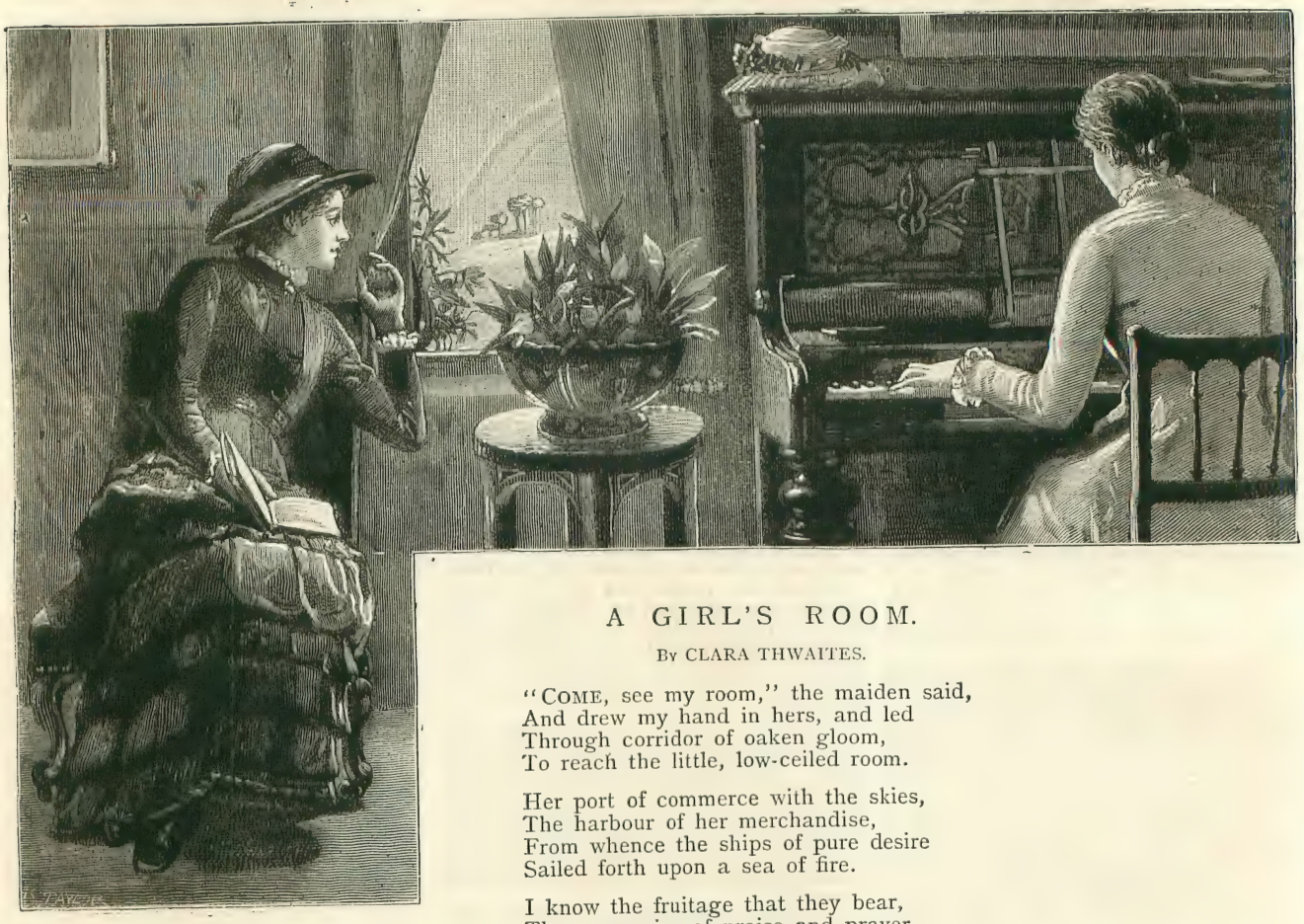
VARIETIES.

VERY SOFTLY.—Since Beethoven's time the practice has become very common of using *ppp* in music for what Weber, in the beginning of the overtures to *Oberon*, calls, "Il 'utto pianissimo possibile." It is used notably by Berlioz in his *Faust* just before the "Danse des Sylphes," and in the middle of it, where the first subject is resumed. He even goes so far as to use the sign *pppp* for the last two notes of the clarinets at the end of the dance. Verdi, in his *Requiem*, has gone even farther, and at one point uses *ppppp*.

TURKISH WOMEN.—The Turkish woman is superstitious in the extreme. She believes in charms. She will not live an hour bereft of her three-cornered bit of leather which encloses the mystic phrase that is potent to ward off the evil eye. She distrusts Tuesday as the mother of ill-luck, and will not celebrate the birthday anniversaries of her children, or even record the date, lest some magician use it to cast a spell against the child.

SOLUTIONS TO THE BURIED RIVERS OF ENGLAND, SCOTLAND, IRELAND, AND WALES (page 71).

Towy, Wye, Tees, Tyne, Tamar, Allan, Don, Earn, Yare, Arun, Witham, Kennet, Derwent, Lea, Bandon, Esk, Dove, Tone, Severn, Darent, Tay, Teith, Ouse, Trent, Deveran, Nen, Roding, Usk, Forth, Slaney, Wear, Dee.



A GIRL'S ROOM.

By CLARA THWAITES.

"COME, see my room," the maiden said,
And drew my hand in hers, and led
Through corridor of oaken gloom,
To reach the little, low-ceiled room.

Her port of commerce with the skies,
The harbour of her merchandise,
From whence the ships of pure desire
Sailed forth upon a sea of fire.

I know the fruitage that they bear,
Those argosies of praise and prayer,
And on the maiden's brow is prest
The answer to their holy quest.

I know that from the heavenly shores,
The measured beat of golden oars
Is heard within this haven calm,
And answered with thanksgiving psalm.

And here the angels come and go
With heavenly traffic to and fro.
The powders of the merchants here
Are fragrant—frankincense and myrrh.

Her eastern lattice, opened wide,
Looked seaward on the glowing tide,
And here and there a flashing sail
Gleamed whitely, driven by the gale

"O gentle mariner," I said,
"By love's sweet influence early led
To voyage to a port unknown,
O'er seas with drift and wreckage strewn,

"Hast thou a chart, and hast thou lore,
To guide thee to that unknown shore?
O'er surging waves and seas that cross,
Dost thou not fear to suffer loss?"

For answer, with triumphant look,
She laid her hand upon the Book
Which open lay, and caught the breeze
And salutation of the seas.

No peradventures vexed her faith
Who was the Lord's in life or death.
Eternal verities possest
Her soul in deep and tranquil rest.

The living and victorious Word
Within this chamber's hush was heard;
A spot to gladdest visions given—
None other than the gate of heaven!

THE ADVENTURES OF MADAME GODIN.

By EDWARD WHYMPER, Author of "The Ascent of the Matterhorn."

IN the year 1735 three Frenchmen (two of whom were distinguished members of the French Academy) went to South America, to the province of Quito, to make some measurements to determine the figure of the earth. These three were Mons. Godin des Odonnais, a civil engineer, and MM. de la Condamine and Bouguer, and as M. de la Condamine said, they toiled more than seven years for the furtherance of science and for the advantage of the world at large, separating in 1742, when Messrs. Condamine and Bouguer returned to France, leaving their fellow-worker at Quito.

Madame Godin, his wife, who is often spoken of as if she was French, was the child of a Spanish general, who married a Peruvian lady of fortune, and was born in the region which is now called the Republic of the Equator, but which in the last century formed a part of the Vice-Royalty of Peru, and she was therefore a *Pérouvienne*. She appears to have married at a very early age, and to have had a large family, although

at the time her husband parted from her she could not have been much more than twenty-one years old.

Monsieur Godin is said to have been respectably connected, but to have been a bad manager in money-matters, and impoverished himself and his wife by speculations and by expenses incurred on his South American journey. A family was growing up, and he determined to cross the continent to seek in Guiana a fortune to replace that which he had lost in Peru, in 1749 departing from Quito, leaving his young wife in the care of her relations.

The journey of Monsieur Godin, though long, does not seem to have produced many adventures. He went from Quito to the nearest point of the River Amazons, by what is called the Napo route—that is to say, he descended the river of that name until it joined the trunk stream, and then floated down the entire length of the main river to its mouth, afterwards journeying northwards a few hundred miles to the settlement of Oyapok in Guiana, where he appears to have remained for many years. His journey was several thousand miles long, and it occupied him thirteen months.

It would seem, when Monsieur Godin parted from his wife, he had no intention of being separated for any length of time; for he says in a letter to M. de la Condamine, "You will remember that on the last occasion I had the honour to see you, in 1742, when you left Quito, I told you that I intended to take the same route as yourself (that of the River Amazons), on account of my wish to become acquainted with it, and because I wanted to find for my wife the most convenient way for a lady, to save her from a long journey by land in a mountainous country, where the only conveyance is by means of mules" (*où les mules sont l'unique voiture*). As he says that this was the case, it is somewhat remarkable that *twenty years* elapsed before monsieur was again united to madame. Part of this delay is certainly accounted for, as will be seen presently, but it can hardly be doubted that the husband might have recovered his wife a little earlier had he been so inclined. *He* lived on one side of the South American continent facing the Atlantic, and *she* on the opposite side, almost within sight of the Pacific, for nearly twenty years; and then *she* undertook the journey which was to bring them together again, a piece of travel which is unquestionably one of the most remarkable ever undertaken by a lady, and a journey which, from its romantic antecedents, is one of the most extraordinary on record. Before proceeding to relate her story, it will be useful to recall the early history of the Amazons; for the terrible experiences of its first discoverers—who were picked men of the hardiest kind—will render her difficulties more intelligible, as well as increase our admiration at her heroic endurance.

The name Amazon (or Amazons) was given to this great river in consequence of a reported race of women warriors who were supposed to inhabit the contiguous country. If one of them could now be obtained she would be worth her weight in gold, for exhibition. They can only be regarded as myths, yet it is curious that for several centuries all sorts of stories have been circulated about them. In one of the earliest books on the Amazones, by Count Pagan, which was translated and published in English in 1661,* the following passages occur:—"That Asia may not vaunt herself of her reports of *Amazones*, whether true or fabulous, America yields nothing to her in this point. . . . The first notice that the *Spaniards* had of them came to them from the generous Prince *Aparia*, 1541, who told the first wonders of them to the adventurous *Francis* of *Areillana* (Orellana): and the consent of all the Nations of the great River of the *Amazones*, in favours of this report as true, hath from them given the name for ever to this admirable River. For all this, the guesses at this matter are not very certain; but the famous actions of the goodly Ladyes of *America*, during the warrs of all these conquests, do not a little confirm the appearances thereof. For these have often appeared in Arms at the head of Battalioes. . . . The valour of that noble Lass which, in 1536, in the Province of *Bogota*, slew five *Spaniards* with arrows shot from

MADAME GODIN.

her own hands, before she fell dead at their feet, will for ever be renouned. . . . The depositions that were made thereof at sundry times agree all in this point: That in the vast fields of this *America*, there was one Region peopled with *warrioresse women*, which living and maintaining themselves without men, had no communication with them."

The river has not always borne the name by which it is now almost universally known. In early times it was also frequently called Marañon (Maragnon), or else the River of Orellana, in honour of its first explorer, Orellana, who discovered it in this manner. After the conquest of Peru had been achieved by Francisco Pizarro, and the roomful of gold which had been extracted from the vanquished Indians had been divided amongst the adventurers, Gonzalo Pizarro, a brother of the conqueror, was sent by him to Quito with a large party of Spaniards to discover in the East the Land of Cinnamon, rumours of which had reached their ears. Starting from Quito at Christmas, 1539, they took nearly the same Napo route which was followed two centuries later by Monsieur Godin. For the first part of their way there was no great difficulty; then they had to pass the snowy Andes, and encountered the violent storms which are common to that region; then they entered the zone of almost perpetual rain, where no stranger to the country could find his way except by cutting every step through tropical vegetation of the densest kind. They committed themselves, no doubt, on this account, to Indian guides, who led them astray and made their long journey yet longer by purposely misleading them. Many months elapsed before they reached the banks of the Napo, and then they found the land travel so difficult that they stopped to build a ship, to bear a part of the company whilst the rest travelled along the banks. They proceeded in this manner for two months, and, says the Indian historian, "they at length met with certain *Indians*, who, by signs and by some words which were understood by their *Indian* servants, gave them intelligence that about ten days' journey from thence they would find a countrey, well-peopled, plentifull of provisions, and abounding with gold and other riches, of which they were in pursuit, and further signified to them by signs that this countrey was situate on the banks of another great river, which joined, and fell into that wherein they now were. The *Spaniards* being greatly comforted and encouraged with this news, *Gonzalo Pizarro* made *Franscisco de Orellana* Captain of his Brigantine or Vessel, and thereon put fifty Souldiers aboard, giving them orders to pass down the stream to that place where the two Rivers met, and that there leaving the goods he had then aboard he should lade his vessel with Provisions, and return towards them with all the speed imaginable, to succour and relieve them in that great Distress of Famine, of which many *Spaniards* were already dead, and especially Indians, who of four thousand were reduced to half the number."

Borne rapidly downwards by the current, Orellana reached the junction of the Napo and Amazons in three days, and, instead of returning to succour his comrades, proceeded onwards and left them to their fate. He had the honour of making great discoveries in a most dishonourable way. Two months later Gonzalo Pizarro learned of his faithlessness, and after travelling onwards a little further, he determined to return to Quito with the remnants of his company. They had "to contend with deep and rapid rivers, with bogs and moorish grounds, which were impassable; and were to travel over mountains of incredible height, on which grew trees of an immense magnitude. . . . . But besides the many difficulties with which Gonzalo Pizarro and his companions were to struggle, the most irresistible of all was hunger, that grievous and cruel enemy of man and beast, which hath been so fatal to both in that uninhabited country. We have said before that *Gonzalo Pizarro* resolved to return unto *Peru*, and therefore, leaving the river, he took his way northward, and passed through lands and mountains no less difficult than the former, being forced to open a way and path with

* Still earlier, Garcilasso de la Vega, in the "Royal Commentaries of Peru," said that the name Amazons was given because it was observed that "the women fought with as much courage as the men."

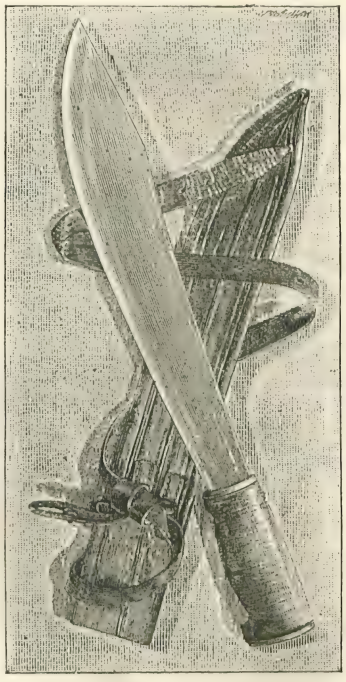
bills and hatchets, and to feed upon herbs and roots, and wild fruit; which were so scarce, that when any plenty thereof happened, they esteemed themselves fortunate in that day's journey. When they came to lakes and moorish grounds, they carried their sick and infirm people on their shoulders, in which work none took more pains than *Gonzalo Pizarro* and his captains. . . . . They had killed their horses, and eaten them one after another, till they had made an end of all. At first they eat their greyhounds, spannels, and mastiff dogs, which were of great use and service to them in the conquest of the *Indies*; and of these they made their delicacies so long as they lasted. At length the *Spaniards* were ready to eat those which dyed, according to the custome of those barbarous *Indians* who inhabit those mountains. . .

By reason of the continual rains and moisture of the earth, their woollen cloths and linen being always wet, became rotten, and dropped from their bodies, so that from the highest to the lowest every man was naked, and had no other covering than some few leaves. . . . So great and so unsupportable were the miseries which *Gonzalo Pizarro* and his companions endured for want of food, that the four thousand *Indians* which attended them in this discovery perished with famine. Likewise, of the three hundred and forty *Spaniards* which entred on this discovery, two hundred and ten dyed, besides the fifty which were carried away by *Orellana*. Their swords they carried without scabbards, all covered with rust, and they walked barefoot, and their visages were become so black, dry, and withered, that they scarce knew one the other; in which condition they came at length to the frontiers of *Quito*, where they kissed the ground and returned thanks to God, who had delivered them out of so many and so imminent dangers."

If this was the fate of a band of picked men, taken from the sturdiest host of adventurers which ever went on an expedition, inured to every hardship, and led by one of the most famous men of the time, bold and strong, and accounted "the best lance in Peru," it is not surprising that Madame Godin met with some misadventures, for she took a route which even at the present day is considered more difficult than that by the River Napo. But in reading of this and of that route, it must not be supposed that they are, or ever have been, well-travelled paths or distinct roads. A great part of the way between the Andes and the points where the river becomes navigable leads through tropical vegetation of the densest character. The Europeans who pass by these routes are never numerous, and in some years may be counted on the fingers; and the tracks would speedily be overgrown and obliterated if it were not for the Indians, to whom they have been known for centuries—in all probability long before the Spanish conquest. So small is the traffic, and so rapid the growth of parasitic and other plants, that everything soon becomes covered with a twined and interlaced network of vegetation which can neither be penetrated nor trodden down, and every step must be cleared by hacking right and left with the large knives (called machetas) which are carried by the Indians; and any person, unprovided with these, attempting to force a way through the dense undergrowth, speedily finds his or her garments ripped into shreds by the hooks and claws with which vegetation in the tropics is so abundantly provided.

Madame Godin did not herself publish a narrative of her adventures. She communicated the details to her husband, who wished to send them to Mons. de la Condamine; and the following much-condensed account is taken from that relation. "I had intended," he said, "never to speak of this matter, but your old comradeship, of which I am proud, and the friendliness you have shown me, make it impossible to refuse you.

"You will remember that the last time I had the honour to see you, in 1742, when you left Quito, I told you that I purposed to take the same route as yourself, and I left the Province of Quito in March, 1749, arriving at Cayenne in April, 1750. I wrote immediately to M. Rouillé,* at that time Minister of Marine, and begged him to get me passports from the Portuguese, authorising me to re-ascend the Amazons to fetch my family.* From the answer I received I learned that the authorities at Cayenne were instructed to give me letters of introduction to the officials at Para. I then wrote to you, and you had the goodness to apply for my passports. You sent me also a letter from the Portuguese Minister in France to the Governor of Para, and advised me that my passports had been despatched to that place. I then asked for information from the Governor, who said that he knew nothing about the matter. I continued to write to Monsieur Rouillé (who, however, was no longer Minister), and subsequently applied four, five, or six per annum for passports—always fruitlessly. Several of my letters were lost or intercepted during the war. At length I applied to the Comte d'Héronville, requesting him to ask the Duc de Choiseul to interpose in my favour, and in the tenth month after writing to him a decked galliot arrived at Cayenne, sent from Para by order of the King of Portugal, commanded by a captain of the garrison, who was instructed to take me to Para, and thence to remount the river as far as the first Spanish settlement, and to await my return there, and convey me and my family to Cayenne — truly royal generosity.



A "MACHETA."

"We left Cayenne in the last days of November, 1765, to get my property at Oyapok. I became dangerously ill, and the commander was good enough to wait six weeks for me; but seeing at length that I was not in a condition to travel, I begged him to start, and to take someone else in my place with letters for my family. I thought Tristan d'Oreasaval (whom I had known a long time) a fit person to carry out my wishes, and committed to him orders from the Head of the Jesuits to the Provincial at Quito, and to the Superior of the Mission at Maïnas, to provide canoes and necessaries for my wife's journey. My instructions to Tristan were simply to carry these letters to the Superior at Laguna, head-quarters of the Spanish Missions of Maïnas, who I begged to forward my letters to Riobamba, in order that my wife might be informed of the ship which was sent by the King of Portugal to convey her to Cayenne. Tristan had only to wait at Laguna for the answer from Riobamba.

"He departed from Oyapok on board the Portuguese ship on January 24, 1766, and arrived at Loréto, the first Spanish post, in July or August of the same year. The commander having landed him there, returned to Tavatinga (lower down the river), carrying out his orders to wait there for the arrival of Madame Godin; and Tristan, instead of going on to Laguna (higher up the river), having met at Loréto a Jesuit called Father Yesquen, who was returning to Quito, handed him the packet of letters, sending the letters (which had been addressed to a place only a few days' journey off) a distance of five hundred leagues farther on across the Andes, while he remained in the Portuguese settlements engaged in trading.

"Notwithstanding this bad business, a rumour reached the province of Quito, and came to the ears of Madame Godin, both that letters had been sent by a Jesuit father, and that a vessel had arrived to convey her to Cayenne; and her brother, an Augustine priest, along with Father Térol, a Dominican, entreated the Provincial at Quito to recover the letters. The Jesuit said that he had handed them over to a second, who excused himself by saying that he had passed them on to a third; but, despite all their inquiries, the packet never came to hand. You may imagine the worry of my wife, not knowing what she ought to do. Some said one thing, and some another. To determine to take such a long journey, to sell her furniture and wind up all her affairs without having any positive information, was too hazardous; and at length, in order to know what to think, she decided to send to the Missions a negro upon whom she could rely. The negro went, and returned with certain information that the ship was there, and that Tristan was at Loréto. Madame Godin then determined to make the journey, sold all that she could of her property, and left the rest with a brother-in-law. All these operations consumed time, and she could not start from Riobamba until *October* 1, 1769.

"Rumours of the Portuguese ship had spread as far as Guayaquil and along the shores of the Pacific, and a certain Mr. R——, a so-called French doctor, who was wanting to return to Europe, and thinking of doing so by way of Panama, hearing that a lady at Riobamba was intending to descend the Amazons, changed his plans, and came up from Guayaquil to beg that Madame Godin would take him into her party, promising her that he would look after her health, etc., etc. She demurred to this at first, but he got hold of her two brothers, who prevailed upon her at last to admit him, by representing how useful a doctor might be upon such a long journey. They also joined the party, and brought with them a boy nine or ten years old, who was going to be educated in France, while her father had started some time before in order to facilitate the route for his daughter, across the Andes, as far as the place where they were to embark on the river.

*This needs some explanation. At this period the mouths of the Amazons belonged to the Portuguese, who laid claim to the whole of the river. No person could enter the country without their sanction.

"She set out from Riobamba on Oct. 1 1769, and (traversing the Andes without misadventure) arrived at the village of Canélos, where they were to embark on the little river Bobonaza, which falls into the Pastassa, and subsequently into the Amazons. Her father, who had preceded her about a month, had found the village inhabited, and had continued onwards to arrange for her reception, knowing that she was to be accompanied by her brothers, by a doctor, the negro, and three servants. But in this interval small-pox had broken out amongst the Indians, who, seeing that those died who were first attacked, fled from the village, and took refuge in the forests. My wife had started with thirty-one Indians, to carry her and her baggage, for you know that the track is impracticable even for mules. Her Indians, who, according to the bad custom of the country had been paid in advance, had scarcely arrived at Canélos before they turned tail and deserted her. You know how often they did the same with us, without the least cause, when we were carrying on our work in the Andes.

"The party, however, attempted to proceed. There were only two Indians in the village who had escaped the small-pox, and they had no canoe; but they promised to make one, and to convey her to the Mission of Andoas, about twelve days lower down the Bobonaza, perhaps 140 to 150 leagues distance. They, too, were paid in advance*, and when the canoe was finished all started from Canélos, and rowed downwards for two days, coming ashore at night. On awaking the next morning it was found that the two Indians had vanished, and the travellers continued onwards without a guide, the third day passing without any accident. On the morrow they came across a convalescent Indian, who agreed to go with them to steer their boat, but shortly afterwards, whilst endeavouring to recover a hat which had fallen in the water, he tumbled overboard, and, being weak, was drowned. The unsteered canoe, full of people who did not know how to manage it, soon became swamped, and they were compelled to come to land, at a distance of about four or five days from Andoas. The French doctor offered to go there, and left in the canoe with another Frenchman and the faithful negro, who went to assist them. 'I blamed my wife,' said M. Godin, 'for not also sending one of her brothers to get assistance at Andoas, but she said that neither of them would venture in the canoe after the accident which had happened.' The doctor promised, at leaving, that within fifteen days a canoe and Indians should come back to them.

"Instead of fifteen days they waited twenty-five, and having lost all hope of succour, made a raft and embarked upon it with some provisions and baggage; but it was badly managed, and soon struck upon a submerged tree and tumbled the whole of its occupants and their belongings into the river. No one was drowned, and Madame Godin was saved by her brothers after she had sunk twice. Finding themselves even worse off than before, they determined to follow the banks of the river on foot, and before doing so returned to their last encampment to get the provisions which they had left behind. It was evident that the windings of the river much increased the length of their journey, and to avoid them they struck into the forest and shortly afterwards lost themselves.† Torn by briars and spines, and dying of hunger, they were compelled to subsist on seeds and wild fruits, and at length fell to the ground exhausted, unable to rise again. In three or four days all, except Madame Godin, died one after the other. This unfortunate party of seven persons perished some time between December 25 to 30, 1769."

Our heroine, it is said, remained two days by the side of the corpses, bewildered and stunned, worn out, yet tormented by horrible thirst; shoeless and half-naked, barely covered by two shawls and a bramble-torn chemise. She cut the shoes off her brother's feet and tied them on her own, and essayed to travel alone. From well-ascertained subsequent dates, and from her own account, it appears that nine days elapsed since she witnessed her brothers and her servants draw their last breath before she again reached the banks of the River Bobonaza. Madame Godin declares that she was alone in the forest during *ten* days—two in lying by the side of her dead brothers, expecting that every moment would be her last, and the other eight in dragging herself here and there. On the second day of her solitary journey she found some water, and on the following days some wild fruits and green eggs that she did not recognise, which seemed to have belonged to a species of partridge, but she was so feeble that she could hardly avail herself of them.

"If you were to read in a novel," said M. Godin, "that a delicate woman, accustomed to all the luxuries of life, was precipitated into a river and extricated half-drowned, became buried in a pathless forest, and wandered there, lost, for several weeks, suffering hunger, thirst, and fatigue to the point of exhaustion; saw two brothers far stronger than herself expire under their privations, as well as a nephew, a valet, and three young female servants; that she alone survived, remained two days with the corpses, in a place infested by jaguars and dangerous snakes, yet without seeing a single one; and then wandered in rags through the recesses of the forest for eight days until she again arrived on the banks, you would accuse the author of gross exaggeration; yet it is the simple truth, which is attested by various letters from the missionaries."

On the eighth or ninth day, according to the reckoning of Madame Godin, she found herself again on the banks of the river, and at daybreak heard a noise a short distance away. Her first feeling was to hide herself, but a moment's reflection told her that she could not be worse off, and consequently had nothing to fear. She saw two Indians about to push a canoe into the water. When they came towards her she entreated them to convey her to Andoas, and they proved to be two of the natives who had fled from Canélos on account of the small-pox, and were themselves about to descend the river. They lavished the greatest care upon her and conducted her to the village, where she would have stopped several days for the repose of which she had so much need but for the missionary to whose tender mercies she found herself handed over—indeed, she would not have stopped a night there if she could have avoided it. Denuded of almost everything, and not knowing how otherwise to reward them, Madame Godin took two gold chains which were still around her neck, weighing about two ounces a-piece, and gave one to each of the Indians who had saved her life; but the priest seized them, even in her presence, and gave the Indians in exchange only three or four ells of common cotton cloth. She was so angry at this injustice that she made immediate arrangements for departure, and set out the next morning for Laguna.*

While Madame Godin was wandering in the forest, her faithful negro reascended the river with some Indians from Andoas. The French doctor did little to hasten the despatch of succour to his benefactors, and had scarcely arrived at Andoas before he set out again with his comrade and his baggage, and went on to Omaguas, much lower down the Amazons than Laguna. When the negro arrived at the place where he had left his mistress and her brothers, he followed their track into the forest, and discovered the bodies. But they were already unrecognisable, and believing that all had perished, he returned, gathered up their property, and returned to Andoas before his mistress arrived there, and went on to Omaguas, to hand everything over to the doctor, who took possession of the effects, and sent the negro back to Quito.

During this time Madame Godin, with the canoe and Indians from Andoas, arrived at Laguna, a place which is not situated on the Amazon, but some miles up the Guallaga, one of its affluents; and the negro Joachim, not being aware that she was there, passed upwards and missed his mistress again. At this place madame remained six weeks, receiving every attention from the authorities, who despatched an express down the river to advise her father of her safety. The French doctor then thought it advisable to pay her a visit, and brought a portion of her property, remarking that all the rest had rotted; but madame indignantly reminded him that golden bracelets, emerald earrings, and objects of that nature do not rot, and ordered him to take himself off, as it was not possible to forget that he was the cause of her misfortunes and losses; and with almost equal warmth she repelled the suggestion made by the authorities at Laguna that she should return to Riobamba, who warned her that, although she had accomplished a long journey, she had a far greater voyage before her, which might be full of risks. She declared that to do so would be flying in the face of the Providence which had watched over and preserved her, and that the one motive which had prompted her to start, and the sole wish she had, was to rejoin her husband.

It is needless to say more than that she did so a few months later. After travelling several hundred miles farther by canoe, she met the captain of the Portuguese ship, and sailed down the entire length of the Amazons to Para. News reached her husband at Oyapok that she was coming; and, said he, "At this intelligence I went out in a galliot which belonged to me, and cruised up and down to meet the ship which I expected. On the fourth day it came, and, after a separation of twenty years, I rejoined a dear wife, whom I scarcely expected to see again."

The name of Madame Godin is no more heard of in history. It is said that her hair turned white on this journey, and it is to be hoped that she enjoyed in later years such an amount of connubial happiness as rewarded her for her extraordinary devotion and wonderful courage.

*It is still universally the custom in this region to pay Indians in advance who are to come as porters, or to perform services. They will not come except they are paid in advance, and frequently upon the least pretext (and sometimes without any whatever) they desert the traveller, leaving him to shift for himself as he can.

† As they might very easily, if unprovided with a compass, of which there is no mention in the narrative.

* Andoas is about half-way between Canélos and Laguna.

HOW I KEEP HOUSE ON £250 A YEAR.

II.—Our Christmas Week.

Early in November I commence my preparations for Christmas. To begin with, I have a good deal of needlework to do for the poor, for as we only calculate to spend a small sum of money out of our income in charity, we have to give much time, as we like by the end of the year to make our gifts equal to a tithe, or tenth part of our income.

As a matter of fact, we always manage to do this, but it compels me to work for a couple

of months before our drawing-room bazaar in September, about which I intend to tell the readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER; and again for six weeks before Christmas, besides what I do at different times during the year. For this Christmas I knitted little shawls, comforters, and cuffs. We made some good, warm petticoats out of strong, grey woollen stuff, to which we put grey cotton bands, and on each a large flat pocket of grey cotton, as they were intended for old women. We also made a lot of double (back and front) chest-preservers out of pieces of flannel, silk, or cotton, which we joined together, putting cotton wool between, and then quilted with the sewing machine. Then I was able to beg from friends some woollen dresses that were too shabby for them to wear. Of these we unpicked the skirts and draperies, and washed them in warm bran water; then had them mangled. We made the pieces up into suits for quite little boys, and into frocks and jackets for little girls. These garments would, I knew, wear very much longer than if they had been made out of new cheap materials, and gave great satisfaction to those who received them, for they looked quite new and fresh, and were adapted to those who had them, which is rarely the case when one gives an old dress away.

In September I plant my hyacinths; for then, if I am tolerably fortunate, I have some pots in bloom by Christmas. Last year I sent two or three pots to poor invalids, but for this purpose I chose those not quite in bloom, to give them the pleasure of watching them. I finished my work a week before Christmas. The next thing that claimed my attention was the mincemeat. This and the plum-pudding I invariably make myself. The former should be made at least a week before it is required. The quantity I make lasts us six weeks or two months; the following is the recipe I use:—

Mincemeat.—Wash, pick, and dry thoroughly in a cloth before the fire 1½ lbs. of currants, stone and chop 1 lb. of Valencia raisins, blanch and cut into pieces ½ lb. of Valencia almonds, cut up ¾ lb. of candied mixed peel, chop very fine 1 lb. of beef suet, add ½ lb. of brown sugar, 1 lb. of chopped apples (weighed after they are peeled and cored) half a nutmeg grated, the grated rind of two lemons, and the juice of four lemons. Mix all together, and chop in a bowl or on a board; only chop it for a few minutes, then put it in a stone jar, and press down as hard as you can; tie over, and put aside in a dry place that is not warm. Always stir mincemeat well before using it, as there will be most moisture at the bottom.

It must be remembered that mincemeat that has no wine or spirit in it is difficult to keep; therefore, it is necessary to see that the currants are perfectly dry before they are used. To ensure the jar not being damp, it should be stood on the stove until it is quite hot, then allowed to get cold before the mincemeat is put in it. This quantity of mincemeat costs 3s. 6d.

Some days before Christmas I make some inexpensive soda cakes. These cakes are always better for being kept in a tin three or four days before they are eaten. The following recipe is for one cake:—

Soda Cake.—1 lb. flour, ½ lb. brown sugar, ½ lb. clarified dripping or lard, ½ lb. currants, a good half-pint of milk, a small teaspoonful of carbonate of soda. Rub the dripping well into the flour, add the sugar and currants, and, if you have any lemon peel, you can grate it or chop it very fine and put it in; make the milk warm (not hot), mix the soda with it, then mix all together quickly and put in a warm tin that has been buttered; put into a quick oven immediately. When the cakes have been in the oven a short time, pull the damper out for a minute or two to let the steam out, but do not open the oven door until they have been in forty minutes. They will take from an hour and a half to two hours to bake. Cost of cake, not counting the value of the dripping, sevenpence halfpenny.

My plum pudding I made thus:—¾ lb. of currants, ½lb. of Valencia raisins, ½ lb. of sultanas, ½ lb. of mixed candied peel, 2 oz. of Valencia almonds, ½ lb. of good raw sugar, ¼ lb. of flour, ¼ lb. of bread crumbs, ½ lb. of beef suet, and the grated rind of one lemon. Prepare the fruit as for mincemeat, mix these ingredients well, then add six eggs (yolks and whites) well beaten. Next stir in the strained juice of two lemons; stir all well for fifteen minutes. With the raw sugar and juice of two lemons no wine or spirit is required. Well butter a tin pudding-mould, fill it, and cover with a buttered paper, put the lid on (if there is one), and tie up in a cloth that has been dipped in water and floured.

This pudding, sufficient for a large party, must be boiled seven hours. A kettle of water should be kept boiling all the time, so that the pudding saucepan may be filled up from time to time, as the water in it evaporates.

I always have a large ox-cheek at Christmas time; they are better then than at any other season. I ask the butcher to break the bones before he sends it.

I use it thus:—Lay the cheek for an hour in strong salt and water, then clean it thoroughly, using two or three waters, and put it to drain. Put in a stock-pot a piece of butter the size of a walnut, any bacon rinds or bones you may have, three good sized carrots cut lengthways, a head of celery, or some celery tops, three blades of mace, four lumps of sugar, a bunch of sweet-herbs, some parsley, a little basil, two bay leaves, a good teaspoonful of whole black pepper, the same of salt, two thick slices of bread that have been toasted slowly until they are dark brown, not black, an onion with four cloves in it, and an onion that has been baked a nice colour, and two pieces of lemon, out of which the juice has been taken for the pudding (see that there are no pips in the lemon, as they would spoil the soup). Add the ox-cheek, put the lid on the stock-pot, and set the whole over the fire for a quarter of an hour, then add five quarts of cold water; when it gets to a boil take off the scum, keep the lid well down, and simmer the whole for four hours, or longer if the head is not quite tender. When quite tender take it out, remove the bones, and cut the meat in small square pieces, put half aside to be served in the soup; for the other half, mix together chopped parsley, sweet-herbs, chopped lemon-peel, black pepper, salt, and, if liked, a very little shalot; sprinkle this mixture over the pieces of head to taste, then place in a round cake tin; when full pour over one tablespoonful of the stock, and put a little pressure on the top. When cold turn out of the tin, and put a frill round. This is a very good dish, and is our standing breakfast dish for Christmas week.

The soup is strained through a sieve, and may be served clear with the pieces of head in it, or may be thickened with a little flour that has been well dried in the oven. Small force-meat balls can be served with the meat in the soup if they are liked. If the directions have been properly followed the soup will be a nice colour, and a good flavour, and require nothing added to it.

Christmas Eve was a very busy day for us all: we arranged to make our dinners in the middle of the day off some cold meat. After the shopping was done, we had the rooms to decorate; holly was dear and red berries were scarce; but that did not much matter to us, as in the autumn we had had the opportunity of collecting a number of ash and other berries. These had kept very tolerably, hung on strings in my store-cupboard, and we now mixed them with box and other evergreens.

We had sent word to those of our poor friends for whom we had presents that we should be glad to see them if they would come in any time between four and six on Christmas Eve; so directly dinner was over we commenced arranging our presents on the dining-table. There was our work—a few toys, a plant or two, destined to be sent to invalids, and also a little tea and sugar for the same purpose. To each gift we attached a pretty card, with a motto or text on it for the coming year. These texts had been some trouble to select, as our endeavour was in each case to choose a motto that would be useful to the recipient of the gift. On the sideboard I had a large urn of hot coffee with milk, and some of my soda cakes, and each person was given a cup of coffee and a slice of cake—standing, of course—for we have not room to give a regular tea; a servant was in the room, and washed the cups as they were used. The little refreshment was a surprise, and gave pleasure, I think. *Christmas morning* the ground was so covered with snow that I wished we had some children in the house to follow the pretty custom they have in Norway of sticking up ears of corn on that day, to give the birds a breakfast.

I always give the servants their choice of having their Christmas dinner on the 25th of December or of having it on New Year's Day, when each, if she likes, may invite a relation; this year, as usual, they chose to put it off until New Year's Day. We were to dine at four o'clock, as out of the party of eight three would be children. Our dinner was quite simple:—Ox-cheek soup, roast turkey, Bath chap, stewed celery, spinach, brown potatoes, mince pies, plum-pudding, and, instead of sauce, boiled custards, and dessert after. Some neighbours had promised to come in in the evening. There being some children in our party we had some quiet games, such as, "What is my thought like?" "Proverbs," and the "Traveller." As I do not think this game is as well known as the others, I will describe it.

The Traveller.—One of the party personates the traveller, and asks for a night's lodging. His request is granted, and he is asked in payment to give some account of his travels. He complies, and names in order the cities, rivers, and mountains he professes to have seen, giving some account of the productions of countries through which he has passed, with the habits of the people he has seen. If he is detected in any mistake he is at once turned out of the lodging, and a forfeit is demanded of him; but should anyone accuse him wrongly of error he demands a forfeit from the accuser. The player who detects a mistake takes the traveller's place.

This was followed by one or two pencil games, such as drawing a pig or an elephant with one's eyes shut, or drawing comical portraits. These last are done by each player having a piece of paper, on the top of which he writes the name of another player or of a public character, folds the name back out of sight, and passes the paper to his neighbour, who, without looking at the name, must draw a head and throat, fold the paper again, leaving only the throat visible, and pass it to the next person to draw a body. The papers are then folded and put in a basket; they are drawn in turn, and each player when he opens the paper must say why the portrait is like the person whose name it bears. Much merriment was caused by the opening of the papers. One player had drawn a hat in place of a head, so a gentleman appeared with his hat down to his shoulders; while a lady was apparently ready to race in a sack; and on a third paper a bald head and whiskers showed

above the edge of a cask. After the games we had a little music. Gounod's "Nazareth" and his "Bethlehem" were sung, also the Christmas and several other hymns.

The day after Christmas Day I had arranged to have a large juvenile tea-party, but when I invited the children I told them that they would each be expected before the romps commenced to do something toward the general amusement. My young guests arrived about three; we had one or two games to make them feel at home together, then each either recited, told a story, or played on the piano. I had brought down before they came a number of things that they like for dressing up in, so some gave their recitations in character. They next acted two charades; the words chosen were "hornpipe" and "corkscrew."

We had tea at half-past five, after which the table was pushed on one side, and romps and noisy games were declared for.

We began with blind man's buff, then, while some rested, we let the boys work off a little of their energy in a fettered fight, after which we played at the Zoological Gardens. This game is played like family coach, but instead of choosing a town, each player says what animal he will represent; and when the keeper of the garden says, for instance, that the lion and dog will change cages, those animals must as soon as they gain the opposite chairs make their usual noise instead of saying "done!" or they are to be considered as caught. When feeding-time is called all change places, and each animal make his habitual noise. This noisy game was followed by a cat's concert; for this each player chooses his own imaginary instrument, and plays on it his favourite tune; no two players must choose the same tune. Any player detected playing his neighbour's tune or instrument must pay a forfeit.

After this we cried the forfeits. Cups of chocolate and glasses of lemonade, with cakes and biscuits, were handed round, and my young guests went home, having apparently much enjoyed themselves. The next evening we finished our Christmas festivities by asking a few friends to come in in the evening, without ceremony, and have a little music and a dance. The evening went off very well; our friends took coffee when they came, and sandwiches, cakes, grapes, prepared oranges, and lemonade were on the table in the dining-room all the evening for anyone who liked to help themselves.

New Year's Eve I gave the servants ½ lb. of Valencia raisins, 1 lb. of currants, ½ lb. of suet, ½ lb. of sugar, a lemon, and two pieces of candied peel, telling them they could use two eggs, and make their pudding to their own liking as regarded milk, bread, and flour. I ordered roast pork, apple sauce, and vegetables for their dinners, and gave them dessert. They had—one her mother, the other her sister, coming to spend the day with them. We always dine out on the 1st of January, so they had only themselves to wait on. On Christmas Day I always send down a slice of my pudding and a mince-pie for each of the servants, but I generally reserve my little Christmas gifts to them for the New Year.

"'YOU, AND I, AND HE. IT IS LIKE THE IDYLL OF ST. MARTIN'S CLOSE.'"

THE MOUNTAIN PATH.

By LILY WATSON, Author of "Within Sight of the Snow," &c.

CHAPTER VII.

THE HILL DIFFICULTY.

THE weather, which often seems to take a malicious delight in spoiling our English pleasure-making, was fortunately as fine as could be wished on the morning of Adela's tennis-party. The little heiress was full of expectation and delight, flitting hither and thither about her domain, and assuming, quaintly enough, a sort of credit to herself for the loveliness of the day.

"I am always fortunate!" she declared, over and over again, to anyone who would listen to her. "With me it is sure to be 'Queen's weather.' I knew it would be a fine day."

Helen curbed the impulse that prompted her to make a satirical response, and went on with her work of flower-arranging. This was a real daily pleasure to her, and she gave the whole of her attention to it for the time, drawing exquisite gratification from handling the profusion of choice blossoms and grouping their tints. When she had finished, the rooms looked charming. Aunt Maria, who was of course ostensibly the hostess, was in her element, pervading the kitchen regions, and seeing after every detail of that nondescript meal usually known as "cold collation," which, because it could be eaten at any time found most appropriate, was to take the place of dinner.

The guests began to arrive early in the afternoon, and were received by Adela and Aunt Maria. Several matrons had accepted the invitation extended to them, partly that they might chaperone their daughters, partly that they might, under Aunt Maria's guidance, make acquaintance with Adela's house and gardens.

Daintily-spread tables were arranged under a large sycamore tree near the house, where "afternoon tea" was reinforced by piles of strawberries, jugs of cream, and delicious home-made cakes.

Helen, in a simple gown of grey linen, with a knot of dark red roses at her throat, presided over these refreshments; while Adela, looking perfectly bewitching in a medley of lace and some soft tinted terra-cotta material, chattered away to each group of fresh arrivals. Helen had already seen most of the people in her visits with Adela, and was recognised by many of them with patronising benevolence. Suddenly her face brightened, for she discovered coming up the drive Oswald Thorne and his mother. How glad she was to catch sight of his frank, pleasant face, so long associated with her beloved home-life! She could not have felt much more pleasure had one of her brothers appeared on the scene; and, indeed, she looked upon Oswald as almost a brother. It seemed odd to her in her eagerness to greet him, and hear the home news, that instead of speaking to her at once, he went to address a few courteous words to Aunt Maria, seated in all the splendour of one of her very stiffest silks and most dame-like caps; and then remained for a minute or two, standing and looking down upon her fairy-like niece. Adela greeted him with words that Helen could not hear, but from the look of pleasure in his handsome grey eyes, and the smile that curved his mouth, they seemed very appropriate.

"How silly I am! Of course he must speak to his hostesses first; he cannot be so rude as to ignore them, or hurry to me," reflected Helen, as she went on pouring out tea and coffee, and replying to the civil words addressed to her by the young men that came up to procure cups for one and another. Nevertheless, it seemed to her rather a long time before Oswald left Adela, and approached her with the old frank smile and outstretched hand.

"How odd it seems to find you here, Helen! yet I have been expecting it. One doesn't realise odd combinations of the sort until one sees they are sober fact."

"How did you leave them all at St. Martin's Close?"

"All right; they sent the usual number of messages to you, but I'm afraid I don't remember many of them, except that they contained a great deal of affection. I know Lily did say something, but I've forgotten what it is."

"Well, we write frequently, so it is not of very great consequence."

"Oh, yes, I do remember now. She said I was to tell you not to let yourself grow too cynical; that was it. What did she mean by it? Are you in any danger?"

"I am very happily placed here," said Helen, evasively, rather vexed at the delivery of a message of the kind; playfully suggested, doubtless, by the strictures on the tone of the place and people, that she had allowed herself to use in her free and unrestrained intercourse with her sisters.

"So I should think," replied Oswald, with enthusiasm. "What a lovely girl! she looks sweetness itself, and the place is charming; and that good old soul is the picture of kindness. You must be having a pleasant time of it. Perhaps after all you were right in leaving home, though I did object."

There was something in Oswald's tone that jarred on Helen; she could not tell why. She felt almost glad that her duty as tea-maker prevented her from talking further with him just then; and she saw him move away under the shadow of the trees with Adela, who lifted a lovely animated face to his, and was evidently chattering vivaciously, to judge from the merry laughter that came from both.

The next visitors to arrive were Mrs. and Miss Paget; the mother careworn and anxious, the daughter in an unbecoming cashmere dress and a disfiguring hat, with her usual shy and awkward mien. Adela, recalled from Oswald's side to greet them, did so in a manner touched by hauteur, and left them as soon as possible to Helen. Most of the young people were now strolling about the garden, *en route* for the tennis-courts, and the scene was a fair and varied one, of bright and pretty dresses breaking the shadows and dotting the paths. Amy Paget remained mute at Helen's side, and Mrs. Paget had gone indoors with Aunt Maria.

"I think we may follow the others now," said Helen, brightly and pleasantly to her silent companion.

"Yes," was the sole response; and they strolled together through the garden, Helen racking her brain for some topic that would interest the poor girl.

"Do you care for tennis?"

"Oh, yes—that is—no; I can't play very well."

"It needs a great deal of practice. But perhaps you will improve!"

There was no reply save an uncomfortable laugh.

Two courts were marked out in the spacious level greensward that lay below the slope of the hill upon which the house stood. Trees surrounded the tennis-ground, seats were placed under their shadow, and those who did not care to play might find delicious rest and shade, and eat as many ices as they liked, at a tent in the background. Four young men in white flannel, and four animated girls, had already taken possession of the courts, and the ball was flying incessantly before the rackets of the rushing players; while the other guests strolled about or sat talking. Helen felt sorry for the girl who was beside her; she tried vainly to rouse her to interest by talking of music, books, the country round, and so forth. Amy responded to nothing, but Helen ascertained at least two or three facts—that a tennis-party was a very rare event for her, that she had lived a very solitary life in her distant home; and that for some reason or other she was almost sinking into melancholy.

Helen was not one of the people who say in act, if not in word, at the sight of mental or physical suffering in those who are not akin to them—"Am I my brother's keeper?" She was inspired by the true Christ-like spirit that seeks to help and comfort all who need it, and she resolved to try and discover what was the matter with Amy Paget, doing, if possible, something to brighten her life. There was a look in the girl's face which prevented Helen from sharing the opinion expressed by Adela that she was sullen and ill-tempered merely.

The tennis players rested, and their places were taken by others. At last Helen found herself sitting by Oswald alone under a tree. Amy Paget had gone away with her mother, and Adela, with whom Oswald had been talking almost incessantly, was for the moment occupied elsewhere.

"Well, Helen! I suppose you heard that I was 'spun'?"

"I learnt it from the paper."

"Where's your lecture?" proceeded Oswald, airily. "I know it is waiting, and it may as well come off now as at any other time. See what an opportunity! there's no one within hearing, and I am defenceless at your feet."

Helen had not the smallest intention of saying a reproachful word to him about his failure. She did not belong to the class of women who drive their relations and friends to the verge of extreme ill-temper, if not to desperation, by the irritating cry—"I told you so!" While she could, or thought she could, inspire Oswald to work, she did her best to stimulate him; but now that the examination was over, and the chance was gone, she would not utter useless and exasperating reflections. So she only smiled and said—

"I know that lectures would be thrown away, sir, on anybody so incorrigible; and as I have a due appreciation of my own eloquence, I shall not waste it now."

Oswald seemed half surprised at her bantering tone, and went on as if he were anxious to exculpate himself in spite of the careless air of his first remark.

"Well, you know, where would have been the good of my passing? I shouldn't have practised. My father would have bought me a practice, but it would have

been an awful grind, when I really needn't work."

"Shall we discuss it any more?" said Helen. "After all, you will find other ways of making yourself felt in the cause of good. There is plenty of work stirring in Millstead, I think, for young men with time and money. Just now there is a great effort being made to get a park for the people."

"A park! oh, what's the use of that?" cried Oswald, in real or affected disgust. "They'll only strew it with sandwich papers and beer-bottles. I don't believe in the lower orders myself."

"I can prove from your own actions that you are doing yourself an injustice," said Helen, earnestly. "Before I left home I went to see little Bobby, at the Polygon. I found Mrs. Wright with a very bright face, and I saw one or two little extra comforts in the room. She broke forth to me in gratitude about someone she supposed me to have sent to her, but I was mystified. At last she described you as having been to see her and left her a sovereign. And all the time you were laughing at me, and pretending you thought it silly to look after the child. How little I knew you till I heard the poor woman's story! How good and kind of you it was!"

Oswald, who had almost forgotten the Polygon incident, felt gratified by the enthusiasm of Helen's voice, the flush on her cheek, and the humid glance of her deep blue eyes.

"Oh, I wanted to see the little fellow," he said, with an affected air of carelessness. "But the mill-hands here are different; they are a wasteful, extravagant set, and fond of drink."

"But why?" cried Helen. "Think of yourself, in grime and oiliness, in a hot close factory, hearing the horrible din of the machinery from early in the morning till late, yourself not much more than a living machine, with no personal pride or delight in your work, and then think whether you wouldn't try to get hold of the cheapest pleasures as a relief, when you came out, to your dingy home in a hideous smoky row of squalid houses. I don't wonder that they drink. Let us try to give them something better; that is what seems to me should be done."

"Hallo! you are getting quite a philanthropist," ejaculated Oswald.

"When we talk of being Christians, I suppose it means that we follow Christ, who lived for the benefit of men," said Helen, impassioned beyond her wont by the strain into which she had been led away.

"Hem—Christianity? that's scarcely the popular conception of it," Oswald objected. "Rather a secular style of Christian work it would be called."

"But it is the sort of work that comes to your hand. I believe that anything tending to make people better in any way is a part of Christianity; for it is treading in the footsteps of our Lord."

"You are a good girl, Helen," said Oswald, abruptly, "but you expect too much from a fellow. I can't live on your level, so don't ask it."

"Why, Oswald, I do nothing; you make me feel utterly ashamed of myself. I only speak as I think, I don't want to preach; I have no right."

He was looking away, and suddenly broke forth: "There is your pupil, or *protégée*, or employer, or whatever you choose to call her, hovering near. How lovely she looks in that hat! Some time you must tell me all about her. She's not in the least like her brother, excepting that they both are fair."

Helen suddenly perceived what she had been too much engrossed to notice hitherto. Adela was expressing in her glances decided dissatisfaction that her "companion" should monopolise, even for a short time, one of the most important guests, so she hastily rose from her seat.

"Is there anything you would like me to do?" she inquired, approaching the dainty little vision.

"Well, I don't know; go and see that supper is ready, or that the people are all enjoying themselves, or something," said Adela, crossly; but the vexation on her face turned instantaneously into a brilliant smile when Oswald came up to her and offered her a seat under the elm-trees.

Helen walked away into the gardens, past the eager players, and tried to satisfy herself that no one was alone or neglected. She found poor Amy Paget solitary and silent in the conservatory. After trying again to talk to her, she went into the long dining-room, ascertained that the table was spread with spotless elegance, and that the bewitching profusion of flowers adorned it to the best advantage. Then she went into the morning room to fetch an extra seat that was needed, and nearly started back with surprise, for, lo and behold! in the easy chair reposed the massed fair hair and slender form of Mr. Aubrey Gascoigne.

"Oh, I beg your pardon; I had no idea you were here," she exclaimed, as he rose.

"I arrived a while ago," he replied, tranquilly. "I heard that Adela was to have a gathering of friends. I thought it not meet that her brother should be absent."

"Then why don't you go out and join them?" rose to Helen's lips, but she fortunately only said, "You will see your friend Mr. Thorne in the garden."

"You, and I, and he. It is like the idyll of St. Martin's Close—only the sisters absent, and the grey old house, and the ancient gardens, and the music. Alas! it was a pity to spoil the picture."

"You have seen them since I was at home?"

"I have; and the music was again a thing to dream of. The little sister played with even more than pristine power."

"Dear Lilian!" and the tears suddenly came into Helen's eyes as she thought of the patient deformed girl.

"You find Adela frivolous?" pursued Mr. Gascoigne, with as much coolness as if he were remarking on the weather, rather than putting a very embarrassing question to the paid companion of his sister. But it is granted to æsthetes to speak and act in a way that ordinary mortals may not follow. Helen felt herself colour up to the roots of her hair.

"I would rather not discuss Miss Gascoigne," she replied; but she felt that the frigidity of the response was hardly suited to the *naïvete* of the inquiry. However, Mr. Aubrey seemed sublimely unconscious of any suggestion of reproof.

"She furnishes too terribly," he pursued, meditatively, looking round at the blue upholstery and Brussels carpet. "This room has been screaming at me ever since I entered it. I sought in vain to find relief in sleep."

Helen thought to herself that the tint of Adela's dress, terra-cotta, being what is vaguely termed an "art colour," would probably please her brother, but she did not feel quite sure enough of the fact to suggest it to him as a consoling consideration.

"Shall we join the butterflies?" continued he, and Helen had no resource but to accompany him into the garden. The solitary couples and groups of visitors stared with surprise at this vision passing through their midst, so widely, remotely different from the ordinary young men of Heatherbridge and the neighbourhood.

Adela and Oswald were still sitting where Helen had left them under the elm trees beside the tennis-lawn.

"Aubrey! really! How very odd of you!" exclaimed his sister, fluttering up to kiss him. "Why didn't you write? but there, you never *do* do anything like ordinary mortals."

"Yes, the colour is good. But why, oh, why these frills and lace?" said Aubrey, after a pause of contemplation, placing a hand on her shoulder. "It should be plain, and falling in graceful folds."

"What do you mean? Oh, my gown, I suppose?" cried Adela, when she had puzzled for a moment or two. "I chose it out of those patterns from Liberty's you sent me; but you never are satisfied. Isn't it rude of him, Mr. Thorne, to find fault with me like this? Do you see anything to complain of?"

Oswald, who had meantime been greeted by his friend, replied with emphasis that it was the privilege of brothers to be uncivil, but that for his part he saw nothing which was not absolute perfection.

"Why strive to undo the lessons in artistic dressing which I labour to impart?" inquired Mr. Gascoigne, half humorously, half seriously. "You cannot really mean that broken lines, meaningless frills, untrue drapery, false throughout in its assumption of being what it is not, and doing what it does not, are good in art? I am not blaming Adela's dress alone, but that of every woman here," he continued, glancing round.

"Do stop your lectures, and come and be civil to my friends!" cried Adela, and she succeeded in conveying the languid Aubrey from group to group of visitors. Meanwhile Helen perceived that Oswald was ruffled.

"He is desperately uncivil! What does he mean by it? A fellow like that doesn't deserve to have such a sister."

"Oh, I don't think she minds it," rejoined Helen, with a vivid recollection of the free, good-humoured criticism that prevailed among brothers and sisters in her happy home, and the merriment with which it was borne.

"She is the prettiest creature I have seen since I came back," he continued, looking after the little heiress. "I had no idea she was so charming. You must have a delightful time of it."

Helen hardly knew how to answer this speech, for though her life at Hill Crest was extremely pleasant and easy, it was not due to Adela's charms; in fact, she was happy rather in spite of her than through her means, because the young lady was not actively disagreeable. But she would not find fault with Adela to Oswald, so kept silent.

They were soon all seated at the sparkling flower-spread table. Oswald was again at Adela's side, but Mr Aubrey Gascoigne escorted Helen, to the intense vexation of his sister, who wished him to choose one of the guests. However, the languid "Art Critique," as Aunt Maria persisted in calling him, had a will of his own, and exerted it on this occasion, keeping Helen in a state of mind between perplexity, intense amusement, and unfeigned interest, as he roved from theme to theme, verging now on the ridiculous, now talking extravagance, now uttering very good sense indeed. At last the guests dispersed, leaving behind them that pleasant impression of a "perfect success" which is a hostess's greatest reward after any social effort. Adela was in high spirits, and praised Oswald to Helen.

"You did not give me an idea that he was so delightful. Oh, I am so glad he has abandoned that horrid medical profession!"

"Or, rather," observed Mr. Aubrey Gascoigne from the depths of an arm-chair, where he was supposed to be musing, "it would be as correct to say, my dear Adela, that the horrid medical profession has abandoned him."

"Well, you have abandoned your profession, at any rate, so you needn't talk," retorted Adela, with logical inconsequence. "I told Mr. Thorne that I was delighted he had given up all idea of practising, and he said, Helen, that you and I thought differently upon that point."

Helen felt slightly annoyed that Oswald should have referred to her opinion about his actions to Adela.

"But why should he not?" she asked herself; "there is nothing private or sacred in my views."

Still the events of the afternoon and evening had somehow impressed her uncomfortably with regard to Oswald. She could not account for it rationally, and was fain to content herself with an earnest hope that her friend would not sink into a slothful and ignoble life, but would, in some way, strive to rise even a little towards the ideal of perfect manhood; for his nature was not without possibilities for the better part—the life that does not content itself with delicate luxury and selfish pleasures, but aspires towards the steep and serene heights of self-conquest and endurance in some way for the sake of humanity.

(*To be continued.*)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A. B. C.—The name Hawarden is pronounced in an arbitrary way, not as spelt—*i.e.*, as if spelt "Harden." We thank you for your kindly opinion of our paper.

Loving Honour.—When you repent and your heart turns to God, and seeks His grace to aid you to forsake all known sin, you do not merely repent of a certain number of recognised sins; you repent of having displeased Him by any and all, and you ask Him to pardon all, known or unknown, or unremembered, and His pardon is granted freely, without limitation, as His sacrifice was all-sufficient and all-comprehensive. Set your mind at rest on this question. You do not mean to omit the confession of any sin in particular, nor to make any reservation of any for future indulgence. That is enough. See 1 St. John i. 9.

Mignonette, Vera.—The 6th of August, 1860, was a Monday. Your writing is legible, but rather careless. Try to form each letter correctly. Very little more trouble would enable you to write an excellent hand-writing.

Ein Gluckliches Madchen.—1. We see no reason why you should not invite the friends you name. They would not be obliged to come to you again, if they preferred not to do so. 2. Your sending a second invitation to the host and hostess of your friend depends on the reason they gave on the first occasion for declining to accompany their guest to your house. Of this, of course, we can be no judge, as we know none of the attendant circumstances.

Ella R.—Your letter is well expressed in English for a foreigner who has not resided very long in this country. We do not know whether we shall institute another competition just yet, and it would be severe work for you to take part in one like the last. Were it in drawing, painting, or needlework, the competition would be fair for girls of all nationalities. We offer you our best wishes for success some day.

Marchfell.—If you wish to be a missionary, you had better apply to the Society for Promoting Female Education in the East; secretary, Miss Webb, 267, Vauxhall Bridge-road, London, S.W. This society trains Englishwomen for school teaching abroad, as well as for zenana work. You might also make inquiries at the Deaconesses' Training Institution, Mildmay Park, London, N. They will know for what work you are fit.

Picciola.—Exercise a little more firmness and self-restraint, answer no one in haste, and pray for God's grace to help you to cure your bad temper. Quite apart from the religious and moral obligation, it is very ill-bred to give way to any exhibitions of passion or peevishness.

Ossianna.—We are sure that our correspondents would feel much flattered if they heard that you "admire them very much." You are one of them yourself! What do you mean by "playing music of the book?" Of what book?

Madeline.—Take plenty of cream, butter, milk, and vegetables, and let your food be digested before you apply yourself to your studies. Do not fatigue yourself in walking, and go to bed early. Perhaps you are growing quickly; that is the cause of your being so thin.

Melissa twice informs us that she is "seventeen," that she is "a lady," and "unhappy at home." Under these circumstances, she inquires whether she may "take advantage of leap-year and propose, instead of waiting to be asked," as she wants to be "engaged." She had better wear a label on her back, such as they hang on railway carriages, to keep off those audacious admirers who might prefer to make offers themselves without assistance from the fair one. Alas! poor Melissa! Try to wait a little longer, as leap-year's privileges are only "a delusion and a snare."

Alice.—Write to our publishing office and ask Mr. Tarn to supply you with all you require. All the monthly numbers may be had from their commencement or ready bound in volumes.

Weariness.—1. Go to bed at 9.30. 2. Refer to our indexes for advice concerning the complexion. We have ceased to repeat it, or that in reference to the hair, teeth, etc.

E. M. W.—We feel very sorry for you. Try to be happy in remembering that the Lord Jesus will never forget nor forsake those who pray for His help and protection, and who trust in His love and care. A better time will come some day.

Edith A. Smith and Louise Cornelius (twins).—We have pleasure in acknowledging your kind joint-letter. Edith's handwriting is legible and good, if not pretty. Our correspondents amongst the settlers in Nova Scotia are by no means "out of our circle of girls."

Henrietta Brian, S. W.—You are too young to earn money yet for a long time. If you wish to do so by-and-by, try to perfect yourself in spelling, writing, and composition, as the first step towards so doing.

Motee.—The *Agraphis nutans*, or "bluebell," is the wild hyacinth, the only British species. The harebell (*Campanula rotundifolia*) is a very thin, delicate wild flower, which grows freely on the downs.

F. Baxter.—Write direct to the office of that company, and you will obtain all such information. As the ships of the Orient line are very large, it is quite possible a second stewardess may be required. Look down the list of all the steamship companies in the newspaper advertisements of their dates of sailing, and write or apply personally to several of them for the appointment you desire.

Iphigenia might send her scrapbooks to the Children's Hospital at Shadwell, as that is at the East End. Her handwriting promises well, but is not yet formed.

A Glasgow Lassie.—1. We only know of one other Jewish history relating to persons named in the Holy Scriptures, and that is the "Works of Josephus;" unless you include the partly true and partly fabulous histories contained in the "Apocrypha." 2. We never heard of such a description of jelly; it is not mentioned in any of our cookery books.

Fan.—The name of the Isle of Wight was, some say, derived from Wihtgar, the great grandson of King Cedric, the conqueror of that island; others, that it was originally spelt "gwyth," "the channel;" thus, the "Channel Island."

Marion Taylor.—You say nothing about a settlement, or who placed it in the two names. Without this information, we could not give you any answer.

Stella.—As we so continually tell you all, be guided by your mother's wishes. Use rosemary-water.

Annie Inglis.—You cannot cure your brother of smoking unless he desire to break himself of the habit. See our article entitled "Maidenhood," page 430, vol. iii.

C. A. Alton should use Stephens's stain for floors. Bees-wax and turpentine must be applied once a week, and brushed (not merely rubbed) to produce a polish. It is not necessary to paint the floors; the staining shows the pretty grain of the wood, and is therefore preferable.

Selina Mary.—According to Longfellow, Raphael is known as "the angel of the sun." Milton calls him "the sociable angel." He is one of the "seven spirits" that stand before the throne of God, and is distinguished in "Christian Art" by a pilgrim's staff, and carrying a fish, in allusion to his apocryphal journey with Tobias. Uriel is reputed as being the sharpest-sighted spirit of all in heaven, and the strongest star amongst the stars.

All Head, no Body.—Read "The Fairy of the Family;" it will give all the information you require. Your letters are not equally well formed; some only half finished.

Faith.—1. If you talk of our stories in your sleep you had better not read them just before going to bed. 2. Yes, "This kind of writing" (shown in your post-script) is better than that of the rest of your letter.

M. T. G.—We have read your extract from your diary, and regret that we must agree with your friends, who discourage the idea of your attempting to be a writer. We quote but one passage. "The next chapter will be womanhood. . . . *Stamped* on it will be *many blots and crooked passages*, but when it is finished . . . it is intended as *a copy of Himself!*"

Fatty Patty.—A reasonable set of meals, three a day, composed of a mixed diet, all of a wholesome kind, would not be too much for you, fat or not. Beware of trying quack remedies. And to try to reduce some people by adopting a semi-starvation diet is to plant the first nails in their coffin. Your weight is by no means excessive.

Ella Mary.—Sometimes the dragons represented in pictures are only of symbolic character, and not intended to portray any creature of really historic existence. At the same time, the fabled dragon of ancient times may have had its original in the gigantic megalosaurus, of which a stone representation may be seen in the gardens of the Crystal Palace. This pre-historic monster was a predatory reptile of the lizard kind, and measured thirty-five feet in length.

Newport (Monmouthshire).—We regret that we are obliged to change the style of your *nom de plume*, and refer you to our indexes for many recipes for cleaning ivory, and piano keys in particular.

Ida May.—The memory is less retentive, so far as learning by heart is concerned, as people advance in life; but its powers might be kept up by continuing the practice of learning. We are glad that you like our magazine so much.

B. T.—Much depends on your ages and steadiness, and whether your respective families approve of your undertaking.

A. M. W. writes: "If you save a person from drowning, does their life belong to you, and are you responsible for their actions the rest of your life?" We are thankful to be able to answer, "Certainly not," to both queries. Whoever saved you need not feel alarmed, and you may rest in peace if the case be reversed.

Edith Wilson.—We answer young and old, rich and poor, British or foreign, all alike, without partiality, severally in their turn. You have given us no question to answer. We are glad you like our paper.

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

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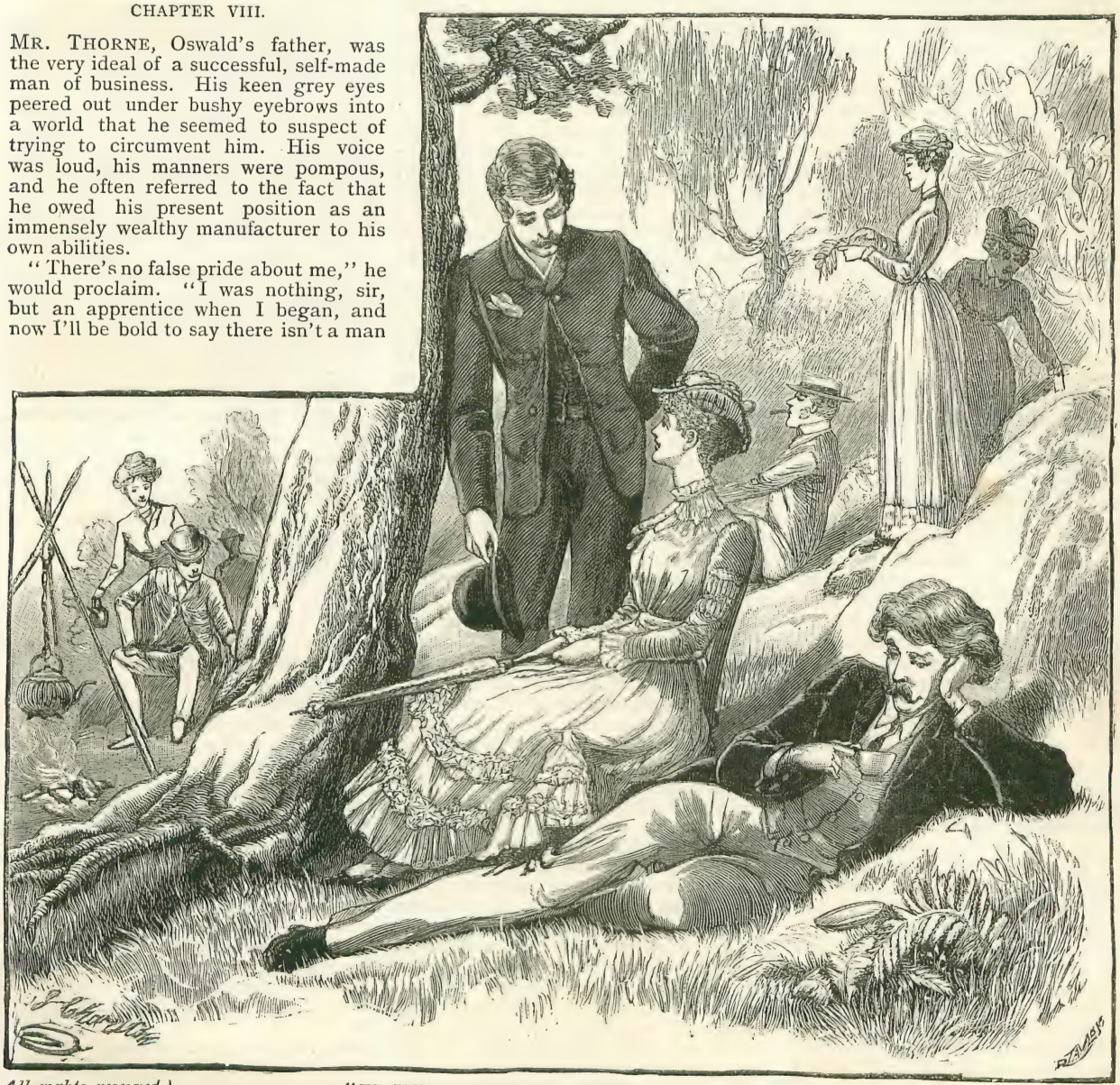
THE MOUNTAIN PATH.

By LILY WATSON, Author of "Within Sight of the Snow," &c.

CHAPTER VIII.

MR. THORNE, Oswald's father, was the very ideal of a successful, self-made man of business. His keen grey eyes peered out under bushy eyebrows into a world that he seemed to suspect of trying to circumvent him. His voice was loud, his manners were pompous, and he often referred to the fact that he owed his present position as an immensely wealthy manufacturer to his own abilities.

"There's no false pride about me," he would proclaim. "I was nothing, sir, but an apprentice when I began, and now I'll be bold to say there isn't a man



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"HE FLUNG HIMSELF GRACEFULLY ON THE GRASS."

in Millstead more respected or looked up to than myself."

He was a strange contrast to his gentle wife, whom he treated with a consideration that he showed to nobody else. His son Oswald he regarded with a mixture of pride and contempt: pride in his gentlemanly ways and good looks, neither of which the father had ever possessed; contempt at what he called the "fine-fangled" notions of the young man. However, he allowed him to have his own way, and felt proud that he was able to live in idleness.

"He couldn't ever have made a man of business," he explained, when friends wondered that Oswald had not entered the firm of Richard Thorne and Sons; "besides, there's no need for him to work. He has a neat little income of seven or eight hundred a year, his aunt left him, besides his allowance from me; and I've two lads in the business already. His mother wanted him to learn a profession, so he did it to please her: but it's been money thrown away, and no wonder, with what he's got now and what he'll have at my death."

A few days after the tennis-party at Hill Crest, this "worthy Philistine," as Mr. Aubrey Gascoigne irreverently termed Mr. Thorne, issued invitations to all the neighbourhood round for a picnic to Greylands Abbey, one of the show-places of the beautiful district. Of course, the young heiress and her aunt were included, and Helen was not forgotten. Adela was in a flutter of delight at the prospect, and her "companion" found the ordinary duties of practising and study suddenly replaced by séances of consultation about dress, and shopping expeditions to Millstead. Mr. Gascoigne had not returned to town, but the ladies of the household saw little of him, as he shut himself up most of the day in a room that was devoted to his use, where he was supposed to be writing Art critiques.

"He has cleared away all them beautiful Dresden ornaments, and the gilt timepiece I put on his mantelpiece," lamented Aunt Maria; "and I made the room so nice, all to please him. But there's no knowing what he likes."

The day of the picnic arrived; and Adela in a ravishing toilette, Helen in a plain grey gown and hat, Miss Gascoigne in stiff silk, and Mr. Aubrey in his usual attire, with a soft felt hat crowning his long fair locks, drove away in sunshine to The Woodlands, where the master of the festivity was ordering carriages about, and distributing his guests generally. Adela and Oswald were placed together, while Helen shared the back seat of another carriage with Amy Paget. A faint smile of recognition appeared on the girl's downcast face when she saw Miss Brooke was to be her companion, but she soon relapsed into melancholy; nor could the beautiful country through which they drove, with its swelling moors and undulating hills, rouse her to any expression of pleasure.

Helen also felt a little more disposed to sadness than was her wont. The loveliness of nature did not cheer, but depressed her with a tinge of homesickness. Is not this often so in the case of those who are separated from their dearest friends? Instead of speaking with a voice of comfort, and proclaiming her sufficiency, Nature seems to say, "Fair as I am, I am not enough for you; you need more than my forests and streams, my moorland flushed with purple, the crisp air of my heights; you need a human heart to respond and share your admiration, or all this beauty shall touch you with sadness rather than with joy."

This was what Helen felt as they drove beside a rushing river, whose waters eddied fiercely round the rocks that strewed and bordered its course. On the other side of the road ferns and moss peeped out from the recesses of a deep wood, separated only by a low bank from the carriage-way. Beyond the stream rose wild hills, partly clothed with trees, but breaking into moorland above. The scenery increased in loveliness until the party reached a moss-grown bridge with an ancient hostelry, "The Abbey Inn," beyond it, and now they knew that they were close upon the fair domain of Greylands Priory.

The carriages entered a road through a grand old forest, with vistas of shimmering light and shade on either hand, and finally stopped at a broad place where many ways met. Here the party alighted, for the rest of the exploring of the far-famed woods and valleys of Greylands must be done on foot.

"Luncheon," Mr. Thorne explained, "will be spread near the ruins."

Helen walked beside Amy Paget along the woodland path, trying to interest her, and arousing fitful signs of pleasure in the lovely day and the scene. Who can describe the beauty of a forest in summer-time? Every leaf is eloquent. What a wealth of beauty is poured out in the tiny nooks, that none but the observing eye can trace! Helen found abundant food for delight in the rocks, some overgrown with delicate, small-leaved ivy, some covered with moss of every shade, from a soft green to a golden brown. Then under foot was the tender wood-sorrel, with its dainty leaves and frail white flower, like a cup for the fairies! ferns, from the ordinary bracken to the rarer lady fern and hart's tongue, flourished as a carpet for this palace of beauty; and the roof was formed of interlacing branches, with the blue of heaven shimmering behind, and the sunlight striking pale golden shafts upon the floor. The rush of water made a musical undertone all through, for the brown impetuous Wytheburn was not far away.

At last the wanderers emerged upon a broad, lawn-like expanse, threaded by the river, in the midst of the forest, where the ruins of the Priory reared their massive ivy-covered walls and Gothic airy window-tracery towards heaven. It was a grand ancient pile, telling of long-departed glory, when the Priory was the cynosure of all the country round; the stay and patron of the peasantry, and the object of pious pilgrimage. The trees stood far away from the ruin, and on the further side of the open space a steep wall of hill-side, up which brushwood climbed sparsely, was cleft by a white brook hurrying to the river that flowed below.

On the smooth turf near the Abbey luncheon had been spread by unseen fingers, for Mr. Thorne frowned upon the old-fashioned homely idea of a picnic, and would have been shocked for his guests to spread the cloth or wait upon themselves. Accordingly, they were soon all seated on the grass, discussing mayonnaise and claret-cup, Oswald beside Adela still, Mr. Aubrey Gascoigne devoting himself to no one in particular, but uttering remarks for the benefit of the company, as who should say, "Good people, it would be cruel to deprive any of you of the benefit of my sapience."

Helen, in spite of her amusement, was surprised to find that he really was very well informed about the Abbey and its history.

"There is a beautiful crypt to the Priory, where the abbots all lie buried," he proclaimed, "extremely precious to the student of architecture."

"Oh deary me! how dreadful!" exclaimed Aunt Maria. "Shall we have to go and see it? For my part I don't like burying-places. I like to see something cheerful when I'm having a day's pleasuring."

"You need be under no apprehension," condescendingly proclaimed her nephew. "The crypt is not generally seen by the public, nor should I advise anyone to descend the broken and mouldering stairs."

"I want to go! I will go!" cried Adela, in pretty petulance. "Mr. Thorne, will you not take me down there?"

"The doorway is closed by a key, only to be procured at the lodge under special conditions," replied her brother. "You, my dear Adela, being neither an archæologist nor a student of art in any form, would not be able to obtain it, nor, I fear, would you, Oswald."

"I think we had better be content with above-ground enjoyments," said Oswald laughingly. "Just think how much we have to rejoice in. For instance, it is the rarest of all occurrences for it to be fine at a picnic."

"I always have fair weather for anything in which I am interested," said Adela, with coquettish silliness, received by Oswald in a sort of adoring rapture. Helen watched him with a feeling of pain. Could it be—was he really attracted by this girl? He evidently admired her, for he scarcely stirred from her side, and she was well pleased to be his companion.

After luncheon and a pleasant rest by the river-side, the party proceeded to explore the Abbey ruins. Here Mr. Aubrey Gascoigne constituted himself the cicerone, and very well he performed his task, conversing in mediæval phraseology, and pointing out every detail of the roofless chapel, the fragmentary cloisters, the little winding staircases that came out upon giddy places where weeds and ivy reigned supreme; and explaining which was the refectory, which

were the cells, which was the kitchen in the olden time. Aunt Maria displayed more interest in the last-named spot than in any other part of the ruins, but could not derive much domestic enlightenment from the great hole where the fireplace was supposed to have been.

"Ah, poor things! I suppose they didn't have much cookin' going on!" she exclaimed.

"Not much cooking! Why, the venison and game of the Priory were known everywhere!" cried Oswald. "The monks didn't live in the midst of these fat lands for nothing. No, no; you may be sure they had good cheer enough and to spare."

As they passed through the chapel a second time Adela's quick eye caught sight of a very old, worm-eaten, low oaken door in the wall.

"What's that?" she exclaimed.

"That is the entrance to the crypt I told you of," returned her brother.

"I *will* go down! O, do let me! I know somebody has the key," appealed Adela, turning from one to another of the young men. They appeared pleasingly impressed by her bewitching way of asking, but were obliged to confess they had not the key, and knew of no way in which it could be procured. Meanwhile Aubrey betook himself to another part of the chapel.

The pleasure-seekers now left the ruin and went to explore further. They returned to the wood, and came to a place where the river spread itself out over a wide, shallow bed, dotted by a line of stepping-stones.

"Oh! I can't go over them!" cried Aunt Maria, shrinking back. "Why, they're not fit to bear me!"

"Of course they are! come along!" replied Adela, in a sharp undertone. "Don't make such a fuss; everybody goes."

"Adela, it's no use," returned Aunt Maria, in a voice of calm despair. "I can do my duty, I hope, as well as any woman, but go across them slippery stones I can't. One must draw the line somewhere."

With these words Aunt Maria sat down on a rock, deaf to the civil offers of help from one and another of the young men.

"I must give up going to see the Valley of Ferns, or whatever it is," she declared. "After all, I daresay it's not much loss. You'll find me here when you come back."

Helen had crossed the stream with the others, but when she found that among the party who were ascending the forest-path Aunt Maria was absent, on account of her alarm at the stepping-stones, she hastened back, and found the poor lady sitting on the further brink in all the glory of her lavender silk gown, surrounded by rocks, like Marius among the ruins of Carthage. Two tears were in her unwinking eyes, which she was resolved not to let drop; the prospect of a lonely vigil there was not agreeable, and Adela's sharp words had been hard to bear.

"Dear Miss Gascoigne, I did not know you were behind, or I would have stayed with you!" cried Helen.

The sight of her sweet sympathetic face seemed to cheer poor Aunt Maria.

"Well, my dear, I won't deny but I'm sorry to lose the sight of the waterfall, still, if it comes to wading in the water, I must draw the line at that. I must let the young people go on, and bide my time till they come back, that's all I can say."

"But it is really quite easy, and you won't have to wade. Do let me help you!" urged Helen.

Aunt Maria was hard to persuade, but Helen's kind coaxing ways won upon her, and at last she consented to make the attempt.

"I will say it's another thing your helping me than any of those young fellows," she acknowledged. "I knew they wouldn't want an old woman hindering them, and it's hard to feel in the way."

Helen skilfully pioneered her charge across the stepping-stones, getting, it must be confessed, her own feet rather wet in the process; but she was rewarded by the gratitude the poor lady expressed, and by her cheerful talk as they climbed the path on the way to the Valley of Ferns.

The rest of the party were already scattered among the rocks and knolls of this lovely dell, where a waterfall poured into a deep pool from the heights above. Tiny ferns and many lovely queer things grew within the spray of the cascade; it was framed in a setting of green, and made one of the loveliest afternoon pictures the eye could wish to gaze upon. The brook, below the fall, ran away with a musical murmur into the wood, where the trees, awhile withdrawn from its brink, crept caressingly near it again, and dipped their branches into the water.

Mr. Thorne had arranged for afternoon tea to appear at this juncture, and his wife was dispensing it from an urn. A fire of sticks, with a gipsy kettle suspended above it, was crackling in a safe rocky fireplace, and the group was picturesque and sylvan in the extreme. Only Mr. Aubrey Gascoigne was absent.

Adela was restless and excited; spying Helen, she ran up to her and said—

"Where's Aubrey?"

"I have not the slightest idea," responded Helen in surprise.

"I believe he has the key of that crypt," breathed Adela, in a low voice. "I am sure of it from what he said, and because he called at the lodge on our way. You may depend upon it he is there now."

"Well, what then?"

"What then? Why, I want to go. It's mean of him not to let me. I *will* go."

"But, Adela, why?" asked Helen, in surprise. "Do you care about architecture?"

"Not a fig, of course. Don't you see, I hate to be kept out of things as if I were a baby."

"But nobody else has gone. It isn't usually visited."

"All the more reason why I should go. I wish I could get hold of the key. What fun it would be to go there by myself! How surprised they would all be!"

"I wouldn't think any more about it if I were you," advised Helen. She was astonished at the persistence of the girl.

"Aubrey belongs to some tiresome societies in London, Archi——something or other," pursued Adela, as if not listening, "so they would be sure to give him the key. I'll get it too, see if I don't."

Helen, half amazed, half irritated at the obstinacy which made her harp upon a wish that she knew could have no rational basis, tried to divert her. For Adela, as she had confessed, cared nothing whatever for ancient architecture. It was the whim to do something unusual and distinguishing that had seized her.

Presently Mr. Aubrey Gascoigne himself was seen leisurely descending the path into the dell, and observing that it was an "Idyl," he flung himself gracefully on the grass, and requested his hostess to give him some tea. He evaded inquiry as to where he had been, and proceeded to discourse on the loveliness of the spot, passing meanwhile a snowy handkerchief over his brow. Adela had stationed herself a little way behind her brother, in an attitude somewhat suggestive of pocket-picking, if anyone's suspicions had tended that way, but it was naturally far from the thoughts of her companions, and even Helen soon forgot all about the girl's mad fancy in the pleasant talk that reigned, and in the sweet peace and beauty of the surroundings.

(*To be continued.*)

VARIETIES.

THE RIGHT HAND AND THE LEFT.—The right hand is more sensitive to touch than the left; but, curiously enough, it is less sensitive to temperatures. If the two hands be dipped into two basins of water at the same temperature, the left hand will feel the greater sensation of warmth—nay, it will do this even when thermometers show that the water in the left basin is somewhat colder than that in the right basin.

WOMAN'S WORK.

From the days of antiquity down to the present time one cannot name a single great work to which a woman's name is attached as its creator.

In painting and in sculpture there is no famous picture, no immortal statue, of which the artist or sculptor is a woman.

In music there is not a single symphony or opera, or even a sonata—I speak of *chefs d'œuvre*—composed by a woman.

In the dramatic art, no tragedy, no comedy, really celebrated, has come from a woman's hand.

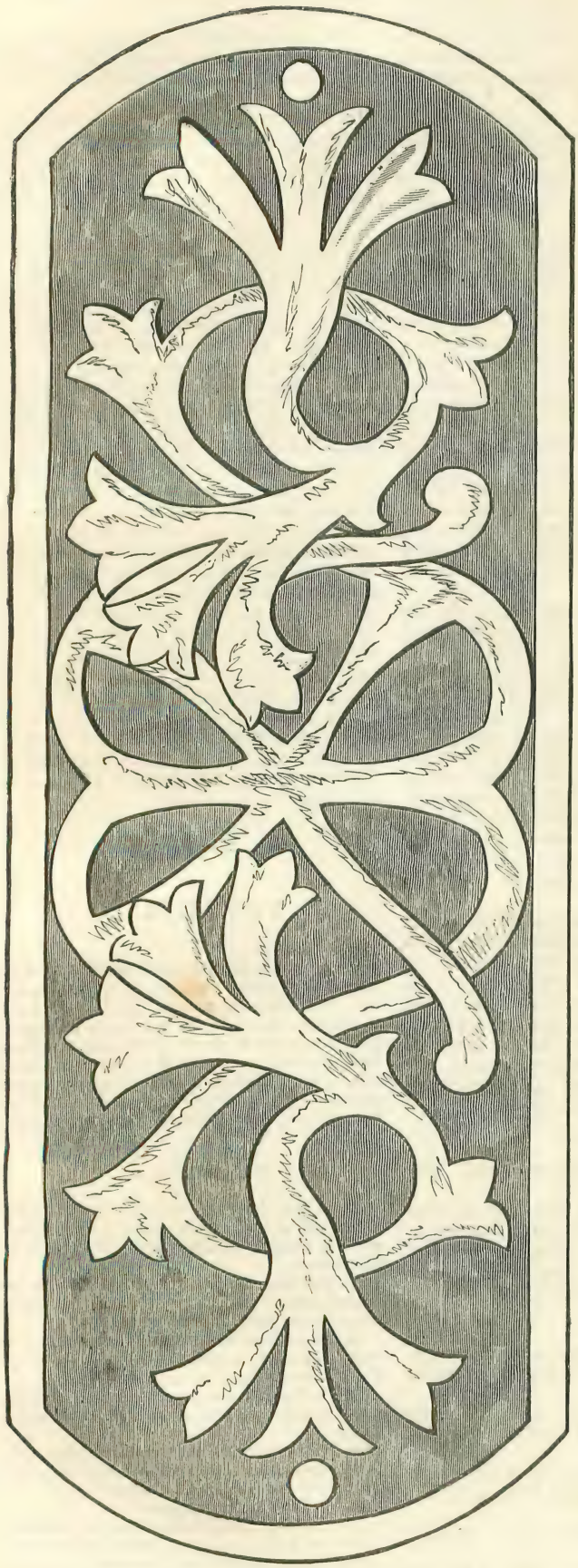
In epic poetry we see the same thing, and, to speak of history, who can point to a feminine Thucydides or a feminine Tacitus?

How is this to be explained?

By the inadequate education of woman? Without doubt that is one cause, but it is not the only one, nor is it the principal.

We must seek the solution of the problem in the original nature of the beings and things. —*Ernest Legouvé.*

REPOUSSÉ BRASS WORK.



DOOR PLATE.

REPOUSSÉ, or hammered work, has lately attracted a good deal of attention by its own decorative excellence, and from its being an art that an amateur can learn. It is a revival of the beautiful metal industries that became so celebrated in the time of the Renaissance and that have not ceased to be laboured at in Persia, India, and Morocco. We owe the present interest in it to the efforts of a society of artists, anxious to educate the public to distinguish between good and bad work, between that work that bears the stamp of an individual mind and intelligent labour, and that which is only valuable for the material composing it, and is turned out by the dozen, either by machinery or by workmen whose efforts are entirely mechanical.

In olden days artists thought it no degradation to design and work upon metal, and many a painter and sculptor has left proofs of his skill in this work, while Benvenuto Cellini, the famous sculptor and engraver, served his apprenticeship to a goldsmith besides learning to draw at the schools, and his work in metal ranks as high as his other labours. For many years our modern painters looked down upon any art outside their particular groove, and forgot that a lover of true art recognised its presence as much in a lowly common object as in the costliest, and that by beautifying daily life a great possibility for knowledge and appreciation was opened to the many thousands who could not purchase costly pictures.

By abandoning the lesser arts of work in metal, glass, and carving, men of culture left the making and designing of ordinary objects to men who were ornamental designers and nothing more, and who, for the sake of producing something new, violated every rule of art, and taught the public to value a certain manual dexterity instead of grandeur of form and conception. It is to these men we owe the realistic groups and designs that disfigure much of the modern silver, and it is these men who have taught us to behold, without realising their incongruity, figures holding up salvers double their own size, dryads presiding over a salt cellar, and the face of the donor of a gift as a final to the figure of Mars or Jupiter that ornaments it.

Now that most educated people distinguish between true and bad art, and metal work has advanced in public appreciation, from being essentially a work done by hand, and one that can take the impress of the actual worker, we predict a long career of success to all hammered work, whether executed in silver, iron, or brass, so long as the workers will design patterns that are in correct taste and subservient to the utility of the article ornamented. But there are many good workers who are not designers; these need not despair; the beautiful specimens of old work preserved in South Kensington are open to them, so are good geometrical designs taken from well-authenticated sources, and the innumerable Eastern trays and bowls that can be found in every well-furnished house. Let the worker only select designs with judgment, and not be content with the first scroll or ornament lighted upon, and the result will be satisfactory.

As a remunerative employment repoussé will, in the hands of a skilled worker, command a certain income, but we would warn all girls who are thinking of taking up the employment, that what is known as "amateur work," *i.e.*, work done in haste with blurred and shaky outlines and badly raised surfaces, will not sell, and unless the heart is in the matter and many hours of really patient work are given to acquiring the rudiments of the art, the expense of setting up the materials had

ORNAMENTAL KEYHOLE.

much better not be gone into, as the only result will be failure and peevish complaints about the difficulty of the undertaking and the uselessness of the instructions. Repoussé is by no means a difficult art; the few rules to be carried out are simple in the extreme, and any girl can remember and understand them. The difficult part consists in learning to hold the tools steady when outlining, so as to make a deep, even, continuous stroke and not a line composed of numerous jerks, made with great depth at the commencement and tailing off to a faint scratch at the end. Many an hour must be devoted to holding the tool properly and keeping it steady on the metal, before the hand learns to guide the tracer so that it executes curves, rounds, and straight lines with one continuous and even line, and when at last this difficulty is overcome, the various punches used to depress the ground will be found to be moved by the same contrary spirit that animated the tracers, and these have to be tamed with the same patience.

The chief work of tracing and punching falling to the lot of the left hand, and more particularly to the third finger of the same (the finger least brought into play in most handiworks), it is some time before the worker begins to assume any power over the instrument, but when once she does, the chief trouble is over, and the rest of the business interesting and absorbing.

For the sale of really good work, there are many openings; the trade will take that which is original and good, while for less ambitious specimens there are the institutions devoted to the sale of ladies' work, where anything out of the common run is gladly received, and there are also numerous fancy shops at well-frequented watering-places, where specimens are shown in the windows, and a small commission charged upon each sale. When the work is only taken up as a useful employment for leisure hours, there will be no difficulty in disposing of it. At bazaars it finds a ready sale. As a present it is much prized, and the decoration of the home with the articles any amateur can make will be much appreciated by the less gifted members of the family, and will serve to give that stamp of refinement to a house, and that character to it, that individual thought and labour always imparts.

The word Repoussé means raised or forced out, and it consists in working in such a manner upon a piece of thin rolled metal, that a design appears in high relief from the

REPOUSSÉ WORK.

HALF OF SMALL TRAY.

ORNAMENTAL KEYHOLE.

ground. This design is brought out by first depressing whatever part of the metal forms the background of the pattern, and by then turning the work upon its face and finishing it by working at the back of the metal. Some workmen, and more particularly the Persian and Moorish artists, commence their work at the back, and after beating it out on that side, turn it and put the finishing strokes on the right side, but the process is the same. When the pattern is thus brought out in high relief, it is perfected by lines and strokes being carefully worked out upon it with a fine tool. These lines indicate the hollow of a flower or the vein of a leaf, the markings upon an animal's coat, or the twistings of a scroll, and are called "chasing." This chasing is not necessary to repoussé work, but it very much enriches it, and serves to raise and bring up the design. The ground round the pattern is also embellished, and instead of being left a simply depressed surface, is worked with fine crossed lines, like the hatching of a crayon drawing, or is marked all over with little rounds or dots made by beating it with a specially prepared tool.

The instruments and the materials for the work are especially simple; they consist of rolled brass made of various thicknesses, and in long lengths and widths. The thinner kinds of this rolled brass are easily cut with a pair of workman's scissors to the size required for the work, while the thicker sorts, known as sheet brass, are cut to the right size, and any open part of the pattern filed out, before the hammering is commenced. Rolled brass No. 3 is the usual make for beginners to learn upon, and enough can be bought for 1s. or 1s. 6d. to work out the four designs given with this paper. It is not advisable to begin with the very thinnest brass, as a learner is apt to be too powerful with the hammer, and if the tool in use happens to be a sharp one, it will force its way through the brass and make a hole. Besides the brass there are the various tracers and punches; these are made of different widths, some with broad and curved ends, others with finer points, or with slightly square endings. These punches, or "mats," and tracers are simply straight pieces of lead shaped out at the end, and are such as are used by all metal workers. Their individual cost is very small, about 6d., and two or three are quite enough for the beginner to procure; but as the work improves, different shaped points will be found useful so as to more effectually work over curves or make patterns when chasing, therefore a dozen different kinds of punches, etc., will not be too many for finished work. Many manuals upon hammered work recommend the beginner to use a French nail whose point has been blunted, but no one who has really tried to outline a pattern and hammer in a background will endorse the statement, as it is impossible to hold so small an instrument with any firmness, or to strike it sharply without it breaking away. A few French nails are handy to have ready to help at corners and sharp turns, but when a good instrument can be bought for 6d. it is a pity to use an inferior one. The hammer used is small, but with a heavily weighted head. The handle is made of strong wood, slight in size down its length, but finished off with a round knob that renders the grasping of it easy. A pair of pliers for turning the brass down at its edges are useful, so is a penknife in a fixed handle.

In order to hold the brass perfectly steady it is necessary to fix it into some substance that will deaden the force of the blows of the hammer by its own pliability, and yet resist that blow. Metal workers have found that a mixture of pitch and sand is the substance that best answers their purpose, and they use no other method.

The pitch and sand are mixed in equal parts with a small quantity of tallow, and that substance is stuck on to an iron support, shaped like a round cannon ball cut in halves; this is held in a ring made of a coil of strong leather strapping, and as the iron is round it can be moved and turned about with great ease upon the leather ring, which is always steady and comfortable to work at. When it is necessary to fix the brass to the pitch, the latter is warmed until it melts, and the brass pressed down upon it so that it becomes incorporated with the composition.

Amateurs sometimes use, instead of the pitch, a hard block of wood, with or without a sheet of lead stretched over it, but professional workers always use the pitch, because it is much more difficult to hammer out a piece of brass fixed to the wood than to pitch, and because only straight work can be done upon the block, any round or curved pieces requiring to be embedded in the softer substance.

In our next article we will commence the working of the metal, taking the door-plate shown in fig. 1. as an example. This door-plate is designed with simple lines and curves of moderate lengths, so as to present the fewest possible difficulties to the amateur; the next piece of work should be the simple keyhole shown in fig. 2, while the more elaborate keyhole, fig. 3, and the section of a small tray, fig. 4, must be left until greater facility is acquired in the work.

B. C. SAWARD.

DONALD AND I.

By NELLIE HELLIS.

CHAPTER III.

MRS. DRAYTON was most kind, treating me more as her sister than her children's governess. My pupils were apt and docile; and altogether I found my position far pleasanter than I had anticipated.

Born of the new feeling which had taken possession of me, came the desire, painful in its intensity, that Donald would return my love. But in the short matter-of-fact notes, received only at long intervals, and in the messages he sometimes sent in his mother's letters, I could glean no shadow of hope that I was anything more to him than the little friend and "sister" of whom he always thought kindly, and wished well.

It was a bitter lesson, but I learnt it. And then, dreading the consequences of the deep and poignant sorrow that threatened to destroy the happiness which might otherwise be mine, I resolved, at whatever cost, to stamp out my love to its roots.

And after a while, though many many months had passed before that time arrived, I succeeded in putting Donald from my mind; and trusting no future, and burying the past, was able to do the present duty with a whole heart. At first the endeavour seemed a hopeless task, but with much struggling and constant striving I conquered self. And so, once more regaining inward peace and contentment, I realised in a very precious sense the truth of Donald's words, that God helps those who try to help themselves.

In this uneventful manner four years passed. Then, as my pupils had learnt all I could teach, Mrs. Drayton decided to send them to the school in England at which she herself had been educated. She therefore no longer required a governess's services. But, when informing me of the fact, she expressed a hope that I would be in no hurry to seek another situation; and that for a time, at any rate, I would remain with her as her guest.

Grateful as I was, both to Mr. and Mrs. Drayton, I told them I should accept the first suitable engagement that offered. In order, however, to be near such true friends as I knew they would always prove, I should endeavour to find a situation in Paris; and in the meantime, if they would not think it slighting to themselves, I would spend a few weeks with Madame Dévouthon. This lady was a friend of Mrs. Drayton, and she had given me a very pressing invitation to visit her at her house at Dieppe.

Madame Dévouthon received me with great kindness, and, together with her son and daughter, did all she could to make me happy. Indeed, the attentions of M. Adolphe soon grew decidedly marked, and I had only been at Dieppe a fortnight when, coming into the garden where I sat at work one afternoon, he told me "mademoiselle" had stolen his heart, and that he should never again be happy unless she consented to become his wife.

Astonishment literally took away my breath. He interpreted my silence as consent, and raising my hand, and pressing it to his lips, began in an impassioned manner to thank me for the happiness I had given him.

"Pardon, monsieur," I gasped, but indeed I could say nothing. I was so taken by surprise that I could find no words. "Monsieur Adolphe, I am not insensible to the honour you have done me, but——"

He stopped me, begging me not to extinguish the hopes that I had kindled in his bosom.

I had now, however, regained composure, and I told him quietly and firmly that I could not entertain his proposal.

"Oh, mademoiselle!" he cried, "you have broken my heart, and not only mine but also that of madame la mère."

"You cannot mean that you have acquainted Madame Dévouthon with your intention?" I exclaimed, in fresh astonishment.

"But, indeed, yes; and she was so rejoiced at the prospect of welcoming a daughter at once so beautiful and so amiable."

His offer was beginning to present a more serious aspect (I had been uncertain at first whether he was in earnest or in jest), and I hardly knew how to reply. Again he turned my hesitation to his own advantage. He would not press me for an answer; he would wait until the next day, and then, before I could utter a word, he had left me.

I ought not to have wavered, but I did. I was alone in the world. I had not a single near relation; no claim to any home. By marrying Adolphe Dévouthon I should, at any rate, gain a protector and a "maison" of my own.

In the midst of these thoughts, Donald's face returned to my memory. I put it away resolutely. I had done with him long, long

ago. I tremble now to think how it might have ended—for I was actually debating whether I could not beg another week in which to consider the proposal—had it not happened that in strolling with Hélène Dévouthon along the public promenade that evening, we passed a young lady, who bowed and smiled to my companion.

"Who is that?" I asked. "She is very pretty, and has a charming figure."

"She is an old favourite of my brother," was Hélène's reply. "You must know that Adolphe is very fickle; and, therefore, though desperately in love for a while, he soon tired of her. He was glad when she broke off the engagement. It gave him an opportunity to flirt with the doctor's daughter, who, he said, was much prettier than Adèle, the demoiselle we have just passed."

So this was the character of the man with whom I was at that very moment contemplating a possible marriage! I hesitated no longer. I was only full of self-scorn that I had hesitated at all.

As he wished me good-night that evening, I slipped a note into his hand; and, shut in my own room, I considered what plea I could urge for an immediate departure from Dieppe.

But there was no occasion to fabricate an excuse. A letter accompanied the cup of tea which, on the following morning, a servant brought to my bedroom. It was from Mr. Bransom, the rich English merchant, whose advertisement for a nursery governess I had answered. My references, he said, were highly satisfactory, and he would be glad if I could begin my duties at once.

I showed this letter to Madame Dévouthon, and though evidently sorry that my visit was curtailed, she had the good sense to see the expediency of my immediate return to Paris. From her manner, I feel certain she was in ignorance of the proposal her son had made me. I met him again at the breakfast-table, and his appearance was by no means that of a broken-hearted lover. Two hours afterwards I was on my road to Paris.

My second experience as a governess was very different from the first. In Mr. Bransom's household I was restricted to the nursery, the schoolroom, and my own bedroom, and once more my life became lonely and monotonous in the extreme. It was not, however, until ome few weeks had passed that I fully realised its isolation, my thoughts being more occupied with others than myself.

On the very first day of my arrival at Mr. Bransom's, a few hastily-scribbled lines from Donald were forwarded by Mrs. Drayton. He wrote to say that his mother had met with a serious accident. In coming downstairs she had missed her footing and fallen. Her back was severely injured, and it seemed doubtful whether she would ever again rise from her bed.

Heartily sympathising with him in his trouble, I begged him to let me have further news as soon as possible. A postcard brought me the information that Mrs. Forsyth was progressing more favourably than had been anticipated, and in the course of a few weeks I heard she was so far recovered as to be able to leave her bed, and, with the help of a crutch, make her way from one room to another.

But Donald said it would be long before she would be able to write to me. In falling, she had also injured her right arm, and to use a pen was at present beyond her power.

Not until then did I tell him of the change that had taken place in my own life. For several reasons I resolved to find another situation before mentioning the necessity that obliged me to leave Mrs. Drayton. While Donald was in such distress on his mother's account, I had not, of course, alluded to my own affairs. But now, knowing he had less cause for anxiety, I informed him of my altered circumstances.

In reply, he expressed his regret that I had not told him before. He hoped I was "happy and comfortable" (I had not led him to suppose otherwise), and concluded his letter by remarking that were it not impossible to leave his mother, he should have liked to spend a week in Paris, just to see for himself "how the wee bit lassie was faring."

I must have battled with myself to some avail, for even that letter failed to bring a flush to my cheek or a tear to my eye; and after a second perusal, it was torn up and calmly put upon the nursery fire. That he now wrote regularly, I attributed to Mrs. Forsyth's inability to use her right hand. I could but notice, however, the increasing warmth of his letters. Indeed, as time went on, they became as easy and as brotherly in their tone as Donald's *talk* had been when we strolled together, in the "old long ago," by the seashore at Sunniehead.

About eighteen months after the accident, all unexpectedly came the news of Mrs. Forsyth's death.

My cousin's troubles and my own always seemed to come together. I wished they had not; it would have been such a comfort to talk over my difficulties with Donald.

It was just then that I received notice from Mr. Bransom to leave at the end of the following quarter, when it was his intention to engage a tutor for his son. As it happened, I left before the three months were over, for a severe cold turning to bronchitis, I was so prostrated that, on my convalescence, it was politely but significantly hinted that an earlier departure would be more convenient.

With the full amount of my quarter's salary, however, was added a £5 note by way of compensation for this abrupt dismissal; and it was not with unmixed regret that I left Mr. Bransom's house for the hospitable roof of Mrs. Drayton.

Shocked at my weak, dejected appearance, my kind friend nursed me carefully, and when I said I must no longer be idle but endeavour to find another situation, she declared that until I was stronger she would not permit of any such "folly."

I then implored her to let me pay for my board, and knowing I should be happier if she complied with my request, she mentioned a weekly sum. It was very small, and could not nearly have covered the expense of the delicate meats, jellies, and soups with which my appetite was tempted at almost every hour of the day.

Under her care, and with the advent of warmer weather, I grew stronger. Then, in spite of Mrs. Drayton's entreaties to the contrary, I entered my name at an educational agency office.

But week after week went by, and meeting with no engagement, I began to get anxious. During the six years I had lived in Paris I had saved over fifty pounds, but out of that amount I had paid two doctor's bills, and now, small as was the weekly sum given to Mrs. Drayton, it was steadily decreasing my store in reserve. Very soon no further reduction would be possible.

At length I understood the cause of Mrs. Drayton's repeated admonition to take things quietly and be in no hurry.

A sister of hers had married and gone out to South Africa. She had a large family of little children, and she now wrote begging me to become her companion and their governess.

"You may regard the home as a permanent one," urged Mrs. Forbes, 'and judging from what my sister tells me, this is just the climate your constitution needs."

"I am sure it will be the making of you," said Mrs. Drayton, to whom I was reading the letter aloud. "If you stay another winter in Paris it will kill you."

"You think so," I replied, "because I regained strength so slowly after that attack of bronchitis. But I have a good constitution, and I believe the illness was not so much the cause of my weakness as those dreary, lonely months at the Bransom's."

"You will certainly not have to complain of loneliness at my sister's," was the emphatic rejoinder. Then kissing me, Mrs. Drayton added, "Take my advice, dear, and go. I would not seek to influence you did I not feel sure it would be a wise step to take."

I begged a few days in which to make up my mind. I must own I had no desire to accept the situation that had been offered me. I would rather have taken a nursemaid's position than be severed by thousands of miles from the land that was home to me, because the memories of my childhood and girlhood circled around it, because it contained the one relative whom I knew, and those graves over which I had shed so many bitter tears. But then, did it not seem that God's hand was in the ordering of this new prospect that had so unexpectedly presented itself? I had no doubt that I should find a happy home, and a kind friend in Mrs. Forbes. Ought I not then to close with the offer? Again, as on many previous occasions, Donald's words came to my memory, "God helps those who try to help themselves." I remembered, too, that beautiful suggestion and promise which God gave to His people by the mouth of His servant Moses. Surely I might take the text and apply it to myself. "Be strong and of good courage, fear not nor be afraid . . . for the Lord thy God, He it is doth go with thee, He will not fail thee nor forsake thee."

I hesitated no longer after that; and going to Mrs. Drayton told her I would do as she had advised. At the same time I asked Mr. Drayton to take a passage for me in a vessel that would leave London in about three weeks from that date.

Mrs. Forbes had requested her brother-in-law to furnish the full amount of my passage-money from a sum that was owing to herself. I had, therefore, a sufficiency of means with which to provide my outfit; but not knowing what emergencies might arise, I wrote to Donald, explaining my need, and begging him to send me the thirty-five pounds (I wanted no interest, I said) which six years ago I had left in his possession. I added that as I sailed from London, I should take the opportunity to spend a few days in seeing some of its sights. Mrs. Drayton knew of some respectable lodgings, and as it might be more convenient to him to send the money a little later on, I would enclose the address.

As soon as a reply could reach me, I received the following:—

"Sunniehead, August 11, 187—.

"My dear Jennie,—Your letter has both surprised and grieved me. Why did you not tell me of your illness and of the loss of your situation? Surely I merited that much of your confidence. For weeks past I have been trying to get a holiday to run over to Paris. Now, business taking me to London, I will meet you there. The sooner I can go the better. I shall, perhaps, only remain two or three days, though I am hoping to make a longer stay. Whatever you may need for the voyage, etc., you can get in London. Leave Paris, then, as soon after receiving this as possible. I will take your passage for you, and relieve you of any other business you may wish transacted. I shall arrive in London on the 17th, and shall go straight to the address you have given me.—Yours very sincerely, Donald Forsyth."

I received this letter on a Friday, and the following Tuesday would be the 17th. If,

then, I would carry out its instructions, there was no time to lose. As regards my passage, it had already been secured in a vessel sailing on the 30th. Mrs. Drayton by no means approved of my hasty departure, and urged that I should beg Donald to postpone his visit to London until nearer the end of the month. Fearful, however, that in such a case I should lose the chance of hearing the God-speed of the only relative I possessed, I was persistent in abiding by my cousin's arrangement.

(*To be concluded.*)

SEVEN YEARS FOR RACHEL;

OR, WELSH PICTURES SKETCHED FROM LIFE.

By ANNE BEALE.

CHAPTER VII.

ALL-HALLOWS' EVE.

As old Pally's further revelations were not so cheerful as the one concerning herself, I will content myself by merely detailing their purport. There is an old superstitious custom, among the mountains especially, of visiting the church at midnight on All-Hallows' Eve, to hear "who is called." Pally and others of her people believed that if they stood in the porch as the clock struck twelve they would hear the names of those amongst them who were to depart this life during the coming year. No one ventured to question the veracity of the stories she told, and all held their breath as she recounted numerous instances of the truth of her theory; all but the footman from "the House." He was sadly sceptical, and persisted in asking many questions which Pally considered worse than irrelevant—even wicked. Still, she believed she had convinced him by her last, and concluded her revelations by the words, "And now, Mr. Footman, what do you think of All-Hallows' Eve? for that's as true as I sit here."

The person she addressed, not relishing the appellation "Mr. Footman," merely smiled superciliously, and said "that it was a very wonderful story, no doubt, but he knew of one quite as extraordinary, or more so perhaps."

The whole party were delighted at the prospect of something new, and entreated the footman to let them have it. I must except Pally, however, who, offended at the proposal of another narration, before due wonder and admiration had been expressed at her own, preserved a dignified silence. Her displeasure was disregarded by her friends, in their eagerness to hear the footman's story, who, without waiting for a second invitation, looked pleasantly around him, and, addressing by turns each member of the company, as a proper story-teller ought always to do, thus began:—

"There lived, somewhere in Herefordshire, a couple who didn't agree very well together. Now I can't say whether this is a common complaint between man and wife, for, as far as regards myself, I should think it a matter of impossibility to disagree with any lady whatever, 'specially one's own wedded wife; but that there was disputing and quarrelling in this present instance is certainly quite *voracious*. The worst of it all was that they actually quarrelled from morning to night, and half their time they didn't know what it was about. Some said the fault was on one side, some on the other, but nobody could ever come to any degree of certainty upon that *pint;* for my own part I have no doubt that the gentleman was entirely to blame, as ladies are never in the wrong. Be this as it may, one All-Hallows' Eve this good couple took it into their heads, quite unknown to one another, to go to the church porch, and see if, by good luck, they could fall in with each other's ghost."

"What do you mean by that?" interrupted Pally, getting interested.

"Why, marm, you must know that our English spirits manage matters differently to your Welsh ones; instead of 'calling,' the ghosts of such people as intend to die before the year's out, show themselves: and a pretty sight it must be, I should think, particularly in a very *popolous* place. But to go on. A little before twelve o'clock at night, off set the husband, saying to himself, 'there would be some comfort in living another year with her, if one could be sure she would die before the end of it,' and, with this agreeable thought he went on to the church-porch to wait. The wife didn't get there so soon, because she was rather long in putting on her cloak and mufflers, for, says she, 'though I may wish my husband dead, I don't want to die myself, so I may as well take care not to catch a cold.' I must tell you that the husband had been spending the evening out with some friends, and therefore the lady did not see him before he went to the church.

"It was a fine moonlight night, unlike most All-Hallows' Eves, which are generally very rough and dark. It was striking twelve just as the wife reached the churchyard. She walked quick up the path for fear she should be too late, but she didn't want to go into the porch, for, as she came near it, she saw her husband's ghost, so she thought, standing right before her. She was quite satisfied, but being a little frightened or so, in spite of her joy, she took to her heels and was off like a shot round the corner of the church, and never stopped running till she got safe home again. Her husband, having seen her ghost, as he thought, walked after her quite slow, feeling just as well pleased as she did, and taking time all the way back, to wish himself joy upon the happy prospect before him.

"When he got home he found his wife sitting by the fire. She asked him where he had been, in such a good-tempered voice that he was quite astonished. He said he had been spending the evening with a wassail party, and he answered so kind that she too was taken by surprise, for she expected him to say, 'What's that to you?' or something of that sort.

"Now they both made up their minds—to themselves, of course—that, as they had so short a time to live together, they might as well pass it in peace and quietness; so they began to be agreeable-like, and, to the wonder of everybody, never crossed one another, but lived like two turtle-doves. They never had so much as a word for near a twelvemonth, and, strange to say, when All-Hallows' Eve was coming round again, they both felt uncommon sorry. Instead of longing for the time that they knew must put an end to them, they grew every day more and more melancholy, and looked so down-hearted and dejected that they were asking one another all day long what was the matter. As both of them always answered 'nothing,' they didn't quite know what to make of it, but feared that 'twas some inward complaint that would cause sudden death.

"All-Hallows' Eve came at last, and never were there two more miserable creatures; for they were sure that, after seeing the ghost and all, before twelve o'clock had done striking they must bid farewell to one another. They both sat up, neither of them guessing why the other did so; but both watching the clock in the strangest way in the world, without saying a word. Ten and eleven struck—one hour more thought they—and then looked at each other with pale faces and tears in their eyes. It warned for twelve, and they covered their faces over with their hands. 'Tick, tick, tick,' went the clock, till at last it began to strike again. The wife screamed, and the husband groaned, and they thought it was all over. They didn't dare to look up for some time; but sat like two *statures*. Hearing nothing, however, they ventured to draw

"'ONE WORD—ONLY ONE WORD, RACHEL,' HE SAID."

their hands away from their eyes to see what had happened. They looked up both at once—they wasn't dead! what a wonder! 'My dear! my love! my sweet!' they cries, and up they jumps. Then they fell a-kissing, and a-hugging, and a-laughing, and a-crying, and almost a-dancing for joy, until they thought they were both gone mad. When they had had enough of this fun, they began to ask one another what it was all about, and the wife—ladies are always the first to tell a secret: no offence!—the wife let out all she knew, and then the husband all he knew, until they found it was their own selves, flesh and blood, and no ghosts at all that they had seen that time twelvemonth. Then they fell a-laughing, and a-kissing again, and declared it was so pleasant that they wouldn't care to go to the church-porch every year if the consequences were so uncommon agreeable.

"Then the husband made a polite speech to his wife, and said that he considered that they had just been spending their honeymoon, and that, as they had began to enjoy the sweets of matrimony after the sours, he thought it would be very foolish to return to the sours again; to which the lady agreeing, they promised one another a life all honey and sugar: and I was told by those as knew them, that never a drop of vinegar was known to enter their cup, but that ever afterwards they were the happiest couple in the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland."

It was now the footman's turn to look around him for approbation; and if unrestrainable merriment was a proof of it, he obtained it. The company were much amused, but old Pally felt that the story contained an insult to All-Hallows' Eve, and looked offended accordingly. Rachel was quick to perceive this, and said at once—

"Oh! Pally has better stories than that—*true* ghost stories, that are frightful to listen to; do tell us one, Pally fach!—that one about the goblins, or the corpse-candles, or the ghost, or——"

"Any thing you please, my dear," interrupted Pally; "but I shouldn't think they'd do *now*—" and she laid an emphasis on the last word, and looked deeply injured.

Rachel persuaded her that they *would* do; so having replenished the bowl, and added fresh buns and spices, she began again, and gave, with considerable zest, a number of ghost and corpse-candle stories, which the limits of my sketch will not allow me to detail at length. But the footman again offended her by "daresaying that her corpse-candles were nothing more nor less than a *hignus-fatus*, or a light as rises out of swampy places."

"I don't dare say any such thing," exclaimed Pally; "I knew what corpse-candles were long before you were born."

Rachel was again obliged to manœuvre a little, to induce Pally to tell "how the goblins led her a dance;" with which interesting narration the *conversazione* terminated.

"I was coming home," resumed Pally, "late from a wash at the House with two other women, Betty Jones and Sally Morgans, when it happened. It was a lightish night, but very misty. I knew the goblins were astir, for we heard the noise of a rumbling of coaches and carriages, which, as you all know, is often heard at the House. We weren't much afraid, however, for we knew every inch of ground, and had walked it often in the pitch dark. We went across the park for shortness. There was a moon, but we couldn't see it or anything else for the fog. We went on for some time merry enough, but at last we began to think that we had been a long while getting across the great field.

"'I wonder where we be?' says Betty Jones, 'for not a bit of the grass nor anything else can I see clear for the fog.'

"'Oh!' says I, 'we must be by the gate going out into the road, and we'll come there in a jiffey.'

"So on we walks, stretching out our arms on all sides to try and feel the gate, but not a step nearer did we seem to get to it all the while. I've often thought if anybody had come across us then, how they would have laughed. The very goblins themselves, that made such fools of us, must have been cracking their sides with laughing. We were feeling here, and groping there; sometimes falling up again one another, and sometimes stumbling upon the cows that were asleep on the grass, and frightening them and ourselves out of our wits. Oh! didn't we wish ourselves anywhere else, that's all? If we went arm in crook, or took hold of one another's petticoats, we tumbled down upon one another; and if we let go, the goblins led us three different ways. Once we were obliged to take to our heels for fright. Two of the biggest eyes I ever saw in my life were staring upon us through the fog; and if they didn't belong to a ghost, I'm sure I don't know what they did belong to."

"A cow, perhaps, marm," humbly suggests the footman.

"A cow, for you, indeed!" indignantly replies Pally; "as if I didn't know a cow's eyes from a ghost's, as well as I do a corpse-candle from any other light. Oh! how they did look! large, and round, and fiery. And how we did run! We tried to keep together, but the goblins would as much let us keep together as find the gate, so we were soon I don't know where. I stopped to take breath, and found myself quite alone—not a sign of a creature near me. I gave myself up for lost, and began to think of sitting down upon the grass and taking my chance. But I changed my mind, and went wandering about for another half-hour. All of a sudden, as I was holding out my arms to feel for the gate, bang I went against something that tumbled right into them. I screamed and it screamed; and what should it be but Sal Morgans. I never was so glad to see, I mean *feel*, her before nor since. Don't be offended, Sal, for though I'm very glad of your company to-night, or at any time, I was much more glad of it then."

This latter part of the speech was addressed to an old woman of the party, who was the identical Sally Morgans, and who looked very knowing, and said—

"Yes, sure, yes, sure; I never shall forget that night as long as I live. Do you remember how we——"

"Dear, yes," rather pettishly responded Pally, who never could endure an interruption. "As I was saying—where was I?—there, now, you've just put me out. Oh! as I was saying, who should it be but Sal Morgans. We were determined not to let go of one another this time, so we went on, arm in crook again; and after a little while we felt something hard under foot. In another minute we tumbled up again something harder still, and then we put up our hands to feel—what should we find, but the House itself. Yes, indeed! after running about good two hours or more, there we were at the very place we started from. The family wasn't at home, and the servants were gone to bed. We were obliged to call 'em up; and by-and-by we got a couple of lanthorns to look for Betty Jones. There was but one man sleeping in the house, and we hadn't the heart to go away from him, so we all kept together, and said we'd walk straight across first. On we went, and no signs of Betty till we came up close to the gate we had been looking for all night. There, within a yard of it, lying down upon the grass, half dead with fright, she was. And 'twas ever so long before we could persuade her that we weren't the goblins. She had seen the two lanthorns coming on, and took them for she scarce knew what, so down she fell in a kind of a swound. Just whilst we were wishing the servants good night, we heard a noise behind us. 'The goblins haven't done with us yet,' says I; when, all out of breath with running and calling, who should come upon us but my poor dear husband that's dead and gone. He had been to look for us, and had been served pretty much the same trick as we had. Dear me, I shall never forget that night! 'twas the awfullest but one I ever spent. But if I go on telling claps this way, there'll be no dance nor song nor anything else. Come, Rachel, give us a song, girl, and let's hear your pretty voice once more."

Pally having ceased, and received the thanks of the company, Rachel sang very sweetly an old Welsh song, which was succeeded by others from various musical amateurs of the party. The footman astonished the natives with a finished composition which they did not understand. Indeed, Pally innocently inquired what language it was, for, she said, "although she knew English pretty well, considering that she hadn't been so very much with real English people, she had never in her life, to the best of her knowledge, heard a quarter of the words of that song."

The evening was to finish with a dance, and Pally had an unexpected treat in store. Jones, the harper, had promised to look in upon her on his way from town; and between ten and eleven he made his appearance. He struck up a gay tune upon his old Welsh harp, and merrily they began to dance. A variety

(From the painting by Emily Osborn.)

"'POOH, POOH, MY DEARS! TUT, TUT!' WAS ALL THE REPLY THEY GOT FROM THE IMPATIENT DOCTOR."

of evolutions were performed, partaking of the beauties of the Irish jig, Scotch reel, and college hornpipe. Amongst the dancers our friends William and Rachel were conspicuous, as true heroes and heroines always are, and they both forgot the morrow in the excitement and pleasure of the present. Pally and the other old women looked on and applauded, and declared they could almost fancy the good old times were come back again. But every pleasure must have an end, and our merry party were sorry to find that time and the clock went steadily forward, when they would fain they had stood still. Another dance, a few well-beloved Welsh airs on the dear Welsh harp, and all was over.

But there was the fair to-morrow, and more pleasure was anticipated by all but Rachel.

She, accompanied by William, slipped away first. They had not far to walk, therefore little was said ; but sometimes a great deal is conveyed in few words. William ventured to hint that if Rachel would be a little obstinate, maybe she needn't go to service after all; but Rachel, who was a good girl and a dutiful daughter, declared she would never go against her father's will in anything.

"But suppose——" began William, and hesitated.

"Suppose what, William?" inquired Rachel.

"Suppose he should insist upon your marrying somebody you didn't like?"

"Oh! he would never do that, William—and if he did—why——"

"Why what, Rachel? just say it out."

"Why I *couldn't* do that, William."

"Only say you *wouldn't*—just only say you wouldn't, dear Rachel."

"I do not think I would—but I am sure he will never ask me—no, he will never ask me."

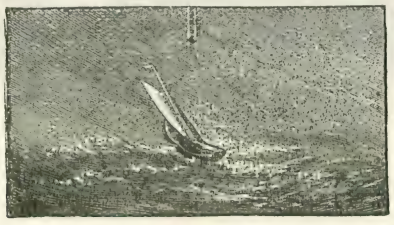
Rachel felt she scarcely knew how at William's little word "dear," for it was the first time since their childhood that he had so addressed her; and as they stood for a moment on the threshold of the door, she trembled all over. William held one hand, the other was on the latch of the door.

"One word—only one word, Rachel," he said. "If we could ever hope to get your father's consent, would you—could you think of me—would you promise me only——"

"Oh!" falteringly, but hastily, replied Rachel, "don't ask me—indeed, I don't know—I mustn't promise anything—it would be wrong—indeed, it would be wrong—but I will never think of anyone else, William—no, never—good-night, good-night, God bless you!"

Before William could add another word, the door was opened and Rachel disappeared.

(To be continued.)



DR. JOHNSON AND THE LADIES.

VERY various and contradictory accounts are given of Dr. Johnson's ways and words in the presence of the fair sex. His faithful biographer does not throw clear light on the matter. In the first place, Boswell did not know the Doctor till the year 1763, when he was more than 56 years of age ; and only occasionally was with him during the last twenty years of his life. Besides, his close attendance on Johnson was chiefly at the Club, or in taverns, while his chief purpose was to listen to the conversation, and record the table-talk. He saw less of Johnson than many other friends did in his home or in society. We must glean from other sources facts bearing on this point in his life and character.

The truth probably is, that Johnson's manner and speech towards ladies depended very much, as is the case with most men, on the temper he was in and on the character of those with whom he was in company. He could be very gracious, and he could be very rude. For instance, on one occasion there was a very shallow and talkative lady in the room, of whom he took little notice. "Why, Doctor," she said, "I believe you prefer the company of men to that of the ladies." "Madam," he replied, "I am very fond of the company of ladies ; I like their beauty, I like their delicacy, and I like their *silence*." On another occasion he went to drink tea and spend the evening at the house of Sir Joshua Reynolds. Miss Reynolds, on his entering the room, said, "See, Dr. Johnson, what a preference I give to your company, for I had an offer of a place in a box at the Oratorio to hear Miss Linley ; but I would rather sit with you than hear Miss Linley sing." "And I, madam," was his gallant reply, "would rather sit with you than sit upon a throne." He was not to be outdone even in a passing compliment!

Remarks have been made by ignorant writers as to his never having been in good society till he was far advanced in life. From his earliest years at Lichfield he was a favourite in the family of Mr. Gilbert Walmesley, whose house was the centre of most that was refined and cultured in his native city. Here he enjoyed the amenities of the best female society, of Mrs. Walmesley and her sisters, the daughters of Sir Thomas Aston, with other ladies of good position and education. In the struggling years of his literary life, and with the homely widow whom he made his wife, he may have lost much of his outward politeness, and acquired a certain roughness of manner, but his heart was as gentle and his ways as truly courteous as ever. Nothing could surpass the tender affection he showed to Mrs. Johnson, though much his senior in years, and this to the last hour of her life. His kind and considerate ways to the blind Mrs. Williams, and to the other poor or afflicted ladies who were generously allowed to be inmates of his house, were noticed with admiration by his friends. When he lived at Mr. Thrale's house at Streatham, his deferential courtesy to Mrs. Thrale, and to the guests invited to meet him, was always most marked, although he must soon have seen that his hostess was mainly moved by vanity, in having the great giant of letters attached to her train. Many anecdotes are told of the studious politeness and the delicate flattery he paid to ladies, with whom he was generally a favourite.

It depended, however, as we have already hinted, on what he thought of the character or principles of the ladies themselves. Mrs. Macaulay, the Republican historian, whose house was a place of resort for the learned, insisted on Johnson's frequent presence, notwithstanding the rude speeches and remarks the old Tory made to her. During the famous visit to Scotland, he came in contact with many ladies, even in the remote Hebrides, whose accomplishments and manners surprised and charmed him, and he has celebrated them in his Letters and in the Journal of his Tour. With Mrs. Boswell he was no favourite, but he made reparation in his subsequent letters for any offence he had given in smiling at her housewifely prattle, and dropping grease on her new carpet.

In his old age, when less seen in society, his quiet den in Bolt-court was not unfrequently invaded by curious visitors. The artist has humorously depicted one of these scenes, when two fair young ladies forced their way into his study, requesting leave to read there and then some complimentary verses. "Pooh, pooh, my dears. Tut, tut," was all the reply they got from the impatient Doctor. He no doubt looked as fierce as he could, and no doubt laughed heartily when he got rid of the clever interrupters of his studies. As a set-off to this artistic record, let us conclude by referring to another picture, which was on the walls of the Royal Academy this season, "Mrs. Siddons visiting Doctor Johnson." He received her with great cordiality, talked to her with much feeling, and took leave of her, as the artist shows, with most respectful politeness.

A WORKSHOP.

TOYDONIA; OR, THE LAND OF TOYS.

By Mrs. BREWER.

Part II.

I once had a sweet little doll, dears,
The prettiest doll in the world;
Her cheeks were so red and so white, dears,
And her hair was so charmingly curled.
But I lost my poor little doll, dears,
As I played in the heath one day;
And I cried for her more than a week, dears,
But I never could find where she lay.

I found my poor little doll, dears,
As I played in the heath one day;
Folks say she is terribly changed, dears,
For her paint is all washed away,
And her arms trodden off by the cows, dears,
And her hair not the least bit curled;
Yet for old sakes' sake she is still, dears,
The prettiest doll in the world.

Charles Kingsley.

The anxiety which parents feel on the introduction of their daughters to society is equally experienced by the Sonneberg toymakers when they send forth their beautiful dolls to bear the test of the world's scrutiny. They prepare them for their journey with the utmost care, laying them so carefully in their travelling carriage that neither land nor sea may be able to bruise their beautifully formed limbs, or soil their dainty dresses. Many a consultation has been held over their wardrobe, on which neither pains nor expense has been spared, for it is a matter of great moment to the toymakers that their work should be successful—their living and character depend upon it.

The toymakers are not ignorant of the fact that these dolls all have their special mission to fulfil in the various parts of the world whither they are sent; some in comforting sick and weary children, others in soothing the aching hearts of lonely motherless ones; some in helping the missionary to gain listeners among the heathen, others in drawing out the intellect which has lain dormant in the half-civilised, and in giving them an idea of affection and self-forgetfulness never experienced before. In a hundred ways these dolls will exert their influence lovingly and gently, carrying into every house they enter a ray of sunshine from their old home with the beautiful name (Sonneberg, Sun Mountain).

You may perhaps not have heard that a box of dolls is a very necessary part of a missionary's luggage. The heathen women will walk far and undergo pain and fatigue to gain possession of a doll; and it is the missionary's opportunity while giving or selling these toys to speak good words to the women, and thus sow seed which may some day grow up into life and beauty.

Let me tell you something which I saw as to the power of a doll. You may remember that some few years ago a couple of Aztecs were exhibited in London; they were a young man and woman called Max and Tola. The man was intelligent—the woman was good-looking, vain, and jealous, but not intelligent. I went to see them in their lodgings, having heard that Tola was ill. She was difficult to manage or rouse; she was stubborn and wilful. I took in with me a musical box, which delighted Max but bored Tola, so having done no good I left her. After a little thought I went to Mr. Cremer's and bought a wax doll, beautifully dressed, and with the clothes made to take off and on. The next day, therefore, I went armed with a slate and pencil for Max, and the doll for Tola; the former amused the young man, and with the last in my arms I sat down opposite Tola. She watched me with growing interest while I began to undress and redress the doll, but long before I had finished she was like a mad thing; she was down on her knees beseeching for the doll, which I gave her. She had never seen such a thing before, but she took it in her arms and moved it gently backwards and forwards, making a cooing noise over it and kissing it wildly. The effect of this doll upon her was wonderful; there was no difficulty now in obtaining obedience so long as she might keep it in her arms; in fact, they had to wash and dress her without taking the doll from her. A week later, I went to see her; the weather was cold and Tola ill. I found her with her feet on the fender sitting over the fire with the doll hugged tight in her arms; the wax was slowly melting, disfiguring face and limbs and dress, and Tola's tears mixing with the wax made it worse.

As I went into the room she looked at me with the saddest of faces, yet with a hope that I should in some way be able to help her, and finding that nothing was to be done but to take it from her, she was in despair. She held to her doll, however, until in the unconsciousness of fever we were able to take it from her and burn it, supplying its place with one more simple.

You, whose experience of dolls is limited to the time subsequent to their entrance into society, be my companions in Sonneberg, and with me see the dolls made, learn of what they are made, and make acquaintance with those who make them.

Very many toys are made here beside dolls, but we begin with these, as their manufacture is perhaps the most important, and occupies nearly two-thirds of the population.

On an average Sonneberg sells annually 100,000,000 dolls, including dressed and undressed. We naturally want to know of what these dolls are made, and where the material comes from for such an enormous supply.

The materials are of the commonest—viz., wood, papier-maché, and wax. The first is ready to hand in the forests surrounding Sonneberg; the second has to be made by the toy-makers of paper, chalk, dark meal, and glue water—the paper alone used in this com-

pound costs £50,000 a year; the third, which is wax, is obtained from the colonies and the districts in and about Thuringia; the amount used in a year being about 200 tons, and worth £600. Of course, in these days the dolls require elaborate heads of hair; these are made either of real hair, which is bought in Germany, or of mohair obtained in London, or of a white curly fur which is sent from Iceland. There are many other articles necessary to complete the dolls which we shall see later on, but these are the materials required for starting.

We shall be able to see the whole machinery of doll-making set in motion, as one of the large export firms have received orders from England and North America for some thousands of dozens of dolls of certain sizes, patterns, and dress at a fixed price. This price must not be exceeded even by a halfpenny a dozen if the merchant desires to retain his customers.

The first thing he does is to call one or two of the chief house industry workers, and give into their hands the orders and all the particulars necessary for the carrying them out, and they alone will be answerable to the merchant. The toy industry is, as you know, a divided work. There are two first groups of preparative workers, and there are the finishers. These three groups branch off into a large number of divisions and sub-divisions, and it is all these helpers who are now called together, each to receive his special work from the three first groups. There are the makers of wooden legs and arms, the papier-maché head makers, the makers of legs, arms and bodies, the moulders in wax, the leather and linen body makers, the stuffers of the same, the hair dressers, the makers of the bellows for the voices—the voice makers, the painters, the mixers of the ingredients, and several others which escaped our notice. Many of these people come from villages over the hills, and after obtaining their orders they go to the general shop and buy for themselves the materials for their work, starting well pleased for their five or six miles walk home. As soon as these various parts of the doll are completed they are packed in "schanzen," or peculiar baskets, and are carried to those from whom they received their orders by Liefer Mädchen — that is, girls who deliver them. The finishers now set about their work of putting the various parts together, which requires great skill and accuracy. This being done, they are laid most carefully in the baskets, and delivered by the Liefer Mädchen at the wholesale house, where the storers set down their value on the order paper, and the payment follows in the office. Although on every day of the week more or less of this delivering of the separate parts and finished articles may be seen, yet it is on Saturdays, from morn till eve, that the streets are filled with these girls and women bringing in their baskets containing the week's work of legs, arms, bodies, or heads, &c. It is one of the peculiar sights of Sonneberg, and well worth the seeing.

Before going on to see the house industry, let us go to one of the manufactories, where everything is done under one roof. By so doing we shall get a better idea of the division of labour. The first thing to be observed is that over the entrance of each room in a factory there is printed in large letters, "Zeit ist geld" —"Time is money."

On entering we observe men and women sitting at tables with various shaped moulds before them, into which they are pressing with their fingers sodden papier-maché till every corner is filled. These moulds are taken of good clay models, the work of first-rate artists, of various parts of the body, which for this purpose must be divided into halves. When the moulds are filled the forms are taken out and laid in small apertures of a tray, which has, perhaps, fifty such holes. Here the forms of legs, arms, and heads are left to dry and to harden. This room we find very hot, as a good fire is kept up winter and summer, not only to dry and harden the papier-maché forms, but to keep the cauldrons of wax boiling, into which the dried forms are dipped. These are the dolls which are said to be of wax, with papier-maché lining, quite a new invention, the first having been made in the middle of this century, and is considered the most successful of all the forms of manufacture.

The heads being dry, they are passed on to workers in an adjoining room, whose business it is to clear the sockets for the eyes with a small penknife, and then to fix the eyes from the inside. The eyes are not made here, but in Lauscha, which we hope to visit later. This done, the heads are passed on to men at another table, who paint the eyelashes and eyebrows black with a very fine brush. They are again passed on to men who touch up the cheeks and lips with delicate tints. The heads are now sent into the last room, occupied entirely by women and girls, whose occupation it is to make the wigs and fasten them to the heads. The tresses of hair are made by girls, who stretch the silk thread between two pegs, and on this knot, with wonderful dexterity, three or four hairs at a time, much as we make fringes for antimacassars; one girl can prepare and make as many as twenty yards a day if she be very diligent, and she is paid at the rate of one penny for three yards. These tresses are in some cases sewn on to canvas fitted to the head—in others the front fringe is glued on first and cut the proper length, then the back hair is glued on, and, lastly, a blue or pink ribbon is carefully put over the join to hide it. Some of the women were entirely occupied in dressing the hair with the tiniest of curling irons. Having seen the heads completed we go into another room, where the wooden and papier-maché legs and feet are being painted; into another where women alone are filling the linen bodies with sawdust, and at length into the finishers' room, where the joints and separate parts are all put together in the most masterly fashion, so that the limbs can be moved backward and forward, and the heads to turn round in the most coquettish manner; the eyes to open and shut (by means of an elastic attached inside), the pretty mouths made to say papa and mamma, and all by the simplest of mechanism. We saw in one of the show-rooms here the most beautiful doll I ever beheld. It was the perfection of art. The toy-makers call it a wax angel; it is not very tall, about two-thirds the length of this page, every part of it perfect. In the middle of the body a small musical-box is concealed; the hair and the wings are of spun glass, and the dress also made of spun glass woven into a sort of cross pattern, and as she floated hither and thither from an elastic thread, she sent forth the sweetest and softest of sounds. I certainly should have bought it, but that I feared the Custom House officers, in seeking for dynamite, might break or injure a creature so delicate.

We go now to the most important manufactory for the dressing of dolls. It is a very large building with many rooms, each having its special use and special workers. It is very

WORKGIRLS.

much like a grand Court dressmaker's in London, the difference being that it is ten times as large and its season is a continuous one.

An important room is that called the store-room; it contains large quantities of laces, ribbons, silks, satins, materials for underlinen, hats, stockings, boots and shoes, in fact, every requisite for dressing dolls in all conditions of life. Each article given out from this room is booked, together with its quantity and worth. In another room a woman and two girls are busy in cutting out underlinen, which they tie up in dozens to be made up partly in the house and partly out. The common blue and red dresses have also their cutters, who tie them up in packets of one or more dozens, and give them out to be made at the rate of two-pence a dozen. A smaller room is occupied by three people, who are engaged on the coarse muslin chemises for the common dolls. One girl pencils the pattern out on the white muslin, yard after yard, with a certain space between each pattern; a second girl cuts them out one by one, and a third ties them up in bundles of five dozens, which are sent out of the place to be made. These are all entered in a book in the most business-like manner.

For the underlinen and dresses of very small dolls one girl machines them, three or four dozen at a time, without breaking the thread, and a second girl machines the lace on in like manner.

At length we enter a very large room, in which many girls and women are occupied at various tables, some in making skirts, others bodices, all of rich material; at another, girls were simply trimming them. Then, again, the milliners occupied a table, and everything throughout this large room was being made in the latest fashion, and with as much care as if the articles were to be worn by live duchesses.

The dolls, being completely dressed, are laid on beds of paper cut very fine, over which pink or white carded wool is laid, and placed in chip or cardboard boxes. Every box is numbered and entered into a book, with description and price per dozen. Over the whole of this establishment is a lady who understands every part of the work, and manages to get as her workers most respectable, well-behaved girls. In this one establishment eighty-four women and girls are employed in the house, and 182 outside—making together 266. In other smaller establishments a further 120 are engaged in the dressing of dolls. Between the ages of fourteen and sixteen they earn from 3s. 6d. to 12s. a week for ten hours a day—if employed after seven o'clock extra pay is received. For most part of the year these girls work until ten at night, except on Mondays and Saturdays, when the days are short. Quite one-half of the girls occupied in the dressing of dolls are from the country, but all are respectable and well educated. I think I shall astonish you when I say that in this establishment alone about 5,000 yards of material are used every week, or 260,000 yards in a year, of the value of £10,000. Taking the smaller establishments as well, the number of yards used would be about 364,000 in a year, and the worth £16,000. The number of dolls these girls and women dress in a year averages from 150,000 to 200,000 dozen; taking the highest number, it would be 2,400,000 dolls in the year, or 6,575 a day. Doll dressing has only been carried on about fifty years. The owner of this very establishment was the first to start it, and it is now, as you see, a very important branch of the doll-making industry.

Sonneberg is also well known for what is called in the trade skin animals; they are mostly mechanical, and are covered with hair or fur, as the case may be. Some are made of wood and carved with a penknife, while others are formed exactly in the same way as the dolls—that is, of papier-maché, in separate parts and by distinct makers. The covering of some few of the animals puzzled me; it seemed to fit absolutely, without a wrinkle, and this was the way it was done. A man took an elephant, for example, which was complete as to form, and painted it black with oil paint, and while wet he shook over it what looked like greyish sand, but which in reality was ground wool. When this was dry the covering of the animal was perfect. This ground wool is kept in a variety of shades to suit the animals it is intended to cover.

Most of the Sonneberg animals are capable of uttering the sounds peculiar to them in life, and with the movement of the body so absurdly true to Nature that we could scarcely believe them to be mere toys. The noise was deafening as every creature sent forth its cry, and great was our surprise to notice how extremely simple the mechanism was in every case—merely two thin pieces of metal. While standing in this finishing room our minds went back to Caleb Plummer in the "Cricket on the Hearth." Do you remember him?

"You couldn't have the goodness to let me pinch Boxer's tail, mum, for half a moment, could you?"

"Why, Caleb, what a question!"

"Oh, never mind, mum, he mightn't like it, perhaps. There's a small order just come in for barking dogs, and I should like to go as close to natur' as I could for sixpence. That's all; never mind, mum."

Would he not have been delighted to see the art of toy-making brought to such perfection as here, in Sonneberg, and would he not have made a picture of what he saw for the benefit of his blind daughter!

The skins used for covering the animals come from all countries, and are bought at the Leipsic Fair. The value of those used in the Sonneberg district yearly averages £5,000.

A branch which has grown out of the original toy industry is the making of masks. This is a speciality of Sonneberg, and one that is gradually increasing in importance. The process is the same as in doll-making; a like material is used; an equal variety in finish and quality is observed, and the same division of labour is necessary to complete it. The show-room of this factory is not a pleasant place. Fancy hundreds of these masks in every phase of grotesqueness looking at you with grinning, winking, or malicious expression, and catching your eye whichever way you turn.

We must not forget one of the earliest forms of the toy industry—viz., the manufacture of wooden toys, such as little violins, trumpets, and post-horns. It is entirely a house industry, but, unfortunately, it is gradually decreasing in importance; the class of toy is going out of fashion, and it scarcely pays to make them; but, being an hereditary occupation, it is held to as long as the work will procure the scantiest of daily necessaries. The makers of these wooden toys live mostly on the mountains, and, as a rule, they are very poor. They work from sunrise to midnight, every member of the family lending a helping hand; and when they have completed a dozen violins of two-span long, finished with strings and bows, the payment is only two shillings per dozen, out of which the materials, wood, paint, glue, strings, and horsehair have to be paid. Every violin must pass through the hand seventy-five times ere it is complete. The making of the little post-horns is, perhaps, paid least of all. The price depends upon that of wood; the makers sometimes getting three shillings for twenty-five dozen, while at others he gets the same sum for forty-eight dozen. In every case the maker finds the material. To make 4,680 dozen of these little post-horns 136 cubit feet of wood are required.

The articles requisite for the turning out of dolls and other toys complete in the Sonneberg district are shirting for dolls' chemises, textile stuffs of all kinds, braids, and laces for the dolls' dresses, wax, stearine, paraffin, paper, chalk, glue, colours,* mohair, cloth, varnish, bronze, paper lace, pasteboard, sheep leather, wool, skin, fur, tinsel, wire,† lead, tin, musical boxes, music work, strings, elastic, thread, and articles for decorating. Besides these there are the requisites for packing the toys, such as paper, cardboard, pack-thread, sheet zinc for the boxes, oilcloth, wax paper, and the boxes. These materials, which are mostly obtained from outside the district, amount annually on an average to £250,000.

Private statistics show that out of every hundred toys sent out of Sonneberg into other parts of Germany and England, seventy are of a common kind, twenty-five are of a middle quality, and five of a very fine quality. Other countries who raise the import duty on toys according to weight cannot be taken into account, as they make the importing of common toys into their midst almost an impossibility.

As you will have perceived, the making of toys in Sonneberg is no easy task, but demands of the toymaker a knowledge of science, a good education, patience, and, above all, a love of his work. This last is noticeable in a great degree. Even the very cheap toys are so carefully and skilfully made as to render them important agents in the education and training of children, and it shows what has already been achieved by the toymakers in improving the taste of the young of this age that a low class of toy does not attract in the least.

These people—men, women, and children whose whole lives are devoted to toy-making—are, as a rule, well educated and intelligent, and if they were not also industrious and sober, they would not be able to maintain their independence, of which they are so proud, nor would they be able to support themselves and their families at the small rate of wage which labour can obtain.

Great fault has been found with the crowded state of their living rooms, and with the want of cleanliness observed there. I agree to the first, but not to the second, and I am speaking from knowledge, as I am in and out the houses all day long. Crowded they certainly are. It is quite a common thing to find seven or eight people working in a small room at the various parts of a toy, and with a hot stove in their midst, necessary for the melting of material, the drying of the articles, and the cooking of the daily food, which consists mostly of coffee and potatoes; but both people and room are clean, the latter always made bright with flowers and singing birds. The number of young children in every house is amazing. Let me instance one house out of many that I am allowed to go in and out. The master is a young man, a maker of comical toys, which he turns out in the most dainty and finished manner. There are ten people working in the one moderate-sized room, including himself, his wife, and eldest child. There are, besides, three little children crawling about the room, from one to four years of age, and one in the cradle, cared for by a grandmother. They work from early morning till late at night, and all are cheerful and clean. Of course it is hot and stuffy, but that cannot be helped. These toy-makers are so heavily weighted by their large families, the dear way in which they buy their materials, and the small price they obtain for the finished articles, that they do not often save enough money to buy a house or a potato field, but it is done sometimes, and when they are so fortunate they only retain a small portion for themselves and let the rest, so that it

* The yearly use of white colour alone amounts to over 4,000 cwts.; that of glue and other colours is still more considerable.

† The wire comes from Rhineland.

does not make the crowding less. The rent of the best houses in Sonneberg, containing five or six rooms, is about £30 a year, and for a couple of rooms in the least good houses a workman must pay from £4 to £7 a year.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

AMANUENSIS, P. O. H. S. G., AN ORPHAN GIRL, A. D., DAISY, JAM TART, L. L. D., SLATE AND PENCIL.—See the article "Work for All," page 25, vol. v., for information on all examinations, and at page 518, vol. v., for information in reference to clerks in the Civil Service.

ISOLDA had better manage to live with her stepmother while she is so young, and prepare herself for some examination, or for entering the medical profession. See "Work for All," page 119, vol. v.—"Medicine."

CAMBERWELL has given no name. We never advise any of our English girls to go abroad. Before doing so they should write to Miss Leigh, 77 Avenue Wagram, Paris, who has resided there many years, and well knows the hardships they suffer.

CHUGY (U. S. America) is advised to write to the Secretary, *Women's* Emigration Society, Carteret-street, Queen Anne's Gate, S.W., for full information. Has she read Mrs. Brewer's articles in THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER lately.

A CAREFUL ONE.—The Governesses' Benevolent Institution, 32, Sackville-street, W., appears to be what you need.

CATHERINE CROOKER.—There is no regular training nor school for making either barristers or solicitors, if that be what you mean by your question. The latter enters a solicitor's office for five years, generally pays a premium and stamp duty—£80 we believe, and lastly passes his examinations before the Law Society. In America barristers and solicitors are united. We suppose the process would be the same there as here.

A WOULD-BE SCHOLAR, L. C.—We have read your enclosures carefully; they are very fair examples of school compositions, but nothing more. There is no difficulty in your case, for there is a committee in connection with the Society of Arts in Bolton, at the Mechanics' Institute, and also at the Church Institute, St. Luke's Parsonage. The examinations are held in April, fee 2s. 6d., no limit of age. There is also a free library and a school of art at Bolton.

FINETTE. — Our best method of answering your question is to refer you to our article on "The Duties of Governesses." Your writing is good, but scarcely formed.

HOUSEKEEPING.

HOUSEKEEPING ON £250 A YEAR.—"Justice" writes to say that she thinks it very hard for servants to have to breakfast on bread and butter at 1s. 2d. a pound; she thinks an egg or a rasher should be allowed. She says that many servants go to their work without eating any breakfast, and adds that where beer is not given, something nourishing should be had in its stead. She wishes the writer of the paper to try a bread-and-butter breakfast for a month. In reply, the writer states that she has tried it all her life. As to butter at 1s. 2d. a pound, "Justice" is not aware that a lady who goes to a shop regularly and pays cash, is probably served with the same butter as her neighbour who takes credit pays a higher price for. I should think a servant who could not eat her breakfast unfit for work; she should see a doctor, and I feel certain her mistress would give her what he ordered. Then as to breakfast, every housekeeper knows how often she has to order things "to be finished for breakfast." Our servants frequently have something, but, were it the rule, I should be obliged daily to order a special breakfast for the kitchen, which I could not afford. I do not think "Justice" can be a cook, or she would know how little those breakfasts that look well on paper are in reality. With regard to beer, it is not taken for the nourishment it contains, but is often ordered because it helps food to nourish. Were "Justice" a housekeeper she would know that the consumption of other things is often larger in households where no beer is drunk. I am frequently told by servants that they "eat more now they have no beer." Another correspondent writes to complain that the servants dine after the family on Sundays, and suggests that it is better to cut their dinners off and send them down on plates to keep warm. I can only say my servants would not like it if I carved for them. As it is, we keep the dish covered over; cook has her plates hot; she keeps back plenty of gravy and vegetables. They say their dinner is always quite hot, and that if it were not they could put the joint in the oven for a few minutes. The same writer says, why not lentil soup on Friday instead of potato? She forgets this is only one Friday out of 52. Presumably she would not give lentil soup every Friday. Much has been said in praise of lentils, but practically there is nothing people get so soon tired of; even the poor, for whom we make soup, prefer peas, barley, rice, or anything else. They so soon tire of the flavour of lentils, that I only use them now and then. Again, the correspondent says, "The lady has one very objectionable practice where young servants are kept, and that is to allow the back door to be used for the receipt of milk, bread, etc." In reply, I can only say that, as I have respectable, well-conducted servants, I trust them as much as if they were members of my family. I would not keep a servant a week if I did not trust her. I am sure that trusting often makes worthy of trust. To avoid the chance of its being forgotten, our back door is locked at seven and the key hung in sight on the dresser. For the rest, my servants are very happy, and I never have to give a short character. MARY POCOCK.

MISCELLANEOUS.

POLLY.—The following is a good cement for mending fossils:—Take one part of finely-powdered white sugar, three parts of starch, and four parts of gum-arabic. Rub them all together in a marble mortar, and then mix them with water, added gradually, a very little at a time, until the mixture becomes as thick as melted glue. Then cork the cement tightly in a bottle. For mending shells, take of gum-arabic two thirds, of sugar-candy one third, and mix with some white lead. Remember that the latter is poisonous.

MAY CASTLE.—Say, "Two are," not "Two is." No visitors are received in an editor's office except on literary business connected with the office. We are glad that you so much appreciate our serial stories.

A DEEPLY-ATTACHED READER is warmly thanked for so gracious and grateful a letter, and her kindly-expressed approval of our summer number.

AGRICOLA.—Possibly you might obtain a grant of some bibles and prayer-books from the British and Foreign Bible Society; but you must make your own application and take your chance of success.

AN ANXIOUS INQUIRER gives no information respecting her attainments, circumstances, place of residence, age, condition in life, nor whether she have friends or relatives in any business in which they might give her employment. Under these circumstances, how could an editor, an utter stranger to her, give her any advice as to "earning money?"

JEANNE C.—The word "barbican" is derived from the Latin *barbicana*, and means the advanced work defending the entrance of a city. This fortification was often large, and had a ditch and a drawbridge of its own. The present quarter in the City of London is built on the site of one of the defences of the ancient city. Unmarried women are not required by custom to give fees to the men-servants of the families whom they visit. They give to the housemaid, and if there he a parlourmaid they may give something to her also. For all information on this subject, see "Good Breeding, as Shown in Receiving Hospitality," in the April number, 1884, page 363.

MILLIE MARTIN.—We thank you for the local information with which you have so kindly obliged us.

H. A. PICKERING.—Accept our thanks for the recipe for making good tea, which you obtained from a friend at Liège, who signs herself "Mater," and has our best acknowledgments also.

PEARL.—Whitby and New Filey, both on the sea-coast of Yorkshire, might suit you. They appear to be bracing in climate, with good sands, and are inexpensive, comparatively.

A MIDDY'S SISTER.—We know of no safer way than the Post Office, unless you send by one of the many parcels' expresses.

INQUIRER.—You would find it the wisest plan to take the locket and hair to some good jeweller, and tell him what you require.

JANE EYRE.—We advise you strongly to consult a doctor, as your health requires attention at once.

M. S. and A PUPIL TEACHER.—We can only imagine that the digestion is wrong in both cases, and that exercise, bathing, and a tonic are requisite. Consult a doctor and try to "worry" as little as possible.

M. G. P.—Clothes for distribution may be sent to the office of the Poor Clergy Relief Society, 36, Southampton-street, Strand, W.C.

ALICE.—Flies cannot be exterminated, but you may keep the house free from them by keeping the rooms as dark as possible, and the windows shut in the middle of the day when the sun is hot. Chilblains appear to depend on the general health, in a great measure, and are also produced by insufficiency of warm clothing and nourishing, heat-producing food. Attend to these points, and take plenty of exercise and bathing.

D'AREY.—The passion-flower is so named from a fanciful resemblance to the various articles connected with the Passion or Crucifixion of our Lord.

ESTHER S. MITCHELL.—We do not know. You could write yourself to the address and inquire.

ROUNDHEAD.—The 9th July, 1867, was a Tuesday. The name Charles means "strong, manly, noble-spirited."

PERPLEXED. — If the clergyman were an old and intimate friend, there would be nothing remarkable in it.

NORA O'NEILL.—China is called the Celestial Empire because its first emperors were all credited with being celestial deities.

DENVER.—Napoleon Buonaparte died at Longwood, in the Island of St. Helena.

GIRLIE.—Consult a doctor. Do you wear high-heeled boots and shoes?

OLIVIETTE.—The feather flowers might be improved by shaking them carefully in a basin of white flour or bran.

K. C.—Pearls are supposed to signify purity, and also tears. The ruby means love.

SCOTIA.—We are thankful indeed to hear that our paper had been of such service to you in finding out the "one thing needful." Your handwriting is very good and legible. We do not know of such a book as the one you name.

A FUTURE MUSICIAN.—There are several students' homes in London. Russell House, Tavistock-square, W.C.; principal, Miss Cail (28s. to 33s. per week). College Hall for Women Students, 1, Byng-place Gordon-square; principal, Miss Grove; and Nos. 4, and 5, Brunswick-square, W.C. Any of these are safe and suitable homes for a young lady.

E. M. G.—"The Convict Ship" is by T. K. Harvey; "The Female Convict to her Infant," by Thomas Dale. The 2nd April, 1869, was a Friday.

A. L. LANE.—Many thanks for the verses. We regret that they are not suitable to our pages. The attempt is creditable.

EDITH E. SAYERS.—We have read your letter with great sympathy, and we think you a brave girl to have worked so successfully at the competition when you are such an invalid. The tone of your letter is so very uncomplaining that we feel sure this trial is being blessed to you.

A. H. E. and J. H. P. E.—No especial food is required for a tortoise. Put it in a garden, and see that it cannot escape, and it will feed itself.

LADY KATE.—We think you are "reaping what you have sown," and we are very sorry for you. We suppose your sister will go away from home when she is married, and if so, you need not go; but until then, feeling as you do, it will be the wisest course to "seek safety in flight."

AMY.—Where there is a doubt on so serious a subject as marriage, you had better consult a lawyer. We do not know enough of the case to advise you.

A DOCTOR'S DAUGHTER.—We suppose by your inquiry you allude to the tradition that Sodom and Gomorrah were submerged in the Dead Sea. But this does not seem to be the story of Josephus, for he holds that the Valley of Sodom (not the town) became the Dead Sea; while in the 6th century Clement Justin Martyr and Antoninus speak of the ruins and the ashes, and say nothing of the submergence.

ARVONIA.—We know of nothing to help you, but a surgeon might do something. We are much obliged for the recipe.

A SCOTCH LASSIE must use some kind of insect powder, which can be obtained at most grocers.

CAROLINE.—The flushing, etc., may proceed from your weak digestion, perhaps.

DOROTHY MARGARET.—The rule you quote, to avoid milk, butter, sugar, bread, and potatoes, is what Mr. Banting recommended, and, excepting that you should have a special cook for yourself, there is no difficulty in following it. A recent authority recommends the constant use of whole-meal bread. "Doctors differ, and patients die!"

TUFF.—We are told that *bathing in hot water*, with plenty of washing soda in it, gives great relief when the rheumatism is in the joints. The 28th June, 1867, was a Friday.

APRIL'S CHILD.—We do not think Hood ever wrote a poem of the name you give, as we cannot find it in a complete edition of his works.

A TROUBLED ONE.—There is no fee due for baptism, and a person of your age, who takes the vows on herself, does not need sponsors—only witnesses of the ceremony.

KENTISH GIRL.—The population of the world is roughly estimated at one thousand millions of souls. According to Rawlinson, Camden Professor Ancient History, Oxford, the earth is capable of supporting with food ten times its existing inhabitants.

PANSY.—A definition of the terms you name has been given. That of "Tory" is traced to the Gaelic words, *Tar a ri*, "Come O king," continually used by the Irish Royalists in reference to Charles II. See an article by Mr. G. Olans Borrow in the *Norfolk Chronicle*, 1832. The term "Conservative" owes its origin to Canning, in a speech made at Liverpool, 1820. Ten years after, the *Quarterly Review* said, "The Tory, which might with more propriety be called the Conservative party." The term "Liberal" is derived from a periodical so called, setting forth anti-Conservative sentiments in religion as well as politics, and edited by Lord Byron and some of his friends. That of "Radical" may be traced to Hunt and Cartwright, who agitated to obtain "a radical reform in Parliament."

KIT.—1. You cannot clean those you name. 2. A wire brush will darken the hair.

IOLANTHE.—Rowing would strengthen the hands, we should imagine, and so render them better able to play the pianoforte, though not immediately after the exercise.

USELESS. — The "Addled Parliament" was held between April 5, 1614, and June 7, 1615. It was so called because it remonstrated with the king on his levying "benevolences," but passed no acts. The "Mad Parliament" was held in the reign of Henry III., 1258, and was so called on account of its opposition to the king. It made him confirm Magna Charta, and appointed twenty-four of its own members, with Simon de Montfort as president, to administer the Government.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY.—The 14th of May, 1868, was a Thursday. We are gratified by your kind letter.

M. PHILLIS.—Letter acknowledged. List already given.

J. G. B.—If you read the answers we give to correspondents, you would see that your query was many times answered. Write to Mr. Tarn. An editor has nothing to do with the publishing department.

DISGRACEFUL LETTER-WRITER.—1. If you bathe after breakfast, it should be a couple of hours after it, that the process of digestion may be finished. If strong, and experience prove that bathing before breakfast agrees with you, it might be preferable to afterwards, supposing the day to be fine. But persons who are not strong might find it trying. We know nothing of your constitution and present state of health. 2. Boil the small shell-fish you name, and they will come out easily. The shells are pierced with a red-hot darning-needle, held with a small pair of flat pliers.

DIE NORDISCHE EDELTANE.—We rejoice in being able to include friends and correspondents of all nationalities amongst "our girls," and thank you for your kind and gratifying letter. Write to Mr. Tarn, 56, Paternoster-row, London, E.C., and send him a money order from your own post-office to the amount of seven shillings and sixpence. This will pay for the twelve monthly numbers and for the postage. He will send them to you direct. If you want the extra summer and Christmas numbers, which are sixpence each, you must tell him so. Your handwriting is very pretty.

ALLIE.—Lake dwellings were not peculiar to Switzerland. They existed at a later date in Ireland; as, for instance, that at Ardakillin Lough, Roscommon, which in 1567 was a fort occupied by the rebel Sir Phelim O'Neil. There it was believed that he kept his treasures, money, and plate, as well as his prisoners. These lake dwellings are called "crannoges" in the "Annals of the Four Masters." There were others in the South of Scotland, and in various parts of Europe, and they are in use in certain of the half-civilised islands of the present day.

SUNDAY-CLASS TEACHER. — There are flying-serpents, as well as flying-fish. The former abound in Arabia; but, we believe, are not to be found elsewhere.

NANCY LEE.—You may clear your vegetable garden of the wireworm by means of frogs. They will also dispose of the slugs, caterpillars, and beetles, and do no harm to what you wish to preserve.

M. F. B.—We do not undertake to give recommendations of books not published by ourselves. Go to a good educational library, and obtain advice from other students. Your writing is legible and neat.

MARIE.—Canada and the United States would be unfavourable to your views, as a governess desiring employment. You would have a far better chance in Australia or New Zealand. Write for information and advice to the Women's Emigration Society, 4, Carteret-street, Queen Anne's Gate, S.W.

A WORKING GIRL.—Your writing is very creditable to you. It is quite a pretty hand. If you have no time to study on your hard-worked week-days, and no books to read if you had, we can only suggest your procuring from Mr. Tarn, at our publishing office, a charming book called "The Bible Cyclopædia," by Dr. Eadie. It is illustrated, and the information it contains is of a very varied character and full of interest.

DISHEARTENED.—Try to make the lessons more agreeable and entertaining to your pupil. If you do, the child will invite you to begin the same time every morning. He will not need even to be called. Begin with maps, and tell him stories about every country and people. Do not begin with spelling and calculations. Have a book of natural history, and show him pictures of the animals that inhabit each respectively.

A WILD ROSE.—We believe that the oldest, or at least amongst the most ancient churches in England, is St. Martin's, the mother church of Canterbury. It existed previously to the coming of St. Augustine, or that of the Saxons, being a British Christian chapel. It was given to Queen Bertha and her French Bishop Luidhard, and was then called after the popular Saint Martin of Tours. Portions of the walls are of the original Roman bricks, with mortar composed of pulverised brick introduced into them. The church is kept in repair and has been employed up to the present day. Another very ancient church is that of Dover Castle, also in use. It is traditionally ascribed to our first Christian King Lucian, but may only have been built on the site of a former edifice, as the most ancient portions extant date to the middle of the 7th century. It is Saxon in part, and the remainder Norman, but the portal and window arches match those of the Roman tower. The walls are interspersed with Roman bricks and tiles.

MIGNONETTE.—The tale entitled "'Twas in a Crowd" will be found on page 216, vol. i. The 26th December, 1860, was a Wednesday.

KITTY CLOVER will find that we have very recently repeated our advice as to the care of gold fish.

WOULD-BE "M. D."—You ought to consult a medical man as to the cause of the swelling of which you complain, and do not stand more than you can avoid. It gratifies us to hear that our paper has been of spiritual assistance to you.

SYRINGA. — Possibly lying down in the daytime regularly for a certain time might conduce to your growth, as being confined to bed during illness has been known to do so in the case of young people, and over-fatigue would naturally have a contrary effect.

BOOK-WORM.—You might read Sir Walter Scott's works and those by the author of "John Halifax, Gentleman," Miss Muloch—now Mrs. Craik. Your writing is coarse and large, and the light and heavy strokes are reversed, respectively.

NONA LISA.—You have adopted the name of a personage in one of the stories of Boccaccio, an Italian author of celebrity.

E. H. C.—Write for all you require to our publishing office (56, Paternoster row, E.C.) addressing Mr. Tarn. You do not read our "Answers to Correspondents," or you would have seen this reply dozens of times already.

HIT.—We have not purchased the patent of his "Fruit Salt" from Mr. Eno, and thus we cannot supply you with it. Elder flowers can be made into a sort of tea or decoction, very good for the bathing of the eyes. To distil them, you would require a proper still, and would have a duty to pay upon it.

NIFF.—We have no idea, and can therefore offer no suggestions, as to how a girl who writes and expresses herself as Miss Niff does, could "make money." She must patiently endeavour to improve her education, as the first step to be taken to such an end.

POKA NOSA speaks of our correspondence as a very possible "hoax;" we therefore decline answering her question. She will, however, have the satisfaction of seeing her name in print.

NEGLECTED GIRL. Bathe your wrist in cold vinegar water, and keep it bandaged for a time. Our answers are given gratuitously, so cannot be indignantly claimed as a right. Endeavour to be polite when you address us, even if you have had no training in good breeding, and write small round-hand copies, and your writing will soon improve.

FLOSSIE L.—The Latin phrase *rara avis* means "rare bird." You have our best thanks for your kind letter. You write a good hand. Robert Schumann died in the year 1856. He was born in 1810. You write very well, but your pen was bad, as the light and heavy strokes were reversed.

BLUE EYES and SNOWDROP.—We cannot continue indefinitely to answer questions relating to the complexion, but refer you to our indexes for "Sunburn" and "Freckles," etc.

LADY PSYCHE.—Accept our thanks for your kind letter. March 2nd, 1866, was a Friday.

HOPEFUL LASSIE.—We thank you for your kind letter and expressions of satisfaction with our paper. Your handwriting is legible, but too irregular. The tops and tails do not bear a suitable proportion to the small body of the letters.

G. J. M.—Go to a surgical instrument maker for the "chest expanders," or perhaps you might obtain them at an indiarubber goods shop.

LILIAN.—How, do you suppose, can we be acquainted with the private arrangements made by any particular tradesman with the assistants he engages? You must inquire for yourself.

CARRIE.—It is quite true that toads are found alive in stones broken in quarries, strata of coal and limestone, and lizards and snakes also. But Professor Buckland says that if no apparent communication have existed between the cavity and the outside of the stone, one must have been closed up by stalactitic incrustation after the creature had grown too large for exit. Life will exist in these reptiles to a period under two years in porous stone, supposing them to have been well fed before incarceration, as demonstrated by a series of experiments. Even a thin plaster of Paris casing is permeable to air sufficiently to maintain life, while in a torpid state, for thirteen months. Very minute insects will enter almost imperceptible cavities, as well as air and moisture. The white and acid fluid contained in the protuberances at the back of the toad's head is certainly poisonous. If pressed it will jet out from them. But this forms no objection to keeping the animals in a greenhouse or garden to rid them of ants, slugs, and beetles.

FIDELIA.—You will obtain all particulars of an "early-rising and walking society," as well as a "handwriting society," on application to the Hon. Sec., Miss Ellman, Berwick Rectory, Sussex. Bear in mind that the weightiest question is, what and how much you do when you are up.

CLIVE.—You would find all you require in an encyclopedia, or a good biographical dictionary.

TOPSY TURVY (Australia).—We are glad to accept your kind offer of a contribution towards our "Girl's Own Home." You can send it to us by Post Office order.

SEA NYMPH should send the parcel of clothing to the Lady Superintendent, East London Hospital for Children, Shadwell, London, E.

MARY, A "RUSHENITE."—The two triangles interlaced one with the other, forming six points or angles, are an emblem of very ancient Egyptian origin, and have reference to a Divine Trinity. The 25th of September, 1857, was a Friday. We thank you for your kind proposal to send us some knitting and crochet recipes. Send some small worked examples with them, that we may see whether we have given them already.

MOUNTFORT.—Any chemist would take out the stopper of a scent bottle for you. A small wooden appliance, also, is sold for that purpose, to be used as a lever, supplied with holes of different sizes, into which the stoppers may be fitted respectively. A little oil poured round the stopper at its junction with the bottle will help to loosen it.

MEG.—We do not know of any "simple remedy for bowed legs." If the patient be a child, there is a Free Hospital for Sick Children at Sheffield, at Western Bank, where you might get advice.

TEWKESBURY.—Prince Alexander of Hesse-Darmstadt married the Countess Julia Von Haucke, Oct. 28th, 1851. She was the daughter of the late Count Haucke, formerly Minister of War in Poland. She was first created Countess of Battenburg, and in 1858 was raised by her brother-in-law, the Grand Duke Louis III., to the dignity of a princess, a title which is also borne by her children. Princess Edward of Saxe-Weimar, a General in the British Army, married the Lady Augusta Gordon Lennox in 1851. She was a sister of the present Duke of Richmond and Gordon, and has been created Countess Von Dornberg by the reigning Grand Duke. These were both "morganatic" marriages.

A VICTORIAN GIRL is much thanked for her letter. 1. Do not singe your hair yourself, excepting so far as burning the extreme end of a thick coil in the candle. Hair dressers of long experience in singeing may safely pass a jet of gas or a small lighted wax taper up and down the surface of the hair to catch the ends of the shorter growths, but we do not advise you to risk destroying your own or your friend's hair by attempting to do it yourself. 2. All birds capable of imitating sounds should be taught in a dark room, where they can see nothing to distract their attention. Not more than three consecutive words should be taught at a time, and these must be patiently repeated until learnt.

CLOUDED SKY might possibly find a situation as companion if she looked for advertisements in some religious paper, or advertised in one, without having had a university education.

BOATING CLUB.—Consult our indexes.

VOL. VI.—No. 257. NOVEMBER 29, 1884. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

SEVEN YEARS FOR RACHEL;

OR,

WELSH PICTURES SKETCHED FROM LIFE.

By ANNE BEALE.

CHAPTER VIII.

HOLLANTIDE FAIR.

KNOCK after knock, knock after knock, strike the hammers, from six o'clock in the morning till ten, waking all the inhabitants of our town from their peaceful slumbers, whilst a long line of booths gradually arises, extending down the street and round the churchyard wall. Not a wink of sleep can be procured in such a din, worse than the noise of twenty blacksmiths' forges. But then, who cares to sleep on a fair's day? Only the most apathetic people in the world, and as to them, why, it is a very good work to awake them; so knock, knock, knock away, ye noisy, industrious souls, and let us have the pleasure of gazing, as soon as possible, on the finery which your booths will assuredly display.

It is fortunate that our High-street is broad as well as steep, or the double line of booths would be in danger of accidents from the number of people who flock to a Hollantide fair. Farmers, their wives, their sons, their daughters, their servants, and their cattle; labourers, and their families; shopkeepers, innkeepers, gamekeepers, and all other kinds of keepers but turnpike-gate keepers, who are fully occupied in taking toll; servants of every denomination; children of all ages. In short, the whole population for miles round crowd into the little town, and choke its streets. Some arrive at one hour and some at another, so there is a constant flux and reflux of people. But twelve o'clock appears to be the hour for a general gathering, and at twelve o'clock all is motion, bustle, noise, and confusion. The mingled sound of Welsh guttural and laughter arises out of a black stream of hats. Men and women, all much of the same height, and none of them children of Anak, sport hats of every shape and dimension, which form, as you look down upon them, a broad,

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WAITING TO BE HIRED AS SERVANTS.

black, and level surface. They plod and stare along, jostling one another without respect to sex or person. They are merry enough, however—very unlike in this their unfortunate cattle here assembled.

Never did poor beasts look more out of place, or more sick and disgusted than the blackamoors ranged along by the churchyard wall. They stand upon the pavement, packed as closely as figs in a drum, and look with longing eyes at the grass on the other side. With their eyes half closed from fatigue, and their noses extended towards the herbage, they seem unable even to chew the cud, and are utterly heedless of the bartering and falsehood going on behind them. Their only diversion is a rub of the nose against the rough wall, or a poke from their master's or their master's boy's long stick, at which they can only whisk a harmless tail; gin and gingerbread have no charms for them, and a bundle of sweet hay is a hopeless dream.

As to the buyers and sellers, who are the same all the world over, they buy as cheaply and sell as dearly as they possibly can, taking every means to dupe and overreach one another. You will see them haggle and separate, and then meet again; clap one another on the shoulder, look knowingly into each other's face, then on the ground, and finally shake their sticks at one another in a friendly-quarrelsome sort of a way.

How cunningly that short, sagacious-looking farmer, with his hat on one side, keeps one eye on his twenty cows and the other on the men who are examining them. With what a tone he says, "Fine beast that! fat I'll warrant him!" and with what a sneer that comfortable-looking brother farmer replies, "I've seen fatter by a deal."

"Dear now! say so, sir?" retorts the owner of the fat cow; "see the flesh there is about his bones."

"Humph!" is the pithy answer of the comfortable gentleman, as he passes on to another beast.

"Dan, mind the cattle," screams the master; at which a small boy rushes out of an opposite booth with a piece of gingerbread in his hand, and looks considerably alarmed as he begins to poke the twenty cows with a large stick by way of making up for lost time.

"You young rascal, you—I'll teach you———" are the words that attend his praiseworthy exertions; but the rest of the sentence is cut short by the speaker's perceiving the comfortable-looking farmer feeling another fat cow, which occasions him to change his tone and say—

"Ah! there's a cow for a show, sir! I'll back her against any cow in the Principality."

I almost think the comfortable gentleman decides upon purchasing the said fat cow, but the sudden sound of a bell makes everybody look round, to hear what the crier can possibly have to say for himself.

"Oyez, oyez! this is to give notice that there are pickpockets in the fair, and to recommend all who have money to take care of it."

In an instant every hand is in some pocket or other. Pocket-books and purses are eagerly felt for, and a grin of satisfaction is visible on a hundred faces when the filthy lucre is discovered to be safe. One or two pocket-handkerchiefs, however, are missing, and a sudden murmur runs up the street, importing a heavier loss somewhere. "Five pounds, five pounds," is the burden of the sound; and it is ascertained that a farmer has lost that sum. Poor man! there he is, looking woe-begone, and bewailing his misfortune. His circumstances cannot be over prosperous, if we may judge from his evident distress at the loss he has sustained.

Poor man! everyone gives him a breath of pity, but no one is generous enough to attempt to replace his loss, which immediately passes from every mind but his own.

This is the world: the crier's bell is soon drowned by the drum and horns of the large yellow show, which surmount the din, and take attention by both ears. Who could resist that splendid painting which covers the whole front of the show, and exhibits a lady infinitely larger than life, and a gentleman infinitely smaller? Who but would "Walk up" to see the two young ladies with pink eyes, long silky white hair, and skins whiter than the driven snow? No little boys and girls who have threepence in store, and few grown-up children who can spare sixpence have courage to refuse their money for so tempting a sight. Besides, beautiful as is the picture, it is as nothing compared with the originals; the which fact the proprietor is anxious to impress upon his auditors by descriptive praises.

But the eloquence of this Demosthenes, great as it undoubtedly is, is much inferior to that of one of his contemporaries, who stands a short way off exhibiting a penny peep-show, and whose oratory alone is well worth the penny which he modestly asks for his whole interesting exhibition. He is an ancient little man, with white hair, a thin, knowing face, small grey eyes, and a shabby suit of black, who speaks with no Welsh accent. He stands flourishing a short stick, and addresses the admiring crowd around him with that air of modest assurance which at once declares him master alike of his profession and himself.

"Now, my dear little boys and girls," he begins, pointing to six or eight round dirty glasses inserted in a large square box, which is elevated upon four legs; "now, my little dears, if you look into them small winders, you'll see prettier sights than ever you see afore. Fifteen shillings apiece them glasses cost me, and they magnifies everything—that is, makes everything look bigger, till what's inside becomes as large as life. The circus as was here the other day is nothing to it: and you was obleeged to pay your shillings, whilst I only charges a penny. Only a penny! think of that, my little dears. Any other boy or girl like to have a peep?—only a penny! As I was a saying, circuses is the triumph of strength, this is the triumph of hart, which means———. Ha! now the glasses is full. Look well, my little dears: stand up a-tiptoe, my man, and you'll see as well as anybody else. Now then! First, 'The Battle of Waterloo.' On the right you beholds the Duke of Wellington, and on the left that hawful great man, Mr. Bonypart. See how they fights 'and to 'and; see how their 'orses rears and prances, and see the poor dead creaturs lying round 'em. Some people declares that the Duke of Wellington and Mr. Bonypart never fought 'and to 'and; but, as I tells 'em, that very pictur proves the contrary, for ain't they there in the very hact, as large as life. Second, 'The burning of the two 'Ouses of Parlyment.' Ah! there's a sight! See those two noble buildings with the red flames coming out of every winder. Only look at the fire! as natural as life. On the right you beholds a great many of the lords with their wives and daughters, and on the left a great many of the Commons, all a bewailing the loss of them fine large 'ouses; whilst in the middle, as much as you can see of it for the smoke, is a big fire-hengine, which is a harticle they uses to put out the flames. Oh, no! my dear—the sky isn't a-fire, 'tis only that the blaze is so strong that it seems to burn the clouds; a very natural conclusion, my fine feller. Now look again, and look well! This is new—just come down from London; I had it only a few days ago, and this is the fust time of exhibiting it. On the right you beholds her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen! on the left you beholds His Royal 'Ighness the Prince of Wales, and in the middle the royal hairs apparent. The Queen is a-looking affectionately at their children, whilst the Prince is a-looking affectionately at her, and one little lady is a-smiling at her papa, and another at her grandmama. Isn't it a beautiful and tender sight, my little dears?"

The "little dears" continue to gaze admiringly upon a number of very fine paintings; but whilst we are listening with delighted attention to the showman's eloquent panegyric of them, one in whom we are interested is at hand, looking and feeling very uncomfortable.

Whilst the peep-show occupies the corner under the large chestnut tree, the opposite side, from the post-office to the hotel, is thronged by young men and women, standing, like the cattle, in rows to be selected for service. It is the custom here for such servants as are "out of place," to assemble at the Hollantide fair, whither those mistresses who require fresh domestics resort, to pick and choose from amongst them. The farm servants, and some of those hired into tradesmen's families, are principally the ones who come to the fair to seek for a place. When a servant is hired, the mistress gives her a shilling or half-crown, which is called the "earn," and when once "earned" she is bound to keep to her agreement, unless both her employer and herself are desirous of retracting from it. If a mistress discovers any objectionable point in the character she receives of her servant, even after having "earned" her, she can refuse to take her, upon which the "earn" is returned, and both parties are free. Once settled in service, how-

ever, the mistress and servant are bound to one another for a twelvemonth. If the mistress wish ever so much to part with her domestic, she cannot do so without paying her a twelvemonth's wages, and even then she is liable to be summoned before a magistrate to give her reasons for dismissing her from her service. In the same way, a servant cannot leave her place under a twelvemonth, without both forfeiting her wages and being at the mercy of her employer, who can send or cause her to be sent to the house of correction for three months, and subject her to much annoyance. Of course any agreement can be entered into contrary to these rules, but they are generally adhered to.

The crowd of females now gathered together in one place, dressed in their best woollen gowns, best aprons, best handkerchiefs, and best hats, as well as the men opposite them, are anxiously looking about them, and hoping that every farmer or farmer's wife who approaches will view them with a favourable eye. Amongst them is Rachel, who, though the prettiest and most modest girl of the whole throng, is, I fear, the least likely of them all to be selected; for who would choose a snowdrop when a good homely potato is required? There are scores of strong, healthy-looking girls, neither half so good nor half so deserving as Rachel, who are already "earned," and who, with their shillings in their hands, and smiles on their broad faces, are moving away to finish their day in the fair. It is true that many a master and mistress have penetrated through the front ranks to speak to Rachel, who has planted herself in the background, but no sooner have they examined her tall thin figure and delicate face, than they declare she will never do for hard work. One good-natured woman, who is acquainted with her, says she should like her very much, but that she is only fit to be a parlour-maid in some gentleman's family where there is little to do. Rachel blushes, and says "she would try her best," but the woman only smiles and shakes her head, and passing on, soon discovers a lusty girl suited to her wishes.

Jackey Bach has placed himself at a little distance from Rachel, and narrowly watches every person who approaches her. He half wishes, in spite of himself, that no one may engage her, but is too proud to admit that he desires such a thing. The Corporal has got hold of him now, and assures him that if he sends Rachel to service she will not live over her first year.

"Haven't I seen enough of women at home and abroad to know what they can bear? Why, there was our sargent's wife, just such another as Rachel, and near about as good—well, she died from being over worked, and she wasn't half so delicate as your girl neither, and didn't do as much as most farm servants have got to do, for it was just once in a way that the women were obliged to wash after several days' long journey, and she was forced to help. Poor soul, she went beyond her strength, and if you don't take care, that will be the end of Rachel."

The Corporal's interference is alone sufficient to steel Jackey's heart against the emotions of parental tenderness which were trying to find admittance, and he only answers as he walks away, "I know what's best for the girl better than you do, so you may as well mind your own business."

There is another of Rachel's acquaintances not far off, who, perhaps, feels more than anyone else the unpleasant position in which she is placed. This is William, who, ensconced in a corner of the street, watches all that passes, and with his eyes fixed on Rachel is ready to rush forward at every word that is addressed to her. One after another the girls who have hitherto shielded her drop off, and she is left with the few who have been, as yet, unsuccessful in obtaining mistresses, and who linger on in the forlorn hope of being "earned."

But whilst Rachel stands there, half-exhausted by fatigue, the scene before her is perpetually changing, and might amuse any person less inclined to sorrow than she is. Now a vender of stay-laces passes by, whose face alone is comic enough to excite a laugh, whilst his words and goods are still more ridiculous. Tied to the extremity of a thin pole, twice as high as himself, is an enormous bunch of worsted stay-laces, which he flourishes in all directions, far above the heads of the multitude. Fastened to his shoulder, in form of epaulette, he wears a packet of black boot-laces, which do not seem to occupy the attention either of himself or his customers. Unceasingly he cries out, "Now, ladies! now for a bargain! Fine stay-laces, ladies! fine long stay-laces! Three yards long, and only a halfpenny! Wan halfpenny, ladies, and no more!" Again he exclaims, with a jocose smile, as half a dozen of the "ladies" stop to examine his goods, "Try them, ladies—ha, ha! pull away, pull all of you, ladies! they won't break, pull as hard as you can. Only a halfpenny; three yards long and only wan halfpenny!" This halfpenny is irresistible, and I believe there is scarcely a "lady" in the fair who does not carry home one of those stay-laces, "three yards long, and all for a halfpenny."

What grotesque figures are to be seen on all sides! On the right is a man, standing behind a long line of board, selling hats. His head is covered by a yellow pocket handkerchief, the corner of which falls gracefully over the collar of his white great-coat, and is surmounted by a hat. Surrounded by men and women, most of them bare-headed, he calmly smooths the fur of one hat with a velvet pincushion, whilst his customers try on others, looking perfectly unconcerned the while at the abuse they lavish upon his goods. How charming is the exultation of that cherry-cheeked boy who stands beneath the admiring gaze of his father, with a new hat upon his head, and his old one tucked under his arm! How happy and proud he looks! This is evidently a well-frequented stall, as the occasional envious glances of a rival female hat-vender opposite testify.

Everything is to be procured at a Welsh fair. Here is a grand display of crockery-ware; there a booth in which Welsh flannels of every grade are exhibited. Here smart be-ribboned caps attract the smirking damsel; there shoes of all shapes and sizes invite men, women, and children. Here is an umbrella stand, and there sits a fat, short woman selling gingerbread behind a piece of board. Booths for finery, booths for use, and booths for eating and drinking, are to be seen, all in their turns calling the attention of the different visitors.

(*To be continued.*)

VARIETIES.

TEA IN THÉ BACKWOODS.—Tea is a great thing in the backwoods of North America. Indians are very fond of it; their plan is to put as much tea as they can get hold of into a kettle and boil it until it is nearly strong enough to stand a spoon upright in. Of this bitter decoction they drink enormous quantities for supper and immediately fall asleep, having nothing about them that answers to civilised nerves.

THE BEST MEDICINE.

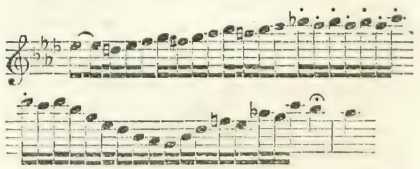
There is no medicine like healthful exercise. He who makes good use of it may well declare, "I will make a lip at the physician," and is almost inclined to exclaim with Macbeth—

"Throw physic to the dogs, I'll none of it!
Out, loathed medicine! hated poison, hence!"

THE SINGING OF JENNY LIND.

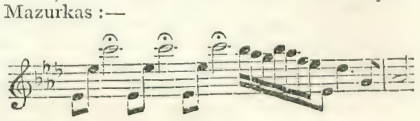
The execution of Jenny Lind, now Madame Goldschmidt, when her voice was at its best, was very great, her shake true and brilliant, her taste in ornament altogether original, and she usually invented her own *cadenze*. In a song from "Beatrice di Tenda" she had a chromatic cadence ascending to E in alt, and descending to the note whence it had risen, which could scarcely be equalled for difficulty and perfection of execution.

The following, sung by her at the end of "Ah! non giunge," was given to the present writer by an eye-witness:—



In this comparatively simple cadenza, the high D, C, E, though rapidly struck, were not given in the manner of a shake, but were positively *martelées*, and produced an extraordinary effect.

Another cadence, which, according to Moscheles, "electrified" them at the Gewandhouse, occurred three times in one of Chopin's Mazurkas:—



Julian Marshall.

ART AND LOVE.

Art is much but love is more!
O Art, my Art, thou'rt much, but Love is more!
Art symbolises heaven, but Love is God
And makes heaven.

E. B. Browning.

GIRL LIFE IN RUSSIA.

It is a bright sunny morning in December; the ground is covered with thick snow, many inches deep, that has become hard and beaten on the streets by several weeks of sledge driving. This morning seems particularly bright and frosty, and a slight fall of fresh snow during the night makes everything sparkle in the sunlight, while a sort of ringing noise rises from the ground as one presses the snow, and a white cloud accompanies the horses as they swiftly pass on.

Well wrapped up in their fur-lined paletôts, with fur-lined boots, and seal-skin caps tied with warm shawls over their heads, two young girls are carried quickly along. It is about a quarter before nine; the streets are mainly alive just now with young people, all hurrying to school. Here, a group of boys, in their thick grey overcoats and warm caps, with their skin satchels full of books strapped on to their backs; there, a few girls who have met, and walk on together, discussing some important school matter, while their maids or other attendants follow them, carrying their well-filled school-bags; for the young girls are rarely allowed to go alone, if the parents have anyone they can send with them.

All along the street one sees single scholars or several together, making for the gymnasium, or the private school, according to their habit. School hours are much the same as in England, from nine till eleven, and again, after an hour's recreation, from one till three, for the younger classes, the elder often having extra lessons which keep them another hour.

Our two young friends above mentioned, Olga and Kartia by name, are bound for a private gymnasium, one of the best schools in St. Petersburg, the excellent directress of which has held that position for twenty-five years, and is much loved and respected. They have to cross the Neva by one of the three bridges which remain during the winter, and they draw their furs well round them, as they feel the cold wind coming down the broad frozen plain. The river itself is crossed by many well-made paths and roads in different directions, and many other children coming to the same school are crossing on foot, but our two friends have a coachman who prefers the bridge to the ice, and does not listen to the girls' entreaties to go round the other way.

Once arrived in the entrance-hall of the school, the work of unwrapping takes place, which requires some time, as so much has to be worn in these northern latitudes. The little children are helped by the man-servant or the maid, and all properties are hung on the owner's respective pegs. Boots, or the high warm goloshes so universal, have to be taken off, and then the child, freed of her trappings, steps lightly out in her simple brown frock and always prettily shod feet, into the large hall. All the scholars wear the same kind of dress at school.

The day's work is begun with a prayer and hymn, or a chapter read from the Bible. As there are many Germans among the scholars, prayers are held in two separate rooms—one for the children belonging to the Russian or Greek Church, and the other for the Germans. The girls then disperse to their different class-rooms, and, seated at their desks, await the master or mistress to give the lesson. The rooms are lofty and well lit with large windows on one side, and well warmed with the usual tall, cylinder iron stove, or maybe a square-tiled one.

The light faces of the girls show that their school work is agreeable to them, but to an English eye many would seem very pale. White or sallow faces are unfortunately more the rule than the exception in St. Petersburg. The close air, the late hours, and the hot rooms all lead to this.

Our two friends, Olga and Kartia, are both handsome girls of Caucasian parentage. Their father is of an old princely family, and commander of troops in the south, while their mother keeps a home for her girls in the capital, that they may have the benefit of a good school. The eldest is a brunette, with well-pencilled eyebrows, pretty teeth, and a laughing mouth. She has a quantity of black wavy hair, which grows low on her brow. She is not very clever, but is a good-natured girl, and has reached the seventh class, which is the highest in the school. Her younger sister is among the pale ones; she also has fine features and beautiful brown hair, but is delicate in health. She is a capital scholar, and works well whenever her health will allow it; but for this drawback she would have been in the same class as her sister.

RUSSIAN SERVANT.

There is much work to be done in a good school in Russia, for the languages are as imperative as anything else, more especially French, to the study of which many hours are devoted. German also has an important place in the school plan; and besides these, the usual subjects, as history, geography, and arithmetic, &c., which are always taught in the Russian language, have much time devoted to them. The scholars have always much to prepare at home, which is a constant cause of complaint from the parents; but the competitive examinations at the end of the school career, for which most girls hope to enter, exact high attainments, and are a fearful tax on the memory.

Olga will certainly not undertake anything so severe as a public examination. She will soon leave school, and perhaps attend a class or two afterwards merely for occupation. She will enter upon a round of gaiety which will be more to her taste. Already she knows the enjoyment of the opera, the most fashionable place of entertainment in St. Petersburg; and as her mother has subscription tickets, and goes every Monday evening, either Olga or Kartia have accompanied her during the last two seasons. Frequent dances and visits to the theatre will be the amusements of this young lady afterwards, and very probably terminate in an early marriage, as she is handsome and well off.

Kartia will finish better in the school than her sister, if her health permits. She will win a diploma at the public examination, and afterwards, if she wishes to continue a still higher course of study, she can do so by attending the classes called the *Cours pédagogiques*, which last three years, and which qualify anyone passing them well to become professor. As no one can teach in a Russian school without a diploma, of course these "*Cours*" are well attended, and hundreds try to win the important document so necessary to many for their daily bread. Perhaps in no town is there so much lesson-giving and lesson-taking as in St. Petersburg.

This busy school-life of the girls lasts for about nine months of every year; the three summer months are usually spent in the country. There is a general exodus from the towns about the beginning or middle of May, and at the end of that month there is a very marked difference even in the number of people in the streets, so many thousands have gone out, bag and baggage, to live a rustic life in a "Datch" or summer wooden cottage among the pine woods, or on the border of some lake, where the children can play to their hearts' content, and the elder members of the family can sit in the garden or on the balcony, never missing the daily bathe in the lake near by. Everyone leads an open air life as much as possible through the summer months, and all meals are taken on the balcony, which is a large verandah at one side of the house, open in the front, and prettily draped with red and white linen. A large table is generally to be seen in such a balcony, which is always on the same floor as the dwelling-rooms. Here, morning and evening, the semovar, or urn, will be seen steaming away, and often the cheerful sounds of a merry party at dinner will be heard by the passers-by, towards the end of an afternoon.

The young girls like to dress themselves in the picturesque Russian costume in the summer time, which shows a gay mixture of red, blue, and white, in the much-embroidered chemisette and apron, and in the many ends of ribbon tied to the long-plaited hair. This is originally the costume of Little Russia or Ukraine, but has of late years been very popular as a summer dress among the ladies in the north—it is cool and comfortable in the hot summer weather.

A group of young ladies thus costumed, and attended by their elder and more quietly-dressed friends, will wander off into the woods for a stroll in the evening, or round by the lake, where they will sit on some of the many benches always at hand, to chat with their comrades, or perhaps take a boat, if they have an oarsman among their acquaintance—for the ladies themselves seldom row, or, indeed, share in any of the active sports so popular in England. Riding is, perhaps, the only amusement that is considered fitting for a young lady, and this, of course, is for a limited number.

A pretty scene is often to be met with in the garden of a datch on a summer's day. Half-a-dozen young girls will be balancing themselves in the popular swing of the coun-

try, and singing some Russian air as they move to and fro. This swing consists of a long plank of wood, hung by strong ropes from either end to a pole above, which latter is supported by two upright poles standing on either side of the walk, or on the lawn. A swing thus arranged gives a complete feeling of security, and offers opportunity for several persons to mount at once, as all stand, and the plank is some eight or ten feet long. These swings are universal, but another kind resembles the old see-saw of our childhood.

The Russians will not be satisfied without some means of musical entertainment in their summer life, and there is sure to be a hall or a covered place where the musicians and company can sit, so as to pass several hours of the evening with this amusement—sometimes a variety being given by a dance. This latter is frequently performed in the open air, and being on a wide gravelled place, such a cloud of dust will arise after an hour that one would fancy the dancers had scarcely breathing power left them.

Such a scene near Moscow, one warm summer's evening, sent me home wondering what would human nature find pleasure in next—the figures of the dancers were completely hidden by dust.

In certain neighbourhoods of large towns the musical band is famous for its excellence, as its members belong to the best opera orchestra. These, of course, draw regular crowds of visitors, and attractive concerts are periodically given during the summer—indeed, the "Music," as it is called, is the fashionable meeting-place for the evenings. Occasional picnics are other means of amusement with which the young people make the summer pass gaily.

Many a young girl, still at school, will probably have to work up some subject that she is weak in, for her class, and for this purpose a lady is engaged for the summer months to give lessons in the required subject. She will either come on stated days, or remain with the family all the time; the latter is generally preferred as most private. School lessons cease in May, and many a teacher is glad thus to find occupation and a little rest for the summer, as the work thus undertaken is seldom such a strain as that of the winter.

RUSSIAN NUN.

We have spoken already of a private gymnasium or school, which has among its scholars many boarders. These, of course, come more immediately under the influence of the resident mistresses, of which there are several, besides the much-esteemed directress, and of course everything depends upon the tone in the school as to the future welfare of the girls; where there is order, steady and earnest work, and high principle, good results must follow. Two or three girls share a bedroom with a mistress, each having her own neat, white bed, with pretty lace cover thrown over the pillows; a screen generally separates that of the mistress from the girls. A coverlid and a pair of sheets is all that is on the beds—blankets are unknown, and as the whole house is uniformly heated, one is never cold in bed. There is no "tucking in" in Russia, as at home. A private writing-table stands near the window, where many broad-leaved plants help to keep the air pure and give a pretty appearance to the room, as is very general in Russian houses. One seldom sees the snugness or extreme comfort of an English room, but there is often much elegance, and the abundance of plants helps to this. Tea in the morning all together, at eight o'clock, with a roll and butter, luncheon at twelve, dinner at five, after a walk, and tea again at eight, are the usual meal-times; and those girls who live in or near the town usually go home after school on Saturdays, to stay until Monday morning early. Owing to the very frequent holidays or saints' days in Russia—which in some months come as often as once a week, and must be given in all schools—the children are frequently at home on other days besides the Sunday. These holidays are restful to both scholar and teacher, it is true, but they sadly interfere with the work that is desired to be got through in the year.

Another mode of education very general in Russia, and especially protected by royalty, is that received in the "Institutes." These are large buildings entirely devoted to the purpose of bringing up girls from eight years old until eighteen, and some even stay on later as *pepinière*, or assistant to the *dame de classes*. These institutes, of which there are several in the largest towns of Russia, were founded by Catherine II., and were intended to educate, after a more European model than then existed in Russia, the daughters of all those who served the Crown. For a long time the ladies appointed to teach or act as class mistresses were only French; now, however, Russian ladies are as often chosen. Much attention has always been paid to the manners of the young girls. The teaching of the classes, however, is almost entirely in the hands of masters, and as these are the only men that many of the girls see from one year's end to another—for they never go out of the building except to walk in the garden or drive in the Imperial coaches, which are periodically sent for that purpose—the result is that those girls who have no friends in the town to spend the holidays with, acquire a foolish shyness that quite unfits them for ordinary life, and the comforts and luxuries which they enjoy in these institutes also make them discontented with the homes to which they return afterwards.

It is not every girl that can receive her education in one of these institutes. As it is often given at the cost of the Crown, it is naturally a much-desired boon to many a father and mother of small means; but the child must be balloted for, and perhaps wait some time until there be a vacancy; the children not thus favoured must pay.

RUSSIAN PEASANT GIRL.

The buildings are generally large and roomy, with fine class-rooms, which are well provided with school material, and good masters are appointed to teach. The directress is generally a lady of high social position, as hers is considered a post of honour. She has frequently to receive members of the Imperial family, or other dignitaries who may make a visit to the institute, and she may be at any time summoned to the Court herself, for these institutes are especially under the supervision of the Empress. In the same way the gymnasiums are under the special supervision of her Highness the Princess Marie Paulovna, the wife of the Grand Duke Vladimar, who may visit them at any time.

There is generally a fine large hall in these buildings, which is useful on different occasions for festivities, or for special assemblies of the children, and here on Sundays they can receive their friends during certain hours. Of course it is well filled with outsiders on these occasions, and many a nicely tied-up parcel or tempting basket is left behind with the child, who, however, must let it undergo the inspection of the directress or of someone appointed for the purpose.

Long, lofty corridors on one side of the hall, and again upstairs beside the dormitories, lead to these two parts of the building. The place for exercise for the girls in summer is the fine garden, which is always provided. In winter, however, it is impossible for them to go out there, and they take exercise in the large hall, or in the class-rooms, which are large also.

In the dormitories there are often twenty or thirty beds, each one with its neat white cover, a stool and chair beside it, and the image of the child's patron saint hung over the bed-head on the wall. The rooms are otherwise bare, and the lavatories are outside. As there are often several hundred girls in an institute, the size of the dormitories need be large, and the order necessary in the meals, and indeed throughout the whole management, must naturally be great. The girls of each class have their own especial costume or colour of dress, so that at once they are known; and the simple dress, whether brown, blue, or dark green, with the white apron, short sleeves, and low-cut neck, over which a white linen cape is always worn, strikes the English eye as prettily old-fashioned.

A very different institution, and having very different results, is the "Public Gymnasium," which is the aversion of the quiet, old-fashioned father, who looks upon it as the source of all ill-behaviour, disorderliness, and unmaidenliness for his daughters, whom he would rather keep at home with a governess and masters, or send to the sanctuary of the above-mentioned institutes. But, though, if the home influence and instinctive good taste of the girl does not help her, she certainly does acquire rough and unladylike manners, and perhaps even adopts a too independent air, still, the benefit of these comparatively lately established public gymnasiums is undoubtedly great. The teaching is good and thorough, there is not so much time devoted to the different foreign languages, but the principal subjects of a good education, and the sciences, are taught well in the Russian language. Brilliant examinations are passed at the end of the course of study, and diplomas are given. These gymnasiums may be well compared to our high schools in England, with the difference that no lady teachers are allowed in the higher classes, as a rule. These are, of course, only day schools, and are merely arranged for the classes, but the directress has her apartments in the building.

All girls in Russia, however, by no means go to school. A large number belonging to the aristocratic families are educated at home with the help of masters, while a French and English governess will frequently be engaged to be in constant attendance on the young ladies, who perhaps have a German *bonne* as well. In this way a familiarity in the three languages is early acquired, often at the expense of their own native tongue. However, within the present reign, there has been awakened a great interest in restoring the Russian language to its proper level, and already it is spoken at the Court, and frequently in the best society, where within a few years ago only French was heard.

Our friends Olga and Kartia, who go off so cheerfully every morning to school in St. Petersburg, have a family of cousins in Moscow who often hear of the animated life the others lead in the capital, with perhaps a little envy, but who still feel with the indolence engendered by ease and irregularity of hours, that it would be far too much trouble, and far too irksome, to have to get up at 7.30 every morning to get off in time for school. No, they find the getting up at nine or even ten o'clock quite early enough, and then straggle into the breakfast-room to take their tea and roll, if, indeed, it has not been brought into their own room. A morning's lesson with one of the governesses is probably followed by luncheon, and a walk, or lessons with masters, will fill up the afternoon. The evening is often spent in the theatre—one of the chief amusements in Russian towns, and children of all ages are freely taken to them.

The summers are frequently spent abroad, or on some estate in the country. In many quite Russian families, where the influence of foreign travel has not much penetrated, the set of apartments for the girls and their governess is quite apart from those of the brothers and their tutor—indeed, the brothers and sisters will only meet at meal-times, or in the large hall. The simple, straightforward intercourse of our English boys and girls together, the girl's interest in the boy's pursuits, the boy's pride in the girl's acquirements, and his manly readiness to protect her, are almost unknown amongst the greater part of the Russian brothers and sisters. Excellent seed must have been sown by many of the brave, patient, Englishwomen who have spent many years of their lives in Russian families, and who, in spite of many difficulties, have continued the uphill work of training their pupils to become useful men and women, and, as a rule, the English governess has won respect, and often the lasting affection of her pupils; the Russian heart is a very warm and affectionate one.

In the merchant class—that class so marked as its own in Russia—the girls are almost always brought up at home. Though their fathers may be wealthy—which they often are—the life at home is very simple, and the extravagant luxury that is seen so often in other households rarely extends to these. There will often be a French or English governess living in the house, who is the companion of the daughter, and is often made much more the friend of the family than she might be in a higher class of life. There is, however, seldom much desire for a very extended field of acquirements, as the members of this class intermarry and remain together almost exclusively, and do not seek to become brilliant members of society in general.

The young girls of the Russian Church go through no ceremony of confirmation, but they generally receive a great deal of religious instruction from the priest at school; if brought up at home there is not so much, but it depends upon the parents' feeling for it. No Russian can change his or her religion as long as he is a subject and living in the country. Quite in their earliest childhood the communion is taken and the infant is baptised in the church, when the whole body is immersed in water three times, and the godmother on receiving the child walks round the font three times with it. A godmother and godfather can never marry, however great strangers they may be to each other.

The young Russian lady has not so many interests to occupy her as our English girls have, and hence the idea of marriage is always a prominent one—having an establishment of her own is the object of every girl's ambition. In the higher circles, perhaps, inclination is allowed some sway, but in the merchant class the marriage is generally an arrangement for money, and is often brought about by a certain *Svarka*, or professional matchmaker, who tells a young man seeking a wife where he can find one to suit his needs. If the arrangement answers, the *Svarka* receives a fee from the bridegroom and a black silk dress from the bride.

A wedding scene is a gay one in a Russian, as in most other churches. The ceremony generally takes place in the evening, about eight or nine o'clock, and the guests assemble in the church, near the doorway, to receive the bride when she is brought in by her father. The church presents a very pretty appearance, illuminated with its many wax lights; and the abundance of gilding and of colour that is so often seen adds to the effectiveness. As there are no seats in a Russian church, there is free space for the guests to stand in.

About half-way up the centre of the building a handsome carpet is laid, on which the young pair are to stand during the ceremony; before it, towards the altar, is placed a table, on which the Bible is laid. When the bride arrives at the door of the church, the bridegroom goes to meet her, and receiving her from her father, leads her up to this carpet, and stands on it before the priest, who awaits them. A little boy, often the youngest of the family, precedes the bride, carrying the chief household image, which has been taken from its accustomed place on the wall in the corner of the first room in the house. The most curious part of the ceremony is the walking of the bridal pair three times round the temporary altar, preceded by the priest and followed by two friends, who hold a couple of gold crowns over the heads of the bride and bridegroom. They are often received into the church with beautiful music, but no instrument is heard.

A glance among the Russian peasantry shows us the young girl busy in household occupations in the winter, either spinning or weaving the linen, which is everywhere made at home; at times feeding the animals; or, maybe, she is making lace, or embroidering towels, and so helping to support the family. An immense quantity of the lace and embroidered towels now sold in the towns are made by the peasant women, and the variety of design is sometimes noticeable, although very grotesque and often inartistic. One young girl used to take her designs from the hoar frost on the window panes, and thus produced some most elegant patterns.

In the summer-time, and when the ground is no longer hardened by frost, the girls labour in the fields with the other women. An immense deal of field labour is done by the peasant women of Russia; and while the men go off to the towns to drive the droskies or public cabs, or get work in some factory, the women cultivate the little plot of ground at home, or have occupation on other land.

The peasant girl's life is not an unhappy one. They sing at their work, though it is always the plaintive Russian music; and in the fields at work their voices will be heard a long way off. In the evenings they will collect together outside some well-known cottage, and when chatting is exhausted, start singing once more, and perhaps wander off altogether to another part of the village, singing as they go; the retreating voices sound very pleasant as they come up the valley, the native harshness which at first assailed the ear being mellowed by distance. Many of these voices could, with training, be rendered musical and sweet. There is much beautiful choir music in the Russian churches, though this is only for male voices; but doubtless, if female voices were needed, the supply would be as great as that already found among the boys and men.

As a child, the peasant girl rarely goes to any school, as hitherto there has not often been a chance for her in the village where she lived; now, however, schools are being established far more generally. She is busily employed at home, and enjoys herself with her companions when evening comes. She marries early, and, when once married, has to live in the same cottage as her mother and sisters-in-law, serve them, and do all the principal work of the household. Then her hard life begins; but it greatly depends upon herself if she lives well with the others, and is rewarded by the respect of her children in her old age if she does so. The frequent drunkenness of the men throws much hard labour upon the wife's shoulders. This modern curse of Russia is widespread, and is indeed the general condition of the peasants, both in town and country, on any holiday, their other amusements being very limited.

Russia is an immense country, covering many thousands of square miles, and it is, perhaps, presumption to speak of girl life in Russia without knowing the many different governments into which this country is divided. To a certain degree only can we feel that our subject is here represented, but at present Russia's capital is the centre of its great educational movement, which is having so vast an influence upon the whole country, —though not altogether a happy one—and, therefore, our attention has been particularly directed to the girlish interests in St. Petersburg, while those of other districts have not been disregarded.

There is, undoubtedly, a grand future in store for Russia; but the country will have to go through a period of trial and progress, which will prove how much the endurance of its people and their energy and ambition are worth. Its girls, too, may do their part in the onward movement.

F. Toulmin Smith.

OUR FRATERNAL SOCIETY;

OR, WHAT THE HEALTH EXHIBITION HAS TAUGHT US.

By Dora Hope.

On my first visit to the Health Exhibition I noticed that while some parts of the place were comparatively empty, others are always thronged with people from morning till night. Of course, as one would naturally expect, this was the case with the Old London street, and the Chinese Court, and all the departments where the attendants were particularly interesting foreigners, but nowhere was there a more unfailing crowd than in the building where the manufacture of sweets was shown. I must confess to a special interest in that department myself, as I have not yet reached the age when people pretend not to care for sweets; and I felt it my duty to try samples of the various kinds offered for sale near the machinery, to see if they really were as wholesome as the makers say they are. My only regret about them was that we left London too soon to give them as long a trial as I should have liked. Happily for me, Dr. Wingate generally brings me some sweets from town, when he comes to see Margaret, so I am able to continue my experiments; and when it was my turn to choose a subject for the "Health Exhibition" evening of our Fraternal Society, he suggested that I should improve my knowledge of my favourite diet, and take for our subject the making of sweets.

I decided that I would read a paper about chocolate; and Charlie ought to have read another, but he said the subject, being related to cooking, was only suited for girls, so Millie Travers and her friend Jeanie Maclaren took his turn; but instead of writing a proper paper, they only gave all the information they had been able to get from notes, which they afterwards gave me to condense into this report.

They say that the refined sugar is the basis of all the best sweets; the loaves of sugar are broken up by a machine, then boiled, mixed with a solution of gum arabic. When rose, musk, peppermint, or any other lozenges are to be made, the flavouring is now added, and another machine mixes the paste thoroughly, then rolls it out to the required thickness and cuts it into the various shapes.

The making of boiled sugar sweets, such as almond rock, and the ordinary transparent sugar ones, barley sugar drops, and such like, was one of the most interesting operations to be seen in the sweet department of the Health Exhibition. They are made of sugar boiled to a thick syrup; this is poured out upon an oiled slab of marble or steel, and both the colouring and flavouring poured upon it; and if any other ingredients, such as cocoa-nut chips or almonds, are required, they are added now also. The maker then turns the liquid sugar over with a shovel, and thoroughly mixes and kneads it with his hands, and works it with his knuckles just as though he were making bread. When it is thoroughly mixed and so far cooled as to adhere firmly together, though not too stiff to work with the hands, another assistant works it out into a flat cake, and cuts off strips of a convenient width with a huge pair of scissors. These strips are passed to the sweet-maker, who passes them through a machine like a diminutive mangle, only that the rollers are cut into various devices so that the mass emerges stamped out into sweets, but it is not quite cut through, so that it can be drawn out of the "mangle" in a sheet, and the cutting completed with a knife. Of course for almond hardbake, and sweets of that kind, the stamped rollers are not used; the kneaded sugar is only rolled out to the required thickness, and broken up into convenient pieces.

Comfits of all kinds, that is to say sweets with a seed or fruit inside, are rather differently made. The seeds, carraway for instance, are well washed, then dried and put into a large revolving copper pan, which is warmed by steam, and which keeps the seeds shaking slowly round and round all the time. In the case of almonds, a solution of gum is thrown over them first, and they continue to revolve till the seeds are partly dry. In the cheaper kinds of sweets a good deal of starch is now added with the boiled sugar, but for the best quality pure sugar is used. This is thrown over the seeds, and as they are rolled round in it the sugar is gradually coated over them, and the process is continued till they have attained the proper size; fresh sugar being added to the pan as required. The cores of these sweets are either carraway or coriander seeds, or sweet almonds. In all cases they are washed and carefully dried, and used immediately.

As I explained before, the members are allowed to make remarks or ask questions, and Charlie took advantage of this to inquire what the seeds are which Millie mentioned as being the core of comfits. Poor Millie was not prepared for questions, and had to confess she did not know; but Mr. Jowitt, who is a great botanist, and always knows about everything connected with plants, helped her out of the difficulty. He said that the carraway is a biennial plant belonging to the hemlock family, with a white or pale blush-coloured blossom, and a root like a small parsnip; indeed, it was at one time boiled and eaten in the same way. It was probably introduced into England by the Romans, who used it a good deal in cooking. The flower is succeeded by two oblong seeds, which are thrashed out when the plant is cut down, generally about July.

The coriander plant, he said, is closely allied to the carraway; it belongs to the same family, and, like it, yields an aromatic volatile oil. It bears a bunch of pale pink flowers, and has very aromatic leaves, which are used in some countries in salads and soups. It is cultivated in England for confectionery purposes; chiefly in Essex.

The almond, he said, was too well known to need description, but he mentioned that they are chiefly imported from Spain and the South of France. Sweet and bitter almonds are produced by different varieties of the same tree.

I felt rather nervous when I was called upon to read my paper on chocolate; but I had taken a great deal of trouble to collect all the information, and flattered myself it was rather interesting. The illustrations would have been weak, as I had only been able to find one picture of the cocoa tree, but Dr. Wingate as usual came to the rescue, and supplied me with a variety of chocolates to hand round at intervals, a practical way of illustrating the subject which seemed to be appreciated. There are some advantages after all in one's sister being engaged. I may as well give my paper just as I wrote it, as I do not suppose I could improve upon it.

"Chocolate is made from the seeds of the Theobroma Cacao, a tree which is cultivated chiefly in the West Indies and South America, though lately it has been grown in Ceylon also. In appearance it very much resembles a young cherry tree. It bears a pale yellow flower, followed by a green cucumber-shaped fruit pod, which, as it ripens, becomes of a reddish purple colour. These fruit-pods each contain about twenty nuts, the size and shape of a kidney bean, covered with a thin dry skin. They have a sweet taste, and are not unpleasant eating, though the taste of Europeans generally wants educating in order to appreciate them, but they are sometimes used as food by the natives of South America. At one time they were used as money in Mexico. Humboldt says that six were equivalent to one halfpenny in his time.

"As soon as the pods are ripe they are gathered, cut open, and the nuts or beans, as they are generally called, taken out and dried in the sun, after which they are sent to the chocolate factories of Europe without any further treatment.

"At the manufactory the beans are roasted for about an hour in a huge iron cylinder, which is kept revolving continually over a coke fire. They are taken out as soon as the aroma of cocoa is perceptible. After this the external skin is easily removed. This is done by sifting and winnowing them in the 'kibbling mill.' They are crushed into coarse fragments, then the husks are blown away by a powerful current of air, but they are again sifted in small quantities in hand sieves, by girls, who remove any discoloured beans or fragments of husk. Great care is needed that this operation shall be thoroughly performed, as the outer skin is considered very indigestible. In this form the beans are sold in the shops as cocoa nibs. Some manufacturers keep the beans a long time before using, as the flavour is said to improve by keeping. In the French factories they are kept for two years, and in the French gallery of the Health Exhibition large paintings were shown illustrating the great care which is taken to keep the beans cool, and keep out all dust. Air can only enter the storage rooms through a well, with water at the bottom of it, and sheets of wet linen revolving in this well intercept every particle of dust as the air blows over it.

"The next step in the manufacture of chocolate is the further crushing of the nibs. This is done, as could be seen at the Exhibition, in a mill with a granite bottom and rollers, kept hot by steam. This presses out the natural oil which the bean contains, and converts the whole into a liquid paste, which flows off through a tube into a large tin tray prepared for it. It is next put into the 'mixer' with white sugar, which absorbs the oil and reduces the mixture to a tolerably firm paste. The flavouring is now added, and the chocolate undergoes a still further mixing in another machine, and finally is kneaded by hand, just like dough, in order to squeeze out the bubbles of air. If this part of the work is carelessly performed, and the air is not all expelled, the pieces of chocolate will crack and break when cold.

"The operation of making the chocolate into the various shapes for selling is all performed by machinery. It is passed between rollers which squeeze it to the required thickness, and then stamped in another machine to the right size and shape, and in some cases the name of the maker impressed upon each piece. The machine deposits the pieces of chocolate as it stamps them, in regular rows upon iron trays, which are quickly removed as soon as they are filled by the chocolate maker, who puts them into a refrigerator for some hours, and this cooling completes the whole process. The sticks and other large pieces of chocolate are not stamped in this way in a machine, but the paste is pressed into moulds after the kneading, and then into the refrigerator without passing through another machine at all." As soon as I ceased I was confronted by a question as to why the product of the cacao tree should be called chocolate. Happily I knew, and was able to inform the company that the beverage, chocolate, though it was not known in England till the reign of James I., was so highly appreciated in other countries that Linnæus gave to the tree from which it is obtained its present name "Theobroma," that is "Food for the Gods;" and on its introduction into England the beverage was called Chocolatl, the name under which it had for generations been known to the natives of Mexico, the final "l" being soon dropped from the difficulty of pronouncing it.

(To be continued.)

OUT-DOOR DRESSES.

DRESS: IN SEASON AND IN REASON.

By A LADY DRESSMAKER.

AFTER some deliberation, I have come to the conclusion that green is the favourite colour of the winter, and is likely to find much patronage, as the hues in which it is brought out are very pretty, and I consider becoming also, to nearly all complexions. The newest greens are called *cresson* and "fir-green," bronze of a greenish hue being also very much in favour. These greens are all to be found in the thick woollen materials used for winter, and quiet hues of soft and dull manufacture are preferred. Dark purplish red (the colour of the ancient "Tyrian purple," if modern research can be trusted) is also much seen, and navy-blue also, as it combines so well with red in every material, but more especially in wool.

Winsey, serge, tweeds, and skirtings appear to be the materials for the winter; but in more expensive things there is a really magnificent show of satin, velvet, and plush, and mixtures of all three. The colours and shades are rich and dark, and singularly pure in tone. The "tufted" spots appear this winter on velvets as well as woollens; and the richest materials are used as skirts, the plain "housemaid" being in favour.

In the way of trimmings we have gold and silver, and all kinds of bright metal threads, intermixed with the broad bands of galloon that are used as trimmings on the "housemaid" skirts. The newest woollen fabrics have many of them a bordering of gold and coloured threads to be used as trimming. Metal buttons for bodices are in high favour, and they are also used for cloaks and the tight-fitting "Newmarket jackets." Plush and velvet are used for collars and cuffs to both dresses and jackets, and the full bibs and plastrons are apparently as much liked as ever.

For underskirts nothing is more fashionable than "skirtings" with bright satin stripes, and plain woollens with stripes of velvet, plush, and velveteen. Black and red are two colours much used together, and so are red and blue. Small tufts, knots, and loops of colour form a favourite pattern on plain materials. The skirting is generally used quite plain, not kilted; and, as it needs no trimming, is not an expensive new skirt to put

STRIPED DRESS AND WALKING JACKET.

HOME DRESSES.

to an old dress. The overskirt and bodice are quite plain, with cuffs, collars, and *revers* of the striped. Velvet-striped satins are much worn again for jacket-bodices, and are a most useful addition to the wardrobe, as they may be used with any dress.

The "housemaid" skirt has been a great boon to those of our girls who are their own dressmakers, and, consequently, it will probably retain its popularity, as it is a very becoming and youthful-looking style. But now that it is getting common, it has been more used lately as an underskirt for overskirts, tunics, and polonaises, than it was when it appeared in its original simplicity of a plain straight outline, without drapery, sash, or panier.

The winter dresses at present have overskirts very long in front, very high at the sides, and puffed up very high at the back. In several cases I have lately seen, they appear as if a half shawl had been taken and put round the waist, so that the point should hang in front and the two ends tie behind in a puffed bow, like that which is called "butterfly," from its large-sized bow and ends. This pointed tunic may have the sides lined with brocaded velvet, satin broché, or striped material, which is then turned outward as trimming, and forms *revers* both to the tunic and the bow behind.

Nearly all dresses are made of two materials, one of which is used for the under, the other for the upper, dress. Ordinary walking and morning dresses have the overdress or tunic made of the figured material, and the underskirt of the plain; if the dress be of cloth and velvet, or cashmere and velvet, the upper part would be of velvet.

Polonaises are in high favour, and it is no wonder, for they are most useful garments. Those with blouse fronts are very pretty, and look well on the slight figures of young girls. The simplest form of blouse polonaise has the fulness gathered into the centre of the neck in front, and that at the waist is held in either by a ribbon belt or some fancy fastenings. In thicker materials, like velvet and cloth, the polonaise is frequently made with a waistcoat.

Velveteen seems to be a very favourite material for every article of dress, but it is never used, so far as I can see, for the whole dress, with no admixture of any other material. We can personally praise the "Louis Velveteen" as being exceedingly soft and durable, and it can also be had in many lovely colours. Woollens of all kinds are used with it for ordinary walking dresses, and spotted silks of various kinds for best dresses. This material has improved so much of late in its manufacture, that it is no longer open to the accusation of being heavy, and the newest makes are perfect as to colouring, and may be easily mistaken for velvet. Shot silks are still to be found, but, on the whole, stripes are certainly the most popular of any design for the winter. Striped satin and velvet "Pékins" look very well with velveteens, and are used as trimmings, and as bodices, where the velveteen is not liked for the latter purpose.

Astrachan and ostrich feather trimmings are now imitated in silk; and as this has much decreased the price, we shall probably see a great deal of them used this winter. Bias folds are greatly worn, put on the skirts of dresses as tucks, and slightly over-lapping each other. These form a very pretty trimming when a plain skirt seems too young in style. A kilted flounce is also used at the edge of a tucked and gathered skirt. Evening dresses for middle-aged and elderly ladies are again made with trains; but the new style of train is quite undraped, and flows in plain straight lines from the waist.

Dress bodices which close all the way down have buttons quite as small in size, and as closely placed, as those on a page's livery. Where people object to the trouble of buttoning them, they are made to close with hooks and eyes, put on so as to be invisible. Where this is the case, a wide border of braid or velvet is often laid on on either side of the front opening, which meets in the centre, and is carried round the points of the bodice and the short basques. The latter are worn very short on the hips, but are made fuller than they were at the back. The edges of the newest bodices are now piped, as they were some time ago; and where a bodice and skirt are of different materials, the piping of the bodice would be of the same material as the skirt. When the bodice is of velvet or velveteen, it is sometimes made with rounded fronts and rather longer basques, with fuller pleatings at the back.

Mantles for the present winter offer a great variety of choice, and everyone must find something to suit herself. They are severally made very large, very small, and of medium dimensions; all three appearing equally pretty, and equally in good taste. The very long cloaks, which cover the figure and hide the dress almost completely, are as much used as they were last winter; so no one who has them already need feel that she looks at all remarkable. The medium mantles are generally short at the back but long in front; the smallest-sized mantles having stole-like ends in front and back, reaching to the waist only. The fur-tail trimming is in immense favour for mantles, both long and short; as well as jackets of all kinds, which are edged all round with this handsome ornament. Waistcoats are much worn with jackets of stockingette or smooth cloth. They may be made of black Astrachan fur, corduroy, plush, or velvet; and the waistcoat, generally worn with out-of-door jackets, matches the latter in colour. With regard to indoor jackets, however, no such rule holds good, as white appears to be a very great favourite.

Fur appears to be more appreciated than ever this year, and if we have the very cold weather we are promised, it will find us fully prepared; and for once fashion has outrun utility, and is justified in her decrees. The fur cape seems to reign supreme and be, if possible, more widely used than it was last year. This year it has attained to several very useful improvements, which bring it close to what it was when it formed an article of ladies' dress about twenty-five years ago. The first of these is called by the city manufacturer the "Cecilia," and consists of cape, boa, and muff in one. The muff can be removed at will. This cape can be obtained in cloth, plush, and velvet, as well as in fur. The second cape by the same maker is called the "Mary Anderson," and is a boa and cape without the muff. Another very pretty cape for young people is made of plush, lined and wadded, and has sleeves that form a part of the cape itself. These may be made of fur, or bordered with fur or feathers.

Some of the new capes are very small, and are no longer "shoulder-capes," while others have the long flat ends which I have mentioned reaching half-way down the front of the dress. A shoulder-cape of last winter can be modernised for this by adding a fringe of tails all round the lower edge, or else with the fur ball-fringe, which is very pretty and light-looking, and is said to wear well.

I think I mentioned in my last article that Astrachan is the most admired fur of the winter, and is used for trimming cloth dresses and the tight-fitting jackets which everyone affects, as well as muffs of all shapes. Some of these jackets have short basques, cut up over the hips, and the centre of the back left open to allow of the fulness of the dress showing. The muff and the hat should be trimmed with fur to match the jacket. The useful bag muff appears in as great varieties as ever this year, and is the comfort of all housekeepers, mothers, and busy people generally. Every kind of silk, satin, velvet, and chenille muff is also worn, so that the long purse and the short one have both a choice as to the quality and price. In furs everything seems to be worn. Alaska seal is in high favour for long mantles and ulsters, which nearly reach the edge of the dress, and are tight-fitting to the figure. So well cut are they that it shows how far the workmanship of the fur trade has advanced on the road to perfection, for when one thinks of it two trades are represented—the tailor's as well as the furrier's.

The sleeves of cloaks are the best when they are really sleeves, and not wing-like attachments, which afford no protection to the arm. This winter we are very fortunate, for some of the newest and best mantles have the sleeves coming from the back, and they are both comfortable and becoming.

I have endeavoured to give my readers every simple style and suggestion possible for making new dresses, and remaking old ones at home; and I trust they will find some ideas to suit their pockets, and their fancies likewise. In two of the sketches I have given the "Tam o' Shanter" hat, because it seems to have become such a favourite with young ladies, and also because it can be made from the material of the winter dress, or else produced in crochet-work in any shade of colour. No pattern is needed for them. The size of the head being taken, the cap is begun; a long straight strip being worked in either crochet, tricot-stitch, or ribbed knitting of the required length. When finished, the ends must be joined together, and the top is gathered up closely as shown in the sketch, and a fluffy ball of silk or wool sewn on. If desired, a head band of netting or crochet can be added to the caps, made of material which will make them sit firmly on the head.

The sketches of the two striped dresses show the use made of wide and narrow striped materials, and also an out-of-door jacket with a waistcoat. Both these skirts are plain-made in "housemaid's" style, and gathered. The sketch of "home dresses" shows an indoor jacket of velvet or velveteen, with a white or coloured waistcoat, which may be worn with any dress.

The group watching the lawn-tennis players shows several varieties of dress. A long polonaise of thick cloth over a skirt of the same, trimmed with wide galloon, put on with loose ends. Cloth, in the new shades of dark green, would be very becoming for this warm, winter dress, which would only need a fur cape to make it warm enough. The youthful figure in the "Tam o' Shanter" dress wears one, exemplifying what I have been describing, of velveteen and striped silk, or woollen Pékin. The lady who occupies the chair wears one of the quiet order of felt hats, with a velvet trimming, laid on in folds. The mantle is plain, and jacket-like in front; the back being full below the waist and closely-fitting to it above. The lady working in the background wears a stockingette jacket, trimmed with fur or marabout feathers; a felt hat, trimmed with a brightly-hued handkerchief.

This winter the stockings are worn to match the colour of the dress exactly. If there be two or three colours in the dress, the stockings match the darker shade. Plain black stockings are as much worn by those of quieter tastes as ever, and wide quarter-inch ribs are preferred to very narrow ones, and are more becoming to the foot. There is the usual amount of fancy hosiery, consisting of silk stockings in all the new colours, embroidered in stripes and of silk lozenges. Black silk stockings striped with white lines and checked in coloured lines, with dotted fronts or patterns of small flowers on them, are also to be seen. We have also noticed a new introduction which requires neither garter

nor brace to hold it up. The tops of the legs of these stockings are contracted, and are open a few inches down the leg; the space thus left being then laced up with narrow silk laces so as to fit tightly and accurately, and ensure the remaining up of the stocking under all circumstances.

And now a few words must be written on the new season's gloves. Kid gloves seem to be more used than the *gants de Suède* for the daytime. This perhaps arises from the fact that coloured *gants de Suède* are soiled directly in a muff, or even when used once or twice with a dark coloured winter toilette, while kid gloves, from the smoothness of their surface, do not soil so soon. Still, for the evening *Suèdes* are constantly used, as they are cooler; and some of the new makes are nearly as thin as silk. Kid gloves have eight or ten buttons, and are generally buttoned the entire length of the arm, meeting the sleeve, which some people still fancy to wear very short. The tan *chevrette* glove is still used for morning shopping and country walks, while for the best or afternoon gloves, kid which exactly matches the dress is preferred to anything else when the dress is dark throughout. But where the bonnet is grey, or of any such hue, the gloves match the bonnet. Gauntlet gloves are to be found this season with velvet gauntlets, and they are liked by many, as they are warm and protect the arm. Silk gloves of a warmer kind, lined with fleecy wool, are sold for the winter, and find many purchasers amongst young ladies.

The winter bonnets are low at the sides, high in the front, and peaked, and a little pressed backward, the crowns appearing higher than they were. The loose crowns of velvet, with straw or felt brims, are very pretty, and are easily made; but so great is the quantity of fancy shapes, that my readers will have but little trouble in selecting one to please them, and in trimming it themselves. Feathers of all kinds have superseded flowers, now that the flower season has departed from us; fancy ribbons to match the bonnet in colour are much used. All kinds of very ugly metal ornaments may be seen—frogs, lizards, and other things—and there is a peculiarly horrid arrangement of bird's claws, which look as though the poor creature had died in agony, one leg being twisted round the wrong way. All these things are lacking in good taste, and we are sure our girls will reject them. I only wish every girl or woman would avoid using dead birds at all in her dress; it seems such a needless cruelty towards God's beautiful creatures.

HONOUR THY FATHER AND THY MOTHER.

By Sophia F. A. Caulfeild.

Part II.

These articles on the Divine command forming their title are primarily addressed to girls, I have made the question of duty to their mothers my especial consideration. Equal honour should be paid to both parents; but while boys are so much away from home, after nine or ten years of age, and should look to their fathers as suitable models for their guidance and imitation, girls as a rule return to their mother's special jurisdiction, and their place is at her side; their work is united with hers, their walks and drives are taken together, their visits paid under her wing. She is their model and their guide, and she should be their care in her advancing years.

Before a child is three years old the habit of instant and unquestioning obedience should have been learnt, and whether a boy or a girl, it is the mother who trains the infant. From that time till they complete the first decade of life the character must be formed by her; ill-temper, hastiness, and rebellion should be nipped in the bud; the timid encouraged to speak the truth, acts of unselfishness and generosity encouraged; kindness to animals inculcated, and the knowledge of their Creator and Redeemer gradually instilled into the mind as soon as it be able to receive it. All this training is the business of the mother, a difficult yet most sacred duty. This, then, is my reason for directing special attention to the application of the Divine command towards her.

But this article deals with the duties of children only, so I will commence by saying a few words on the style of address due to a parent from childhood till the last day of their lives. No advance into mature age, nor beyond it, ever absolves a child from a certain deference of manner, which in the middle and lower ranks of life is only too often forgotten.

If the rules of politeness could be waived in speaking or listening to anyone whatsoever without turning to face them, or if excuse could be urged for replying in monosyllables, it is out of the question that any such liberty should be taken towards an elder and a parent. "Yes" and "No" must be followed by "Father" or "Mother," or "Papa" and "Mamma," according to the custom obtaining in your family. You must turn towards them, listen without interrupting their observations, and wait till they have no more to say before averting your face or leaving the room. Doubtless in many little ways the privacy of home may excuse trifling infractions of the general rules of etiquette, based as they still may be on genuine good sense, kind feeling, and propriety. But from the deferential character of your deportment towards your parents no departures whatsoever can be permitted, although united with the most loving caresses, and the playfulness at times of mere children one towards the other. Respect must underlie all filial affection and every course of conduct. Let your parents be the judges of what you should do or refrain from doing; let their wishes be your laws. You may freely confide your own to them, but always with the understanding that any ultimate decision rests entirely with them.

And now we will suppose that my young reader has returned from school or college, having received all the education to be there obtained, or at least afforded by her parents. What is the dominant thought and object in her mind? I will take the case of a professional man's or tradesman's daughter, one of just sufficient means to support his family, without necessitating the sending away of the daughters to earn their own living.

What, I ask, is your chief thought and aim, my friend, in your return home? At eighteen you ought to be able to support yourself, and it is to be hoped that the expense lavished has not been thrown away. You may not have learned how to make pastry, nor do many another thing amongst those that are useful; but intellectual education—to whatever branches of it your mind has been directed—enlarges the intellect, and teaches you how to use your brains, and apply your reasoning powers with reference to every subject, whatever it may be, from working a difficult problem down to polishing a grate. Thus you should be able to be helpful in all kinds of ways, and if not, it is because the goodwill is lacking.

But let me return to the question—What is your dominant idea and desire? Is your mind set on merely doing just as you please now you are released from school? On being introduced into that circle of society to which your parents belong, to give up your time to some favourite art, to bury yourself in a snug armchair, and lose yourself in the world of imagination, reading works of fiction, or even those of a more serious and instructive character? In fact, is your heart set on amusing yourself, going to parties, playing lawn-tennis, staying on visits with friends, &c.?

All these are pleasant occupations and pursuits, and suitable to your age; and it is natural that you should enjoy them more, and set a greater importance upon them at your time of life, than when a few more years have passed over your head. But when we talk of "dominant wishes," and a "great object in life," (at any rate for the time being) it is to be hoped that some higher and nobler thought, some more worthily-dear ambition fills your heart in returning to your home.

Unfortunately that of many girls is to marry and become the mistress of a home of their own. They wish to be a centre of interest to someone, and to have the special pleasure of "guiding the house" which they thereby acquire. This is all very natural, and there is no harm in cherishing the anticipation of such an interest in future days.

But, my dear little friend in your teens, only just come home from school, do you think you have no obligations to fulfil after all the expense that has been lavished upon you? Surely in school the idea is fully acknowledged that there is such a rule as that of "give and take." If you "take," are you not bound by all laws of honour and gratitude to "give" in return? This is an axiom of school life, and must commend itself to your own sense of what is just and seemly.

Granting this argument its full weight, I need not appeal to a still higher motive, which may be found in filial love, and in Christian duty.

You return home to find younger brothers and sisters less advanced in education; some perhaps delicate and proportionately spoiled; your mother with her hands full, having no strength to spare, few relaxations to enjoy, and "distractions" for an ever busy and anxious mind. She has already bravely borne "the burden and heat of the day," and you are all fresh and young, and it is to be hoped "capable" also. Evening parties are pleasant, lawn-tennis healthful in addition; keeping up accomplishments—in music and art—or indulging in book-worm proclivities, all very delightful. But have you no greater object before you to which all these pleasurable pursuits are subservient? Your studies were not intended for your personal benefit only; they are "talents" to be traded with. (See St. Matt. xxv. 15.) Your accomplishments were not acquired to entertain yourself alone. Lay them at the feet of those who provided the means to acquire them, and say in the spirit and beautiful words of David, to a far higher and more munificent Benefactor—"All things come of Thee, and of Thine own have we given Thee." (1st Chron. xxix. 14.)

Suppose that you are devoted to music: what a poor return for having had you instructed, to see you occupy the piano at stated hours each day, whatever else there might be to do in the household, and without inquiring whether the dear mother had a headache! How selfish to go off to play some outdoor game, without first offering to take the little ones for a walk, or to do any commission for the household benefit, or to go out with the mother later on. Mothers have to be coaxed to take an hour's rest or recreation, and if their slender means necessitate their performance of household work, mendings and makings, attending to the cooking or preserving, and to the linen and store closet departments, it is high time, when her daughters return from school, that they should learn to lighten the long-borne burdens, and so, in

however humble a way, to "requite their parents." (1st Tim. v. 4.) The expense of a governess or of an extra servant might often be spared by an active, intelligent, and grateful daughter, and thus a little change to the sea, or the refreshment of a few drives, be rendered possible for the benefit of all the party.

Then again, supposing my young friend should come home to be introduced into fashionable society, she still has ways and means of showing her gratitude and consideration for her parents. How many a girl will urge her mother to remain late at some evening entertainment for her own selfish satisfaction, instead of asking her as a favour to order the carriage, and go home to bed at a seasonable hour. To remain till the last guest shall retire is probably to inflict a sleepless night upon her, and result in her rising with a headache; while the daughter sleeps like a dormouse, and wakens as well as she was the previous day.

To ask for extra and expensive articles of dress, or tickets for exhibitions and entertainments, may often result in some private act of self-denial on your mother's part, however affluent the circumstances of your family may be. But if your thoughts and loving wishes centred around that forbearing, unselfish being, there would be no danger of overlooking her interests, however naturally thoughtless you might be.

As to the exaltation of marriage, unconnected with any particular individual, as the central object of life, and one towards which immediate steps should be taken, I can only deplore that I should have to reprobate any such degrading idea.

Five or six years of life and vigour should be freely given to home duties, and if by that time a good and honourable man, with a sufficiency of private means, or engaged in a good profession, be permitted by your parents to pay you his addresses, and in course of time to win your affection, then indeed the time will have arrived to think about making another home. You will then be of an age to know your own mind, and to make no mistake; your judgment will have had due time to be matured; you will have had some experience in household duties, and, it may be, in teaching and keeping children in order, as well as in attendance in a sick room.

At no school nor college can you obtain the training that daily intercourse with your mother will afford you, and your education is but half finished when you first come home to be under her personal teaching. Besides all this—if you wish still further to complete it—private study, nursing, cookery, dressmaking, and plain needlework should occupy your most careful attention. I also advise you to study the subject of economy in expending an allowance; whether large or small, it may be—and indeed always is—a duty to parcel it out wisely as well as economically.

Having thus really completed your education—practically, as well as theoretically—during four or five years of home life and experience, you will be prepared to "guide the house" for some worthy man, who will bless the day that you yielded to his suit.

One more hint before I close. It is in very bad taste to allude to your having attained your "majority," thereby implying that you are legally independent. Besides, what sort of independence is it? Oftentimes not a very valuable affair after all.

You may make a will or witness signatures to a legal document, and you may marry against the wishes and better judgment of your parents, and then go to the workhouse if you please. But I think many of you who reckon on inheriting certain "settlement" money at the death of your parents, to come in at least for any possible family of yours, had better remember that when a settlement is made on a woman for her life, and her children after her, sometimes "a power of appointment" is likewise left her to divide her property as she may deem best, and according to the deserts or necessities of those children. Your mother may therefore be able to give you a shilling only, and all the rest to a more dutiful child. But in reference to future prospects, be they what they may, it would be grossly indelicate to make any inquiries, as any such expectancies of yours involve your parents' death.

Lastly, be scrupulous in asking for money or other gifts. You ought not to wish to receive more than your brothers and sisters, and it should always be your desire and effort to share everything with them. As to other favours and indulgences, you may ask for them if you please, but once their decision has been pronounced let there be no teazing, no sulking, no half-accorded submission. Acquiesce at once and with a good grace.

Let the feeling of your heart respond to their wishes. "I submit because I respect you, I love you—I owe it to you as a debt of simple gratitude, and I owe it likewise to my God, who has ordained your supremacy over me, and has left this rule as a test of my Christian profession—'If ye love Me, keep My commandments.'"

DONALD AND I.

By NELLIE HELLIS.

CHAPTER IV.

THE following Monday morning found me at my lodgings in London. Tired out with my past journey, and anxious with respect to that which loomed before me, I was nevertheless full of happiness at the prospect of meeting Donald. Having seen from a time-table that a train arrived from Sunniehead at 6 a.m., I begged my landlady to have breakfast ready at an early hour, and then, though I was too excited to sleep, I went to bed.

I was up and dressed before seven, but eight and nine o'clock passed, and no Donald had appeared. Another hour struck; and my restlessness increasing (though why I was so restless I could not understand, for it was only as a dear friend that I now thought of my cousin), I resolved to put on my hat and go into the Kensington Gardens, which were only a few minutes' walk from my lodgings. With this intention, I stepped from my little sitting-room into the hall. The street door was open, and a gentleman was inquiring for Miss Campbell. It was Donald, and in another minute I had led him into my own room.

"Oh! Donald, I am so glad to see you."

"You cannot be so glad to see me as I am to see you."

"I don't know about that."

"But I do. Stand still now, and let me look at you. Why, lassie, you've scarcely altered at all. You're a bit thinner than when you left Scotland, but I see no other difference."

"There's a great difference in you. Your back is broader, and there's a plentiful sprinkling of grey in your hair."

"I suppose I *am* beginning to look old," and he glanced somewhat anxiously in the looking-glass.

"As old as Methusaleh," and then, as if I had said a clever thing, we both laughed heartily.

"Have you breakfasted, Donald?"

"Yes. My train got in early, and thinking you might not be up, I went to a hotel. Why, Jennie, where have all your roses gone?"

The flush with which I had met him had died away, and my face now wore its wonted paleness.

"I have not been well for the last few months," I answered, lightly. "I told you so in my letter."

Resting a hand on each of my shoulders, he looked at me searchingly. I was glad I could meet his eyes without flinching, and smile bravely in reply to his pitying scrutiny.

"This voyage to South Africa will set me up finely," I continued. "The doctors say there is nothing really the matter with me. I only want rest and change of air. But, Donald, won't you sit down? You must be tired after your long journey."

Apparently he preferred to stand. But now, beneath his steady look, my cheeks were again beginning to flush, and my eyes had a strong tendency to seek the ground.

"You are going to kind people, Jennie?"

"If Mrs. Forbes is like her sister, she will be more than kind," I replied.

"And you wish to go?"

"It was the best thing that offered. Mrs. Forbes said it would be home to me."

"Had such a home been offered you in Scotland, would you have accepted it?"

"I suppose I should."

"Would you have preferred it?"

"Naturally. There is no country like one's own. Besides, Scotland is so beautiful with its mountains and its lochs and its glens. Now do go and rest yourself in that arm-chair by the window."

He did not comply with my request; perhaps he had not heard it. But as a sudden look of resolution came into his face, he removed his hands from my shoulders, and stepping towards the fireplace, leant his elbow on the mantelpiece.

"I have the offer of a home to make you," he said, after a moment's pause.

"In Scotland, do you mean?"

"Aye: as its mistress. Your duties would be light."

"It is impossible to think of it," I replied, not in the least comprehending his meaning. "I have written to Mrs. Forbes, and my passage has been taken."

"Your passage has been taken?" he repeated, in astonishment.

"Yes, Mr. Drayton managed it for me."

"That is not an insurmountable difficulty," he said, coolly. "But," with a change of voice, "tell me what you think of this proposal of mine?"

"It is useless to discuss it. You know I am in honour bound to keep my engagement with Mrs. Forbes."

"Jennie," and his eyes sought mine with a look I had never seen in them before, "don't you understand that my home is lonely, and that I want you to be my wife?"

The blood receding from my face, left my lips so cold and trembling, that I could not utter a word. As he approached me with outstretched arms, I could only motion him away.

"I have frightened you, I have been too hasty," he said, hurriedly. "Indeed I did not mean to speak till later in the day; not, perhaps, until to-morrow. But when I saw you looking so thin and white, and, notwithstanding your inward shrinking—for I know you too well, dear, not to see what it is costing you—heard you talk so bravely and cheerfully of your future life in South Africa, I could not keep silence any longer, but just asked the question I came to ask. Jennie, don't look so, but speak."

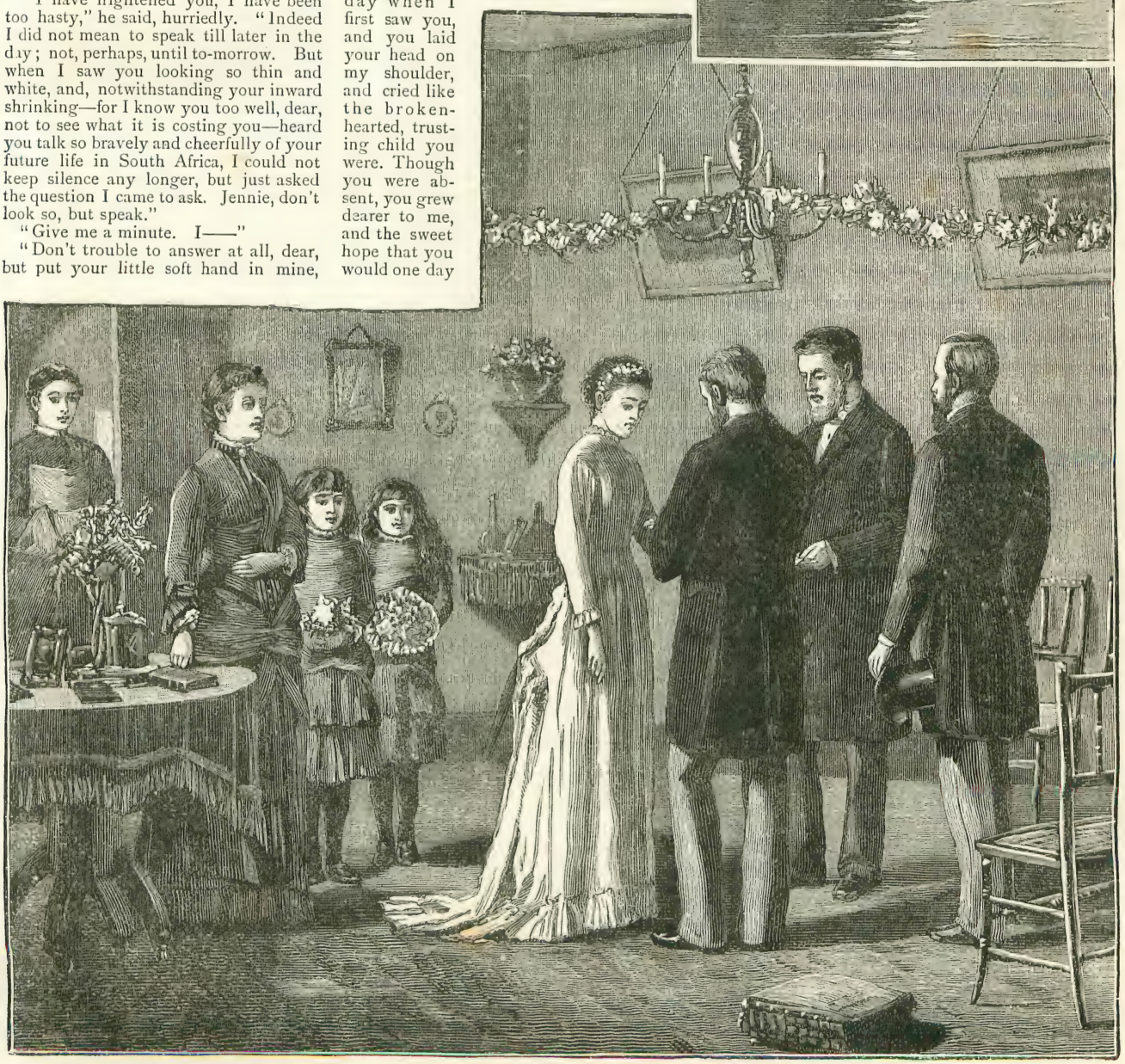
"Give me a minute. I——"

"Don't trouble to answer at all, dear, but put your little soft hand in mine, and let it mean yes." He took my hand, for at that moment I had no power to resist. "Oh, Jennie," he went on, "it shall not be my fault if your future is not as bright and as happy and as full of love as hitherto it has been sombre and sad and desolate."

I was getting colder and colder, and a kind of numbness was creeping over me. But at these words I felt a sudden glow at my heart, and with it the power to speak and move returned.

"Ah! that is just it," I cried, drawing my hand from his, and shrinking from the arm that was again stealing round my waist. "It is out of compassion that you say this. You have always pitied me, have always been sorry for my friendless, unprotected lot, so different from that of most girls. The thought is like yourself, good and kind, but Donald——"

"Jennie," he interrupted, "you are mistaken. I have loved you—only I never knew it till you had left me—ever since the day when I first saw you, and you laid your head on my shoulder, and cried like the broken-hearted, trusting child you were. Though you were absent, you grew dearer to me, and the sweet hope that you would one day



"VERY IMPRESSIVELY DID MR. BRUCE READ THE WORDS OF THE MARRIAGE SERVICE."

be my wife has been each year more fondly cherished. My darling, don't you believe me now?"

"But if you have loved me so long, why did you not speak before?"

I asked the question with difficulty, but until it was answered how could I answer him?

"You knew my mother. She idolised me, and expected a like proportion of affection in return. It would have been hard for her to learn that I loved another before herself. Knowing that, I long ago resolved never to marry as long as she lived. I owed her more than most sons owe their mothers, remember that, dear."

"I do not blame you, Donald," I said. "What you have told me only increases the honour and esteem which I have for you."

"But, Jennie," he went on eagerly, "you have been my only love, and I have been dreading that somebody else might step in before me and win my darling's heart. Perhaps I ought to have spoken in the spring, but I thought that respect for my mother should keep me silent just a little longer. Your letter, however, told me I had not an hour to lose. I dashed off a reply, and this is the consequence."

"But you have business in London."

"You know the business; there was none other. It was only that you should not be startled, and that I should ensure a meeting without loss of time, that I invented that plausible excuse. What have you to say to me now, Jennie?"

I told him I should make an unfitting wife for one so clever and prosperous as himself, and that some day, perhaps, he would regret the choice he was now making. But at these words I saw by the pained look about his mouth and in his eyes I had hurt him. At that I uttered a little cry for forgiveness, and then——. Well, I hardly know what happened, but I was weeping once more on Donald's shoulder, only now they were not tears of sorrow but tears of joy.

"I cannot expect you to love me yet," he said, presently; "but if ever a man tried to win a woman's love, I will yours."

"Not love you, Donald?"

At his words there came a revelation to me. Whatever I might have hoped and believed, I knew at that moment I had never ceased to love him. The blaze had been extinguished, but the embers were still burning, and now, suddenly taking fire, they leaped into flame. My eyes must have told him that, and more, for after looking at me a minute, his own grew misty, and his encircling arm drew me yet closer to him as he said, huskily:

"The poor wee bit lassie! God bless you for it, darling, and make me worthy of the love of so true and good a woman."

We spent a fortnight together in London. Donald introduced me and himself to some distant relations of his mother's. They seemed very pleased to make our acquaintance, and having heard the story of our engagement, asked me to become their guest until Donald had made arrangements for our marriage. So far as I was concerned, I should have preferred remaining at my lodgings. I longed for quietness and leisure in which more fully to realise my great and unexpected happiness. But that Donald wished me to accept the invitation was sufficient, and accordingly I packed up my boxes, and was driven the short distance which lay between the little house—now so dear to me—and the more important-looking abode of our new-found friends.

To get my passage money refunded was Donald's first endeavour. He succeeded, and a long letter of explanation was written to Mrs. Forbes. Mrs. Drayton had an epistle from both of us. Her reply was full of heart-felt sympathy and congratulation. Her sister, she said, would be sorry for the loss of so good a friend as she was anticipating in myself; but apart from that, she was sure she would rejoice in the happiness which had fallen to my lot.

Only one thing troubled me. Donald would spend his money so recklessly. I grew wiser at last, and refrained from admiring the pretty dresses, trinkets, etc., which caught my fancy in the shop windows, for no sooner did I admire an article than he would either purchase it on the spot, or be vexed and grieved that it was not in his power to give it me.

Donald left me at his cousin's on the understanding that, as soon as he had completed the arrangements for our wedding, I was to follow him to Sunniehead. I expected two or three weeks to elapse before I received a summons. He had only been gone one clear day, however, when there came a telegram saying a letter would bring details, but that I was to be in readiness to start for Sunniehead on the next evening. Donald, it seemed, had gone straight to his friends at the parsonage, and told his story to the good minister and his wife. They said there was no reason why our marriage should not be solemnised immediately. As soon as it was possible for me to arrive, Mrs. Bruce would meet me at the station, take me to her home, and, on the following morning, the wedding could take place in her drawing-room.

What could I do but carry out Donald's instructions? Mrs. Bruce met me as he had said. Had she been my sister, she could not have welcomed me more kindly; and in her pretty drawing-room, adorned for the occasion with a profusion of flowers, Donald and I were married. I wore the ivory satin dress he had himself chosen for my wedding gown. Mrs. Bruce's two little daughters were my bridesmaids, and one of Donald's partners acted as best man. Very impressively did Mr. Bruce read the words of the marriage service; but clearer than aught else in my memory is the proud, satisfied look with which Donald bent down, and for the first time kissed his wife.

* * * * *

Raising my head, I see my husband sitting by the fire with our first-born, our three years old Edith, in his arms. Her golden head and fair face are a constant reminder of my little sister Eppie—only, thank God, in our darling's plump form and glowing cheeks there is no indication of constitutional delicacy. Catching my eye her own becomes troubled; and slipping down from her father's knee, she runs across the room to where I am sitting.

"What you crying for, moder?" she says, fondly. "Edie is sorry you mis'ble."

Stooping to kiss her, I reply—

"When my darling grows older, she will know that women sometimes cry for no other reason than that they are so thankful and so happy."

[THE END.]

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EDUCATIONAL.

LADY HILARY.—You will require to learn spelling, the first three rules in arithmetic, geography, grammar, and to write better. It will be time enough then to inquire about the salary you can obtain.

PERSEVERANCE.—Apply at the Children's Hospital, Great Ormond-street. You are eligible as to age, but your spelling and writing are very bad, which may prove a difficulty.

KIT.—Apply to Mrs. Deeble, Superintendent of Nurses, Netley, for information on this subject.

GRITTIE.—Candidates desiring to be trained nurses are required to produce references as to character. After a few weeks of probation as a test, they receive a salary of £12 for the first year, and are expected to remain in the institution for a further period of three years, and receive from £22 to £25 per annum. The hospitals that receive probationers in London are St. Thomas's, the Royal Free Hospital, the London Hospital, and the Middlesex Hospital.

MURIEL TREVLYN.—The list of subjects on which you have passed the examination of the College of Preceptors is considerable, and the next thing to be done to qualify you for a situation as governess is to learn how to write a letter, and how to do needlework. A letter should be commenced at a distance of one third from the top of the page, and no part of it should be written quite close to the top, and almost over the edge. Also try to write a free running hand. Yours is cramped and ungraceful.

UNE BONNE SŒUR.—A girl who is good-tempered and patient is old enough almost at any tender age to teach her younger sisters whatever branch of her education she knows really well. But her mother's wishes must decide the matter.

"VERY MUCH."—The proper person to whom you should apply for information is the advertiser for sorters, and the sooner you do so the better. Your handwriting is not a running one; it is stiff and needs sloping. We thank you for the verse you send us, with such good wishes, which we cordially reciprocate.

MADGE (Melbourne).—You might be trained as a lady pupil at the Middlesex Hospital, Mortimer-street, Berners-street, London, W., on payment of one guinea a week; also at St. Mary's Hospital, Paddington, London, W., besides at many other hospitals. Write to the Lady Superintendent. At St. Thomas's, Albert Embankment, Westminster Bridge, London, S.W., ladies may be trained on payment of £30 or £52, and superior appointments may be obtained with salaries from £35 to £60, rising to £100, on the completion of their training. Write to the Matron, Mrs. Wardroper, for all particulars. The last-named is a very fine hospital on the banks of the Thames, facing the Houses of Parliament.

ONE IN TROUBLE, if desirous of going to Canada to seek a situation as governess, had better write to Mrs. Blanchard, 13, Dorset-street, Portman-square, W., for advice. We think that Australia offers a better prospect under such circumstances than Canada. Be guided by the information you obtain from her. A personal interview would be desirable.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A NERVOUS ONE.—We advise you to try an entire rest by the seaside, with good food and a little bathing, if it agree with you. You will probably soon recover, as your doctor says.

MAUDE MACPHAIL.—You should answer in the first person, "Dear madame." We think your handwriting will improve as you grow older. Many thanks for your warm appreciation of our labours.

A STICKLEBACK.—The "powder monkey" is a boy who carries cartridges from the magazine to the guns in ships of war. A little ammonia and water applied with a sponge would clean grease and dirt from the straw hat.

A. R. O.—1. The Ancient College of Heralds is in Queen Victoria-street. An illustrated article, giving a full description of it, and information in reference to work of the institution, was given in the *Leisure Hour* between three and four years ago. We advise you to procure it at our publishing office. 2. The Norsemen discovered the Faroe Islands in about 861; Snowland (or Iceland), and, later on, Greenland, and the old Icelandic Sagas record (on indisputable documentary evidence) the discovery of the American continent by themselves (Scandinavians) nearly five centuries before that of Columbus.

WILD ROSE.—1. It is very gratifying to us to receive such kind assurances of hearty approval of our paper. Your handwriting looks better than it really is, as no distinction is made between the "u," "m," and "n." The "k" also is not correctly formed, and thus we have not been able to decipher every word. 2. The difference between the "marguerite" and "fennel," is that the former is the English white "ox-eye," *C. Leucanthemum*, having a flower resembling the common daisy, only much larger. It is a single *Chrysanthemum* and wild perennial. "Fennel," or *Fœniculum vulgare*, an aromatic plant used in fish sauce, is utterly unlike the white ox-eye, or marguerite, and grows chiefly in waste places near the sea. It has large *umbels* of small yellow flowers.

ANXIOUS KITTY.—Read 2nd Cor. ii. 14. Freethinkers do not feel themselves bound to believe all that Divine revelation teaches and all the doctrines of the Christian religion, nor the special interpretations of any branch of the Christian church. The name they assume exactly describes their position. "How can two walk together except they be agreed?"

MARGARET.—Ask your friend what she would do if she were sick, starving or cold. Would she not ask her mother for medicine, food, or clothing? Could she not tell her where she had a pain without reading it out of a book? For prayers in the family when others have to be considered, or when wishing to unite all together to pray for certain things at the same moment, a book may be and is of value. But when alone with your Heavenly Father, who heareth in secret our private confession, prayers, and thanks, there is no need of a book. Would you write down or adopt some other person's written words and read them to your parents if you wanted advice or help? Do not think of your Heavenly Father as being far away up in the sky—somewhere, but who knows where; in the vast illimitable universe. Think of Him listening to every word, and knowing every unspoken sorrow, desire, hope, and fear, and humbly tell Him all in your own words. Has He not said, "Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world"?

MAY.—You write fairly well. Whether there will be a competition such as you desire we cannot tell you.

TROSGAM.—1. In 1814, on January 10, a heavy snowstorm commenced over the whole kingdom. There was an exceedingly severe frost, and a fair was held on the River Thames. It was a memorable day, in other respects; Buonaparte abdicated, Paris capitulated, and Louis XVIII. was restored to the throne. 2. There are several ophthalmic hospitals. The Central London Ophthalmic Hospital, Calthorpe-street, Gray's-Inn-road, W.C.; the Royal London Ophthalmic Hospital, Blomfield-street, Moorfields, E.C.; the South London Ophthalmic Hospital, 6, St. George's-circus, S.E.; the Royal Westminster Ophthalmic Hospital, 19, King William-street, Charing Cross, W.; and the Western Ophthalmic Hospital, 153-5, Marylebone-road, N.W.

VIOLET must consult our indexes, and she will find plenty of references to the pressing of flowers, leaves, ferns, and seaweed. She has more leisure to do so than we have. Giving a recipe once ought to be quite sufficient, when supplying our readers with indexes.

UNOBSERVANT.—Full instructions on the art of carving were given on page 403, vol. iv.

ELLEN G. NEWMAN.—It is best to select colours which will not show stains nor dirt, such as brown or grey. Perhaps ammonia and water or a little oxgall would be of service when the mischief is already done.

LIZZIE.—If you do not wish to go on with your profession as teacher, you would be suitable for that of a clerk or bookkeeper.

AN OLD VASE.—Many thanks for your kind letter. We think personal liking and respect form an excellent basis for happiness, provided that you do not love anyone else better. But surely your own feelings can guide you best, at least, better than we could!

CLOVER.—Do not leave off studying, but find a quiet corner, where you need not stop your ears with your fingers.

DAISY RANDOLPH.—*Serviettes* are needed at every meal. The master of the house usually says grace. You should always write "London" on your letters when you live in the country, and add the proper initials of postal district after it.

CHRISTINE VON GONDREMARKE and A BLACK NEWT should procure the new Manual of Lawn-Tennis for 1884, from L. U. Gill, 170, Strand, W.C.; price by post, 1s. 2d. only. That is the most recent authority.

INQUISITIVE.—With proper cleanliness and good ventilation, there should be no difficulty in getting the cream to rise, provided that you have good cows and that they be properly fed.

S. P. D.—The schoolroom-maid waits on the schoolroom, takes meals up and down, and generally has complete charge of all concerning it. In some houses she also takes care of the young ladies' bedrooms, or acts as young ladies'-maid.

MADAME HARTLEY.—Your lines are full of pious feeling, but cannot be called poetry, although they rhyme.

RUBY wishes to know "what kind of work cutting and sorting coupons is?" We should think it very easy, provided she has been taught to use a pair of scissors.

WATERLILY.—St. Margaret was Queen of Scotland 1046-1093.

MIGNONETTE.—We regret that you took the trouble of sending us the specimens, as we do not meddle nor advise in such things. Read the article on "Girls' Christian Names," pages 39, 134, 235, 355, 381, vol. iv. You have asked us to answer twenty-one questions in all.

J. V.—A recipe for removing inkspots from leather will be found on page 687, vol. v. Many thanks for the pretty little card and kind note.

TWIDDLERS.—Ladies' cloaks and light overcoats may be waterproofed as follows:—Dissolve an ounce of alum in two pounds of soft water, one ounce of isinglass in one pound of soft water, and a quarter of an ounce of soap in one pound of water, all in separate vessels; strain each, and then mix, allowing the mixture to simmer on a slow fire for some time. While hot, brush the mixture over the cloth; when dry, brush the cloth well, and lay on another coat of the mixture—all laid on the wrong side. The material will be ready for use in a few days. Wash chamois leather in cold soft water with white soap.

CHLORIS, LILIAN No. 2.—"Chloris" should consult a doctor. She needs a tonic or some cod-liver oil, exercise, and bathing. "Lilian No. 2" will find benefit from the same course, and should rub her hands well with oil, and try a few electric shocks from a mild battery.

LITTLE DOT.—Do not attempt to dye your dress yourself. Practise on some more worthless piece of material, if you please; but you are not likely to do it well yourself after that, not having the proper dyeing baths and appliances used in the trade. As to the colour which your dress will take the best, you should follow the advice of the dyer.

MARY HUNTLEY.—By your own statement you failed to give the required dates in six cases, and as to the justice of our adjudication of the certificates, we allow no one to call that in question. We are sorry for your failure, especially as you laboured under such difficulties as you describe: but we had to be fair towards others, even at your expense.

LOUIE L.—The unpleasant flushing of which you complain after exertion in hot weather is quite natural, especially to persons of fair complexion and inclined to be stout; but it is doubly distressing to persons who have no natural vent through the pores for the heat they experience. Perhaps a doctor might give you something to promote a better and freer action of the skin. Accept our thanks for your kind letter.

HILDA.—We cannot say how soon we shall propose another competition. It is "possible for a girl of fifteen to earn something." You might, with your mother's leave, go out daily to take charge of small children, walk with them, and teach them to read; or you might help much in household matters at home, and spare your mother the wages and board of a servant. You might also make and mend, and save expense in this way also.

CAROLINE.—The tailless cat of the Isle of Man is only a variety of the ordinary cat.

CHRISTABEL.—Perhaps the enlargement of your throat is occasioned by the quality of the water you drink, or by the character of the locality in which you reside. Sometimes a pretty valley shut up on three sides, and thus forming what the French call a *cul de sac*, produces both low fever and *goitre*, or enlargement of the throat. Sea air would probably do you much good, and a long sea voyage, if you could obtain one. You had better consult a doctor.

AUGUSTA LEGARDE.—You appear to be suffering from dyspepsia with its usual consequences, and the liver may also be out of order. You need a course of treatment, and to be put upon a strict dietary system for a time, and need medical advice.

PRINCESS.—We are not told in the Scriptures who the father and mother of St. Paul were.

ROSE.—You will find a full account of rose-budding at page 548, in the part for May, 1882.

A WALLFLOWER can preserve mountain-ash berries either in spirits or else in salt-and-water.

A SEEKER AFTER KNOWLEDGE.—The "obverse" means anything necessarily involved in, or answering to another. Spencer says: "The fact that a belief invariably exists being the obverse of the fact that there is no alternative belief."

A GENTLEMAN from Ramsgate writes—:

DEAR SIR,—A friend has just sent me your October part of the "Girl's Own," and I am much interested in the description of the "water bouquet." I am no stranger to the beautiful decoration, having seen one made many years ago at Farnham, Surrey, and my wife sends one to each flower show here; but it is the first time I have seen a description in print, and as my experience is so different from that of Lady Hope, I should like to know what she puts in the water to preserve "its freshness for a month"? Mine is foggy in three or four days. If made on a stopper, the top should be ground quite flat, and fastened to the glass dish with a small piece of putty. And I would not advise a new hand to begin with a glass shade fifteen inches high. Think of the risk of breakage and its discouragement! I should say to beginners, get a gardener's propagating glass (white glass), eight inches high and twenty one inches in circumference, costing about a shilling; and do not mind the ugly knob at the top; and a glass dish to fit it can be had for another shilling. Lady Hope does not say the globe must be laid on *its side* in the tub or bath to fill it; and when all the air is excluded gently turn it on its edge at the bottom of the tub. Anyone will now see that the most delicate part of the performance still remains. There are the flowers on the dish at the bottom of the *full* tub of water, and also the globe full to be lifted on to the dish without disturbing the flowers or lifting the globe high enough to admit the least air, for the globe *must be quite full*. When the globe is on, then lift up and place on table, and all is done. If any alteration is needed, it must go back to the tub and be done there. There are other ways to make one up without stopper—a piece of putty in the centre of the dish and the flowers stuck in; but the last one my wife sent to our show was a fine wedding bouquet in a smart little vase, and standing in a globe of water twenty-seven inches by eleven high; but beginners will not venture upon one of that size.

"SNOWDRIFTS,"

BEING

THE EXTRA CHRISTMAS PART

OF

"THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER,"

IS NOW READY,

And may be had on immediate application of the usual Booksellers.

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THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

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"IT WAS ADELA, CROUCHED ON THE GROUND."

THE MOUNTAIN PATH.

By LILY WATSON, Author of "Within Sight of the Snow," &c.

CHAPTER IX.

THE day of the picnic, which had been royally bounteous in sunshine and warmth, was declining to its close. The shadows began to lengthen, and the light was golden and mellow. Although there were yet some hours of daylight

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before the brief summer night, the decree went forth that it was time to return home, and the wanderers through the forest glades, along the Fern Valley, and by the river banks were seen, as by one consent, directing their steps towards the appointed place of rendezvous in the wood, where the carriages were awaiting them. Helen was piloting Aunt Maria over the stepping-stones again, and did not hear the hue and cry that was suddenly spread abroad for Miss Adela Gascoigne, who was missing from the group that left the Valley of Ferns.

"Where is my sister?" inquired Mr. Aubrey of Oswald, who was lounging along with a cloud on his handsome brow.

"I do not know," he replied. "She said she was going with Miss Paget to look for rare ferns, and would meet us at the carriages."

"Miss Paget! Where is Miss Paget?" the outcry was raised; but Amy, who was walking along with her usual listless melancholy air, seemed to know nothing at all about Adela. She had seen young Miss Gascoigne, she admitted with a frightened air, gathering flowers at her side, but she had said nothing at all, and had gone away directly afterwards into the wood.

"We shall find her at the carriages," said one and all; but Oswald did not appear satisfied to go on without her, and strode off into the forest, making the glades ring with his call. Many volunteers departed in various directions to seek for the absentee; for the forests of Greylands Priory are vast, and a wanderer might well roam on for hours and hours among the gnarled trunks and the wild rocks, seeking vainly for a track or path of any sort, hearing nothing but the sleepy chirp of a bird or the rustling of the leaves as some squirrel sped among them.

When at last the seekers arrived one by one, considerably later than the hour fixed for starting, at the broad place in the wood where the carriages stood awaiting them, everyone expected either that somebody else would have been more fortunate than himself, and discovered the missing girl, or that she would be already at the rendezvous; but she was not to be seen, and the face of the host assumed an air of real perplexity and distress.

"Where's Helen?" cried Oswald, with authoritative impatience. It was an old habit of his to turn to Helen in any situation of anxiety or doubt. She was one of those people who seem meant for others to lean upon them, and yet she never paraded her advice. Oswald would have been greatly astonished if anyone had told him that he depended upon her, yet, as at present, it was an instinct with him instantly to seek her help when he was perplexed. He was doomed to disappointment in this instance, for one of the servants came forward, and touching his hat, informed the young master that the elder Miss Gascoigne and Miss Brooke had arrived first at the rendezvous, and had driven on with Mrs Thorne to the Abbey Inn. Miss Gascoigne, he said, was so tired that she left a message she would rest in the inn parlour until the remainder of the party came up with her.

"Helen would not be likely to know anything about Miss Adela," observed Mr. Thorne. "The two were not together at all. Well, all I can say is, home I don't stir till she is found. She might roam for hours in these woods and never come upon a track. So you young men must start off and search, and the ladies can drive to the inn and wait, or go straight home, as they prefer."

This programme was carried out, and away started the young men of the party in different directions, into the gathering shades of the awful mysterious forest. Over hill and dale they roamed, always among trees, calling Adela's name; but they met with no response save the skurrying of some startled hare through the bracken, or the whirring of a pheasant up from its covert. Poor Amy Paget came in for a great deal of mental abuse from some of them, for as Adela had given out she was going to hunt for ferns in her company, the impression was naturally produced that Amy ought to have known more about her movements than she did.

In reality, the unfortunate girl knew nothing of Adela, as she told Helen, when the party of ladies had driven up to the inn and rushed into the parlour with their story.

"Adela lost! Dear, deary me!" cried Aunt Maria, starting up from the hard shiny sofa where she had been reposing her wearied frame.

"They think it's my fault!" cried Amy, pouncing upon Helen, and displaying a great deal more animation than she had ever yet shown. "They'll all blame me at home. But I've nothing to do with it any more than you, indeed I haven't."

"Why do they think it's your fault? What is it all about?" inquired Helen. "Don't cry;" for the girl had begun to sob. "Tell me clearly what is the matter."

Someone else now took up the tale, and explained that Adela had given out she was going into the wood with Amy from the Valley of Ferns, and that after being seen in the latter's company, she had disappeared, now more than two hours ago.

"She never said she was coming with me to get ferns," cried Amy. "It wouldn't be at all likely; she doesn't ever speak to me hardly. I only saw her by me for a minute, and then she went away."

Helen stopped the poor girl's attempts at self-exculpation, which told plainly enough it was a usual thing for her to be blamed and to try to defend herself, by a kind assertion that nobody could think it was her fault at all, and then said—

"I must go at once."

It was quite half an hour's walk from the bridge and the inn to the open space where the ruins stood in the twilight, lifting their roofless walls to heaven. In spite of her own denunciation of her "stupid timidity," Helen shivered as she came out into the lonely plain, the trees standing like ghostly sentinels on the one side in serried array, while on the other the white brook, roaring down the hill, seemed to her excited fancy like the weird Kühleborn nodding and waving from the steep. The solemn strangeness of the place and hour could not but affect any sensitive imagination, and Helen's was quick and vivid. None of the searching party were in sight, for they naturally concluded that Adela could not be lost in the open ground, and they confined their wanderings to the forest.

Mastering the "eerie" feeling that threatened to overcome her, Helen hastened on and entered the chapel. The shadows cast by the wall made it difficult to see at first whether anyone were there; only the delicate tracery of the lancet windows stood out against the sky. Helen called aloud, and almost trembled at the sound of her own voice; then, hearing no response, went straight to the low, nail-studded oaken door of the crypt. It was closed, and no key was in the keyhole, but she placed her hands against the massive portal and pushed with all her might.

It yielded not an inch to her touch, though she pushed again and again. Then she began to knock vigorously, and to call, "Adela, Adela! are you there?" No answer came, and at last Helen stopped with a sudden revulsion of feeling. There was no sign that anyone had been near the door; why should she take it for granted, simply because Adela was lost, that she had carried out a mad project which had probably only flashed across her brain for a moment, to be again abandoned? Besides, was there any certainty that the crypt could be entered? The whole thing was a mere conjecture, resting on the flimsiest of foundations, and for the moment Helen almost laughed at herself for rushing to conclusions so rapidly. Very likely Adela was safe at the inn by this time, and she herself was being called for as lost. Still, she would not go without one more essay, and she picked up a stone with which she made an assault, as useless as the others had been, upon the door.

She hurried from the chapel into the open space, and regained the dusky wood. As she traversed the shadowy path, the immortal words rang again and again in her ear:—

"Light thickens, and the crow
Makes wing to the rooky wood;
Good things of day begin to droop
and drowse,
Whiles night's black agents to their
preys do rouse."

The state of suppressed excitement in which she was hastening along gained added intensity from the sound that now struck upon her ear of soft footsteps behind her, but she discovered with relief that they belonged to Mr. Aubrey Gascoigne, returning from his search.

"You alone! looking also for this thoughtless child!" he exclaimed, coming up to her.

"Have you found her?" Helen cried.

"I have not. I cannot tell whether others have been more happy. I feel much perturbed."

In a few words Helen told him of her

conjecture, founded upon Adela's random speeches.

"You had not really the key?" she said, questioningly.

He stopped and started, then felt in his pocket.

"I had, and it is gone! I obtained it for a private visit to the crypt this afternoon. But *she* cannot have taken it."

"Yes! yes!" almost shrieked Helen. "I see it all—the Valley of Ferns—you drew out your handkerchief—she was close behind you—she must have taken it—she went away directly after. Oh, make haste!"

In a bewildered frame of mind, Aubrey followed Helen, who plunged through fern and thicket in her haste to gain the Abbey. As soon as they emerged from the trees, a figure met their view in the moonlight, that had now begun to silver the turf and to blacken the shadows.

"Oswald! come! the crypt!" cried Helen to him, for she recognised her friend.

With scarcely a word of explanation, the three went together into the chapel. Through the lancet windows shafts of moonlight fell upon the grass, with bars of shade between them. They went straight to the horrible little door, and then paused, while Aubrey felt the key-hole.

"No key here," he murmured.

"She would have left it in the door," cried Oswald. "She would never have taken it in with her. I don't believe she's there."

"Let us see if it is locked," said Aubrey; and the two young men together with all their might pushed and shook the door. It was in vain. They could not move it a hair's breadth.

Suddenly Helen, inspired by a new idea, fell on her knees among the long grass and nettles before the threshold, and began to search with eager fingers. In an instant or two she sprang to her feet, holding aloft the missing key, which she had found lying among the rank growth there.

Utterly amazed and bewildered, Oswald snatched it from her, and applied it to the lock, which had been added in modern times for the safe preservation of the crypt. He could not open the door, and broke out with an exclamation of frantic impatience.

"It's maddening! maddening! she may be dying below there, and we are groping about like idiots here."

Gentle fingers were laid on his arm. "Oswald, it will be all right in a moment," said Helen; "don't fear. Have you a light?"

Oswald struck one of the vestas that he usually carried about him and held it to the lock, which Mr. Aubrey Gascoigne was examining with a patience greater than his friend's.

The latch has slipped here," he said; "it is not properly locked. The door has been opened since I went down, and in shutting it again the bolt has caught. The whole thing is out of proper order, but with the key I can open it, if you will be patient for a moment."

"Patient! when I think she may be there!" cried Oswald, beginning to walk about, nearly beside himself.

Helen took the box of vestas from his trembling fingers, and held light after light while Mr. Aubrey Gascoigne, whom she had never admired so much as at that moment, gently and quietly coaxed the obstinate lock, doing all that he possibly could for his sister's release without wild and hindering outbursts of impatience. At last his efforts were rewarded, and the door grated slowly on its hinges, revealing a dark and cavernous abyss.

Oswald rushed forward.

"Let me go down! do you hear," he ejaculated, trying to push Aubrey aside.

"My good fellow, be careful! the stairs are broken away. Let Miss Brooke stand at the top and burn vestas; we will do the same as we descend, only let me go first. I have been here before to-day."

Helen stood in the entrance with a beating heart, while the chill damp air that rushed up the narrow stairway struck a presentiment of dread to her heart. Together the young men descended the steps, broken away by time, and with frequent gaps where only fragments of worn stone bore witness to the tread of bygone generations. The roof was low, and they guided themselves as well as they could by hands as well as feet.

"I left a piece of candle lying at the foot of these steps for the mice to eat," said Aubrey. "Let us see if we can find it."

"Here it is!" breathed Aubrey, with joy. "Now for a match."

In another moment the pale, flickering flame of the candle showed the young men that they were in a vast underground vault. When the eye grew accustomed to the feeble light, the boldly-groined roof, springing from slender pillars, would have attracted the attention of any observer, and this it was which had induced Mr. Aubrey Gascoigne to descend alone and sketch the proportions of the place. The crypt was floored with slabs, many centuries old, under which reposed the dust of abbots of yore. The air was dank and damp with an earthy mouldering smell.

It may be readily supposed that none of these details obtained more than a hurried recognition from Oswald. He looked wildly round the place, then shouted with all his might for one whom he saw not, "Adela!" and the roof re-echoed in mocking tones the unaccustomed sound.

"Softly! softly! you may startle her," breathed Aubrey, but he hurried on. Into the furthermost recesses he penetrated, while his friend followed with the light, and here Oswald started back with a cry, for a terrible sight met his gaze.

It was Adela, crouched on the ground and staring out straight before her, with an awful look of terror in her wide eyes. All the youthful prettiness was blanched out of her face, and horror seemed to have petrified her. She put out both her hands as Oswald rushed up to her, then flung them before her eyes, while shriek after shriek rang through the crypt. Helen, standing on the topmost step, heard the fearful sound, and trembled, yet rejoiced that Adela was saved.

All self-control had now deserted the imprisoned girl, and it was no wonder. She had resolved to carry out her plan of visiting the crypt, from mere obstinacy and self-will, and had been assisted by the fact that when Aubrey, in the Valley of Ferns, drew his handkerchief from his pocket, the key had dropped out too. She seized it, and in order to divert attention from her freak, publicly declared that she was going to look for ferns with Amy Paget. Hastening alone to the ruined Priory, she unlocked the oaken door, and with infinite difficulty reached the bottom of the steps.

When she really found herself in the dark crypt, all the bravado that had prompted the act suddenly deserted her, and she nearly lost her senses through fright. The ascent of the steep broken stairway, without a gleam of light, seemed impracticable to her; she did not even attempt it, so was spared the added horror of knowing of the closed door, but, helpless and wild with terror, she abandoned herself to screams for help, and flung herself into a corner, seeing in imagination phantoms of hooded forms starting from the recesses of this their burial-place.

Poor Adela! Had it not been for Helen's timely thought, her fate would have been too horrible to relate. As it was, her rescuers felt serious alarm for the consequences as their strong arms bore her back to daylight, while Helen walked beside her, holding her hand and lavishing every gentle and soothing expression upon her that innate motherly tenderness could suggest. When they reached the hostelry, Adela went into fit after fit of violent hysterics; but Helen put her to bed, and waited on her with unremitting care.

"It will be needful to rest here awhile," said Aubrey to Helen. "I am going over now to the nearest village for a doctor."

"They can put us all up here for the night," Oswald chimed in, "and to-morrow we shall see what to do. We can have better advice then if necessary."

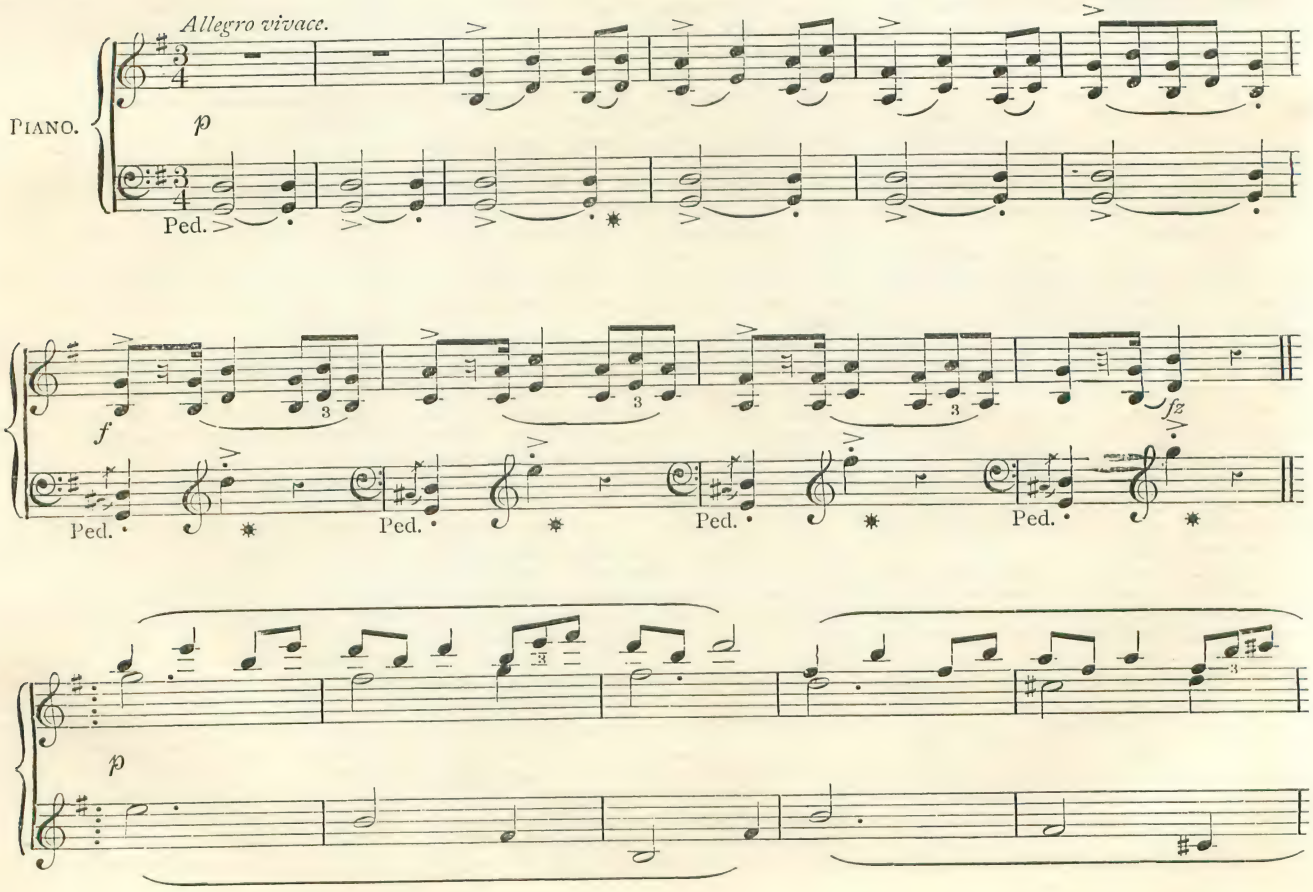
The elderly country doctor came, regarded by Oswald, in the midst of his anxiety, with inward scorn; but the young man had not the professional standpoint of even an obscure country practitioner, and was obliged to listen in silence to the information that the young lady had had a severe shock to the nerves—which they knew already—and to the prescription of quiet, warmth, and a soothing draught. Helen made poor Aunt Maria take some rest, and watched herself by the invalid. As she sat in the quaint inn chamber with its primitive white hangings, the faint sweet smell of lavender, the samplers on the walls telling of homely faith and prayer, she sent up a devout and earnest utterance of thankfulness to her Heavenly Father that the worst had not happened, and that the fate of which she shuddered even to think had been averted from her charge.

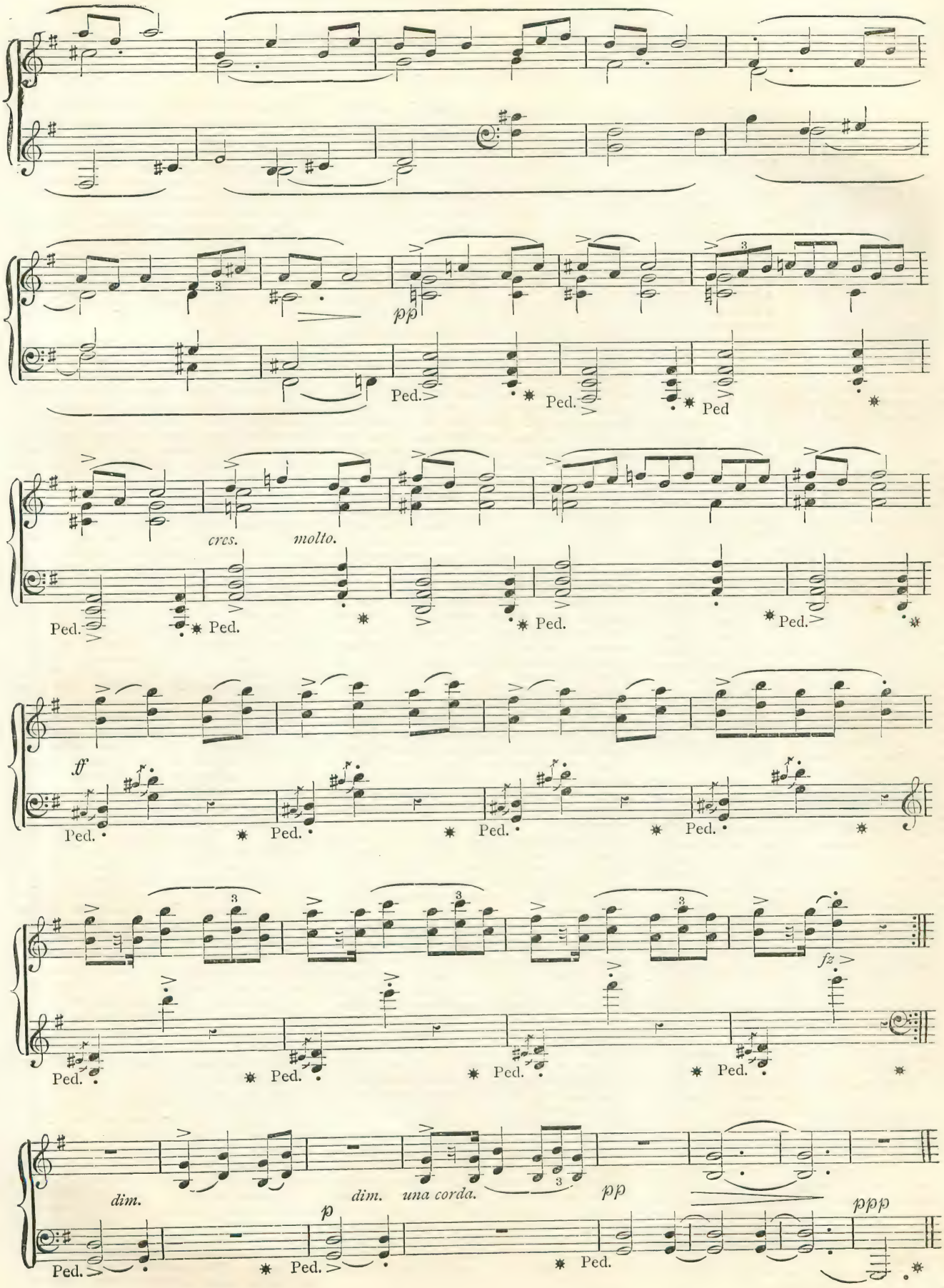
(*To be continued.*)

A NORWEGIAN WEDDING.

A NORWEGIAN MELODY.

EDVARD GRIEG.

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THE ESSENCE OF FAMOUS BOOKS.

By JAMES MASON.

II. Lady Mary Wortley Montagu's Letters.

LETTER-WRITING, they say, is almost a lost art. No doubt about it, and it is not in the least surprising either.

Before these days of railways, telegraphs, penny postage, and daily newspapers—that was the golden age of private correspondence. There was more leisure then to write and more leisure to read, and a great deal more reason both for writing and reading.

Mental activity now flows in different channels. Instead of long letters to intimate friends, people with a gift of words and a stock of ideas draw from their inkbottles magazine and newspaper articles. When they do write letters these are usually hurried and very seldom formal. Originality has not died out, neither has friendliness, but the conditions of life have changed, and you can no more bring back the highly finished epistles of the past than you can revive stage coaches.

It is with an example of this old-world correspondence that we have now to deal—an example admirable in its way, and from which, without trying to copy it, we may obtain many hints for use in these less artificial times. Lady Mary Wortley Montagu was conspicuous amongst the celebrated letter-writers of the eighteenth century, and there were not a few of them. Her letters have been famous ever since their publication, and afford a notable proof of the excellence of woman in a field in which, just as in that of friendly talk, men can never hope to rival them.

Lady Mary was the eldest daughter of Evelyn Pierrepont, Earl, and afterwards Duke, of Kingston. She was born about 1690. When quite a child she was distinguished for learning and liveliness as much as for beauty, and her father—whose pride she was—took great pains with her education. She made him an ill return, however, by marrying in 1712, against his will, Edward Wortley Montagu, grandson of the first Earl of Sandwich. It was a runaway match.

After the marriage she resided for some time principally in London. Her husband had long been intimate with Addison, Pope, and other eminent literary men of the day, and by her ability and vivacity Lady Mary attracted considerable notice from these distinguished people.

In 1716 Mr. Montagu was appointed ambassador to the Porte, and, accompanied by his wife, was absent on his mission till October, 1718. It was during this absence that she addressed to her sister, to Mr. Pope, and to other friends the celebrated letters which have done so much to hand down her name to posterity.

When she returned to England, Pope recommended her and her husband to settle at Twickenham, and they followed his advice. They were on the best of terms then, Pope and she, but it did not last long; they grew cool to each other, and openly quarrelled in the end.

For twenty years after her return from Constantinople Lady Mary resided in England, one of the acknowledged chiefs in the world of fashion and letters. To the surprise of everybody, in 1739 she determined to pass the rest of her days on the Continent, "without," as someone oddly puts it, "requiring the attendance of her husband." Why she dispensed with his company no one exactly knows; she and he wrote friendly enough letters to each other so long as Mr. Montagu lived.

Mr. Montagu died in 1761, and at the solicitations of her daughter, who had married the Earl of Bute, Lady Mary returned to England from Italy, where she had chiefly resided. She landed in her native country in October, 1761, and died in the ensuing summer, August 21st, 1762.

No person of pronounced character can go through the world without making enemies, and Lady Mary, with her irritating tongue, and still more sarcastic pen, had crowds of them who did their best to disturb her life and blacken her memory. She was far from perfection, but it is not difficult to find facts in her favour and not a few reasons why we should think and speak of her kindly. Leigh Hunt was pretty near the truth when he apostrophised her as "poor, disappointed, reconciled, wise, foolish, enchanting Lady Mary. . . . . Lovable indeed thou wert not, whatever thou mightest have been rendered; but admirable thou wert, and ever wilt thou be thought so."

The best known of Lady Mary's letters are those we have already mentioned, written on her journey to the East and during her residence in the Levant (1716-1718). They form one of the most delightful collections in the English language. Their publication did not take place till 1763, the year after her death, but copies had long before been handed about in fashionable circles. Many of her subsequent letters have been published, and a few of those also written previous to the Embassy; indeed, for convenience, Lady Mary Wortley Montagu's Letters may be divided into three parts—those written before the Embassy, those during the Embassy, and those whose date is afterwards.

She evidently thought a good deal of her epistles. "Keep my letters," she writes to one of her correspondents, "they will be as good as Madame de Sévigné's forty years hence." It was a prediction which has been amply fulfilled.

"The letters of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu," says Dr. Blair, "are not unworthy of being named after those of Madame de Sévigné. They have much of the French ease and vivacity, and retain more the character of agreeable epistolary style than, perhaps, any other letters which have appeared in the English language." There is a very marked difference in character between Madame de Sévigné and Lady Mary: "The Frenchwoman speaks out of the abundance of the heart, and the Englishwoman out of the clearness of her head." The French writer has the advantage in womanliness.

In her letters written during the Embassy, we have a striking picture of Eastern life and manners. They are full of wit and humour, and the style is remarkably flowing and forcible. According to Lord Jeffrey, "the grace and vivacity, the care and conciseness of the narrative, and the descriptions which they contain, still remain unrivalled by any epistolary compositions in our language, and are but slightly shaded by a sprinkling of obsolete tittle-tattle or womanish affectation."

These letters exhibit remarkable sagacity, but in them Lady Mary sometimes appears unamiable and unfeeling. It may be only an appearance, however; on principle, like many of us, she may have turned her hard side to the world. Now and again they are not in the best taste, for she loved scandal, and her age was not so decorous as this one is.

Her later epistles are quite as remarkable for their vivacity, wit, and sarcasm, but their tone is different. It is natural that people should change as they grow older. They indicate "a very great share of vanity, and that kind of contempt and indifference for the world into which the veterans of fashion are most apt to shrink."

When the "Letters during the Embassy" were first published they attracted general admiration. Smollett wrote in the "Critical Review" that they were so bewitchingly entertaining that no one could read one without going through them all, and that he wished there were twenty more volumes. Nowadays this seems rather exaggerated praise, but it cannot be denied that letters of equal ability with Lady Mary's have rarely if ever come from a woman's pen.

The skill with which Lady Mary has adapted her style to the characters and tastes of her correspondents has often been pointed out. To her husband she is sober and respectful; to her daughter she gives good advice in the language of a good mother; to her sister and a Mrs. Hewet, companions of her childhood, she is outspoken and confidential; to Lady Oxford, a high-bred lady of the old school, she is friendly, but grave and formal; to Lady Pomfret, rather a "bluestocking," she gives gossip, mingled with learning and antiquarianism; and so on with all the rest.

In her love letters Lady Mary was certainly original, and such a mixture of calculation and giddiness is not to be met with every day. "I tremble for what we are doing," she says, writing to Mr. Wortley. "Are you sure you shall love me for ever? Shall we never repent. . . . . Reflect now for the last time in what manner you must take me. . . . . 'Tis something odd for a woman that brings nothing, to expect anything; but after the way of my education, I dare not pretend to live but in some degree suitable to it. I had rather die than return to a dependence upon relations I have disobliged. Save me from that fear, if you love me. If you cannot, or think I ought not to expect it, be sincere and tell me so. 'Tis better I should not be yours at all, than, for a short happiness, involve myself in ages of misery. I hope there will never be occasion for this precaution; but, however, 'tis necessary to make it."

She was not desirous of great wealth. She had told Mr. Wortley in a previous letter, "Was I to choose of £2,000 a year or £20,000, the first would be my choice. There is something of an unavoidable *embarras* in making what is called a great figure in the world; it takes off from the happiness of life. I hate the noise and hurry inseparable from great estates or titles, and look upon both as blessings which ought only to be given to fools, for 'tis only to them that they are blessings."

In describing her own character to her lover she was quite straightforward. "One part of my character," she says, "is not so good nor the other so bad as you fancy it. Should we ever live together you would be disappointed both ways: You would find an easy quality of temper you do not expect, and a thousand

faults you do not imagine. You think if you married me I should be passionately fond of you one month, and of somebody else the next. Neither would happen; I can esteem, I can be a friend; but I don't know whether I can love. Expect all that is complaisant and easy, but never what is fond in me."

The whole of the correspondence leading up to the wedding is an odd mixture of prudence and rashness, just what one would expect from that union of waywardness and selfishness which misguided all Lady Mary's life. At last, after many disputes and lovers' quarrels, she scuttled away from her father's house and was married to Mr. Wortley.

There is something graceful in her first letter to her husband after the marriage. "I don't know very well," she says, "how to begin. I am perfectly unacquainted with a proper matrimonial style. After all, I think 'tis better to write as if we were not married at all. I lament your absence as if you were still my lover, and I am impatient to hear that you have fixed a time for your return." She alludes to the young folks of the family with whom she was residing, and then continues:—"*It furnishes my imagination with agreeable pictures of our future life*; and I flatter myself with the hopes of one day enjoying with you the same satisfaction, and that, after as many years together, I may see you retain the same fondness for me as I shall certainly do for you, when the noise of a nursery may have more charms for us than the music of a grand opera."

Mr. Wortley had been an ardent lover, but he soon, and unaccountably, proved a cool husband. "I wish," we find Lady Mary saying to him during one of his long absences from home, "you would learn of Mr. Steele to write to your wife." This was Steele of the *Spectator*, with whom they were intimate.

The pathos of her complaints did not move him, and at last we find her boldly remonstrating: "I know very well that nobody was ever teased into a liking, and 'tis perhaps harder to revive a past one than to overcome an aversion, but I cannot forbear any longer telling you I think you use me very unkindly. . . . . You write seldom and with so much indifference as shows you hardly think of me at all. I complain of ill health, and you only say you hope it is not so bad as I make it. You never inquire after your child" (their only son, Edward, born in 1713). "I would fain flatter myself you have more kindness for him and me than you express, but I reflect with grief that a man that is ashamed of passions that are natural and reasonable, is generally proud of those that are shameful and silly."

If we turn from these domestic letters to those written during the Embassy, to speak of these again, we find ourselves in a very different atmosphere. Mr. Wortley and his wife set out on their journey to Constantinople in 1716, and travelled through Holland, Germany, and Hungary, staying some time at Vienna, and being received in grand style at the various Courts by the way.

The first of Lady Mary's letters sent from Rotterdam to her sister, Lady Mar, commenced a series which gives a vivid description of all she saw on her travels. For natural scenery she apparently had no great liking; her chief interest lay in cities and governments, men and women, human intrigue and human passion. With Turkey, when she at last got there, she was delighted. It was a paradise of the senses, and her letters from thence, it has been well said, picture so vividly the luxurious life of that indolent and luxuriant people that we seem almost to feel the sunshine and smell the perfume.

One of the most charming of these epistles is that in which she describes her visit to the young Sultana Fatima. It should be read as conspicuous amongst the best examples of her style.

Lady Mary's visit to Turkey is famous in the annals of healing for its having been followed by the introduction into England, through her means, of the practice of inoculation for the small pox. In one of her first letters from Adrianople she describes the practice, then universal in the Turkish dominions. In 1717 she made trial of it on her little boy, a youngster about three years old, and when she returned to England she laboured hard to get it established here. In the end she succeeded, but the outcry raised against the practice and against her in her capacity of public benefactress is almost beyond belief. "The clergy descanted from their pulpits on the impiety of their seeking to take events out of the hands of Providence, and the common people were taught to hoot at her as an unnatural mother who had risked the lives of her own children."

After the letters during the Embassy, the cleverest and most witty are those addressed by Lady Mary to her sister Lady Mar, between 1720 and 1726. They are seasoned with a good deal of scandal, and show how much given she was, to quote the words of one of her descendants, "to record as certain facts stories that perhaps sprung up like mushrooms from the dirt, and had as brief an existence."

Amongst the letters written later in life those addressed to her only daughter, who had married the Earl of Bute, are pleasant examples of the relations that ought to exist between parents and grown-up children. Their tone is easy and natural; she expresses a deep interest in her daughter's happiness, advises her on family matters, minutely describes her own way of living, and tells exactly what she thinks on every subject that occurs to her. When there are no interesting people to discuss, she writes of the past, or philosophises on the present and the future, "and," says one writer, "she sometimes rises to an elevation of thought and sentiment that would seem fully to entitle her to our love and approbation, if we could either believe in an entire change of nature or had not learned from painful experience that people may often be capable of thinking, and even of feeling finely and rightly, without a corresponding propriety of action."

In one of these letters we find her giving advice as to the education of a granddaughter. "Dear child," she says, addressing the countess, "you have given me a great deal of satisfaction by your account of your eldest daughter. I am particularly pleased to hear she is a good arithmetician; it is the best proof of understanding; the knowledge of numbers is one of the chief distinctions between us and brutes. If there is anything in blood, you may reasonably expect your children should be endowed with an uncommon share of good sense. I will therefore speak to you as supposing Lady Mary not only capable but desirous of learning; in that case by all means let her be indulged in it. . . . . Learning, if she has a real taste for it, will not only make her contented but happy. No entertainment is so cheap as reading, nor any pleasure so lasting. . . .

"It is a saying of Thucydides that ignorance is bold and knowledge reserved. Indeed it is impossible to be far advanced in it without being more humbled by a conviction of human ignorance than elated by learning. At the same time I recommend books, I neither exclude work not drawing. I think it scandalous for a woman not to know how to use a needle."

Lady Mary's letters to her husband, from the time of her going abroad in 1739 till his death, are delightful reading, though they do not reveal why she chose to live separate from him. They are addressed from Turin, Venice, Florence, Rome, Naples, Leghorn, Brescia, Geneva, Louvère, and other places, telling of her movements and describing the people whom she met, all in a tone very unlike that of a wife who had had any serious difference with her husband. Several of them, published long after the rest, contain the confidences they had to make to each other about their son, a weak, eccentric character who gave them a great deal of trouble and anxiety.

In reading Lady Mary's correspondence, no one is likely to overlook her letters to Pope the poet. Her quarrel with Pope was too bitter not to make us desirous of seeing what sort of a thing their friendship was. Certainly it looked like an eternal friendship at one time. Only a fortnight after she set out for Constantinople, in 1716, Pope wrote to her in the following enthusiastic terms:—

"You may easily imagine how desirous I must be of a correspondence with a person who had taught me, long ago, that it was as possible to esteem at first sight as to love, and who has since ruined me for all the conversation of one sex, and almost all the friendship of the other. . . . . Books have lost their effect on me, and I was convinced, since I saw you, that there is something more powerful than philosophy, and since I heard you that there is one alone wiser than all the sages."

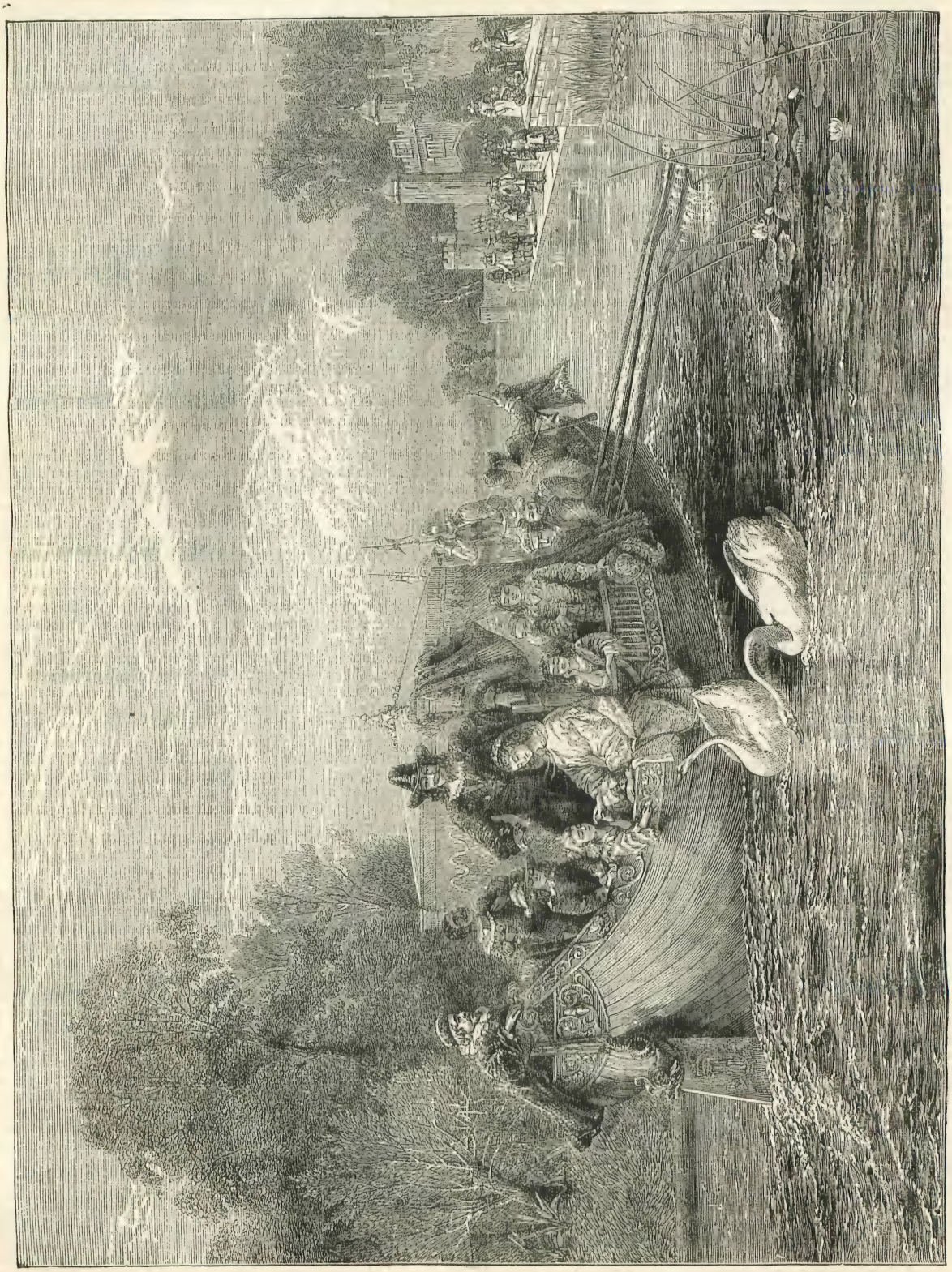
To these compliments Lady Mary was not long of replying. "Perhaps you'll laugh at me," she says, "for thanking you very gravely for all the obliging concern you express for me. 'Tis certain that I may, if I please, take the fine things you say to me for wit and raillery, and it may be it would be taking them right. But I never in my life was half so disposed to believe you in earnest. That distance which makes the continuance of your friendship improbable, has very much increased my faith in it."

Many letters were exchanged by the two during the Embassy, a delightful vein of good feeling running through every one of them. On her return to England, when Lady Mary and her husband became Pope's neighbours at Twickenham during the summer months, the poet vowed a deeper friendship than ever. He wrote verses in her praise, rejoiced over her coming, and made himself very miserable when she went away. According to him—

"Joy lives not here; to happier seats it flies,
And only dwells where Wortley casts her eyes."

But, alas! the friendships of the fashionable world often rest on a very insecure foundation. Lady Mary and Pope fell out, the quarrel, according to the lady's account, being caused by her laughing at him when Pope made love to her in earnest. We may be allowed to doubt whether this version of the story was the true one; but however it came about, the enmity that succeeded was fierce and lasting. Pope satirised Lady Mary in a most venomous strain, and she is generally allowed to have retaliated with "superior ingenuity and hardly inferior wit." It made one of the leading scandals of the day, and as a revelation of character is not without interest and instruction for us who live so much farther down the stream of time.

And here we may leave off speaking about Lady Mary and her Letters. She has certainly left us brilliant epistles, but the quarrel with Pope reminds us that she might have bequeathed to posterity the remembrance of a more charming personality. She was often hard, often sarcastic, often unscrupulous, often coarse; for all that she was a remarkable woman. It is not everything, girls, to be clever and belong to the upper ten thousand; it is infinitely better to be refined and gentle and good.



A HAPPY DAY IN THE LIFE OF KING CHARLES I.

AN ENGLISH PRINCESS.

PART I.

HERE is one of Mr. Millais' charming child pictures with which many of our readers are doubtless familiar. It represents a fair girl, of some thirteen or fourteen summers, seated in a high-backed chair, beside a carved table. A candle and an inkstand are on the table, and a sheet of paper lies before her; but she has turned from her writing; her right hand, holding a quill, has dropped idly on her lap, and, leaning her cheek on her left hand, she looks out at the spectator with a weary, wistful expression which awakens interest and impels sympathy.

The picture is that of the Princess Elizabeth, the second daughter of King Charles I. and Queen Henrietta Maria. Comparatively speaking, the story of her life is little known. In our school histories we shall hardly even find her name mentioned; and, though her life has been written by the biographer of our royal princesses, it is only amongst many others, which take too costly a form when bound together to allow of their being as popular and widespread as they deserve. Nevertheless, I do not think the story of the Princess Elizabeth will yield to any other in English history for simple pathos and touching interest.

She was born at St. James's Palace on the 29th December, 1635, the Day of the Holy Innocents, and was named after her aunt, the celebrated Queen of Bohemia. There were three children older than she was—Charles, Prince of Wales, was over five years old when his little sister was born; Mary, the Princess Royal, was rather over four; and James, Duke of York, not long turned two.

Elizabeth soon shared her sister's governess, the Countess of Roxburgh, and had a number of attendants appointed especially for herself.

The royal children lived a good deal at Richmond, especially in the summer time, but a break was made in the nursery when Elizabeth was about two years old, by Charles, her eldest brother, being removed to the care of the Earl of Newcastle. His absence, however, was made up for by the arrival of another little sister, who was called Anne. She was a very delicate child, and wanted a great deal of care, but still she had ten servants and took her place with the others. Mary and Elizabeth soon began courses of study, under Lady Roxburgh and various masters engaged by the King, who wished his daughters to grow up clever and accomplished. The Queen did not mind so much about that, but would have liked to have brought them up Roman Catholics, like herself. She made several attempts to take them to mass and the like, but their father, finding it out, would not allow it to be repeated.

These were the bright days of Elizabeth's childhood. Happy in the love of her parents, in the companionship of her brothers and sisters, lulled to rest at night in her mother's arms, soothed by the music of her beautiful voice, what child could have fairer memories of her earliest years? Poets sung of the two elder princesses:—

"So have I seen (to dress their mistress May)
Two silken sister flowers consult and lay
Their bashful cheeks together; newly they
Peeped from their buds, showed like the garden's eyes
Scarce waked; like was the crimson of their joys."

When negotiations were entered into for a marriage between one of the English princesses and the hereditary Prince of Orange, the King at first thought of the match for Elizabeth; but the Prince of Orange stipulated for the Princess Royal, and Charles, seeing the advantage at that time of the Dutch alliance, acceded to his wishes, although the marriage was not considered a brilliant one for the King's eldest daughter. The boy bridegroom of fifteen came over to woo and wed the little bride of ten, and the marriage was celebrated with great pomp at Whitehall on the 2nd May, 1641. Elizabeth was too young to be one of the sixteen bridesmaids, but she looked down on the ceremony from a closet occupied by her mother and her grandmother, Mary de Medicis, neither of whom would join openly in a service conducted according to the rites of the English Church.

Mary remained in England for nearly a year after her marriage to continue her education, and thus Elizabeth still had her for her playfellow and companion. She would otherwise have been dull enough, for her little sister Anne, who had always been delicate, had died the winter before. In February, 1642, however, the two sisters parted, little thinking it was to be for the last time. The Queen was to accompany her eldest daughter to Holland, and she also was not destined to see Elizabeth again. It was a sorrowful parting, but it was well for mother and daughters that the fact of its being a final separation was veiled from them.

Elizabeth, now rather more than six years old, was left at St. James's Palace with her youngest brother, Henry, Duke of Gloucester, who was not quite two. The rupture between King and Parliament growing daily more pronounced, the King soon after the Queen's departure, withdrew to York, which he made his headquarters, taking with him his two eldest sons, Charles and James; and from this time the two children in London were in reality the prisoners of the Parliament, who were resolved not to allow them to escape from their safe keeping.

They dared not trust them in the country during the summer, but kept them at St. James's all through the hot weather, which told on Elizabeth's health, which was never very robust. In the autumn, however, there were symptoms of the plague near the palace, and the children were therefore removed to Lord Cottington's house, in Broad-street, a locality which one would think very strange for a Royal residence now-a-days. But here the Princess was so far from well that Lady Roxburgh requested the Parliament to allow them to return to St. James's, and after some difficulty this was agreed to and carried out under the supervision of the Earl of Pembroke, who was appointed their guardian.

They began at this time to suffer considerably from a lack of funds. Lady Roxburgh had to write to the Parliament on the subject, and the matter was then inquired into, and various regulations made for their household and maintenance. Amongst these arrangements, however, it was ordered that all Papists or disaffected persons should be removed from about the royal children. This would have separated from them many of their attached friends, and particularly Lady Roxburgh, and so deeply did the little Princess of eight years old feel the prospect of this loss, that she wrote herself to the House of Lords. Her touching letter ran as follows:—

"My Lords,—I account myself very miserable that I must have my servants taken from me, and strangers put to me. You promised me that you would have a care of me, and I hope you will show it in preventing so great a grief as this would be to me. I pray, my lords, consider of it, and give me cause to thank you and to rest,

"Your loving friend,

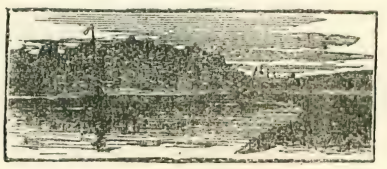
"ELIZABETH."

"To the Right Honourable Lords and Peers in Parliament."

Lord Pembroke presented this letter to the Lords, and it had the good effect of causing them to remonstrate with the Commons on the subject, and finally to appoint a committee of noblemen to inquire fully into and arrange the future basis of the establishment at St. James's. This was settled on a liberal scale. Lady Roxburgh, after all, was superseded, but her place was filled by Lady Dorset, whom the King had formerly thought of appointing to the office. Under her was Lady Southcote as lady of the bedchamber. Then there were two coifferesses, one of whom (Mrs. Lee) was an old servant, who petitioned to be allowed to remain; four chamber-women, a laundress and starcher, two gentlemen ushers, a French teacher, and four pages. Six chaplains ministered in turns, and there was a household chaplain in addition; while there were two physicians, one of whom was Sir Theodore Mayerne, who had always attended the royal children. Beyond these there were household servants, and attendants specially for the Duke of Gloucester. Prayers were to be read before the household morning and afternoon, and two sermons preached every Sunday. The gates were to be locked every night at sunset, and not to be opened after ten o'clock on any pretext without a special order from the resident officer. So strict and so suspicious was the Parliament that when the King sent equerries from Oxford to report to him as to his children's health, they were only allowed to see them accompanied by the yeoman usher of the house, and had to return immediately without entering into conversation or exchanging any letter or message. When Lord Forth wrote to Lord Essex, on behalf of the King, inquiring as to the changes which were being made, the Parliament replied haughtily that "they hoped that they should take as good care both of the souls and bodies of his Majesty's children as those at Oxford could have done." When the King further proposed that his children should be sent to him in exchange for some prisoners whom the Royalists had taken, the Parliament replied that the children were not prisoners, and that no such negotiations could be entered into.

Thus, although their father was only sixty miles from the capital, the children were allowed no communication with him.

(To be continued.)



CHILDREN OF THE PANTOMIME.

By ANNE BEALE.

WE said in our last sketch that the Children's Rooms at the Theatrical Mission, 21, King-street, Covent Garden, were below the basement. We accordingly descend a flight of stairs, and find ourselves in "the parlour," where a score or so of children are disporting themselves. Some are swinging vigorously on a rope attached to a doorway between two of the rooms; some are playing dominoes and other games; two or three are striving to form some sort of building with toy-bricks; one is curled up on the window-seat, deep in "Sunshine," not of the sky, but a magazine; and one is absorbed in reading the Bible. Subsequently to the North London tea described in our last sketch an early Bible-class was arranged for the children of the Marylebone Theatre, and twenty copies of the sacred volume were presented to them. This was one of many results of the gathering where we became acquainted with "mother" and her troupe. As we are unexpected interlopers into the parlour, where are only children, no "scene" has been got up for our edification, but all is natural and unpremeditated.

The youngsters are shy at first, but a packet of sweets gradually emboldens them, and we are soon surrounded by all, save the readers, to whom, however, their friends convey a share of the sticky compound. What honest children they are! Not one attempts to receive more than her due. Others come in by twos and threes, until nearly forty are assembled, and introduced to us and the sugar-balls, which, fortunately, go round three times. They have a magic effect, not only in loosening tongues, but curing earache, over which one little mite is crying.

"Mite!" aye, some of them are tiny as was the "midshipmite," who died singing the sad little song that was wont to "bring down the house" in "Her Majesty's Ship Pinafore." Here is one in the arms of her sister, who looks but a baby, and yet is, the sister tells us, four years old, and going on in the next pantomime.

"And you—are you on the boards?" we inquire of the elder.

"I was at Her Majesty's, but I am leaving the stage," she replies. "I don't like it, and hope to learn a trade."

She looks so small and delicate that we think her young for her intended work; but she astonishes us by saying she is thirteen. She might be ten. We are afterwards informed that she is called at the mission "our text girl," because she is always ready with texts when they are asked for. She is a young disciple of our Lord Jesus Christ.

"And you—and you. What are you?" we ask, glancing round.

"I am Ladybird, and I Housemaid, in 'Red Riding Hood.'" "We are soldiers and sailors in 'Valentine and Orson.'" "We are soldiers in 'The Egyptian War;' and we have uniforms and swords, and we fight. One of us hurt another's knee, because he didn't fight properly." "I am a gipsy, and I dance and sing."

The last speaker is a black-haired, black-eyed child, who might be, and possibly is, a descendant of the Egyptian race. She looks sharp enough for anything, and at seven years old is going through rehearsals and performances enough, daily, to undermine both health and morals. All these young creatures, when "on," as they call it, are kept up till midnight in their various theatres; often shivering with cold, in their gauzy, shining costume; often hungry; always in a state of unnatural excitement. Yet, before the season of Christmas pantomime, the doors of the theatres are besieged by clamouring mothers, who will sell their children for hire, to become any sort of creature that the exigencies of the play demand—sylphs and fairies, gnomes and dwarfs, imps and demons; animals of every description, from the wolf in "Red Riding Hood" to the frog in the fable—birds in the air, fishes, reptiles; nothing is too high or too low to be represented by infant humanity, when so-called "amusement" has to be provided, and the appetite of a greedy public pandered to. And sometimes much cruelty and hardship are undergone during instruction in theatrical arts, particularly in acrobatic or equestrian performances.

Here is a "young lady" who has just returned from a circus tour. She is so smartly dressed that her young companions look admiringly at her. She is a horsewoman at twelve, and accustomed to perform wonderful feats. She is apparently well cared for, since she says, "My pa and uncle are in the troupe, and my ma always fetches me. We've been to Brighton, that's why I've got a colour, for I bathed in the sea. I come here sometimes when I'm in London." Only the few initiated know what "touring" means, and the labour and temptations of the precarious existence gained by the circus people, who roam from town to town, performing twice daily, parading the streets also twice, and probably disappearing in the morning before the population is astir. Let us be thankful that our Theatrical Mission seeks, by its agents in town and country, to carry the good news of the Gospel to these tired brothers and sisters, and to hold evangelistic services for their spiritual benefit. They will listen gladly; and even at the "World's Fair," at Islington, giants and dwarfs, and many another abnormal specimen of poor humanity, were gladdened by "a word in season" in their respective shows, and thanked our judicious director and his wife for visiting them. To all these "miracles of nature," as we are told by the showmen to consider them, a Bible, or a portion thereof, was presented; and we are rejoiced to think that in the intervals of representation fat women and black men, and all the monstrosities provided, and even fashioned, for the delectation of a stupid public, may learn to read the Word of God.

"I am making a patchwork quilt, and I shall have it for my own when it is finished," volunteers a small pantomimic specimen. "We learn to work at the sewing classes."

This little maiden is but poorly clad, and is one of the numerous class who too often exchange the tinsel and spangles of the stage for rags and destitution at home. A patchwork quilt will be a treasured gift to her and her family, and, possibly, supply the place of blankets, which are, alas! too often an unusual luxury in the homes whence some of these children spring. Who will send pieces of patchwork, clothes, toys, books, paint-boxes, games, anything, to our reading rooms for the help of these poor children? One little ragged pantomime boy was found the other night asleep on the stairs, while numbers of children leave the theatres at midnight, having miles to walk, unprotected, before they reach their garret. Oh! how the children suffer!

One has just been sold for eight pounds by her father, a Jew, to be brought up for the stage by a professional trainer. She is to change name and religion, and to see her unnatural parent no more. She has been, as little Jewess, a regular frequenter of the Mission, reading her Hebrew Bible and eating her passover cake. We will hope that, as she still comes, she will receive the truth "as it is in Jesus." She is only ten years old, is what they call "a clog dancer and banjo soloist," and has, truly, a hard and dangerous life before her. But she, as well as all these children, has a kind lady who writes to her every month, and lovingly directs her, sending her texts and books and otherwise interesting her. Our little actresses, as well as those of "larger growth," become very fond of their correspondents, and we are asked more than once, "Are you So-and-So? Is Miss Blank here? She is the lady that writes to me, and I do so want to see her. She promised to come if she could."

"I belong to the Scripture Union. I learn my text and read my portion every day," says one little maiden.

"And I come every Sunday evening to service, and go to Sunday-school besides," assures another.

All are energetic in their expressions of affection for "Mr. Todd," and no sooner does he appear than his name re-echoes, and he is surrounded by a happy, buzzing company, like a queen bee by her followers from the hive. And no wonder, for what has not "God wrought" through his instrumentality?

One Sunday evening a juvenile member of the Bible-class and services appeared, attended by a score or more of children more ragged than herself. They came from a distant, miserable court, where neither pure air nor pure religion penetrated.

"We are come to have church here, please, Mr. Todd," she said, confidently. "They know all the texts and the hymns, and we haven't room enough in the court."

It transpired that this little *danseuse* had been so much impressed with what she had learnt herself that she had gathered her companions about her and taught them to sing the hymns and repeat the texts, so that the court where they dwelt became, as she expressed it, their "church." Her vivid description of the teas and the rooms so impressed her improvised "class" that they all tramped together to the mission. It was difficult to make them understand that only theatrical children were eligible, though they were welcomed on that particular evening, and the young evangelist encouraged to persevere, which she has done.

So popular is the Bible-class, that at Christmas it was held twice weekly, at the special request of the children, and the whole of a juvenile company walked regularly six miles from an outlying theatre to take part in it. The dresser who took charge of them has since given up the stage and gone with her husband to Canada, where they hope to make a new start in life.

But the great object of the mission is to shield and aid theatrical employés, for whom hitherto little Christian sympathy has been shown. As to the children, an extract from

the last Report will describe better than we can the guests at the teas.

"Other 'stars' were there that afternoon. 'The Bijou Transformation Dancer,' to whom we had written from time to time; Sybil, the 'Infant Serio-comic Vocalist,' barely six years old, who once interrupted a Bible-class to sing the hymn solo, 'Jesus loves me, that I know,' adding 'That's my favourite, because it's true;' the 'Champion Zither Queen,' barely nine, yet accustomed to sing, play, and dance for twenty minutes in from three to five halls nightly; the 'Two Flirts,' known to us for years, and now 'come out' and talking of their 'agents' as if they were 'old stagers.' At a table by themselves were very small children, ranging from three to seven years old, 'members of the Ladybird ballet troupe,' and many others representing the *bonâ fide* theatrical-class, reached by our constant efforts from time to time."

This extract takes us to the dining room, whither our forty, not "thieves," but actresses, gladly repair for tea, cake, and bread-and-jam. The friends would have done good work had they merely taught the children to sing their grace so reverently, but they have also taught them how to behave themselves.

"You haven't put no sugar, please," says a tiny mite, reproachfully, as we pass down the steaming cups. We remark that the "text girl" takes especial care of her wee sister, and, indeed, family love is not extinct in this assembly, most of the members of which talk of, and labour for, fathers out of work, or sick mothers, or endless brothers and sisters. As usual, thanks to the Religious Tract Society, we are enabled to distribute picture cards, which are received with great delight.

It is now that the religious influence is brought to bear on the children as it was on their elders. They form a small congregation, and, with well-worn hymn-books in hand, raise their youthful voices in praise to Almighty God for His mercies. Mrs. Todd leads them, and so earnestly vigorous are they that she is obliged to say, "Sing softly." Then their kind friend and director addresses them, and calls for texts on various subjects, which are answered simultaneously by all who remember them. The new text for the evening is, "Be sure your sins will find you out," and it would be impossible for the dullest to forget it, after the reiteration of it, word by word, by each individual present. The stern fact and moral are engraven on the minds of the impressionable youngsters by anecdotes and stories, which they would also find it difficult to forget.

"This is, perhaps, the only religious instruction many of them will ever receive," whispers a friend at our side, who founded, some fourteen years ago, the theatrical teas at the Crystal Palace for the juvenile pantomimists, described in a book called "Pantomime Waifs."

But the seed is sown, and already bears fruit a hundredfold. Mr. Todd tells his juvenile congregation that his family is now so large that it is difficult to keep his children under his eyes, but we know that they carry with them to their theatres, north, south, east, and west, the thistledown that contains the seed, in the shape of Bibles, texts, and religious instruction. From the grains dropped at the Crystal Palace, trees have sprung which bid fair to overshadow with cooling and healing influence the theatrical world, and each child before us may, with God's grace, "help to raise the tone," as the phrase goes, of a profession beset with no ordinary dangers, yet capable of extraordinary influence for good or evil.

Their faces are earnest, their manner reverent, and the instruction they receive seems, at least, to penetrate to their heart. It is very touching to hear them sing harmoniously "Safe in the arms of Jesus," and to feel that those tender arms can enfold them all, and lead them to fountains of living waters. Very pathetic, too, is it to watch them shield their eyes with their hands when they are dismissed with a final prayer, and to reflect that they are about to quit the shelter of their own "parlour," for that strange world called "The Stage."

HOW I KEEP HOUSE ON £250 A YEAR.

HOW I ARRANGE THE DAILY ROUTINE WORK.

N this paper I purpose going through the house work day by day, but before doing so I will take the work that has to be done every day. It is hardly possible that this should be the same in any two houses, yet I am sure that many young housekeepers will find it an assistance to see on paper the ordinary work to be done in a house. One is so apt to say, "Oh, the servants have only so-and-so to do," forgetting the numerous small things that take time. The result is, we often expect too much, then complain of work being negligently done.

Our servants are down by half-past six. As I object to disturbing the rest of the household by ringing for the servants, I never call them; if they say they cannot get up without, I tell them they must wake or go. The result is that they do wake. Perhaps being an early riser myself keeps them to it. I always come down at ten minutes to eight, and certainly should not be pleased if everything were not in order and prepared for me. At the same time, I make a point of not appearing before my usual hour. Every day before breakfast the cook lights the kitchen fire and cleans the hearth, cleans the boots, does the dining-room, and prepares the breakfast; the housemaid does the drawing-room, or sweeps the stairs, takes the hot water to the bedrooms at seven o'clock, lays the breakfasts in the dining-room and in the kitchen, and after prayers, puts our breakfast on table at exactly eight o'clock, and goes down to her own.

They finish breakfast in the kitchen before we do in the dining-room. Cook then does the door and steps, and the housemaid goes up to strip the beds and open the windows. In each room the bed clothes are stripped right off the bed and placed on two chairs, and the mattress is turned over the foot of the bedstead; every bed has to remain open an hour to get thoroughly aired and cool, except on Sunday mornings, when they are made as soon as the washstands are done, to enable the housemaid to get to church in good time. When the beds are stripped the housemaid attends to the baths and washstands. As soon as she has done them and filled the jugs and cans and put filtered water in the water bottles, she goes downstairs, washes out her basin cloths, hangs them up to dry, and fills up the filter. Meanwhile, the cook has washed up the breakfast things, tidied the kitchen, and been out to the larder with me, and is ready to go up with the housemaid to make the beds. The housemaid carries up with her whatever she will need in the way of brooms, dust pans, cover sheets, etc., for any room she is going to clean. The cook answers all bells during the morning, and lays the luncheon and the kitchen dinner; the housemaid brings up lunch, we wait on ourselves, and she goes down to her dinner. If we are to partake of any dish that is intended for the kitchen, we take at once what we wish, and the dish goes down again immediately. The cook washes all up after lunch, except the silver and glass from the dining-room, which the housemaid does; afterwards she washes out her teacloth and puts it to dry, so as to have it nice for the dinner glasses. She always has two teacloths in use, and washes one out every day. In the afternoon, any dusting that there has not been time for in the morning has to be done by the housemaid, who then gets the kitchen tea. After tea a little needlework is done, either for me or for herself, until it is time to lay the cloth for dinner. A clean washleather is kept in the sideboard drawer, and I always expect each spoon and fork to have a rub with it before being placed on the table; if this is done regularly, silver wants very little cleaning, and always looks nice. The table has to be ready a quarter of an hour before dinner-time, and everything (such as cold sweets or cheese) that can be brought into the room before dinner is placed on the sideboard ready. By adopting this plan of having the table ready a little before time, I find my little maids rarely forget anything, and soon become quite good waitresses; it gives them confidence to know all is ready, whereas if they lay the table in a hurry they are flurried and nervous all dinner-time.

There is in each bedroom a second jug or small can. Half an hour before dinner, and again when she goes to bed, the housemaid takes up a large can of hot water, and from it pours some water into each of the jugs provided for the purpose. The cook washes up the dinner things after dinner, and the housemaid her glass and silver, takes the latter upstairs, and prepares her bedrooms for the night. They have supper in the kitchen at nine, and go to bed at ten.

If hot-water bottles are required, the servants take them up with them when they go to bed. To prevent the bottles singing, and the water oozing out, they should be screwed down as soon as filled, then after they are taken upstairs unscrewed again to let the steam escape, and screwed up again as tightly as possible.

In the afternoon, while she is cooking the dinner, the cook stews down any bones she may have, or makes soup for the next day, or if there is a cake or pastry to bake it is done while the late dinner is being cooked, as doing so saves the expense of much fire being kept up during the morning.

If there is suet in the house, that is chopped in the afternoon so as to be ready for use, and it keeps better when the veins are taken out and it is chopped and covered with a little flour. Any pieces of bread should, at the same time, be carefully dried white (not brown), pounded in a pestle and mortar, and put in a tin ready for frying fish or other things. The housemaid (as we call her) being really a very young girl, the other servant has to help upstairs some mornings in the week, so that anything that can be is arranged the afternoon before for the midday meal.

Having gone through the general work, I will now take the special work of each day:—

Monday morning. — Housemaid sweeps stairs before breakfast. Immediately after, the beds are made, the clothes are looked out for the wash, I sort out and write down the things that are to go to the laundress, and put aside those that are to be washed at home, and also see what wants mending, for table-linen, sheets, etc., should always be repaired before being washed; shirts and starched things should be rough dried before they are mended. The mending done, I go down to the kitchen and give my orders and take a look round; occasionally the inside of the dust-bin

and the coal cellar are examined, the former to see that there is no waste of cinders, coals, or other things, the latter to notice whether the dust and small coal are being burnt fairly with the lumps of coal.

I always arrange on Saturdays that there shall be enough in the house for Monday's meals without my going out, so I have a clear morning to look after things in general, see to my cupboards, and give out soap and starch for the washing. I have so often lived in places where all the washing for the household is done in cold water at the edge of a lake or stream, or in a sort of stone trough, through which water is always running—done, too, with most satisfactory results as to colour and cleanliness—that I have long abandoned the idea that it is necessary to boil clothes; even our kitchen cloths keep nice washed in cold water. The great advantage of our way is that we have no smell of washing in the house. My cook manages the wash in the following way :—

A quarter to half a pound of cold water soap (depending on the amount of washing to be done) is cut up and boiled in two quarts of water. The saucepan must be kept covered to avoid the smell of soap in the house. When the soap is all melted one quart of the liquid is mixed with three or six quarts of cold water, according to the quantity of soap used. The things to be washed are put in two pans or tubs, and the boiled soap that has had the water added is poured over them. They are then left to soak until Tuesday morning, but occasionally, as cook passes, she gives them a stir with a copper-stick. Tuesday morning the things are taken out of the water in which they have been soaked (and which is always quite dirty), and washed in the remainder of the boiled soap, to which sufficient cold (or in winter just tepid) water is added; no extra soap is used, but plenty of clean cold water is used for rinsing in. I believe those who try cold water washing for the first time will be astonished at the result, for the things are often nearly clean when taken out of soak; but I warn them that they will have a good deal of prejudice to overcome on the part of servants who cannot understand that hot water often fixes the dirt in things; but I find that when they once get into the way of it, they do not seem to mind how much washing they do, for of course there is no steam to make them warm, it is much quicker out of the way, and cold water does not draw the hands as much as warm does.

This process does not answer for coloured goods or flannels. The latter should not be put in soak, but should be washed out quickly in warm water in which soap has been boiled (no soap rubbed on), and rinsed in plenty of warm water.

After the clothes are sorted on Monday morning and the beds made, the housemaid turns out and sweeps the largest bedroom, cleaning the washstands, fittings, windows, etc.; this occupies her until lunch time. In the afternoon, after she is dressed, she dusts the other bedrooms.

Tuesday morning.—While the cook is washing, the housemaid does the second large bedroom and dusts before lunch. In the afternoon the clothes are folded and put ready for the mangle, and any starching is done.

Wednesday.—The stairs are swept before breakfast, and after the housemaid does the two remaining bedrooms. The mattresses on one bed are brushed each week in turn, and the blankets shaken in the garden; in this way every mattress is brushed and every blanket shaken once a month. The cook cleans her tins and coppers, and scrubs her kitchen during the morning; in the afternoon the fire is made up, and they do the ironing between them.

Thursday morning.—After breakfast, the drawing-room is done; the two servants do it together, so to get the hall clear again as early as possible. The housemaid dusts the bedrooms after the drawing-room is finished, and in the afternoon when she is dressed she cleans the silver; as it is always carefully washed and kept rubbed, it really requires very little cleaning.

Friday morning.—The dining-room is thoroughly done, the grate before, the remainder after breakfast; the two servants do it together. The cook then does the hall, and the housemaid the stairs and landing thoroughly, cleaning sides of stairs and rods when necessary. Cook cleans her larder in the afternoon.

Saturday.—The kitchen flues are cleaned before breakfast; after the breakfast things are washed up and the beds made, the kitchen is cleaned, so that the horse can go round the fire and the linen for the week be aired. Then, too, sometimes I like to make a little pastry or some cakes on Saturday, and a clean kitchen is pleasanter to work in. Saturday morning I give out the wood, black lead, soda, kitchen tea, sugar, etc., and anything that may be wanted; also fill dining-room caddy, sugar basins, etc. I then go out and do my shopping, which takes me until lunch time.

At half-past two I go into the kitchen: the servants' dinner is cleared away, and all looks clean and tidy; what I require is on the table ready for me, and while I am making any little things I wish, I superintend the airing of the clean clothes and also the drying and sorting of what the laundress has brought home, and see if any buttons or strings are off. Meanwhile cook is cleaning her scullery, passages, and lower stairs.

The housemaid cleans her pantry on Saturdays, and also looks to her water bottles, filters, bread platter, knife-box, etc.

I am about an hour in the kitchen doing what I have to do. I generally spend the rest of the afternoon in the garden. The housemaid comes to me as soon as she has finished, and we get an hour or an hour-and-a-half's work done there before tea.

Sundays I have as little work done as possible. The housemaid goes to church in the morning, and as I do not require her to be back until half-past one, she can if she likes take a little walk after service.

The cook lays the dinner cloth, and she may go out as soon as she has washed up from dinner, tidied her kitchen, and put ready what will be required for the dining-room tea. The cook has to come in at half-past-nine punctually. I always interest myself in her movements, and, without my appearing inquisitive, I frequently learn the nature of her outings, the church she has attended, and the friends she has visited. I never allow the housemaid out in the evening, but occasionally the cook dresses herself for the afternoon to allow the housemaid to go for a walk.

I expect the servants to fasten up properly at night, but I go down now and then after they have gone to bed, and examine the bolts and bars and see that the kitchen fire is quite out, and everything left as it should be. The knowledge that I may go down keeps things right. Small as our household is, it must not be imagined that it can always be managed without trouble, nor can a young girl who probably knows worse than nothing be at once turned into a good little servant; it takes time and great patience to accomplish this. I often think of what a noted violin player said to a pupil who had learnt a little before he went to him: "I can always teach, and my pupils make progress, but it is the unteaching that troubles me."

Having to study economy in every part of my housekeeping, I have adopted a plan that I find considerably lessens breakages. I have a list of the kitchen crockery pasted up in the kitchen, and a list of the housemaid's glass and china fixed up in the pantry. At the bottom of each list is a blank space; in these spaces is written what is broken, when, and by whom. These lists are revised every six months, and, of course, account for all missing things. Servants much dislike posting their breakages, so are generally more careful. Of course, this plan has also an advantage for them, as one is apt to forget when a thing has been broken upstairs. In going through the crockery, sometimes I find something that does not quite match the set, but I always pass it without comment, understanding that the breaker has done her best to remedy an accident in preference to posting it, and will be more careful in future.

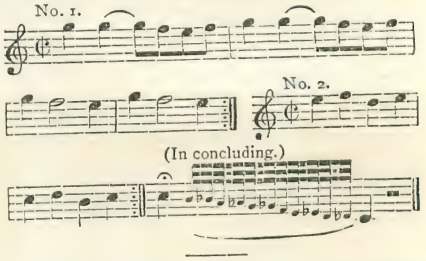
VARIETIES.

Music in Type.

Few of our readers are aware of the careful work required when music is printed from type, as it is in The Girl's Own Paper. The type is built up of many small pieces, and the nature of these is shown in the following examples. It will be seen that the single quaver and its stave are composed of seven small pieces, which are dissected and shown separately in the second example. The same is done for the group of three quavers, which is made up of no less than eighteen separate pieces :—

New Zealand Chants.

The following are two chants sung by the natives of New Zealand. They are sung over and over again, without interruption, fifty times, and even oftener. The conclusion of the second chant is only a dragging of the voice, without marked intonations, from the top note to the bottom note of the octave.



Answers to Charades, etc., Appearing in "Snowdrifts."

Solutions to the "Arithmorems."

1. Milan.	11. Leeds.
2. Iceland.	12. Mecca.
3. Calvados.	13. Clonmel.
4. Devon.	14. Siam.
5. Memel.	15. Clyde.
6. Simla.	16. Medina.
7. Volga.	17. Delft.
8. Malacca.	18. Cumberland.
9. Evenlode.	19. Nineveh.
10. Colombo.	20. Malvern.

Answer to Charade I.

Char—in—g (Cross.)

Answer to Charade II.

Fare-well.

Solutions to "Buried Animals, Birds, Fish," etc.

(1). Eagle, Rat, Condor, Wren, Finch, Lark, Dog, Barbel, Weasel, Coral.

(2). Plover, Horse, Ferret, Thrush, Nag, Daw, Mastiff, Grouse, Ostrich, Heron.

(3). Pelican, Egret, Wasp, Hornet, Raven, Gnat, Lemur, Oyster, Osprey, Otter.

(4). Siskin, Bison, Camel, Toad, Frog, Beaver, Salmon, Moth, Adder, Snake.

SEVEN YEARS FOR RACHEL;

OR, WELSH PICTURES SKETCHED FROM LIFE.

By ANNE BEALE.

CHAPTER IX.

"EARNED."

WE must now return to the patient Rachel, who still stands where we left her, scarcely conscious of the scene that is passing around her. Perhaps she looks darkly into the future, and sadly upon the past, as many have done before her, for when a first sorrow breaks upon the mind, it overwhelms every hope of the present, and wholly shuts out from the mental eye the many vistas of happiness that may be opening beyond its immediate view. Poor Rachel's "first grief" is very heavy for her to bear, and as she stands alone amidst the throng by which she is surrounded, she gives vent to those gloomy anticipations of the future that crowd so thickly upon the heart when sorrow has oppressed it.

She was interrupted in her reverie by a man's voice which asked her what her name was. She started as she replied that it was "Rachel Lewis."

"Oh! and where do you come from?" pursued her interrogator, who, when she had informed him of her place of abode, said with pleased astonishment, "Sure you ain't the daughter of Jackey Lewis—Jackey Bach, I mean?"

Rachel, having answered in the affirmative, found herself suddenly seized by both hands, and attacked with a volley of inquiries concerning her father and herself, to which she replied by pointing out Jackey, who stood at a little distance, and who came forward to meet Rachel's newly-formed acquaintance. The two old friends—for such they proved to be—shook hands with the utmost warmth, and no sooner had they concluded shake the first than they began shake the second, after which they patted one another on the back with much affection.

"Well, Jackey Bach, still, I declare," said Mr. Shenkin, which was the name of Jackey's friend.

"Oh! don't you talk, Tommy Cul," retorted Jackey—*cul* meaning lean. "You're no fatter than you were. So you've been fool enough to get married again since I saw you this time five years. I thought you would have known better than that—and you've changed house lately, too, I hear, and are come to live nearer your old friends down by Mynydd fach. I've been thinking of going to see you, but then you've got a woman again, and perhaps she's like the rest of 'em, disagreeable enough."

Mr. Shenkin smiled, but looked fidgety, and seemed not to enjoy the subject.

"So that's your daughter," he said. "A nice modest-looking girl. I was just searching for a servant for my wife, and she took my fancy directly, so I asked her who she was, and found out that she came of no worse a stock than my old friend Jackey Lewis."

"Say so!" ejaculated Jackey; "come along with me, and you shall know more of her."

The two men walked across to Rachel, and Mr. Shenkin professed himself quite willing to take her, provided his wife approved of her. Jackey turned up his nose with a sneer, and asked "if he was become such a fool as to care whether any woman under the sun liked what he did or not." It will be remarked that Jackey called all "fools" who did not agree with him.

"Oh—ah," drawled Mr. Shenkin, "of course—I—I—I don't particularly care—that is to say I am not afraid; but perhaps my wife may think her too slight or so, for you know there's never any knowing a woman's mind, don't you see?"

"Who cares to know it? Do what you like yourself is my way," grumbled Jackey; "but take her or leave her, just as you please—now or never. I shouldn't mind trusting her to you, because I know you'd be kind to her; but as to your wife, why, as I never saw her,

"'WELL, BETTY, HOW DO YOU DO?' BEGAN RACHEL."

I certainly can't tell her mind, and as you don't seem to know it yourself, why I suppose, if I had seen her, I shouldn't be much the wiser."

Mr. Shenkin evidently had his fears, but he was ashamed of acknowledging them to his friend; so after sundry hems and haws, and inquiries as to what Rachel could and could not do, he said that he thought she might suit very well, and that down by the little mountain she might chance to get more colour into her cheeks, and look more hearty than she did now.

"Yes," said Jackey; "but as you've got another servant, I hope she won't be worked very hard, and that your wife will be kind to her."

"Oh dear, yes, to be sure!" replied Mr. Shenkin; "any friend of mine—I hope she'll do, however, for, to tell truth, my wife's rather particular."

Jackey was getting angry, and said *with great heat*—

"Why, Tommy Cul—Mr. Shenkin, I mean; I beg pardon—haven't you known me all your life, and I tell you, though I say it as shouldn't say it, that there isn't a better or more respectable girl in the country than my Rachel; why, she's one of a thousand, as everybody that knows her will say—but I see who's master; didn't used to be so when poor Mally was alive, and you lived hard together."

"Oh dear!" involuntarily sighed Mr. Shenkin; but recovering himself, and assuming a dignified air, he assured Jackey, with majestic composure, that "nobody was master at his farm but himself;" to prove which he pulled out his purse, and taking half-a-crown from it, presented it to Rachel, and hoped she would consider herself "earned."

"A shilling's enough," interposed Jackey; "I'm sure if your wife don't like your choice of a servant, she won't like your giving half-a-crown to earn her."

Mr. Shenkin persisted, and seemed much offended by the refusal; but Rachel said she would rather take the customary shilling, and so it was settled. Jackey was so well convinced of the kind heart and friendship of his old crony Tommy, that it never occurred to him to make any particular arrangements concerning Rachel's future position. He took it for granted that Mr. Shenkin would make her comfortable, and treat her as his own daughter, so he thought he might leave matters as they were. As to Rachel, she was merely a passive instrument in the hands of her father and his friend, for it was immaterial to her whither she went, since every place but her own little cottage seemed equally disagreeable to her. When the wages were mentioned, Mr. Shenkin tremblingly hinted that he should prefer his wife settling that point when she saw Rachel, as she would be the best judge of what it was proper to give. To this Jackey agreed with a shrug of his shoulders, and telling Rachel that she had better go to look for Pally at Betty Tock's, and return home with her, whilst he went with Mr. Shenkin to talk over old times, the two friends walked off together. Rachel stood for a few moments looking after them, thinking what an extraordinary being her new master appeared, and wondered whether his wife were like him.

Truly he was a singular looking man, so thin that you would think he had been first starved and then whipped. All his clothes were too large for him. His blue coat hung loosely about him, as did his other garments, particularly a pair of leathern gambadoes, which ornamented his lower extremities. Over his small pinched face slouched a huge hat, which seemed as much intended to shield the bridge of his nose as his head. A very thick blue handkerchief was folded loosely round his neck, so as to conceal his chin and mouth, and to occasion his weak shrill voice to proceed, apparently, from someone of its innumerable folds. What with the hat and handkerchief, little of his face was visible but the end of a long red nose, which looked painfully cold as it peered out from between this Scylla and Charybdis. He was constantly looking round, as if he expected to see someone behind him, and his whole manner was that of a man in perpetual fear. Rachel did not think he could be an ill-tempered person, for he seemed kind and friendly; so she consoled herself by hoping that he would be a good master in spite of his unprepossessing appearance.

Just as she was beginning her walk to Betty Tock's in search of Pally, someone called her by her name, and turning round, she perceived William at her elbow. After a short greeting, he begged to be allowed to make a passage for her through the crowd, to which, with some hesitation, she consented. Although it is general for the beaux and belles at a Hollantide fair to walk arm in arm, William did not venture to propose such a proceeding to Rachel, having an instinctive knowledge that she would dislike it: they consequently made their way separately, he acting as guard and guardian to his timid companion. When they reached Betty Tock's one room, they found the door locked, and neither its mistress nor her friend Pally visible. There was, then, no alternative but to search for them in the fair. William was delighted to propose this, but Rachel was not so delighted to accede to it, since she feared meeting her father or some members of William's family, knowing that the one would be displeased at finding them together, whilst the others would spare no pains to make it known. They proceeded, however, and were not long in discovering Betty Tock, sitting on a stone step selling apples and cakes.

"Well, Betty, how do you do?" began Rachel; "have you seen Pally Lewis? and where do you think she is?"

"Oh! Rachel, is that you? Thank ye, I'm as well as a poor old soul over ninety can be—almost in my grave, and all the nearer to it because there's no getting the parish to pay my allowance as they ought. These are bad times for poor creatures like me; but I shan't be here long to trouble 'em."

At this point—the general conclusion of the active old woman's discourse—she drew the sleeve of her gown across her eyes, an operation which she never failed to perform at the words "here long," and by which she gave her listeners to understand that she was "wiping away a tear."

"Have you seen Pally to-day, Betty?" repeated Rachel.

"Oh, ay, I saw her just now; but she said she must go and look for you, because your father told her to see to you."

"Dear me, we shall never find her in this crowd," said Rachel, looking timidly at William.

"Never mind, Rachel," replied William; "I will take care of you and see you home safe. I daresay your father has gone back to his work, for you know he never stays long at a fair, and I don't suppose he would have been here to-day at all, but for you."

"No, thank you, William, I would rather find Pally; so I will go and look for her. Good-bye, Betty; I hope you will soon get your money;" and so saying, Rachel, followed by William, walked up the fair.

They stopped for a few minutes now and then, generally by William's desire, to examine the different objects that presented themselves. Not that they could have remembered the next moment what they had supposed themselves to have been looking at during the passing one; for William said so much, and Rachel listened so earnestly, that ears and tongue rather than eyes were the occupied members. Not all Rachel's anxiety to find Pally could withdraw her attention from William's eloquent discourse; and the colour quite mounted into her cheek as she recollected that Pally might have passed and repassed her twenty times without her having been aware of her proximity.

They stood for a short space before a booth in which was displayed finery of every description Gold, silver, and precious stones sparkled on the board, upon which many a young man and maiden were feeding their eyes and hearts, but which were unheeded by William and Rachel. They were startled from their conversation by the woman who kept the booth, and who, remarking their earnest manner, had drawn her own conclusions. She touched William's arm, and pointing to a box of wedding rings which was conspicuously placed, "All sizes," she said, with a knowing look, "even small enough for that little finger." William shook his head at the woman, and glancing hastily at Rachel, saw that she had turned away and was moving on. They both felt much embarrassed; but happily for them they were greeted by Pally's well-known voice, and soon saw her ancient figure standing before them. She had adorned her hat with three small candles, which were stuck, in a careless manner, into the ribbon that surrounded it, whilst a new red whittle was thrown across her shoulders.

"No wonder there was no seeing you," she exclaimed, as she approached Rachel; "here have I been a wild-

goose chase after you for the last half-hour, with as much chance of finding you as one has of finding one's way when the goblins are about. Indeed, I don't know whether it wouldn't be better to be led a dance by them, than by two such giddy young creatures as you."

"Really, Pally," interceded William, "we have been looking for you everywhere: but you have been buying smart whittles, so no wonder we couldn't find you!"

"Looking indeed! pretty looking!" retorted the old woman. "I saw how you looked down by the standing below there—'twas at one another I think—but no matter, 'tis no good talking. Rachel, your father's gone home, and you and I are to follow soon. I must just buy some needles of Cotton Ball, and then I'm at your service."

The two proceeded to a long board, where a woman was measuring out tapes and shoe ribbons with wonderful velocity, and selling cottons, pins, and needles to a variety of customers. This was Cotton Ball, another of our Welsh worthies, of whom more in her right place. Pally discovers with great indignation that her packet of needles is rusty, but they are changed in a second, and they leave the stall.

"Now, Rachel, girl," cries old Pally, as they approach the place where a quantity of china and ware is displayed for sale, "here's a place to buy for your staffell. Look at those jugs! Do you think I could have passed them by when I was your age? and thinking of getting married? There's one, two, three already that I should have bought, I'm sure. But, look! isn't that Mary Patch getting a new pair of shoes from Miss Thomas, who gives her a pair every year."

Pally walks across to the shoe stall, where Mary Patch is taking care of her own interest most amusingly, and telling the kind young lady who stands beside her, that "the man always cheats her of her leather (strings) if he can." The purchase made, she looks admiringly at her feet, and with a bob and a "Thankee kindly, miss," quits the shoe stall and joins Pally.

"Here's a street," she begins. "Here's work for me to-morrow! I've got plague enough to clean after them nasty boys and girls, but that's nothing to sweeping after a fair."

Mary Patch moves on, but her "nasty boys and girls" do not think of her street to-day. They are all joy and happiness—all rich in cakes, gingerbread, or toys, whilst even the poorest forget their daily privations, and return to their homes to display with delight a "Hollantide Fairing." William's generosity has furnished Pally and Rachel with one also, the former being presented with a smart red handkerchief, and the latter with a pretty green housewife, alias a needle book, pincushion, bodkin-case, thimble-case, etc., all comprised in a small space, and intended for good workwomen's pockets.

Having remained a short time longer in the fair, the three friends proceed homewards, and it is astonishing how many acquaintances Pally contrives to meet, and how adroitly she leads them into conversation, so as to give William and Rachel the power of making the most of their time. I am sure no one would care to know what they said to each other; still I must mention that William, having learnt that Rachel's fate was decided, rivalled many a more finished lover in expressions of sorrow, and declarations of constancy. He would fain have extracted a promise from her, although he scarcely knew what promise he wished to obtain; but she remained firm to her resolution of never acting contrary to her father's will, and she knew too well that it was worse than useless to endeavour to change his determinations. The conversation ended, as on a former occasion, by Rachel's avowing that she liked no one so well as William, and that, as long as she retained her present sentiments, she could not marry anyone else; but she would neither consent to a secret engagement, nor even to a secret meeting; she was not sure that she was acting properly at that moment in allowing him to accompany her home, and address her as he was doing.

"The Almighty," she said, "knows what is best for us, and he will bless us, whatever our trials may be, as long as we keep free from deceit and guile, but I am sure we put a very heavy load upon our conscience when we begin any underhand ways; so please, William, not to ask me to do anything which my father may not know of. I have always lived with him without keeping an action or even a thought secret from him, and now I am going to leave him, I will act just as if he were by my side—honestly and openly."

William had neither the courage nor the inclination to urge her to quit the straight-forward path of duty, so he only looked sorrowfully into her face, sighed, and said—

"You are right, Rachel, you are always right; yet I wish—oh, how I wish your father would change."

Rachel from her inmost heart wished so too; but she did not speak, though a tear started into her eye. Rachel Lewis was a weak and delicate creature in body, but though only a poor cottager, she had an innate firmness of mind, and an exalted sense of duty, that would have graced many a highborn lady. It is by stability of principle, and resisting all temptation to dissemble, that a woman can best maintain her dignity and her cheerfulness; let her once admit secrecy and duplicity into the sanctuary of her bosom, and her peace of mind is no more.

(To be continued.)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

Isv should learn Greek by all means if her father desires that she should. To read the New Testament in that language would, at least, be interesting, and, taking the lowest ground, knowledge is no burden.

Lonely.—Read our two articles on "The Duties of Servants," pages 534 and 646, Vol. ii. In the second part you will find much on the subject of how all domestic servants *should behave, to be really* well-bred according to their position. "Etiquette" is a term which has to do with the peculiar and distinctive rules which obtain in a higher circle of society. See also our articles on "The Duties of Governesses," and "Etiquette for all Classes," page 90, Vol. iii.

Sunflower.—One of the "Reading Societies" is conducted by Miss McLandsborough, Lindum-terrace, Manningham, Bradford, Yorkshire.

Hydrangia.—You are too young to be received into a hospital as a probationer, but you could do much meantime in preparation for it. Procure a small manual entitled "Sick-Nursing at Home" (Upcott Gill, 170, Strand, W.C., price 1s. 3d.), and study it thoroughly, and if you have an opportunity of joining an "ambulance class" do so likewise.

ART.

Muriel St. Aubin.—1. Your request that we should give you a list of "all the musicians of any note whatever from 1800 to 1884" is quite unreasonable. We have not sufficient space to devote so large an amount to one correspondent. 2. Oil paints may be softened and re-mixed by means of a little turpentine and oil. Read our series of articles on oil painting. We do not repeat our articles in our correspondence columns.

Robina.—We cannot say that Sir Peter Lely was a naturalised Englishman, but England was his adopted country. He was born in Westphalia in 1617, married in 1641, and lived at Kew, Surrey. He died in London, November 30th, 1680, of an attack of apoplexy, and was buried in Covent Garden Church. On the 11th of January, 1679, he was knighted, and used to be designated "Ye King's Paynter." He had one son.

Annie Ireland.—We think *you should* get some friend to call and state the case as to the missing thumbscrew of the instrument. If writing fail to obtain another, and you have no one to send to the shop (through friends who may know someone in London), we think that any workman mechanic from a hardware shop might make you one. It is a satisfaction to us to hear that our paper has taught you and your friends so many useful things. We do not think that taking cold baths could be of use to an invalid bed-ridden from spine disease. On the contrary, special cases like yours should be treated by a local physician, who could prescribe according to personal knowledge and experience.

COOKERY.

A Servant Maid had better get some chemist to destroy the cat that has such a very bad smell, and whose hair comes off so badly. It is very unwholesome for her and everyone else in the house to keep her, as she has probably some cancerous internal disease. 2. There are two ways or more of pickling mushrooms. First, cut them all in two, to see that they have no maggots in them; for none may be indicated by the external appearance of the mushrooms. To each quart of the latter you will require two blades of mace pounded, 1 oz. of ground pepper; then "button mushrooms" should be selected, and the outer skin rubbed off with flannel and salt. Place them in a stewpan, adding the mace, pepper, and salt, and shake well over a clear fire until the juice flows; keep them there till dried again, when the vinegar must be poured over them. Let all simmer for one minute, and then pour into stone jars, and when cold tie bladders on the top, and keep them in a dry place. We suppose your sending us such verses was only meant for a joke.

Elaine, Ettarri, Lynette.—We have given you such a large number of recipes for cakes of every description, rich and plain, that we must refer you to our indexes to find them for yourself. We do not know any of the native languages of Africa, so as to be able to translate the (possibly) ill-pronounced words you heard on board the West Indian ship. Perhaps, after all, it was Chinese. It is of no consequence whether the bow be placed on the right or left shoulder. The parting of the hair in the centre looks better, we think, than brushing it back straight. Tennyson is thought to have had the most genius.

Devoted Reader of the "G. O. P."—Your request is too vague, yet too comprehensive. To give you "hints in our Answers to Correspondents about cooking for invalids," which might fill the whole number for the month—so many are they—is an undertaking for which we could not make ourselves responsible. Read "Food for Invalids," page 611, vol. i., and the many hints given in the small volume on home nursing to which it refers. We thank you for your recipe for lemon sponge:—Take two ounces of gelatine, the peel of one lemon, and one cupful of

cold water. Set it by the fire till nearly boiling, and remove it to cool. Prepare the whites of three eggs, beaten to a froth, with one teacupful of fine sugar; then add the strained lemon and gelatine by degrees, beating them all the time with a fork.

FLURRY appears to be somewhat "mixed" in her ideas of the "three Rs." Like her friend, little goody "Pauline," she should learn to spell before attempting to "rite," of which she seems to "no" nothing as yet. For "Caramels," see our instructions at page 291, vol. iv.

ELLEN AND LAVENDER send us recipes for making roan jelly (that is, from the berries of the mountain ash). One of the recipes they send is as follows:—Place a quantity of the berries in a jelly pan, with water half the depth they occupy. Let the water boil, and then place a lid on the pan, and infuse like tea until they be reduced to a pulp. Then pour all into a jelly-bag, and leave them to drain until the next day. Then put the liquid into the jelly-pan, and as much as its own weight of sugar. Boil for about twenty-five minutes, skim the top as the scum rises, and then pour the preserve into pots, and fasten down securely while still hot.

MISCELLANEOUS.

IPHIGENIA'S spelling is very defective. "Writing" with two "t's" is a serious error. "Iphigenia" should get a dictionary, and never write without consulting it in the case of doubtful words. We do not believe in "ladylike employments." All work is ladylike in its best sense when honestly performed and in the fear of God.

LADYE EDILTRUDE.—Boutell's "English Heraldry" might suit you. It is not large nor very expensive.

ELGIVA.—*You must first show* obedience to your parents' wishes; but we think you need not spend quite as much as £40 on your dress.

LITTLE NELL is thanked for her kind letter, and for the amicable manner in which she thanks us for our strictures on her faults. We are glad to see how much she has improved. The text, "Let us eat and drink," etc., will be found in Isaiah xxii. 13, and 1 Cor. xv. 32; the latter verse being evidently a quotation from the former account of what had been said by wicked people.

L. R.—Perhaps a nurse's place might suit you; or you could be a housekeeper.

S. M. LEE.—Try some ammonia to clean and revive the back of your dress.

BESS and NELL.—We regret to say we cannot help you, as we never tried the "nose improver." Our nose, though not, of course, "perfect," is quite good enough.

AN EARNESTLY-HOPING ONE, L. W.—Read the instructions for lawn-tennis on pages 9 and 25, vol. iv., "G. O. P." For more detailed information, see one of the many handbooks to the game.

AGNES.—Perhaps the climate of the place where you live is not suitable, and you need one dryer and warmer.

THE OLD MAID OF THE FAMILY may perhaps have made up her mind too soon, as she is so useful and contented a being! We do not think that any question of propriety is involved in working in a railway-carriage; but we doubt if it would be good for the eyes.

BELINDA.—A step-sister is no relation at all, as she is the daughter of your step-father or step-mother by another parent. A half-sister is accounted the same as a whole one by the law, because one of her parents was one of your own.

HOUSELINEN.—This is usually provided by the husband in England.

ADA BINNEY.—You could sell waste-paper to the paper manufacturers. We regret we cannot help you to obtain a servant. We do not keep a registry.

ONE IN TROUBLE.—You had better ask to be allowed to defer your decision on the matter until you are twenty. You are too young to think of marriage at present.

PANSY BLOSSOM must write to the Women's Emigration Society, 13, Dorset-street, Portman-square, N.W.

BIRDIE I.—The examinations of the College of Preceptors would probably suit you—42, Queen-square, Bloomsbury, W.C. The poems bear traces of thought, and no doubt you would do better if you tried now. "Stich" in English means a verse. The word "stichera," applied as you describe, would mean the verses, lay, or hymn.

B. W. S.—You will find the "Home Naturalist," published at 56, Paternoster-row, E.C., of use to you.

KATCHEL.—The dress is all black, and we believe you can enter at eighteen.

NINA BRAZILEIRA.—*Killin* is a word which is corrupted from *cill-linn*, "the church near the linn or waterfall;" or from *cill-Fhinn*, the burying-place of the Finns, which is still shown.

JOSEPHINE.—The Tower of London has no rivals in age amongst the prisons or palaces of Europe. The prison of St. Angelo at Rome approaches it the nearest in historical interest. The oldest remains of a palace in Europe are the west front of the Burg in Vienna. The Kremlin at Moscow and the Doges' Palace, Venice, date from the 14th century. The most ancient portion of the Vatican was built by Pope Borgia, and the old Louvre was begun in the time of our Henry VIII. The earthworks at Windsor are credited to the time of Caractacus. We must refer you to our several indexes. We cannot continue to repeat our replies.

BROWN GIPSY.—There are some flowers which should be removed from a bedroom at night, such as narcissus, lilies, laburnums, and some others; but the majority are not injurious. Clouds are produced from exhalations rising from both land and water. There are various descriptions of clouds, amongst them the "cirrus," or those very elevated, thin, and resembling carded wood; the "cumulus," or rounded white masses, sometimes piled up and looking like mountains; the "stratus," or horizontal lines; the "circ-cumulus," or "mackerel" sky, the fog or cloud lying in contact with the earth. In certain conditions of the atmosphere, and depending on the quarter from whence the wind blows, the absence of clouds, existence of fogs, or fall of mist or of actual rain depends.

AN UNSUCCESSFUL COMPETITOR.—The table was compiled from the papers of the prize winners. It was not given as a specimen.

ADMIRER.—Perhaps it may not have occurred to you that the parties specially concerned may feel the most disappointed, and deserve the greater commiseration.

A. S. M.—You are in a very unhealthy, morbid state of mind, and probably of body also. The evil thoughts which you describe are involuntary, and are probably suggested by the author of all evil. He alone could prompt the idea or wish to injure by word or deed

LIGHT IN THE HOME.

those whom we honour and love. It is not advisable to mention such faults to a teacher, but to do as Luther tells us he did, *i.e.*, when evil thoughts came to him, unbidden and unencouraged, to think of something else, and banish them with a determined effort. Set about learning something—a new piece of music or a song. Certainly, any mischievous desire of yours could not influence the Divine will in reference to others.

Y. B.—Use lip salve; to be had at any chemist's.

BERTHA and VIVIEN.—We thank you for your riddle, which we insert:—

> "Twice two of us is six,
> Six of us is three,
> Three of us is five,
> Whatever can we be?
> If that be not enough,
> Eight of us is five of us,
> And five of us is four."

Send us the solution, repeating the ridddle. "Vivien" writes best. Both handwritings are legible but lack freedom and grace of outline.

KITTY inquires "the cause of sponges going slimy." They become slimy from being left wet or employed in soapy water. Besides, they cannot last for ever. Clean them with sponge-powder; to be obtained from any chemist's.

PUSSIE.—You have our best acknowledgments for your very kind letter. Write roundhand copies daily; also hold your pen long, and practise copying large and graceful scrolls and flourishes to give you freedom in the use of your pen.

PRIMROSE.—Accept our warm thanks for so kindly writing to tell us of the gratification our paper affords you, and your opinion of the benefit it is to others.

ICHTHYOLOGY.—If you visit any large aquarium, you will see "goldfish" of a piebald description, black patches more or less disputing their claim to be so designated. In the same way, there are canaries flying about wild in Canada parti-coloured, gold (or yellow) and black. If gold-coloured fish become black, it is the result of some disease.

DAISY OF THE FIELD.—We recommend your sister to show her eye to a doctor. The case is too serious for amateur treatment. We are not acquainted with "a cure for nervousness." Probably you are a little shy, and that is not objectionable in little girls. If a fault, it is one on the right side.

MOTHERLESS.—We read your letter with interest and sympathy. You should wear a stout pair of old gloves when doing any rough work; and, after washing your hands, put a little glycerine on them before drying them.

SNOWDROP is thanked for her nice little letter, full of good wishes, which we sincerely reciprocate.

ADA LILLIAN.—From the style of your letter and the observations you make, we do not think you likely to succeed. In any case, we strongly recommend your making yourself thoroughly acquainted with some useful business instead.

E. F. M. M., GRAY, and Others.—The glass shade should be put in sideways, so as to leave no air within it when placing it over the water bouquet. But these bouquets, however carefully prepared, retain their beauty for a short time only, as vegetation decomposes more quickly when wholly exposed to the action of water than when partially in the air. Four or five days in summer and eight in winter are as long as they can be kept in perfection.

WILD GIRL OF THE MOUNTAINS.—August 11th, 1865, was a Friday. Always cut away the dead roses from the rose trees, and the superfluous small ones, so that the tree may have more strength to produce good flowers. If you want a succession of flowers, you should cultivate monthly roses.

SELVIELAND.—Phosphorescence is ascribed to electricity. Various substances emit light when decaying, such as fish, wood, and some fungi.

QUEENIE.—We do not see anything masculine in wearing the hair short. Many busy girls do so at present, and are glad to save the time they would have to bestow on dressing it and keeping it in order. People are getting wiser, and look more to daily life than to hair as giving indications of character and goodness.

SIEBA.—Want of space was probably the reason. It is sometimes difficult, as you may imagine, to calculate exactly.

SHIM.—The real name of "Mother Shipton" was Preece. She lived in South Wales in the reign of Henry VIII. The prophecy of the end of the world in 1881 was a forgery.

PERCE NEIGE.—It is only wise to put an address on your trunk when travelling, for if you lose it you are then much more likely to recover it. The initials or an especial mark should be painted on it as well.

ANNIE H. may be baptised in any name she likes to select for herself.

C. P.—If you be of use and are doing good to others, you should not give up the school on any account.

PASSU DOMESTICUS.—The "harvest moon" is the moon nearest the autumnal equinox, September 21st. Mrs. Henry Wood's maiden name is given in the last authorities as Miss Ellen Price.

FRANCES H. CROCKER.—Do not blame us for the late arrival of your monthly number; we neither manage the postal deliveries nor your summer movements. With 5,000 competitors to occupy our attention, we could not give our judgment like a flash of lightning. We congratulate you on your success.

A LOYAL WELSH GIRL.—If you will kindly read any of the following works by Anne Beale, we think your questions will be satisfactorily answered. They are all Welsh tales. "The Pennant Family," "Rose Mervyn," "The Queen o' the May," "Gladys, the Reaper," "Country Courtships."

A PUZZLED COMPETITOR.—We give our girls the option of competing together, from time to time, for prizes and certificates, wishing to afford them pleasure, and at the cost of very great trouble, fatigue, careful comparisons of the best, and of a considerable expenditure of time. Yet many of our girls seem to imagine that our 5,000 competitors should all gain some distinction. The competition is necessarily a very close one amongst some hundreds, and the mere omission of a date, a trifling verbal error, or a slight inferiority in the style of writing, composition, or penmanship, would be sufficient to turn the scale in favour of some other girl. But dissatisfied as a minority amongst the disappointed may be, we do not mean to deprive the rest of our competitors of new chances of success, being very sorry for the unsuccessful.

NELLIE writes fairly well, but to gain a little freer use of her pen she should hold it longer on the handle—not so close to the steel nib. She should also practise drawing scrolls of large dimensions, but not enlarge the size of her writing.

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

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SEVEN YEARS FOR RACHEL;
OR, WELSH PICTURES SKETCHED FROM LIFE.

By ANNE BEALE.

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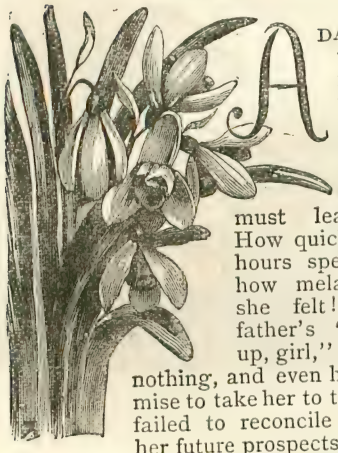
"MRS. SHENKIN FELT NEWLY AGGRIEVED."

CHAPTER X.

TO SERVICE.



A DAY or two more in her happy home, and Rachel must leave it. How quickly the hours sped, and how melancholy she felt! Her father's "Cheer up, girl," availed nothing, and even his promise to take her to the farm failed to reconcile her to her future prospects.

It was scarcely daylight when the father and daughter left their little dwelling; the former had a small box slung across his shoulder, whilst the latter carried a bundle in her hand. Jackey was an early man, and he wished, if possible, to begin their long walk before the neighbours were astir, to avoid the delays which a second edition of the previous evening's leave-takings would occasion. They set out, therefore, almost before the sun had begun to show his face, having breakfasted by candle-light. The morning was damp and cold, and served to depress, rather than exhilarate, the animal spirits. Rachel lagged behind her father as they walked through the village, to let the tears that would start, in spite of her efforts to repress them, flow unobserved by him. She knew that she was not going away for ever; she knew that her future abode was not very far istant; she said within herself that she was a foolish girl—that it was quite time for her to be doing something, and to cease being a burden to her father—that she had no doubt she should be very happy with her father's friends. And with a great deal more such philosophical reasoning, she attempted to stop up the source of her tears; but it was all in vain; one big drop succeeded another, and, as she looked back for the last time upon her humble cottage, dimly visible through the murky atmosphere, they gushed so fast, that it was with difficulty she prevented the swelling sob from bursting forth on her father's ear. None of her friends were visible as they passed along, such as had risen being engaged within doors. She felt a chill of disappointment at not seeing William's figure darkening his doorway, and thought that he certainly might have been there to give her, at least, one parting word.

A little beyond the village the form of a man was observable in the distance, sauntering along with some workman's tools over his shoulder. "Who is that?" said Jackey. Rachel looked up, and the feeling of disappointment vanished, whilst the pulsation of her heart quickened. They overtook the object of their speculations, who turned round and proved to be William. Strangely enough, he chanced to have employment as a carpenter at a house distant about a mile or so from the village, and situated on the road which Jackey and Rachel were travelling. He could not possibly avoid joining them and walking with them, much as Jackey was displeased at his appearance. He insisted upon relieving his old friend from the box he carried, to which, after some hesitation, Jackey consented, taking the bundle from Rachel in its place, Little was said by any one of the party, and that little principally consisted in remarks made by William, which elicited short, caustic replies from Jackey in return. Rachel kept by her father's side as they walked on, and by the time they had crossed the park and gained the narrow lanes which succeeded it, she had contrived to dry her tears. In summer the walk through these lanes is very pleasant; but, in November, when there are no green leaves or hawthorn on the hedgerows, and when you have to wade, ankle deep, through the mud, it is not so agreeable.

Before reaching the house at which William was to take his leave, there was a little bridge to pass, under which ran one of those numerous streams which are so clear and picturesque in Wales. The November rains had swelled this little brook into a torrent, and it rushed across the road, bubbling and foaming with considerable force and rapidity. The bridge, which was elevated much above the stream, was one of the most rickety structures imaginable. Three or four poles supported several uneven planks, roughly and carelessly joined together, not level, but sloping from the middle on either side towards the bank. There was a railing on one side only of the planks, which was less secure, even, than they; and as the water came boiling down from its source in the hills, the whole fabric shook, and appeared to give way.

There was no means of getting over the water on foot but this bridge, and the little party stood still to ask one another how they could possibly cross it. William took the box and bundle in his hands, and, despite the rocking movements which responded to every step, deposited them triumphantly on the other side, and returned to his companions.

"You had better go next, Jackey," he said, "and I will see to Rachel, for the bridge will never bear you and her at the same time."

"Umph!" ejaculated Jackey, "then how is it to bear you and her?"

"Oh! we're lighter by a deal, and I'm used to it," was the reply; so Jackey, who was not used to it, mounted the first plank, and after sundry exclamations and slips, managed to get across. William had now the infinite satisfaction of walking backwards across the frail fabric, and holding Rachel's hand to aid her progress, to the danger of their both falling into the stream beneath them. There was certainly excuse enough for procrastinating the last few moments they were together, and William availed himself of it to the full. Here a dangerously loose piece of board made him pause to consider where Rachel had better place her foot to avoid it; here a particularly slippery plank occasioned him almost to lift her across; and here again an aperture of some breadth was the cause of their coming to a standstill. During these proceedings William found time to whisper to Rachel that "he was sure Jackey would relent, and would let her come back before the first month was over."

"Well," said Jackey, with one of his significant shrugs, "light as you are, and used as you are to crossing the bridge, you seem to be a long time about it."

"Oh! we're over now," responded William, as he lifted Rachel from the bridge to the ground, "and very well we've managed too, considering how slippery it is."

"Uncommon!" was Jackey's reply, given in his most sarcastic manner, and on they went.

All pleasures must have an end, even those that are mixed with pain, and a few moments saw William leaning against a gate, and straining his eyes to catch a last glance of Rachel, as she turned a corner of the lane and proceeded, with heavy heart, towards the scene of her first servitude. Jackey gave her some good advice as they walked on, to which she listened as attentively as she was able, and to which she replied by assuring him that she would do her best to be useful and well-behaved; "but," she added, "it is for you I grieve, dear father; you will be so lonesome o' nights—these long winter nights, too, without a soul to speak to, or to get you your supper, or to read to you, or——"

"Now hold your tongue, there's a good girl, or you'll make a fool of your old father—you'll make a woman of me, and I'm the last man in the world as could like that. I shall do very well, and you'll get leave to come and see me sometimes, perhaps; so cheer up, girl, and don't be down-hearted."

They had some distance to go before they reached the farm, after parting with William, and Rachel became much fatigued. Although she had been born and bred about five miles from Mynydd Mawr, or the big mountain, she had never visited it, and when, from a gap in the hedge, she saw its abrupt ascent, she thought it would be almost impossible to climb to its summit, much less to drive the cows down its side, which her father told her would be a portion of her daily labours. They came to the pretty church of Llanfach, and Rachel stopped to admire it, then they ascended a steep hill, and, resting to recover their breath, gazed upon a scene finer, Rachel thought, than she had ever before beheld. They were close to the farm, and from a gate on one side of the road issued Mr. Shenkin.

"Welcome to Hafod fach," said he, with a shrill voice; "my missus is expecting you, and is very anxious to see Rachel. I hope you ain't tired. Dear me! don't show tired just at first, if you can help it."

"And why not?" grumbled Jackey; "a five mile walk is enough to tire a weakish girl that isn't used to it."

Having entered the gate, a house was visible of no very prepossessing appearance. Before Rachel had time to examine it, a voice reached her ear, but whether masculine or feminine she could not determine. It was very coarse and loud, and said audibly—

"Sally, Davvy, Toom! where's your master? Here's fifty things to do, and he's never in the way. Shenkin! Shenkin! where are you? Come here directly, or I'll——"

What Mrs. Shenkin, for it proved to be that lady, meant to do, it is impossible to say, for her dear husband cut short her affectionate appeal by shuffling towards the house, and by saying in, what appeared to Jackey, tones far too submissive, "Here, my dear—here am I—just come from the field, my dear——"

"Oh! you're always just——" began Mrs. Shenkin, as she, herself, appeared from behind the house; but she became silent as she perceived Rachel and her father.

Oh! poor Rachel! if your first impressions are truly given, you are not blessed in a mistress. A tall, coarse, masculine-looking woman, with red face and red arms, was the better-half of the lean and subdued Shenkin. Such a woman alone could have emitted such a voice. The fillets of her cap were streaming on the air; her mouth was open to the vociferations to which she delighted to abandon herself; and, as she strode along with her wooden shoes, and loose blue skirt, towards her awe-struck husband, you would have thought she was going to swallow him.

"My dear," he began, hoping to close her mouth before she had gobbled him up, "here's my friend Lewis and his daughter, a nice young girl, you see."

"I don't see anything of the kind," was the aside reply; for Mrs. Shenkin made a point of not borrowing her opinions either of people or things from anyone, particularly her husband, and, consequently, disagreed with everybody. Advancing, or rather striding towards the trembling Rachel, she changed her tone, and asked Jackey and her to walk in and sit down.

Even the determined Jackey was overawed by this man-woman, and it was some little time before he could assure himself that she was but one of the despised sex after all. "Oh!" he thought, "she will never teach Rachel proper obedience—a bad companion for an unmarried woman." Mrs. Shenkin having eyed him and Rachel from head to foot, only remarked that the latter did not look very strong, but she supposed she would get used to her work, and be hearty enough by-and-by.

Jackey began to think that he had been over hasty in accepting a place for Rachel of which he knew nothing, but every objection that he started was overruled by Mrs. Shenkin, who, as soon as she saw him waver, determined, at all risks, to keep his daughter. She was earned, she said, and she was sure they should get on very well together. She couldn't give her much wages the first year—a pound or so, and more the second, and so on; but Mr. Shenkin had spoken so well of her, that she would rather run the risk of her being weakly than lose her. Mr. Shenkin looked in mute astonishment when he heard his opinion quoted as an authority. He had told his wife that he had earned Rachel for a year, therefore, in spite of the wish expressed by Jackey that she should see how she got on for a month first, and then settle matters, for a year she was bound to remain.

Jackey did not know how to act. He saw that there would be great difficulty, if not impossibility, in returning the earn to such a woman as Mrs. Shenkin; and even supposing that he succeeded in doing so, how was Rachel to obtain another place? Hollantide fair was past, and every mistress had procured her servant. How, moreover, was she to be removed from the vicinity of William, to whom, he felt assured, she was attached, and to her marriage with whom he would never give his consent? There was no alternative. He looked at Rachel's pale face and tearful eyes with a struggle, but suddenly remembering that she had been still paler when she parted with William, he steeled himself against his own softer feelings, and decided upon her remaining with Mrs. Shenkin. In his fear of offending his child's mistress by making any request out of the regular order of things, he omitted settling any one point concerning her future position, and thus left her to the mercy of her employers for one year at least. But having resolved upon her staying, he let the matter rest, and began to do justice to the bread, cheese, and ale which Mrs. Shenkin set before him, and of which his friend Shenkin also partook. Rachel seated herself at some distance from them, and when Mrs. Shenkin invited her to eat, replied that she would rather not. Mrs. Shenkin stared — "Refuse bread and cheese! and a farm servant too!" she thought, but she said nothing.

A slip-shod, dirty-looking girl, with a baby in her arms, now entered, and, standing still, fixed her broad eyes upon Rachel. Mrs. Shenkin took the baby, and told Sally to go to her work, looking, the while, with something of amazement at the huge lumps of bread and cheese that were disappearing within the capacious mouths of the two old friends. Mr. Shenkin drank Jackey's health, and success to Rachel, in return for which Jackey drank Mr. and Mrs. Shenkin's health, not forgetting the infant who was beginning to cry in his mother's arms. She shook the child, which made him scream loudly, and Rachel, who could never resist the cry of infancy, rose, and after admiring it, begged to be allowed to nurse it.

"Ay, take the brat," said Mrs. Shenkin; "it is the most troublesome, cross creature I ever saw."

Rachel took the child, and by moving it gently for a few moments, and nursing it in a very different manner from that to which it was accustomed, quieted it, and eventually elicited a certain crow, which always shows a baby's complete satisfaction.

"Bless my heart," exclaimed Mr. Shenkin; "is that our child? Why you shall be head nurse if you make him so good-tempered. I never heard him do anything but cry and moan before."

Mr. Shenkin was getting facetious over his ale, and Mrs. Shenkin felt newly aggrieved.

"Glad to see you again, old fellow," said the former; "come and pay your daughter a visit sometimes — always welcome to Hafod fach."

"Bless me, Mr. Shenkin," interrupted his amiable wife, "how the bull is bellowing and running about the hill—sure something's the matter. Run and see, quick!"

Mr. Shenkin rose reluctantly and went to the door.

"Oh! I don't see anything the matter, my dear," he said.

"He's the other side of the hill, now, quite furious—run quick—run quick!" And Mrs. Shenkin, as she ejaculated the last words, gave her husband such a significant look, that he did "run quick," and found the bull quietly grazing on the brow of the hill.

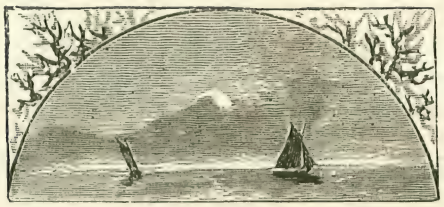
His wife's ruse had succeeded, however; and Jackey, thinking it time to depart, rose to go, as soon as his friend returned. He expressed his hopes that Rachel would be a good girl, and "give satisfaction," and wishing Mr. and Mrs. Shenkin good morning, left the house, followed by his daughter, who said she would accompany him as far as the turning. At "the turning," poor Rachel could restrain herself no longer. She fell upon her father's neck and wept bitterly. His sturdy heart relaxed.

"God bless you, my dear child," he said; "you have been a good girl to me, and I know you will be always good."

He kissed her tenderly, pushed his remaining shillings into her hand, and walked quickly down the hill, leaving her to stem such a rush of feelings as she had never before experienced. She returned slowly to the house, and as she did so, uttered an inward prayer for strength to act uprightly, and to perform her duty cheerfully.

(To be continued.)

THE CHILDREN OF CHARLES I. *(From the painting by Vandyck.)*



AN ENGLISH PRINCESS.

CHAPTER II.

THE ROYAL CHILDREN.

PRESENTLY the Prince and Princess heard of their mother's return to England, but as far as they were concerned she might as well have been abroad, for they had no prospect of seeing her.

Elizabeth occupied the long hours with study. Her chief instructress was the celebrated Mrs. Bathshua Makins, who divided her time, half to severer studies, half to lighter accomplishments. French, Italian, Latin, Greek, and Hebrew were all cultivated, and the little Princess loved especially to study the Bible in the original languages. Her mind was early turned towards religion. "What shall I do to get to heaven?" "I had rather be a beggar than not go to heaven," are among her early recorded sayings. And this disposition, as well as her remarkable quickness and talents, attracted so much attention, that, in 1644, one William Greenhill dedicated to her an exposition of the first four chapters of Ezekiel, and a year or so later a Mr. Alexander Rowley dedicated to her a book called "The Scholar's Companion," containing a list of all the Hebrew and Greek words used in the Bible, with their meanings in Latin and English.

These studies were too great a strain on her delicate frame, and an unfortunate accident which occurred in the autumn of 1643, when she slipped in crossing a room and broke her leg, tended further to keep her from progressing towards strength or vigour of constitution.

In March, 1645, Lady Dorset gave up her post on account of failing health, and the Earl and Countess of Northumberland were appointed respectively guardian and governess of the Princess and her brother. They were in every way qualified for the position. Lord Northumberland, whom Clarendon calls the greatest and proudest nobleman in England, was a wise, liberal-hearted man, who had formerly been a friend of the King, and who sought and obtained permission to treat his charges in all respects as the children of the sovereign. His wife was Lady Elizabeth Howard, daughter of the Earl of Suffolk. As soon as he was appointed, he took them to his country residence at Sion House, where they spent the summer, so that the change of guardians was altogether for the children's benefit.

Next time our London readers are up the river, or walking along the pleasant walk in Kew Gardens which adjoins the riverside, and commands a view of Sion House on the opposite bank, it will perhaps add to the interest which the stately, solid-looking mansion always inspires to remember its associations with this hapless daughter of Charles I., with some alike of the brightest and saddest days in whose short life it is inseparably connected.

The children enjoyed this pleasant change until September. Then, owing to fresh arrangements made in Parliament, they had to return to St. James's. As, however, Lord Northumberland had now the sole charge over them, their residence here was much pleasanter than it had formerly been, and they were treated with all kindness and consideration.

In the following April they were joined by their brother, James, Duke of York, now a boy of fourteen. He had been with his father during the war, but when the King escaped from Oxford and gave himself up to the Scots at Newark, the young Prince was left behind. On the surrender of Oxford, which followed soon after, James was invited to join his brother and sister at St. James's, and was conducted thither with much ceremony. An extra allowance was made for his maintenance, and the household and attendants increased accordingly.

Many long hours during this summer must have been brightened for the Princess Elizabeth by her brother's society. He would have much to tell her, of their father especially, and of the scenes in which he had taken part since they had been separated more than four years before. They did not, however, rest satisfied in each other's company without looking out into the future. The King's wish was that his son should escape if possible, and join the Queen in France; and Elizabeth, loth as she must have been to part from her brother, urged him to the same course. A letter was intercepted which disclosed this intention, but though frustrated for the time being, it was only delayed, not laid aside.

Early in the spring of the next year they went to Hampton Court, where it was arranged that they should pass the summer. On the 5th of June, however, the news reached London that the King had been seized at Holmby House and carried off by the army. The Parliament, in its alarm, instantly ordered the return of the royal children to the capital. Posting at full speed, the messenger arrived at Hampton Court at eleven o'clock at night, and although St. James's was all unprepared for their reception, Lord Northumberland and his charges were obliged to return thither without delay.

The remainder of this year brought the last happy days that were in store for Elizabeth. Her father, under the guardianship of the army, was brought to Windsor; from thence he instructed the Duke of York to write to the Houses of Parliament, asking permission for him, with his brother and sister, to visit him. He also begged Sir Thomas Fairfax's intercession, and the general wrote, supporting the Prince's request. Thus it came to pass that in July leave was given for the three children to see their father at Caversham, in Berkshire. On the 16th, at an early hour, they set off on their journey, accompanied by Lord Northumberland and the ladies and gentlemen in waiting, occupying three coaches and guarded by the City Militia. Their journey resembled a triumphal progress. From all the villages on the road the people flocked out to salute them. At Maidenhead, which they reached at ten o'clock, and where they were to meet their father, the streets were decorated with flowers in their honour and crowded with people. They had to wait an hour at the little inn, but at eleven o'clock the King arrived, and in the joy of that meeting the long separation and the weary hours of captivity were alike forgotten.

Dinner was served at the inn. While they were there Sir Thomas Fairfax came into the room. The Princess, struck by his appearance, asked his name, and, on hearing who it was, she addressed herself to him, and thanked him for the great pleasure he had given her in enabling her to see her father again. If ever, Elizabeth added, she should have it in her power to do him any service in return, she would hasten to gratify him. One fancies the stern soldier smiling sadly at the young Princess's gracious words, but he thanked her for her courtesy, and asked leave to kiss her highness's hand.

After dinner the King and his children drove to Caversham, and here they spent two happy days in each other's society. When they parted it was with mutual assurances that they should soon meet again.

This was the first of several happy meetings. In August the King took up his residence at Hampton Court, and the children were removed by Northumberland to Sion House. On the 23rd, Charles rode over early in the morning to Sion House, and spent the day there. Later in the month Lord and Lady Northumberland entertained the King and his suite with much state, while on the 29th we read again, "The King hunted in Richmond Park, and afterwards dined with his children at Syon."

On the 7th of September the children were at Hampton Court with Lady Northumberland. On the 13th, we read, "His Majesty's children came yesterday in the afternoon to Hampton Court to ask blessing of him. They were a long time in the garden, running and playing before the King. His Majesty expressed much joy to see them with him, and his faithful subjects that were there expressed as much joy to see them all together." It has often been told how Cromwell used to say that these interviews were the most touching he had ever seen.

(To be continued.)

HEALTH ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

By MEDICUS.

My title is an ambitious one, and any one of my girl readers might be excused for putting the following question:—

"Does Medicus mean to tell us that he can give us instructions how to be sure of health from January to December?"

And Medicus frankly and candidly answers "No."

Yet even in a single paper I may be able to give you a variety of hints that will help you to keep on the straight path of health, and some that will aid your return to it, should you, from accident or otherwise, happen to deviate therefrom.

We mortals must use the means to retain health. Heaven alone can give the blessing.

Well, to commence with, I must inform you that this month's contribution of mine is not meant for invalids altogether, although these may profit by perusing it.

I wish to suppose that you are in a fair state of health, and that you wish to remain so through the coming spring, the summer, and the autumn, and even till winter comes again, and Christmas heralds another new year. There are many rocks and shoals ahead that you must steer clear of, and I, for the nonce, depute myself to be your pilot.

Well, every season has ailments peculiar to itself. Some of these I shall treat of, but first and foremost let me speak of general principles as regards living judiciously. I will be brief, very brief, for the simple reason that I have spoken of them all before.

1. *Perfect Ablution.*—What does this mean? It means the retention of the skin in that state of perfect purity which alone is compatible with the maintenance of health. Have I not said over and over again that no one whose skin does not act as Nature intended it should could be really and truly well? Nay, you may neglect your bath and you may feel no evil results from this at present; but depend upon it your are weakening your system. If the skin does not, or, rather, I should say, is prevented from performing its duties, as a great emunctory, greater stress and more work is thrown upon the internal organs, especially upon the liver, and although while you are young and strong this organ may not complain, the day may come.

Independent of its uses as an organ of touch and a covering for the whole body, the skin regulates the animal heat. When, and only when, it is in perfect order, it carries off heat from the body by means of the insensible perspiration in hot weather, thus cooling the blood, and obviating danger from internal congestions; and in cold weather it maintains the heat of the system. But a more important duty still has the skin to perform, in carrying off from the body and the blood, by means of the sweat glands, an immense amount of effete or used-up material, which, if retained, would tend to poison the blood and produce disease of many different kinds.

A young girl who neglects perfect ablution is only half in health, whatever her feelings to the contrary may be. There cannot be in such a one real purity of complexion, nor perfect clearness of the eyes; hence there cannot be perfect beauty.

2. *Exercise.*—How many thousands there are who scarcely know the meaning of this word. Exercise must be quite independent of any labour you may have undergone during the day. Exercise should be taken with regularity day after day; it should not be fatiguing, but very nearly so; one sleeps better at night after returning from a long walk that has rendered her pleasantly tired. Exercise must be pleasant to be of use. If walking is indulged in, remember you must either traverse roads or streets slowly and leisurely, where you find something to amuse and instruct, or you must be going somewhere, and have some object in view. A meaningless march along an uninteresting highway is a mere depressant, and if it does any good at all, it is only because you are breathing fresh air. The dumb-bells I never looked upon as a very useful form of exercise. If dumb-bells could only speak, what tales they would have to tell of the folly of those who use them!

Exercise is best taken an hour or two after a meal, and neither immediately before nor immediately after. During exercise wear light clothing, and beware of perspiring too much, lest you weaken the body, and make it subject to a chill whenever you sit down.

3. *Eating and Drinking.*—Temperance in both must be observed. Eat slowly—very slowly—and swallow as little fluid of any kind as possible. No heavy suppers; very little meat at any time; plenty of vegetables, including bread. Of this last those who are inclined to *embonpoint* should eat but very little. Obesity is unhealthful even in grown-up people; it is worse in the young. One's own taste should be consulted as to what is beneficial, but even things that are liked should be partaken of but sparingly. It is a bad thing for a young girl to go for too long a time without food. The stomach preys on itself, and the whole system gets weak from long fasting. There are times, of course, when a girl cannot get food at the time she would need it, and on such occasions when coming to table she is apt to be hungry indeed. Let her beware of over-eating, or eating too hastily, at such a time.

4. *Sleep.*—This must be obtained, else the nerves will fail and debility will ensue and open the door to any ailment that may choose to walk in and take possession of the system. But if you have been employed well all day, if you have eaten temperately and taken a bath and plenty of exercise, sleep will come. Take care that the room is well ventilated, however, and neither too hot nor too cold, and that the pillows are soft, the mattress firm and smooth, and the bed-clothing not heavy.

5. The mind has much to do with the health of the body. Try to control your temper, never get angry, if possible—if you are so and cannot help it, struggle to take time to talk. At such a moment silence is indeed golden; pray maintain it, if you cannot speak without exciting yourself and saying that for which you may afterwards be sorry. Read good books—especially religious books. Nothing tends more to produce a happy and contented frame of mind than religion and a well-grounded hope in a kind Providence and happy hereafter.

To maintain the general health by rule is really not so difficult as it may at first appear, because it very soon becomes a habit with one to live on correct principles. I only say this: try to do so for a month, and you will be astonished at the improvement in your looks, and at the enjoyment you have in the simple act of living.

Now for a word or two about the seasons. First comes spring, and girls cannot be too careful to guard against exposure to its high, damp, and chilly winds. The body must be well protected by soft, warm underclothing. The neck and feet especially should be well protected, but be careful not to sweat either. Do not wear too thick shoes nor too thick stockings, for damp feet are to be avoided, and we should remember that perspiration will make the feet as dangerously damp as walking on wet grass can. Do not forget to change the stockings immediately after coming in from a long walk. The feet may be bathed at the same time; and if you be not going out again for some time put on house shoes—light and easy. Much discomfort and many a troublesome ailment may thus be avoided.

Colds and coughs are troublesome during this period. Prevent them, if possible, by careful attention to the rules of health, and non-exposure of body to draughts and colds. Take them in time, when they do come. Keep in doors for a day or two; take at first some light aperient medicine, a pill at night and draught in the morning, with a warm drink and hot foot-bath at night. If pain in chest, use mustard to redden at once, and cover up with warm flannel. If cough be troublesome, get a mixture from the chemist's after the second day, but tell the man it must contain no opium. This is highly dangerous for young people, and should never be used even in the form of paregoric or chlorodyne, unless prescribed by your own physician.

Sore throat is very troublesome. Wear linseed poultices all night, foment frequently during the day, and wear flannel round the neck; reduce the system a little by low diet and saline aperients, and keep to the house, but move about and do not coddle over the fire. Omit the morning bath, if you are in the habit of taking a cold one, when you have either a cold or sore throat.

All complaints common to the spring season of a painful character must be treated at first on the same general principles—low diet, saline aperients, and extra warmth to induce perfect perspiration at night. A Turkish bath now and then should be taken during the spring months, more especially if the weather be cold.

Tic-doloreux is an ailment from which many suffer. The body is nearly always under par in such cases. Extra nutritious diet should be taken, and such excellent tonics as quinine, iron, cod-liver oil, or extract of malt; but while using these be sure to take a pill or two at night once a week. It is wonderful what an effect for cold this will have.

When summer comes one is very apt to give up wearing warm underclothing too soon. This is a mistake that costs many a precious life. Here is the golden rule:—Be guided every day as to what amount of clothing you should wear by the state of the weather and the height of the thermometer, and never wear cotton or linen next the skin if at all delicate.

In summer too much meat is injurious. The cold bath should be commenced now, if perfect health is wished for. Study early rising. A girl should be dressed and out by half-past seven every summer's morning. Eat plenty of wholesome vegetables and salads, which are invaluable for maintaining the purity of the blood in either young or old during the summer months. Beware of over-clothing. Do not expose yourself to the sun

during the hottest parts of the day, nor forget that night dews are now as deadly as they are in spring-time. Sleep with your windows well open, but cover up from draught. The air from the window should not blow directly in upon the bed, nor should the bed stand between the window and fireplace.

The diseases most prevalent during summer are those of the digestive organs, ranging from simple dyspepsia itself to typhus fever.

If any feverishness of body exists, with headache, chills, and a feeling of aching in bones and limbs, send at once for a medical man.

Sudden changes in the weather are very apt to disarrange the digestive organs, and produce sicknesses in the delicate. In autumn we have usually the ailments common to both spring and summer.

It is during this season that the holiday should be taken. I have only to say here that a person who intends taking change of air, whether it be to the seaside, into the country, or among the hills, ought to live very carefully for at least a fortnight before she starts. Now would be the time to take some simple *efficient tonic*, such as that invaluable medicine, quinine and iron. Do not take it for more than a fortnight or three weeks at the outside. In autumn we ought to take more exercise than usual, and those who dread the cold should take a course of cod-liver oil.

Chest diseases and rheumatism prevail most in winter. We cannot, therefore, dress too carefully out of doors, nor take too much pains to keep the blood pure and the skin in working order. Remember it is the quality, not the quantity, of the clothes we wear that tells. Most people wear too much clothing, positively making their bodies a burden to themselves by it. Let it be soft and warm, then, but not heavy. Chest protectors may be worn by the delicate, by *night* as well as by *day*.

Keep up the strength in winter by good food and healthful exercise, and do not forget that soups, sugar, and even fatty meat, the oilier kinds of fish, such as salmon, &c., can be well borne in winter, though they produce indigestion in warm weather.

The temperature of the bedroom in winter should be about 55 or 60 degrees, never much below and certainly never above that.

THE QUEEN'S ROYAL SCOTTISH DESCENT THROUGH FEMALE LINE.

By the Author of "The Princesses of Wales."

PERHAPS some of our girl readers, especially those who dwell or derive their origin from beyond the classic Tweed, would feel aggrieved that in the little sketch on p. 87, regarding the Queen's descent through female line, the writer glanced only at the English side. I shall, therefore, in a paragraph or two, endeavour to go back into the Scottish succession before the time of Mary Stuart, Queen of Scots, and point out how that beautiful lady—herself descended on the father's side from an English stock—came to be the representative, not merely of the great Alfred of England, but of the ancient Celtic sovereigns of Scotland, a far more ancient dynasty than that of the Saxon rulers of South Britain. For we must not forget that our fellow-citizens to the north of the Tweed grow indignant at times when the word "England" is used, as if it were equivalent to Britain. We would not willingly offend national sentiment, and we are afraid that the genial Professor Blackie would wax exceeding wroth if we taught English girls or Scottish lasses to think that Queen Victoria is sovereign of Scotland by reason of her descent from Alfred, and what Mr. Freeman calls "the Imperial House of Wessex."

When King James V. of Scotland, dying of a broken heart at Falkland Palace, received the news that his wife, Mary of Lorraine, had given birth to an infant daughter, he is reported to have said with sorrow, feeling that his own end was nigh, "It came with a lass, and it will go with a lass." His two sons had died in childhood, within a few days of each other, and the Stuart (or Stewart) line closed with the new-born Princess, Mary, who almost immediately after being ushered into the world became the Queen of Scots.

The House of Stuart, which derived its name from the hereditary office of High Steward, had sat on the throne of Scotland from the year 1371, when David Bruce, the unworthy son of the renowned champion of Scottish independence, died childless. The crown, which had rested on the brows of the Norman family of Bruce for less than seventy years, then devolved on Robert Stuart, the son of Walter Stuart, by his wife Marjory, the eldest daughter of King Robert Bruce. Marjory was the "lass" through whom the Stuarts had come by the crown of Alban.

The ancient native line of sovereigns, which had sat in unbroken succession on the throne since the days of Malcolm, the husband of St. Margaret, came to an end in a most pathetic manner by the death of the little Maid of Norway, an uncrowned queen, towards the end of September in the year 1290. The body of the "sweet maiden," a child of eight, was carried back to her native land, and buried at Bergen, in the choir of Christ Church, and a long dispute arose between the various claimants to the throne. The case was laid by the Scottish nobles before the English King, Edward I., whose sister had been married to the last King of Scotland, and was the grandmother of the deceased maid. Besides, the infant queen had been bethrothed to his own son and heir, Edward Prince of Wales. He canvassed the opinion of the most learned lawyers of Paris, but in spite of their decision in favour of Robert Bruce—grandfather of King Robert—the ambitious and unscrupulous arbiter gave his award in favour of John Balliol. Both of these nobles were descended from David, Earl of Huntingdon, brother of King William the Lion; the latter was the grandson of David's eldest daughter, the former was the son of the second daughter. Robert Bruce, the grandson of the original claimant, rebelled against the usurper Edward I., and was crowned at Scone in 1306.

We have now to go back to the year 1057, when Macbeth was driven from the throne by Malcolm Canmore. And here let it be mentioned, by the way, that the story of Shakespeare about Macbeth and "Lady Macbeth" (whose name was Gruoch, and who was of the old royal line of Scotland) is almost entirely a sheer fable and a scandalous fiction. Malcolm himself was the son of King Duncan, who, however, was the only son of a daughter (Bethog) of Malcolm II., the wife of Crinan, lay abbot of Dunkeld. Thus we come once more on succession through a lady.

Beyond this period much is conjecture even with the most acute and learned investigators, but, so far as the keenest critical acumen can discern, the succession of the Scottish sovereigns—*i.e.*, of the Scots who came over from Ireland to the country of the Picts—was probably derived from the marriage, some time before the year 843, of Alpin, a chief of the intruding Scots of Ireland, to some Pictish princess who was the heiress to a throne which from times beyond the ken of human history was in the possession of a race known as the Picts, whose language was akin to that of the Scots from Ireland.

Our good Queen, it will thus be seen, holds her right to the sovereignty of Scotland by a far more ancient royal descent than that in virtue of which she sits upon the English throne.

VARIETIES.

Double Acrostic.

Two Towns of ancient fame command the strait
That oft was cross'd for love, more often still for glory,
And which receiv'd, old poets so relate,
Its name from one of those strange myths of classic story.

1. The young Sicilian Shepherd, who enjoys
The smiles of her who is the fairest nymph of all,
Till his gigantic rival's fingers poise
The massive, jagged rock to crush him with its fall.

2. The Queen, who vows to dedicate her hair
To Venus, when the king from battle safe returns;
Close shorn, the braids luxuriant and fair
Are laid upon the shrine when she his vict'ry learns.

3. When brave Ulysses, as a lover, seeks
The fair Penelope to be his wedded queen,
For all reply she hides her blushing cheeks
Amid her snowy veil—what Answer doth she mean?

4. In former ages, when the simple tribe
Cull'd roots or leaves approv'd to cool, or heal, or cure,
Wise Æsculapius often might prescribe
This Form of medicine—the same we now endure.

5. The wand'ring Hero, Homer's warlike theme,
Founded a City on a distant western coast,
High on three hills above a noble stream,
But in its modern name, his own is almost lost.

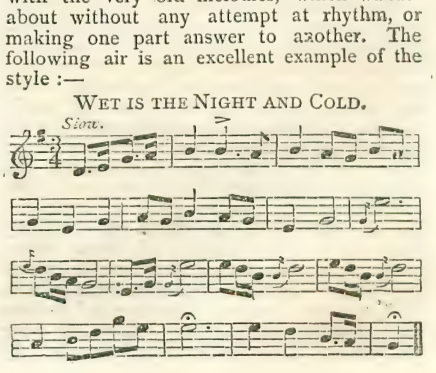
6. His verses were with so much sweetness fraught
That kings made him a friend among their courtly set,
And, language failing to express his thought,
He added four new letters to the alphabet.

XIMENA.

Highland Music.

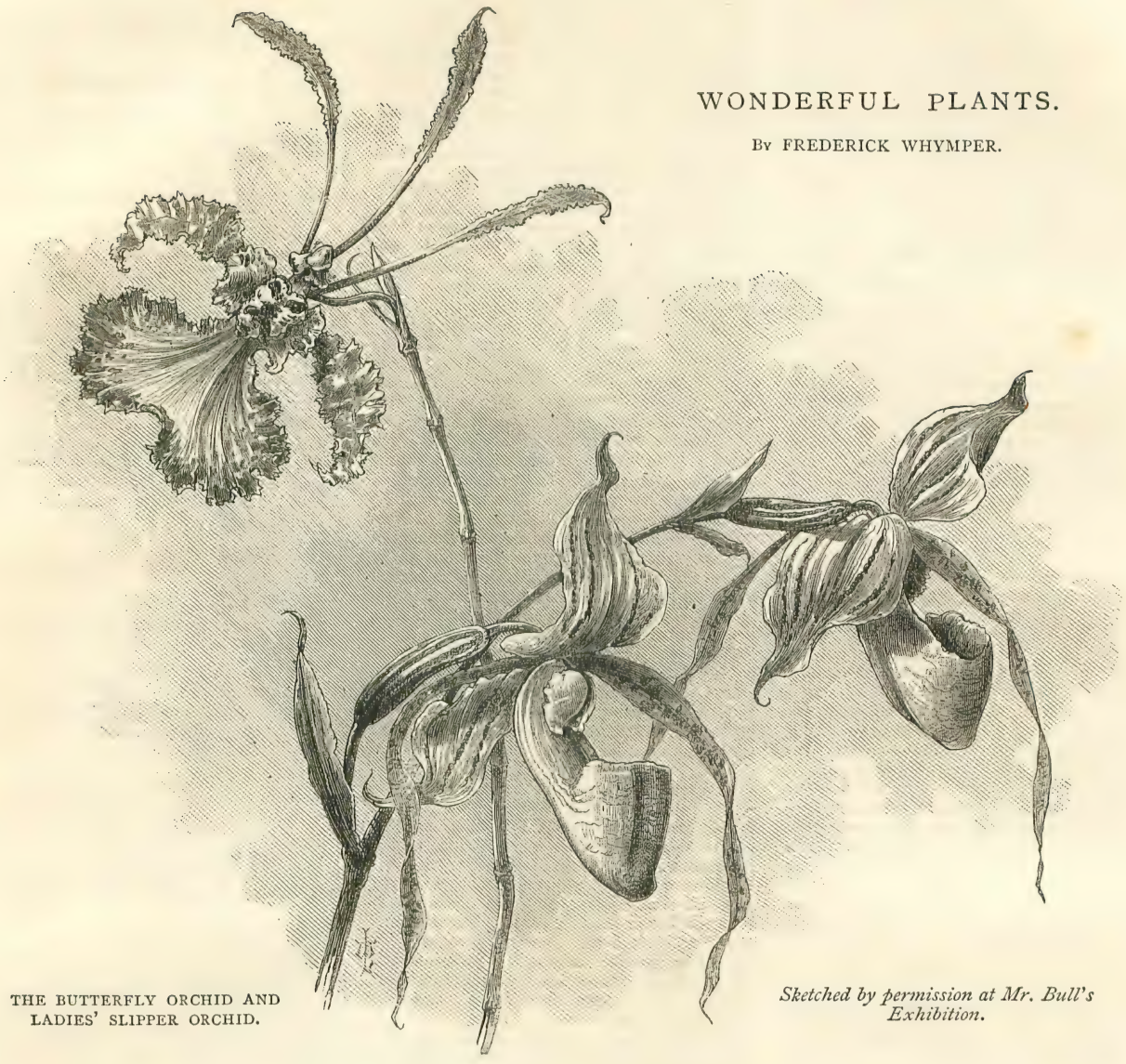
Some of the Gaelic airs of the Highlands of Scotland are very beautiful. They are simple, wild, and irregular, and before their beauty can be perceived they must be sung or hummed over again and again. Of the style of performance the Rev. Patrick Macdonald, who edited a collection of them, says:—"These airs are sung by the natives in a wild, artless, and irregular manner. Chiefly occupied with the sentiment and expression of the music, they dwell upon the long and pathetic notes, while they hurry over the inferior and connecting notes in such a manner as to render it exceedingly difficult for a hearer to trace the measure of them. They themselves, while singing them, seem to have little or no impression of measure." This is more particularly the case, remarks Mr. J. Muir Wood, with the very old melodies, which wander about without any attempt at rhythm, or making one part answer to another. The following air is an excellent example of the style:—

Wet is the Night and Cold.



WONDERFUL PLANTS.

By FREDERICK WHYMPER.



THE BUTTERFLY ORCHID AND LADIES' SLIPPER ORCHID.

Sketched by permission at Mr. Bull's Exhibition.

To thoroughly describe the wonders of plant life by the aid of the pen would be to write an encyclopædia of botany, and all that can be attempted in this article is to depict a few of the more curious, valuable, or least known forms of the vegetable kingdom. Indeed, all plant life is wonderful, though our familiarity with many of its developments deadens, rather than quickens, our proper appreciation of the fact.

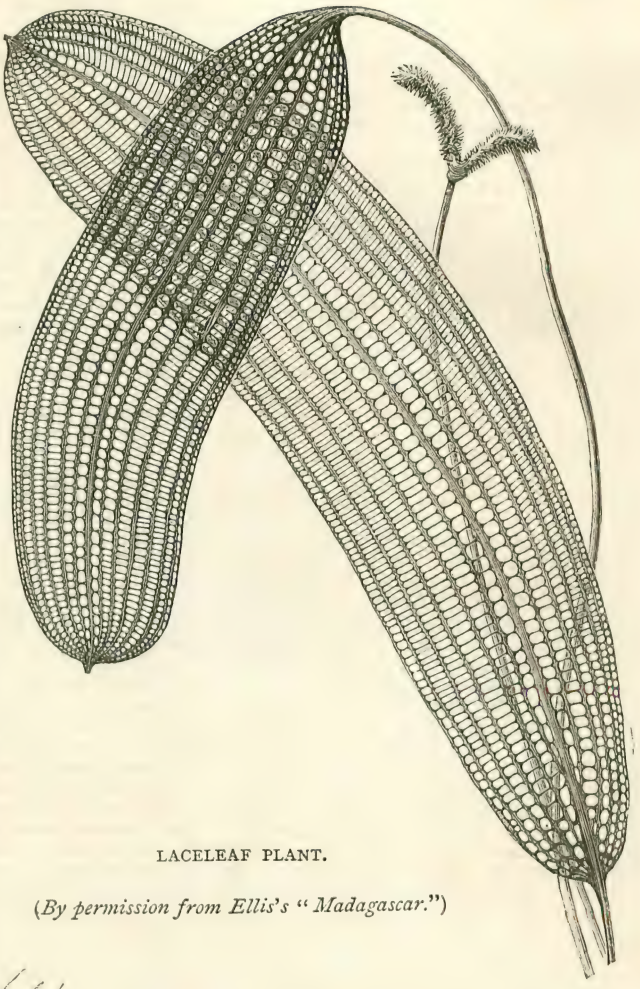
When a seed is committed to the ground every child knows what happens; it will, if healthy, and the soil adapted to its particular form of existence, soon "sprout," as we say in ordinary language, one part ascending to the air, another descending and branching out in search of moisture and nourishment. But all roots do not require soil for their development; there are, as we all know, aquatic plants, the roots of which hang in the water, and never touch the earth; while parasitical plants like the mistletoe live and thrive by attaching themselves to the trunks of trees. Some plants, again, like the fragrant vanilla, which gracefully twines round and among the trees in tropical forests, put out "aerial roots," as they are termed, which hang down in long streamers. These benefit the plant itself by drinking in the moisture of the humid atmosphere, and often reach the soil itself, where they take root. A striking example of something similar to this is to be found on a grand scale in that wonderful tree, the banyan, which throws down long slender roots from a height of sixty or more feet, which, after reaching the soil, in their turn become great trees; and the process being constantly repeated, a whole group, a veritable forest of connected trees grown from one single seed, may be the result. One well-known and oft-described East-Indian example has three hundred large and ten times as many small trunks. It will shelter 3,000 persons at one time.

How little nourishment some plants require for their sustenance is illustrated among the orchids, which have been known to grow luxuriantly on a heap of cinders, and by some of the cactuses, which often flourish on barren and burning hot rocks in utterly rainless seasons. Yet at the old missions of California, and round the estates of settlers, these very plants formed dense hedges, six feet high and five to ten feet wide, covered with thorns and great leaves, the horror of all large animals and the place of safety and refuge for many small ones. The most striking examples, however, of plants "seeming to live on nothing," or next door to it, are to be found among the many thousand forms of fungi, ranging from mere dust and mould to great puff-balls, one kind of which is said to attain the diameter of a foot or so in a single night. All of us are familiar with them on palings or damp masonry, and naturalists have made merry over examples of them found flourishing, with nothing, apparently, but zinc or iron to nourish them, "as though ironmongery were succulent and sappy." There is a familiar story of some monks who left a mighty cask of wine to mature in their cellar. When, at the end of three years, they went to draw it off, an unpleasant surprise awaited them. They had overlooked a leak, and the whole of the wine had turned into great funguses which almost completely choked up the cellar, and had lifted the empty tun, as if in triumph, to the ceiling! An almost identical story is told of some wine left in a cellar by the once-famous scientist, Sir Joseph Banks. "In Basingstoke," says a popular writer, "not long ago, toadstools heaved up the pavement of the street, as if they were uneasy ghosts, and kitchen hearthstones have been known to get solemnly up on an end, while spectral funguses

thrust their heads out of the aperture." There is a gigantic and rapid-growing fungus known as *Polyporus squamosus* which increases at the rate of nine pounds a week, and may in a month measure eight feet in circumference. What, asks the writer just briefly quoted, if this parasitical plant were to take to growing on the backs of books or in our jam-pots and cruets, like many smaller varieties of its kind? "What would the cook say to a hundredweight of this turbulent toadstool in the larder when she came back to town, or the master of the house, at finding his study occupied by furlongs of this umbrageous fungus?"

But while a large proportion of the fungi are objectionable, or directly harmful, others are much esteemed as luxuries. If on the one hand we find them the causes of the potato and vine diseases, of smut in wheat and dry rot in timber, on the other they yield highly appreciated food in the form of mushrooms and truffles, some of the former of which are familiar to us all, while the latter are consumed principally in France and other parts of the Continent. Hogs, specially trained for the search, are employed in France; as a rule, they are allowed simply to indicate the whereabouts of the truffles, which are then dug up by field labourers. In Burgundy, the sheep-dog, and in Italy the water-spaniel, are employed for the same purpose. Figuier tells us that while dogs only seem to hunt the truffle in obedience to man, the hog loves it for its own sake. A trained hog, when it has discovered a truffle bed, is immovable, with snout over the spot, until the savoury fungi are extracted from the soil, when it will rush forward to secure the prizes for itself, unless prevented. In Upper Provence a hog trained to truffle-hunting is worth the equivalent of eight pounds sterling, or even more. A fungus of the truffle kind attains to a weight of more than a couple of pounds in Australia, and was known by the aborigines as native bread. There is no doubt that many edible varieties exist in England, but, except to the practised naturalist, who can positively distinguish between those which may be safely eaten and those which are dangerously poisonous, the search for them as food is not recommended.

Some brief mention has been made of the orchids, the principal of which are natives of hot or tropical climates, where they generally attach themselves to rocks, stones, or the branches of trees, by means of long fleshy roots. The flowers of many of them are peculiar and even grotesque in form, often resembling something in the animal, far more than anything else in the vegetable world. Thus we have the bee, fly, lizard, and even man orchis. One example gets its name from a supposed likeness to a frog. In the flower of the *Spirito santo* of Panama, the resemblance to a descending dove is tolerably well marked, while in another case the flower has the form of a swan. The butterfly orchis flower resembles a gaudy butterfly; another has a supposed likeness to the head of a cuttle-fish; while a third reminds one of a large spider.



LACELEAF PLANT.

(*By permission from Ellis's "Madagascar."*)

PITCHER PLANT FROM KEW.

It is hardly a digression at this juncture to record the enormous value attached to rare and curious orchids at the present day, almost rivalling those of the "tulip mania" in the seventeenth century. Fifty to a hundred guineas is no uncommon price for a scarce or specially beautiful—or ugly—example. Through the kindness of Mr. Thomas Searle Jerrold, a practical botanist, the writer is enabled to record a few of the prices obtained at one of the most celebrated auction marts in the neighbourhood of Covent Garden, where collections of rare plants and bulbs are periodically and frequently offered for sale. The list includes several examples, ranging from £120 to £140 a piece. Two examples of *Cattleya Trianæ* brought respectively £185 and £215. The highest price as yet paid seems to have been £235 for a specimen of *Arides Lawrenciæ*. Yet, after all, these are as nothing to the rates obtained in Holland and elsewhere for tulips in the middle of the seventeenth century, when shares were held in a single bulb, and speculation in bulbs was as rife as in mining or railway stocks to-day. The highest recorded price paid for a single example amounted to the equivalent of £1,200. The Government of the Netherlands was forced in the end to limit the price to 200 francs (£8). Such transactions were of course mainly confined to wealthy amateurs, and as in the case of the orchids, rarity and not unfrequently oddity entered more into their calculations than beauty. But perhaps the most remarkable financial results which can be credited to a single—and common—plant are derived from

a near relative of our field poppy. The opium poppy of India yields opium to the value of eight million pounds sterling, an amount about equal to the entire sum raised by income-tax in Great Britain.

One, at least, of the most remarkable flowering plants in the world, the *Rafflesia Arnoldi*, is found in Sumatra and the Sunda Islands. It is a gigantic parasitical plant, which may be said to be in fact almost all flower. It very much resembles, roughly speaking, a mass of the so-called "brain" coral, and is often found growing at the base of great trees, from which in part it derives its subsistence. It has been seen nine feet in circumference. Much better known is that grand water-lily, the *Victoria regia*, to be seen at Kew Gardens, the Crystal Palace, and many other places. The leaf of this plant may reach five or six feet in diameter, and the flower forty inches in circumference. The leaf is of light green above, and of a vivid crimson below, and has a salver-like rim round the margin, from three to five inches in height; even the ribs, radiating from a common centre, project an inch high. The flowers vary from pure white to rose and pink, and are very fragrant. Almost all our young readers are familiar with its beautiful appearance, which is doubtless greatly enhanced when seen fringing grand river-banks, covered with luxuriant tropical vegetation.

Nothing can be much more varied than the forms assumed by leaves. Some are nearly circular, others heart-shaped, others again display different modifications of the oval form. Some are long and thin, others stout and thick; many have smooth edges, as many more are serrated like a saw. One group, *Sagittaria*, derives its name from its arrow or spear-headed leaves; in others the leaves resemble so many spikes or swords. In another series the leaves are long and trumpet-shaped. There are leaves which can only be seen by aid of the microscope, and leaves five or six yards long. Among the most curious are undoubtedly those of the pitcher plants. In these curiosities of the vegetable world the leaves terminate in a kind of pitcher or vase, which is connected to them by a tendril. The pitcher is even provided with a cover, not greatly unlike in form that of a hot-water jug. Travellers have sometimes welcomed the sight of them on a hot and thirsty journey, for in a state of nature they may hold a certain quantity of liquid. One tells us that, while in Madagascar, he lost his way during a short excursion into the interior, and what with fatigue and what with thirst, was fast giving way to despair, when he perceived some small vases hanging among the foliage. "I began," says he, "to think that I was under one of those hallucinations by which the sick are visited in fever, when the refreshing draught seems to fly from their parched lips. I approached, however, with some hesitation; I threw a rapid glance into the pitchers. Judge of my happiness when I found them filled with a pure and transparent liquid." The draught of which he partook seemed to him a veritable nectar.

One of the most curious of all plants, as regards its leaves, is the lattice plant, otherwise known as the lace leaf, to which attention was drawn some years ago by the well-known missionary traveller, the Rev. W. Ellis. In one of his visits to Madagascar, he observed it growing in the running streams of that country, and succeeded, by native aid, in obtaining some specimens, which were successfully transported to this country. In getting them there was some difficulty, as crocodiles abounded in the same streams. The large root of this plant is valuable as food; hence a third name it bears—"yam of the waters." Its leaves when grown are nine or ten inches in length, and are described by Ellis as like living fibrous skeletons rather than leaves as we understand them. Long fibres run the entire length, crossed by others at right angles, the whole forming a beautiful open lace or net work, varying in colour, according to the growth, from pale yellow to bright green, and from that again to dark olive. In spite of the apparent delicacy and fragility of this tracery of fibres, they are in reality very strong and wiry. The flower raises its head above the water, while the leaves always remain below the surface. A full-grown specimen of this plant, with its dark green leaves branching out in a circle two or three feet in diameter through the transparent water, is a beautiful and attractive sight.

The sensitiveness of plants to light—the different attitudes assumed by their leaves by day and night—were points first studied by the celebrated Linnæus, who often denied himself rest that he might observe them in the stilly hours. Among the conclusions he arrived at was one to the effect that it was the absence of light, and not cold, which made them close their leaves. Plants in hot-houses folded or rolled their leaves during night, precisely like those in the open air. But plants have movements or sensibilities other than those caused by light, some of which are very curious, and but partially understood.

A Bengalese plant, discovered by an enthusiastic Englishwoman, Lady Monson, who died on one of her botanical excursions, has on each little stalk a large leaf, and above it, nearer the main stem, two very small leaflets. These latter are almost examples of perpetual motion. They jerk together—the movements being not unlike those of the seconds hand of a watch—one, however, ascending as the other descends, and *vice versâ*. The large leaf has also its slower movement, now to the right, now to the left, and all this activity continues day and night during the life of the plant. The warmer and damper the day, the more active is it. In India the plant has been known to keep time with a watch, at the rate of sixty jerks per minute.

The fact that certain plants could easily be irritated by external means has long been known, and many of our readers doubtless have seen the sensitive plant, the lightest touch on the leaflets of which will cause them to close on their stalks, while these again close on the stem. If the extreme end of one leaflet is cut, the others will close in sympathy with it. The most curious examples, however, of sensitiveness are undoubtedly found in the Venus fly-trap or catch-fly, the sundews, and the pitcher plants just described. These have been aptly termed insectivorous or carnivorous plants. They are the sportsmen of the vegetable world, and are in the habit of catching, imprisoning, and even impaling flies, bees, and suchlike small game, which had been venturesome enough to tempt their clutches. Until a comparatively late date, these predatory habits were supposed merely to result from a certain amount of unamiable eccentricity on the part of these plants, prompting them to lay and bait traps almost, it might be said, for their own cruel amusement. It has been left, however, to modern observers first to suspect and then to prove that they are literally what true sportsmen would term "mere pot-hunters," that is to say, they trap and snare for the sake of satisfying their hunger, a depth of degradation to which no true votary of the gun or rod ever descends. Ellis, a well-known English naturalist of a century ago, was the first to guess at the truth. A friend of his in America sent him some living specimens of Venus's fly-trap, which he succeeded in flowering in his chambers. "The plant," says Ellis in a letter which he wrote to the great Linnæus, "shows that nature may have some views towards its nourishment in forming the upper joint of its leaf like a machine to catch food; upon the middle of this lies the bait for the unhappy insect that becomes its prey. Many minute red glands which cover the surface, and which perhaps discharge sweet liquor (such is now known to be the fact), tempt the animal to take them, and the instant these tender parts are irritated by the feet, the two lobes rise up, grasp it fast, lock the two rows of spines together, and squeeze it to death. Furthermore, lest the strong efforts of the creature to disengage itself should be successful, small erect spines are fixed near the middle of each lobe, that effectually put an end to its struggles." This account reminds us of those terrible instruments of torture which, in ancient days, embraced and stabbed their victims, without giving them a chance of escape.

Linnæus, however, could not be brought to believe that these plants derived any benefit from their victims, seeing only in their actions a merely wonderful sensitiveness. He regarded them simply as vegetable Domitians, possessed with a lamentable love of gratuitous torture. So matters remained until 1834, when Dr. Curtis, an American botanist, made the important observation that the insects were not only caught and killed, but more or less dissolved by the secretions of the plant. Some five and thirty years later, Mr. Canby, another American observer, found that these vegetable gluttons would absorb and digest morsels of raw beef as voraciously as any blackbird, but that cheese disagreed horribly with them, turning the leaves quite black, and finally killing them.

The droseras or sundews are closely allied to the fly-traps, and are common in our English marshes. They are sufficiently knowing to distinguish between various substances presented to them. Offer them a nice scrap of tender beef, and in a couple of hours they will have concealed it from sight. Try them with a little piece of dry chalk or a tiny pebble, and they remain stolidly immovable. Wet the chalk and offer it again and the plant apparently mistakes it for the meat, the bristles gradually closing round it; then, discovering the deception, they gradually relax, and return the chalk, without thanks.

The pitcher plants have their pouches—near the rims—covered with a thick secretion, apparently as attractive to some insects as are ice creams to most young ladies. Just below this is a slippery surface covered with hairs pointing downwards, so that the more the wretched victim plunges in his efforts to escape the farther he is driven towards the bottom of the pouch, where he finds a spoonful or so of a nice acid secretion which dissolves him as effectually as if he were a lump of sugar in a hot cup of tea, though not quite so quickly. The digestive powers of these plants were fully tested by the late Charles Darwin and others, and it has been clearly proved that they appreciate poached eggs, mutton-chops, and even gristle. Dr. Francis Darwin fed a number of sundews with meat, starving others—covering them with gauze caps, so that they might not catch even the smallest midget. The result showed that the well-fed plants produced nearly two-and-a-half times the number of seeds, and were twice as heavy as the starvelings. The question as to how far the insectivorous plants are nourished on the insects which, when in a state of nature, they catch, has been determined more recently by another observer. The experimenter cultivated eighteen young plants of the sundew in a piece of peat artificially fertilised with a chemical solution. One half of these he fed diligently with aphides—the little green insects which are so often a nuisance in our gardens—while the other half he starved. Having kept them for the winter, he found that in May the fed plants were obviously very much more robust than the others, and had a greater proportion of leaves. Subsequently he observed that they

produced nearly three times as many blossoms, and five times as many seed capsules as the unfed ones; and on drying them afterwards, found that those which had luxuriated on aphides were more than three times the weight of the others. Other experiments satisfied the patient naturalist that the luxuriance of the plant's growth did not depend greatly on the liquid or soil in which they had been cultivated, but that, under fairly equal circumstances, the fed plants throve by far the best.

The castor-oil plant is not unfrequently cultivated in English gardens for its showy leaves. An intelligent French naturalist has discovered that one of these plants, raised in a pot, and placed in a room infested with flies, will clear it as though by magic. On investigating the cause, he found a large number of dead flies scattered about one of these plants, while the bodies of others were stuck under the leaves, which apparently exude a combination of oil, gum, etc. As the plant grows to a large size it might prove invaluable in many localities during the "fly season." A decoction of the leaves has been recommended as a wash for plants and fruit trees, to clear them of blight and other insects.

Everyone is more or less acquainted with the various forms of the cactus, all of which originally came from the American continent, and which vary so greatly in size. One of the most useful—a veritable "soap tree" or plant—is known locally as the Amole; it is found pretty generally distributed in New Mexico, Texas, etc. Its flower stalks are destitute of leaves, but have a plentiful supply of branches about eighteen inches long, from which white and yellow flowers hang in their season. The bulbous root is the valuable part of this plant, for from it a saponaceous juice is expressed, which is said to be a most excellent substitute for soap, and which also makes a capital hair-wash. The Mexicans and Indians have long been acquainted with its virtues, which do not end with soap. Cattle physic themselves in spring by eating its leaves, which, if cut up and thrown into the water of ponds, lakes, or streams, will also effectually stupefy any fish that may be there, rendering their capture easy. And lastly, from its fibrous portions, mattresses, cushions, and chair seats are woven.

One of the most poetically, and it might even be said, in some countries, one of the most practically useful plants, is that so beautifully described by Longfellow in "Evangeline":—

"Look at this delicate plant that lifts its head from the meadow,
See how its leaves all point to the north, as true as the magnet;
It is the compass-plant that the finger of God has suspended
Here on its fragile stalk, to direct the traveller's journey
O'er the sea-like, pathless, limitless waste of the desert."

Alas, alas! poetical description will not always bear the pure cold light of scientific fact. The compass plant—variously known, also, as the pilot weed, polar plant, and turpentine weed—is a vigorous perennial, from three to six feet in height, to which the terms fragility or delicacy are hardly applicable. But its main characteristic is correctly described, and was well known to the Indians and white hunters of Texas, Oregon, and other parts of the United States, long before the scientific world believed in it. It mattered little to them how dark was the night on the prairie or in the forest, for they could always find their bearings by feeling the direction of its lowermost leaves, which invariably pointed north and south. The researches of travellers and others have now put the matter beyond a doubt. The most superficial observer of the habits of plants has noticed the fact that their leaves have a tendency to turn their upper surfaces towards the light. The reason appears to be that these said upper surfaces possess a much larger number of pores then the lower ones, and it is through these pores that the plant, under the influence of the light, takes in its nourishment from the air, and performs other functions. In the compass plant, these pores are equally divided to the upper and lower sides of the leaf, and this is more especially true in the lowermost leaves, which very naturally therefore turn their surfaces east and west, so as to obtain an even amount of light and heat, while they point north and south. This is, putting it in its simplest manner, the explanation given by high scientific authorities, all theories involving magnetic or electrical influence having long been abandoned.

Most of us are familiar with the so-called ice-plant, the "ice" of which is simply a gummy alkaline substance, insoluble in water, and which in some countries is used in the manufacture of glass, and in others as an ingredient in soap-making. It is not generally known that the ice-plant is often cultivated in French kitchen gardens, where it is termed *glaciale;* it is used in soups, salads, and as a substitute for spinach.

And, in conclusion, this casual mention of vegetables may serve as an excuse for a few lines on those of some new countries, the recorded size of which would seem fabulous, but that they are well authenticated. In Manitoba cabbages of 20lbs. in weight are common, while examples weighing nearly 50lbs. have been known. Turnips of 25lbs. or so in weight are everyday occurrences; some have been known of upwards of 32lbs. Carrots and onions, beets, melons, and squashes grow to sizes which would make the largest of their respective kinds in our markets appear veritable babies by comparison. California, however, excels even these examples. Hittell, a careful writer and good authority, gives a list of the largest specimens of vegetables and fruits which had been recorded. The champion cabbage was 53lbs.; one was noted which was 7 feet wide, the leaves being 3½ feet long. The turnips and carrots did not quite come up to the Manitoba standard, but the Californians claimed a tomato 26 inches in circumference, a beet-root of 118lbs., and a squash, or soft-skin pumpkin, of 260lbs. One pumpkin vine yielded 130 squashes, aggregating a total weight of 2,604lbs. And finally, not to weary the reader with too many of these "big things," a grape vine in Montecito has a stem 15 inches in diameter, and spreads 115 feet in one direction; it has yielded as much as four *tons* of grapes in one year.

NEW MUSIC.

STANLEY LUCAS AND WEBER.

Frühlingsgefüht (Springtime). Music by Anton Rubinstein.—A charmingly conceived song—one that, we think, will give pleasure.

Sunshine and Sorrow. With violin accompaniment. Words by Maura Drummond. Music by Thomas Threlfall.

The Song of the Bird. Music by Beatrice Davenport.

Dawn talks to day. Words by William Morris. Music by Mary Carmichael.

All especially excellent, and a welcome addition to the vocal repertory of our young friends.

Haunted. Words and music by Michael Watson.

The Merry Miller. Words by A. C. Jewitt. Music by Michael Watson.

Both these songs are melodious and worthy the attention of moderate vocalists.

Maude Valérie White's *Album of German Songs,* containing sixteen charming and elegant compositions.—Most of them are full of tender feeling. The purity and originality of this talented musician's work may be seen in each of these sixteen songs. We particularly recommend this work to the notice of young aspirants.

Willkommen. Gavotte by T. H. Kluhs.—Is worthy of recommendation, being tuneful and effective.

C. JEFFREYS.

The Sylvan Stream (Barcarole); *Anita* (Morceau de Salon). By Grace M. Hime.—Two graceful pieces, within the compass of moderate performers.

Again. Song with English and Italian words by G. W. Southey.—A pretty little song with a waltz refrain, easy compass.

W. J. WILLCOCKS.

A Spring Love Song. Words by Florence Percy. Music by Sir Julius Benedict.—A clever song, well worthy of its illustrious composer; the accompaniment requires smooth and skilful playing.

WEEKES AND CO.

Ingleside. Words by Eliza Cook. Composed by Mary A. Duckham.—A pleasing little song for small voices.

F PITMAN.

Come unto Me all ye that labour. Composed by William H. Welsh.—A sacred air and chorus, most sympathetically and effectively set to these familiar words.

REID BROTHERS.

Sailing. By Godfrey Marks. Arranged by Josef Trousselle. *Fern-leaf.* By Esonder. *L'Heure du Soir.* By W. F. S. Pianoforte solos.—All worthy of recommendation.

A. COX.

The Silver Wedding March.
The Rivulet.

Both by G. D. Rubini.—Two easy pieces, sufficiently showy to suit and interest juvenile pianists.

NOVELLO, EWER, AND CO.

A Cradle Song. Words by Maggie Macdonald. Music by J. T. Musgrave.

A Dream of Long Ago. By the same composer. Words by M. Powis Bele.

Both these compositions are extremely pretty; melody and accompaniment are alike admirable, and they may be warmly recommended.

Longfellow's poem of "The Reaper and the Flowers" has been very ably set by Ellen B. Richardson.

Music, when soft voices die. Words by Shelley. Music by W. H. Hadow.—A most charming composition, full of sympathetic feeling with the poetry.

ROBERT COX AND CO.

I mean to wait for Jack. By Cotsford Dick.

Grandmother's Sweetheart. By Michael Watson.

My Little Man. By A. H. Behrend.

These are all commendable in their respective styles.

Il Bolero. Pianoforte solo in the Spanish style. By Cotsford Dick.

Buon Giorno. Rondo. By the same composer.

Two characteristic pieces, and will be acceptable to the repertory of drawing-room music.

The Complete Scale Tutor. By Adolphe Schloesser. In two books.—No. 1, the part before us, contains the diatonic and chromatic scales in single and double notes in their different positions, and in parallel and contrary motion. We would strongly impress upon our young friends the necessity of a careful study of this work, the scales being essential to good pianoforte playing.

THE MOUNTAIN PATH.

By LILY WATSON, Author of "Within Sight of the Snow," &c.

CHAPTER X.

It quickly became apparent that Adela would be an invalid for many days, and accordingly Miss Gascoigne travelled to and fro between Hill Crest and the Abbey Inn, bringing a maid and various home delicacies and luxuries to make the time of imprisonment as pleasant as possible to her niece. Helen had at first feared that brain fever was imminent, and was thankful to find that nothing worse than a feverish cold and general nervous prostration called for her nursing powers. Those were strange days she spent in the quaint hostelry, ministering to her patient in every way that a capricious fancy, rendered doubly exacting by illness, could demand, and snatching brief rambles in the woods now made memorable by the events of the picnic.

When Mr. Aubrey Gascoigne ascertained that his sister ran no risk of dangerous illness, he departed to London again, after thanking Helen with real sincerity for what she had done. His indeed was the only gratitude she seemed likely to receive for the sensible thought, and its prompt execution, that had resulted in Adela's deliverance from the situation in which her own self-will and folly had placed her. Oswald, who rode over every day to inquire for the sufferer, ostensibly on his mother's account, seemed to have no thought for anyone but the invalid, and rather exasperated Helen by his minute and eager directions to her to take good care of her charge. For Helen was not perfect by any means, and found the struggle with herself at times very hard just at this period of her history.

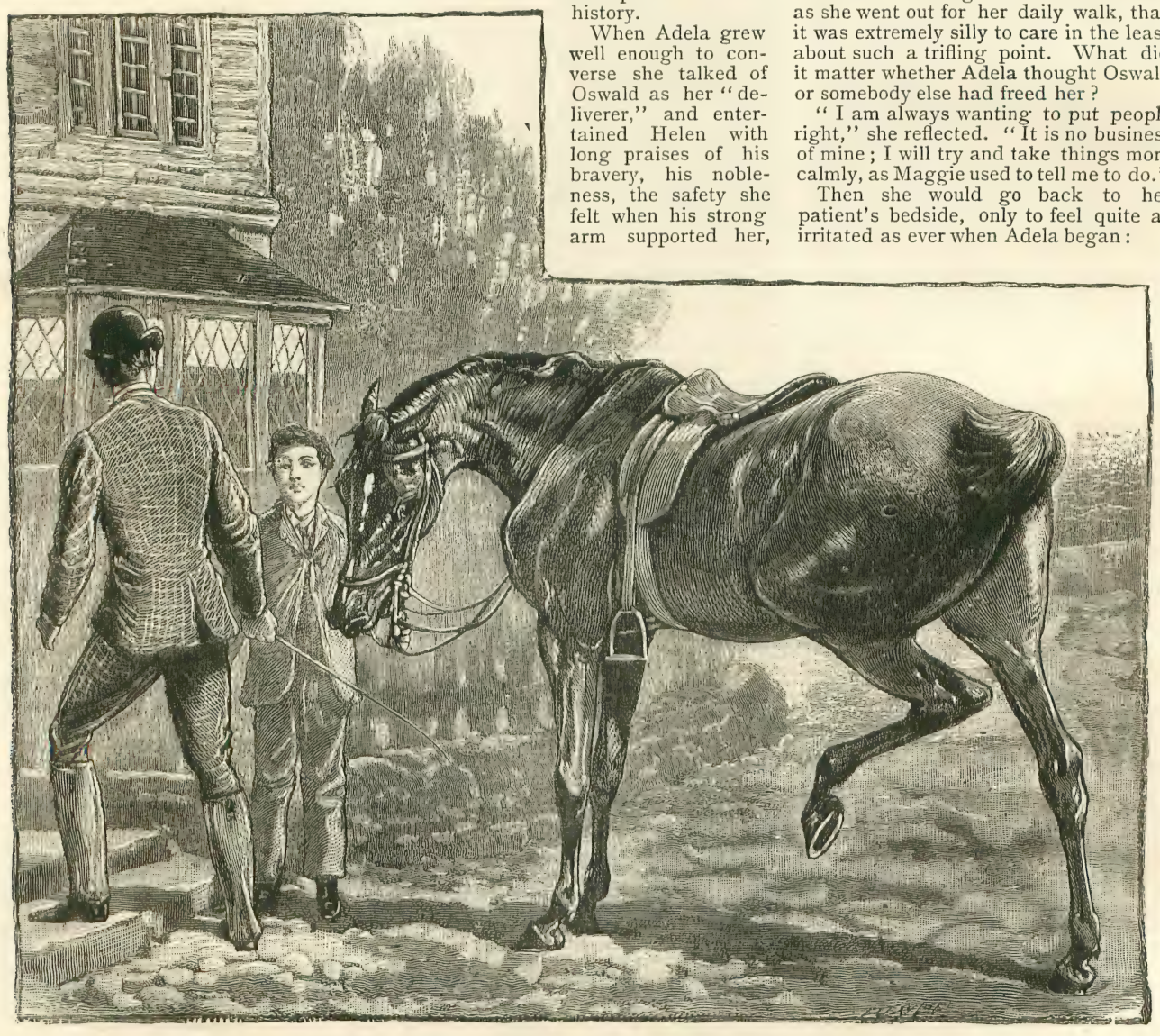
When Adela grew well enough to converse she talked of Oswald as her "deliverer," and entertained Helen with long praises of his bravery, his nobleness, the safety she felt when his strong arm supported her, and so forth. This was all natural enough, but to a girl like Helen, who was not of the mildest disposition, and who was a little inclined to speak her thoughts straight out, it was rather difficult always to answer in a soothing and compliant manner.

Helen knew perfectly well that it was she who had originated the suggestion that freed Adela, that Aubrey had done the practical part necessary, and that Oswald, by his impetuousness, had been rather an obstacle than otherwise to the unlocking of the door. True, his box of vestas had proved of service, but it transpired afterwards that Aubrey also had lucifers in his possession; thus every shred of reason was taken away for attributing the credit of the adventure to young Mr. Thorne.

Helen would argue often with herself as she went out for her daily walk, that it was extremely silly to care in the least about such a trifling point. What did it matter whether Adela thought Oswald or somebody else had freed her?

"I am always wanting to put people right," she reflected. "It is no business of mine; I will try and take things more calmly, as Maggie used to tell me to do."

Then she would go back to her patient's bedside, only to feel quite as irritated as ever when Adela began:



"OSWALD'S HORSE STOPPED AT THE GATE OF THE ABBEY INN."

"When shall I be able to tell Mr. Thorne how grateful I am to him for saving my life? Wasn't it a noble thing to do? I never heard of anything so brave. To come all alone into that horrible place——"

"He wasn't alone," Helen could not help interposing. "Your brother was with him."

"Well, at any rate he was alone when I saw him. Don't be so unkind, Helen, trying to spoil it, and interrupting me. You know I am not strong enough to bear it."

And a flood of weak, pettish tears drove Helen nearly wild with mingled self-reproach, pity, and exasperation. She inwardly vowed to treat her charge like a child, and to listen in patience to all the incorrect statements she chose to make.

"After all, poor girl, she has had a dreadful shock," she would tell herself over and over. "I ought to be very tender and forbearing with her."

And tender and forbearing Helen was, mastering and crushing into silence the troublesome little voice that would keep crying "It was her own fault," and ungrudgingly placing all her time, night and day, at the invalid's disposal. Perhaps this would have been an easier duty if Adela, as she recovered, had shown by word or look any recognition of the fact that she had spoilt the pleasure of a large number of people, caused terrible anxiety to a few, and placed her own life in jeopardy by a wilful act accompanied by falsehood. No such acknowledgment came from her, and she seemed to regard herself as an innocent and interesting victim, claiming pity from the whole world, and richly deserving all the care and tenderness that could possibly be lavished upon her.

Of course nobody would have been hard-hearted enough to utter a word of reproach to the girl respecting the thoughtless act for which she had already been so terribly punished; but yet it would have shown more grace and right feeling had she imputed a little to herself. So thought Helen, but she said nothing.

At last Adela came downstairs for the first time. Very lovely she looked in a tea gown of delicate blue cashmere and lace enwrapping her tiny figure, while her cheeks, a little blanched by her indisposition, gave her more than ever the appearance of some fragile thing that should be kept under a glass case. The shining horsehair sofa of the sitting room and the staring china dogs on the high mantelpiece seemed absurdly incongruous when this fair vision dawned upon the scene on Helen's arm, followed by Ellis, the maid, bearing fan, smelling-salts, and eau-de-cologne.

Miss Gascoigne was present and embraced her niece with hearty affection and congratulations upon her recovery.

"Yes, thanks to Mr. Thorne, you have not lost me, Aunt Maria," said Adela, in a sentimental voice, as she sank into an old-fashioned arm-chair. "That will do, Ellis, you can go. Do you suppose I shall soon be able to see him?"

"Who, my dear?"

"Why, Mr. Thorne of course. I want to tell him how grateful I am for his bravery and kindness."

"Well, I saw him yesterday at Hill Crest, and he did say he'd call to know how you were this evening, but I said you wouldn't be likely on no account to see anyone yet." Aunt Maria's grammar bore signs of the lack of her mentor's constant presence.

"How vexing!" cried Adela, pettishly. "But of course I shall see him. Give orders that Mr. Thorne is to be shown in directly he comes. I hope you have thanked him properly yourself."

"I didn't know," began Aunt Maria, timidly, but a warning look from Helen stopped her. She was about to say that she did not know of the excessive obligation to Oswald, supposing him to have been merely Aubrey's assistant, but Helen was aware that any such suggestion would at once destroy all the harmony of the evening.

Adela was fidgety and restless until the sound of horse's hoofs and a loud ring at the bell proclaimed Oswald's arrival. Aunt Maria hurried out to greet him, and delayed her entrance to give some hospitable orders, while the young man went straight into the sitting-room. A flush came into his face as he looked at the charming invalid, who put out her hand and said, impulsively:

"You are my deliverer. You have saved my life."

Oswald felt decidedly astonished, but Adela went on:

"I never heard of anything so courageous." ("You cannot have read much ancient or modern history," thought Helen, with the troublesome impulse to satire that always came up at inconvenient moments.) "You risked your life for me." ("In what way?" again inquired the tiresome inner voice of Helen). "I shall never, never forget it."

Oswald murmured some incoherent reply, the sense of which was that he would joyfully have laid down his life to preserve hers. Helen, who had not as yet been noticed, sprang up.

"Good evening, Oswald. I am going in the garden with Aunt Maria for a few minutes. Don't tire my patient by too much talking, please."

"Oh, Helen, how are you? I didn't see you;" but Helen was gone. She was resolved that this effusion of gratitude and emotion should be gone through without her presence. Was Adela quite, quite in earnest? If it had been so, Helen could have acquiesced more readily in the delusion, or at least have assisted at it without irritation, but a suspicion that Adela believed in Oswald's single-handed valour because she wished to do so, kept troubling her companion's mind.

"I am extremely hard and uncharitable," thought Helen, not altogether, it must be admitted, without reason. She tried to school herself into a milder way of thinking, but failed completely, and grew exasperated whenever the crypt incident forced itself, as it did fifty times a day, upon her attention.

On many evenings after this one Oswald Thorne's horse stopped at the door of the Abbey Inn. Adela gained strength rapidly, and all need for inquiry was very soon past; but he came almost daily, and in spite of Aunt Maria's hints and suggestions, her niece would not go back to Hill Crest.

"There's the servants with nothing to do, and nobody to see after things, with me coming backwards and forwards like this; and the butcher's bills getting something shocking in the way they're mounting up. As for the milk, I know the cook sells gallons and gallons of it."

"Don't come backwards and forwards then," said Adela, irritably. "I shall be all right here with Helen for a little while longer. I don't need anybody else. We can take care of ourselves. At any rate, I am not going home for a fortnight."

"Don't you feel so well?" hazarded Aunt Maria.

"I am perfectly well, but I choose to stay here. You go home, Aunt Maria, and I'll come when I want to."

Aunt Maria looked wistful, not feeling quite certain about the propriety of leaving the young mistress of Hill Crest in a country inn, unattended by anyone but a girl a year or two older than herself. However, housewifely anxieties gained the day, and the good lady departed, begging Helen to bring Adela home as soon as she could.

Those were among the most miserable days that Helen ever passed, as she thought in her after life, with something between a smile and a sigh. She could no longer be blind to the fact that Oswald loved Adela. No feminine jealousy, unworthy in its bitterness towards a rival, had part in the distress that this discovery caused her, for she had too long regarded him as a brother to be stung by that poison. It is true she would probably have known the feeling of temporary sadness that sisters know when their place as confidant and friend is taken by another; but she was large-hearted enough to have felt the real satisfaction that true sisters feel in the joy of those dear to them, had Oswald's choice fallen upon a good and noble girl. But Adela would be no helpmeet to him, as Helen knew perfectly well. She would be nothing but a pretty toy; and when the first infatuation was over, her vanity, selfishness, and obstinacy could not fail to make him miserable.

How hard it is for women to see this fate coming upon men they care for, without being able to utter a word! Should they attempt to intervene, their remonstrance is set down as jealousy, and more harm than good is done. Helen closed her lips, and resolved that she would at all events try to make Adela see the possibilities of good in Oswald's character, and the need of fostering them.

"Perhaps his love may rouse her into something better," she reflected, "and they may do one another good instead of harm. She certainly is affectionate, and that is a great point. At least, she likes people to care for her and make much of her."

Helen could not, after all, derive great comfort from her meditations

"How much is Mr. Thorne's income?"

suddenly inquired Adela, as the two were walking in the woods one morning.

"How should I know?" replied Helen, in astonishment.

"Well, he lived with you all, and you were intimate and so on. Besides, he is your relation. I thought you would be sure to have found out."

"It never occurred to me."

"He has a private income besides what his father allows him, hasn't he?" persisted Adela.

"Now you mention it I remember his aunt in Devonshire left him an interest in her property, and he has the income from that," rejoined Helen, coldly.

"How much should you think?"

"Really, Adela, I do not know why you ask me."

"But I do ask you. Tell me, there's a darling."

"I imagine it is about seven hundred a year, but I do not know exactly. He has told me, but I forget."

"I should think his father would leave him well off," mused Adela. "I know old Mr. Thorne said once he didn't believe in eldest sons, unless there was a great deal of land in the family, and there is not in theirs."

Helen attempted to turn the subject, but Adela's head was evidently full of it.

"I never will marry anyone who owes everything to me," she declared, with apparent irrelevance.

"And yet you would not like your husband to work? You have often said so."

"No, my husband must be a gentleman," proudly replied Adela.

"When you are at home again you certainly must let me read some Ruskin to you on that point," said Helen, smiling. "You know we don't agree as to idleness *constituting one element* in a gentleman's character."

"We don't agree as to a great many things, but you suit me very well," declared the young lady, graciously, and Helen was fain to let the subject drop.

It was on a lovely summer evening, just before their return to Hill Crest, that the news came she had long been expecting. Oswald had arrived as usual to "inquire after" Adela, and the three strolled out into the forest. Helen wandered on in advance, and strayed to a spot beside the hurrying river that cleft the woodland. She rested on a rock, and bending over the clear rushing stream let her fingers play idly in the *cool current. The heat of the* day was over, a gentle breeze fanned her cheek; the lulling sound of the river mingled with the low, contented hum of the forest, now sinking to peace, broken only by the sleepy chirp of some restless bird. Helen thought of the words of Metastasio.

"L'onda dal mar divisa
Bagna la valle e 'l monte;
Va passegiera
In fiume,
Va prighioniera
In fonte,
Mormora sempre e geme,
Fir che non torna al mar;
Al mar dov' ella nacque,
Dove acquista gli umori,
Dove da lunghi errori
Spera di riposar."*

"So my life," thought the girl, "is going on, whither I know not; a will other than my own is directing its course; but in the end I, like the restless wave, shall find my home in the sea from whence came the current of my life, the eternal Source of Being."

It was a mournful mood for a bright girl of two and twenty, but Helen was thoughtful beyond her years, and was not happy just now. She felt as though her work were inadequate and were missing its aim; things seemed going crookedly, without her power to put them straight; and she found comfort in going back to the solemn verities at the foundation of our life. So she pondered until a rustling in the branches roused her to greet Oswald, who stood before her with a look in his face she had never seen before. His eyes were moist and shining, and his whole bearing was agitated. He came and grasped her hand without speaking for an instant, then said:

"Helen, I am the happiest fellow in the world. Adela has promised to be my wife. You must have known—must have seen—come and speak to her."

"I wish you every happiness, Oswald," said Helen, bending her clear deep eyes upon his, and speaking in a moved voice.

"You have been like a sister to me," Oswald went on hurriedly. "I said you must know before anyone in the world. You shall be our sister now, will you not?"

"God bless you—my brother," said Helen, falteringly, and she suffered herself to be led to the bowery seat among tall ferns, where Adela, all sparkles and excitement, was waiting for congratulations.

(*To be continued*)

* The lines defy translation in their delicacy and beauty, but may be literally rendered thus:—

The billow, caught up from the ocean, waters hill and valley; as the river it fares onward, as the pool it stays imprisoned; yet it frets and murmurs ever till it returns to the sea—the sea that gave it birth, whence it drew its nature, where, after long wanderings, it hopes to rest at last.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

COOKERY.

ELIZAPHAN writes a very good hand and a very kind letter to us. We have to thank her likewise for the subjoined recipe. 2. If she take a bath it should be a tepid one, and the ablutions should be very quickly performed. A jug of cold water poured down the back, or a quick bathing and rubbing of the spine only with a solution of sea-salt in cold water, is very invigorating. But do not go entirely into a cold bath, nor lie in a hot one either. Icing for a Cake.—Take half a pound of white sifted sugar and the white of one egg, beat them together for about five minutes till they be sufficiently moist to be spread with a knife upon the cake. The latter should be warm when the icing is applied to it; and it should be placed in a cool oven, or it will become brown.

ŒNONE.—1. We thank you for the recipe you kindly send us for making ginger beer. 2. We have no recollection of having heard from the friend you name. She is only one amongst so many thousands.

MUSIC.

CLOVER.—We do not advertise music. Write for a list to some music publisher's. 2. Read our answers to correspondents and our article on "Bright Eyes, and Teeth like Pearls," page 390, vol. i.

TRICKSY.—Dance music may teach you to keep good time, but will not improve your style in playing other music. 2. The word "Fantasia" should be pronounced "Fan-ta-se-a," the "a" in all three instances sounded as in "apple."

POPPY.—Why do you not ascertain at the college or of one of the masters, the books which your fellow competitors propose to study? 2. Half an hour devoted to the practice of scales and exercises daily ought to be sufficient. But your own family should be considered in such a matter, as even that length of time would prove an intolerable nuisance to those engaged in other studies, in business, or literary writing, not to speak of persons disposed to suffer from headache, or infants requiring sleep in the daytime. Remember that you may have neighbours next door, and that the walls are rarely sufficiently thick. Place your piano in such a position as to be as little heard by them as possible.

JEANIE ANDERSON.—We can only advise your friend to stick to her profession, which offers a good living, and not to adopt any doubtful means of support.

BUSY BEE.—Any music publisher would give you the information you desire. We cannot undertake to go ourselves and look over lists of songs and instrumental pieces. If in the country, write to a shop of the kind, enclosing a stamped and directed envelope.

GLADYS.—You may begin to take singing lessons at sixteen, but you may learn at any age how to take the different descriptions of notes, and to manage your voice, such as it is. Handwriting not formed, but promises well, as it shows no vulgar eccentricities.

A COUNTRY GIRL.—It is difficult to play instrumental pieces on the guitar, but easy to play an accompaniment to the voice. The violin is more difficult still, as there are no frets to guide the performer in making the notes correctly. The earlier a performer could commence learning it the better, but you could learn at the age of sixteen very well. We do not give prices nor addresses. You should write to a musical instrument shop proprietor for a list of prices, or get some friend to call and inquire for you who could form a correct opinion of such an instrument.

FRANK'S WIFE.—1. To play instrumental music on the guitar is decidedly difficult, and pressing and running the fingers down the raised "frets" painful, till the fingers have become hard. To make them so they should be dipped in alum and water. But to play accompaniments for the voice is comparatively easy. 2. There are many "correspondence classes." One is conducted by Mrs. Peile, Trumpington, Cambridge; another by Miss Roberts, Florence Villa, Torquay. You do not tell us what your "first question" was.

VINDEX.—Of course a guitar is "a suitable instrument for a lady." Read our answer just given. Your handwriting is fairly well formed, but not sufficiently free.

HOPEFUL MUSICIAN.—If your hands be too small, or so constructed that you cannot span an octave on the piano, why do you not learn a different instrument? Your handwriting is not formed, but promises well.

THE EMMET.—It is not desirable that learners to play the pianoforte should employ the soft pedal. Accomplished pianists rarely, if ever, use it. Quite sufficient effect may be produced without it, and mere laziness induces some girls to have resource to it. Your governess is quite right. 2. When you have buttered bread or cake to eat, take off your glove rather than grease it.

LEARNER.—The article on "How to Play the Violin" appeared in vol. i., page 232. It depends on your general knowledge of music how much you could do alone.

MODEST VIOLET will find a full account of all the means of learning music at page 347, vol. v.

E. G. KNOCKER.—Modesty in offering criticism is always wise, and we should advise E. G. K. to study the subject of atmospheric phenomena before dogmatising upon it. "First the flash of lightning, which is accompanied by thunder, arising from the vibration of the powerfully-agitated air," says a late authority. Thunder is heard after the flash, because sound travels at a much slower rate than light. E. G. K. should read Mr. Somerville's "Physical Geography" on this subject.

A YOUNG MUSICIAN.—We do not see why you have written to us, when you have the fullest information in the article itself, on page 348, vol. v., which you cannot have read. Even the very railway is mentioned.

SWEET SEVENTEEN, PANSY.—There is a Musical Practising Society at Bradford, Yorks. Address the secretary, Miss McLandsborough, Lindum-terrace, Bradford.

ELAINE.—So many girls play the violin now that it is no longer remarkable.

JOSEPH GUARNERIUS.—We always advise our girls to take wise counsel before they go to Paris, or anywhere abroad. Write and state your wants and wishes to Miss Leigh, 77, Avenue Wagram, Paris, and ask advice.

UNINTERESTING ONE (not so, at least to us).—1. In ordinary cases of bleeding of the nose, a little alum and water should be injected up the nose with a syringe, the patient should sit up, and the face and neck should be bathed with cold water. But your case is an extraordinary one, and possibly you would require an icebag on the spine, if not surgical treatment (plugging the nostrils, etc.). Your general health may need careful attention, for perhaps the cause may not exist in a mere local weakness. To "study twelve hours out of the twenty-four" would

be quite enough, we think, to make your head swell, and give you a fit! 2. With reference to your going to study for six months at the Royal Conservatoire of Music, Leipsic, there would be nothing improper in it. But you should write to Dr. Otto Günter, and tell him your wishes and age, and inquire whether he can recommend you suitable accommodation as to board and lodging with responsible persons known to him. Also ask him to send you the prospectus of rules and expenses.

LILY OF THE VALLEY.—The zither is a very difficult instrument. You would need a master to instruct you. We should think you had better join the Kyrle Society. See page 638, vol. iv.

BLUE HOSE.—Write to Messrs. Novello and Co. You should certainly learn to play your own accompaniments, otherwise you are so very dependent on others. Read "How to Paint on Silk and Satin," page 66, vol. iv.

LUTONIA, RAGGED ROBIN.—Facilita" used as you describe, means "facilitated, an easier arrangement."

PEM HOPE.—We do not understand your question as to "what salary you should command, having passed the Senior Trinity College examination for the violin with honours." If you play at concerts you would be paid by the engagements, and if you go out to give lessons in private families, you must make terms according to the number taught and the length of each lesson. It is not a case of salary so far as we understand the matter.

MISCELLANEOUS.

BROTHER JIM.—Write to Mr. Tarn, 56, Paternoster-row, for the numbers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER you require. The price is sixpence each monthly number—postage extra.

IVY C.—If you be really in trouble about the matter on which you have written to us, we should advise you to consult a surgeon.

THREE COUNTRY GIRLS.—In cases of sunstroke apply cold to the head and mustard plaisters to the soles of the feet and calves of the legs. If very pale and faint, let the patient inhale ammonia for a few seconds, or give him a teaspoonful of aromatic spirits of ammonia in two tablespoonfuls of water with a little sugar, We should recommend you to procure a handbook on nursing, entitled, "Sick Nursing at Home" (Upcott Gill, 170, Strand, W.C. Price 1s. 1d. by post).

BLUE BELL.—We are sorry that at present we cannot answer your first question. The volume begins in October; subscription 7s., which includes postage.

MARY L.—The mocking-bird is otherwise called the polyglot thrush (*Turdus polyglottus*), and is one of the several species of the *Merulidæ*. It is a native of North America, and chiefly of the Southern States. By the Indians it is called "the bird with the four hundred tongues," on account of its faculty of imitating the notes and songs of all other birds, and even of the animals living near it. Its notes are so melodious that Audubon ranks them far higher in merit than those of the nightingale. It feeds on insects and such other food as the thrush and blackbird.

ANXIOUS ONE.—You should apply for advice at the New Zealand Government Office in Victoria-street, and be guided by their advice. They may be able to help you, and will probably indicate a paper in which it would be desirable to advertise.

FRANCAIS.—The Shakers are the oldest communistic sect in America. They designate themselves "The Millennial Church," or "The United Society of Believers." It was founded by Ann Lee, a blacksmith's daughter, born at Manchester (England) in 1736, and some agitation having arisen amongst the Quakers, to which sect she belonged, she went to America, after having been in gaol for street obstruction and having pretended to be endowed with divine authority above her fellows. She obtained many followers from the Baptists, and "Elder" James Wittaker succeeded her at her death in 1784, under whose *régime* their first chapel was built. Their religious dogmas are of a strange and blasphemous kind, the chief being that the foundress was the spouse of the Son of God; that the religious history of man is divided into four cycles, the last commencing with Ann Lee. They deny the resurrection of the body and the Atonement, and they hold community of goods, celibacy, non-resistance, separate government, and power over physical disease. Their religious services consist in singing grotesque hymns and a peculiar shuffling dance. (See "Student's Encyclopædia.")

DODO.—The greater the amount of salt held in solution in the sea the deeper the blue, while the fresher the water the greener its hue. The Gulf Stream is salter than the ocean generally, yet not quite so strong as that in the course of the trade winds. The greater evaporation to which it is exposed causes the amount of salt contained in it to be proportionably considerable in degree.

A COUNTRY LASSIE.—See our articles on "Work for All," commencing in October, 1883. You write an excellent hand, but you are very young as yet to think of leaving home, except for school.

GINGERBREAD.—A quick rubbing with a solution of Tidman's Sea Salt, and a good dry rubbing afterwards, is the best plan we can recommend for strengthening weak ankles.

NANCY LEE.—Amongst the ancients Socrates was pre-eminently great as a philosopher, and perhaps Plato might claim an equally distinguished place. Amongst moderns, Sir Isaac Newton holds the first. "The Lives of the Ancient Philosophers," by Fénelon, translated by the Rev. John Cormack, would interest you.

MERRY LITTLE CRICKET.—We will not ask you in reply, why have you a snub nose and your sister a Roman one. The reason "why" may be asked for ever, as we know so little. But in reference to the blackness of a negro's skin, it would seem to be accounted for by the exigencies of his position under such a dry and burning sun. There is an oily colouring matter underneath, that enables it to endure what would blister that of a European, especially of northern countries. Thus Nature provides for the protection of the skin of a civilised white when exposed to the vicissitudes of climate without their accustomed clothing, as we find that a thick coating of hair has grown all over the body in cases when either a child or grown person has been long lost and in a wild condition.

E. HANNAH must apply to "Phillis Browne" herself in reference to the publication she names, as it is not published at our office. We are very glad that you liked the cookery book which we brought out for her. Try to improve your spelling. We give this advice in all kindly feeling towards you.

BELLE (Cape Colony).—Roll your hair at the top of your head at night like a flattened snail-shell; it will neither become entangled nor inconvenience you. The hair is generally plaited and coiled at the back of the head at present, not at the top, nor on the nape of the neck. Brushing improves the circulation of the blood, which latter is essential to the well-being of the hair. Great length is not desirable for it.

ANXIOUS.—Go to the vestry of the parish church when the incumbent or curate is there, and make all such inquiries of him. A public marriage, with entries in the parish register, is most desirable.

MARY and ADA SEVESTAM (Russia).—In reply to your letter, we must first tell you that the papers sent in from all parts of the world for our late competition numbered about 4,000, and thus it was quite possible that the writers of excellent papers should be disappointed in the result. We always feel particularly grieved when girls belonging to foreign countries, and writing under so great difficulties in reference to the language, should meet with disappointments or oversight on our part. You write English exceedingly well—better in composition than those of many of our English girls, and perfect in spelling. We wish we could send you a more satisfactory answer, for your papers were received.

MAY.—You write fairly well. Whether there will be a competition such as you desire, we cannot tell you.

ROUND SHOULDERS.—1. You have no excuse for having shoulders such as you describe, and we do not think much of "passing the sixth standard" if it result in the production of such a letter as yours! The children at "St. Stephen's school" are to be pitied if you teach them how to write letters. "The best thing for you to do" is to write copies, and try to improve your education. 2. See "The Fairy of the Family" for such directions as you require.

FOIN COUPE is thanked for her card and good wishes. We send her ours in return, very heartily.

IDA SAINSBURY.—You might sometimes attend a meeting with your employers, but certainly not give up your own church and Holy Communion. Perhaps a "J" pen would suit you better than the pin you appear to scratch with.

SOUR EIGHTEEN.—1. There are many good and seemly acts which a true believer and devout Christian ought to perform, according to our Divine Master's statement, "This ought ye to have done, and not to leave the other (and smaller matter) undone." But at the same time we could not dare to say that an omission of one of these comparatively smaller obligations would involve the loss of your soul. Nevertheless, we should not regard the wilful neglect of any means of grace or any opportunity of "confessing Him before men," as a trifling omission of duty. Do not grudge to Him any honour you can pay Him, nor to your own soul any means of spiritual benefit. This you may safely accept as a rule for your general guidance. 2. The meetings at which young girls are invited to remain when the others have left, to "have a quiet talk to the young men speakers," are questionable ones in reference to their expediency, if not of their propriety.

ESPERANZA.—We recommend you to read our articles entitled "Work for All," which commenced in October, 1883.

ESPAGNOLA.—We can give you Latin mottoes, but have not time to look for Spanish ones. "Primâ voce salutât," "Salutes with the first voice;" "Præsto et præsto," "I undertake, and perform;" "Potius ingenio quam vi," "Rather by genius than strength;" "Omne tulit punctum, qui miscuit utile dulci," "He has gained every point who has mixed the useful with the sweet;" "E labore dulcedo," "Sweetness springs from labour;" "Dulcius ex asperis," "Sweeter after difficulties." These are amongst the mottoes of our English families.

ELLEN BUTLER.—Valle Crucis Abbey is within a short walk of Llangollen, in Denbighshire, North Wales, and not far from Bangor, situated on the banks of the river Dee.

DRAYCOTT LODGE.—The sunflower is so large that we question your being able to dry it satisfactorily for winter decorations. We are unable to decipher your name, which looks like "Luub."

PAT.—You will find a recipe for cleaning pearls on page 239, vol. ii., THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, but we should advise you to send your pearls to a jeweller to be cleaned.

A CONSTANT SUBSCRIBER.—Make your skirt of any material you like, and consult our monthly dress article as to style.

A YORKSHIRE LASS.—The renowned King Arthur is said to have reigned over Britain from the year 500 to 532.

JEANNE.—For the copy of a will apply to Somerset House. The fee is one shilling.

GRIGGSVILLE.—You will find the text containing the authority for which you ask in the 20th chapter St. John, 23rd verse. The custom of setting apart certain days in honour of certain individuals and events has existed in all ages.

VENICE.—At the Revolution the current of popular prejudice again setting in Oates's favour, he was rewarded with a pension of £1,000 per annum. In 1698 he was restored to the order of Baptists, to which he originally belonged, but was soon excluded as a hypocrite and disorderly person. He died in 1705. The quotation, "Fine by degrees and beautifully less," is from a poem by Matthew Prior, called "Henry and Emma."

SYNTAX.—William Combe is the author of "The Tour of Dr. Syntax." From the title of the book, "Unknown to History," you must see that we are not able to answer for the truth of the story related.

PUNCH AND JUDY are both thanked for their offers, which we must decline on account of lack of time and space.

RACHEL.—A paste of whitening and soda, mixed with water, might take out the stains.

LORNA.—Whether you could play the guitar or not depends on how far you can sit in an upright position. Ask your doctor whether it will do you harm.

J. S. and CORA will find the books they want by enclosing a stamp to Mr. Tarn, 56, Paternoster-row, E.C., for the General Catalogue of the Religious Tract Society.

THE Editor has received numerous letters from Holland criticising the paper, "Dutch Girls," written by Miss Stratenus, herself a Dutch lady. The following is one of these letters, and the Editor inserts it in fairness to many of his readers who reside in noble Holland, for they evidently think, and probably with some reason, that the writer of our paper has overstated matters:—

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—I have just read "A Dutch Girl," by Louise Stratenus. I am a Dutch girl, and entirely fail to recognise this portrait of Dutch girlhood. Either the writer is English and sadly ignorant of the subject she treats, or she is Dutch and unworthy of being so. Believe me, we Dutch are proud of our nationality; we need not, as Miss Stratenus seems to think, place our ideal in any country than our own. Not only does a great and glorious past place Holland high among the nations of Europe, but a wise government enables her to equal if not surpass any other people as regards well-being and civilisation. She may feel, and rightly, a great sympathy for England, but it is not a servile feeling which makes her forget her own worth. There is in The Hague a set of girls who affect to imitate all the extreme English fashions, and try to be as English as they can; but, I am happy to say, their number is very small, and it would be ridiculous to make their way of thinking the sentiment of all Dutch girlhood. The English language, it is true, is much known in Holland, but French far more so; nearly all girls, even those who have enjoyed little education, speak French fairly well. In the higher classes it is rare to find a girl who does not know four languages thoroughly, one of these being English; but it is very little spoken. Miss Stratenus says that no Dutch lady can be an author. Ladies of the nobility do not, as a rule, write books, neither does the voice of the people say to them, "marry or be a governess;" but if they do happen to publish literary works, they by no means lose caste. I doubt not that the story of the young countess is true; but this is a solitary fact, and regards the individual opinion of her family. I myself personally know ladies of the first families (one of them my cousin, the Baroness de C.) who have published books without its giving rise to any disobliging remarks; on the contrary, their talent is warmly appreciated and admired. Ladies who wish to enter the literary profession can freely follow their inclination without fear of losing the esteem of their countrymen. The two greatest novelists of the present day in Holland happen to be ladies—Mrs. Bosboom Toussaint and Miss Opzoomer. We do not either think work degrading. There is in this country a society for giving work of various kinds to ladies of small means; its motto is "Arbeid adelt" (work ennobles). I hope you will not think this letter too badly written for insertion in THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER; it contains many faults, no doubt, my knowledge of the English language being imperfect; but I should be sorry if your subscribers believed all Dutch girls to be such as those described by Miss Stratenus. Allow me, before closing, to express my admiration for your magazine. I always read it with the greatest pleasure, and it has taught me many useful things.—COUNTESS A. DE B. Zwolle, October 18th, 1884.

CHRISTMAS: IN FOUR PICTURES.

THE night is cold and dark; the snow and rain,
Mingled, are falling fast. It is in vain
The orphan holds the tattered shawl so tight;
The wind is cold and pitiless to-night.

Her hands are clasped, and tears are in her eyes,
Her feet are bare; and yet she feebly tries
To raise her voice and sing a Christmas song;
Sorrow is in her heart, joy on her tongue.

She sings of "Peace on earth, goodwill to men,"
And wonders, "What is peace?" yet sings again.
Hungry and homeless, weary, wet, and cold,
Her Christmas passes—'tis a tale oft told.

* * * * *

Here is another scene of Christmas night.
It is a home of wealth; 'tis warm and bright;
Green wreaths surround the pictures on the wall,
And mistletoe entwines the statues tall.

Ladies, whose costly gems their charms enhance,
Whirl in the giddy mazes of the dance;
The sparkling winecup passes freely round,
And laughter mingles with the music's sound.

No thought of those who wander in the cold,
No thought of that sweet history of old,
No thought of aught save riot and display:
'Tis thus *they* spend their holy Christmas day.

* * * * *

'Tis in a cheerful room, where children three
Are laughing o'er their gifts with noisy glee;
One has a top, and one a bat and ball;
But one, the least, displays no gift at all.

"Come hither, dear," her mother cries, "and say
Where is the doll your father gave to-day?"
The child looked down, and answered, sad and low,
"I was so sorry for her, ma, you know."

"For whom, and why?" "The singer in the street,
Who has no gifts, no shoes upon her feet;
I gave my doll to her." And here we find
True Christmas spirit, generous and kind.

* * * * *

See this small humble cot; how fares it here?
The signs of want and poverty appear;
The wind blows in, the fire is burning low,
And through the thatch is dripping melted snow.

An aged man sits in an old arm-chair,
His face is worn, and streaked with grey his hair,
Yet on his brow is peace. Before him lies
God's holy book, on which he feasts his eyes.

He has true Christmas joy. Though lone and poor,
He has no care; his hope of heaven is sure.
No crownèd king is half so rich as he,
Whose riches last to all eternity.

S. J. SMITH.

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SEVEN YEARS FOR RACHEL;

OR, WELSH PICTURES SKETCHED FROM LIFE.

By ANNE BEALE.

CHAPTER XI.

A FARM HOUSE.

WHEN Rachel re entered the farmyard, she was struck with the untidy appearance of the house and its appurtenances. Mr. Shenkin, though better off than most of his brother farmers, was not a favourable specimen of his class.

I cannot say much for Welsh farms generally. There are, of course, farmers of a higher class, who boast good, well-appointed dwellings, and who take pride in keeping them in respectable condition, both outside and inside. These are, however, compara-

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"AND PRAYED FOR STRENGTH TO DO HER HARD DUTY."

tively few. The farms are mostly small, and the crops, in these parts at least, are either very backward, or the farmers slow and dilatory. Certain it is they are poor, and there seems to be a spirit of procrastinating amongst the people, and a want of steam when they are set going, which retards their improvement. They adhere obstinately to their own opinions, and are contented to say, "Oh, it'll come yet," meaning that all will be right in time, without intending to learn how to set it right. They plod on in their poverty, scarcely knowing how to make their rent for the land they hold, yet seemingly careless of bettering themselves, until some sudden cause of excitement arouses all their Welsh blood, and then they grasp at—they know not what.

In Mr. Shenkin's farm no march of improvement or of neatness is visible, if we may judge from the untidy appearance of the exterior. Situated in a field lying beneath Mynydd Mawr, on the great hill, it is open to the attacks of all the inhabitants of the said hill and field, being without fence of any kind. Before the door, on one side, is a large dung-hill, upon which the glory of the farm, the bantam cock, struts in proud dominion, sounding his shrill clarion to the admiration of the multitudinous hens and chickens that look up to him. Brightly do his red crest and burnished gold plumage shine in the sun as he paces backward and forward, occasionally scratching up a morsel of food, and gallantly leaving it to a favoured hen. I have seen many a soldier, glittering in all the splendour of lace and appointments, far less glorious than that dignified old gentleman. As Rachel crosses the yard, she is assaulted by a vanguard of geese, supported by a reserve of turkeys. The geese have just left a bath, in which they have been refreshing themselves, and which, though shallow and muddy, and mantled with green vegetation, is, to them, the respite from all their labours—the solace of all their leisure hours. They waddle a few paces, stretch out their necks, expand their wings, collect themselves for the charge, then on they run with their war-cry upon the devoted intruder. She, however, knows the character of the foe, and drives them all before her. The importunate gander alone maintains his ground, and hisses her till she has passed, then hisses her on behind. As to the turkeys, they display their huge fans with prodigious consequence, wondering, doubtless, who the interloper can be, but forbearing anything beyond a show of hostility. A very large pig, that was resolutely turning up the earth, desists, and bolts in amongst them. Geese and turkeys rush upon him as their natural enemy, and drive him from their territories. In front of the house Rachel sees a line of pails, tubs, wooden bowls, and dairy utensils of all sorts and sizes, whilst a variety of cheese-cloths are hung upon three-armed posts to dry. A cart and wheelbarrow stand on the left side, the former minus a wheel; and plenty of filth is observable everywhere; indeed, the mud is so deep in some places that Rachel can hardly get on. True, the whole, relieved by the enormous trees behind, is exceedingly picturesque to the eye of a sketcher; but alas for neatness and comfort! they are notions that could have no place here.

As Rachel once more entered the large, dirty, and disordered kitchen, she thought of her own tidy little room, and felt sick at heart. There were plenty of tables and chairs, plates and dishes, cups and saucers, candlesticks and pewter tankards; but they were lumber instead of furniture, for nothing had its place. There were hams and bacon in abundance, hanging suspended to the view in the middle of the room, and there was a wide open chimney, and a stack of wood at hand to keep up the blaze, but there was no assurance of open-heartedness. The room, too, was full of draughts. The windows hung loosely upon their hinges; and it was so far to send for a glazier, that a broken pane remained unmended, or, at best, received a paper plaister. The door was never shut, and there was, moreover, a second door, opening into the dairy, through which rushed the wind, that was admitted there to cool the milk and harden the butter. There was another room, called the hall, which was never entered unless any of Mrs. Shenkin's particular friends came to visit her, when the tables and chairs were suddenly relieved from a month's dust, and the best china set out.

Rachel had not been many hours with Mrs. Shenkin before she discovered that she was one of those persons who seemed resolved never to be in a good temper. She was certainly a descendant, though a remote one, of the Furies. Scold, scold, scold, all day long. She did not confine herself to washing-week, but continued in an uninterrupted course of vociferation from five or six o'clock in the morning, till eight or nine at night.

It is said, and truly, that the ear accustoms itself to all noises. The incessant pealing or tolling of bells; the uninterrupted thumping of a school of young ladies on one or two unfortunate instruments; even the eternal clacking of a mill, are sounds that are disregarded by those who live constantly near them; and thus the clatter of Mrs. Shenkin's tongue had grown a dull, unheeded noise in her household, except when an unusual explosion occurred. Then Mr. Shenkin was blown one way; Sally, the slip-shod maid, another; such of the men and boys as chanced to be in the way, a third; whilst Mrs. Shenkin remained alone in her glory. When Rachel first witnessed the phenomenon, she was at the top of the hill before she knew how she got there. But I am anticipating.

Rachel found Mrs Shenkin exercising herself upon Sally, the girl, meanwhile, looking quite unconscious of anything that required her attention; and when, soon after, Sally was initiating Rachel into some of the household work, she told her, aside, "Never to mind mistress, for she would be sure to scold, whether she was pleased or no." Poor Rachel found that more would be expected of her than she could perform; and when she retired with Sally to a wretched garret, she felt more fatigued than she had ever done before.

She took a cursory glance at the cold, comfortless, untidy room, which looked as if it had not had a brush in it since it was built, and determined to clean it as soon as she could. The bed with its heap of old blankets, gowns, and mixed covering, upon which, until then, she would have thought it impossible to lie, seemed now a welcome retreat. Sally's tongue, too, was scarcely less voluble than that of her mistress, when once it was allowed to go; and Rachel was deluged by communications about master and mistress, who, Sally said, were "as different from one another as chalk and cheese. Master is a very good sort of a man if he can but have his way, but mistress is master here. I don't mind her a bit, though; and be sure you don't care for her tantrums, for if you do she'll show off fifty for one." Rachel begged Sally not to talk while she said her prayers, at which Sally opened a wide mouth, laughed heartily, and threw herself into bed. Rachel took no notice of her; but having knelt down and commended herself and those she loved to the care of the Almighty, and prayed for strength to do her hard duty, she closed her eyes, and, overpowered by the fatigues of the day, fell asleep. Visions of her father, of William, of Pally, came to visit her. A confused mixture of All-Hallows' Eve, Hollantide Fair, and her last day at home was in her dreams, and she by turns wept and smiled, as pleasant or unpleasant delusions came before her.

Oh! the blessing of night and sleep to the weary and unhappy. To sink into forgetfulness of life's myriad cares and sorrows—to lay aside the burden of the day, and to yield up the weary limbs and enfeebled senses to the comfort of repose—to lay open the mind to the entrance of delightful visions, which have the power of transporting you, with the velocity of thought, from penury to riches, from misery to happiness, from despair to hope—to live again past scenes, and to see once more departed friends; these are but a portion of the benefits conferred upon us poor mortals by

> "Tired Nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep!"

But this state of happy unconsciousness must be succeeded by the morning's awaking, which to the wretched is attended by an uncomfortable uncertainty of mind. The baseless visions of the night vanish, and the dull realities of every-day life start up singly in their places, and bewilder the imagination by their indistinctness, until you look about and ask where you are, what has been or is the matter, and what is likely to happen you.

As to Rachel, she scarcely knew what to think of herself when she was aroused from one of her pleasant dreams of home by a sharp voice, and saw by her bed-side a white figure with a candle in its hand. Old Pally's ghost-stories rose upon her mind, and she trembled from head to foot, when a movement by her

side aroused her to a sense of her condition. Another ghost sat up in bed for a moment, and then suddenly jumped out of it, whilst ghost the first brought her to her calm senses by the unmistakable words—"Oh! this is what you're used to, is it? This is how you lie a-bed, and how long you take to wake! How do you think the work is to be done, if you ain't out of bed at this time of day? Get up, girl, get up." A shake of the arm soon made Rachel feel who was near her, and she quickly left her bed.

"Why weren't you up, Sally, you lazy thing, you?" asked Mrs. Shenkin.

"Bless you, ma'am," was Sally's answer, "I've been awake and dosing again—awake and dosing again this hour, listening for the clock, but as bad luck would have it, I suppose I was asleep just when it struck, and now the mornings are so dark there's no knowing the time, and no seeing anything."

Mrs. Shenkin did not take the hint which Sally meant to convey, for she walked off with the candle, and left her two servants to huddle on their things in the dark as best they could. Rachel asked if they were always to get up in the dark.

"To be sure, till the mornings are light," was the reply. "I get a candle now and then from mother," Sally continued, "but I always use it at night to mend my things."

Sally was a Welsh servant, and they are not always conscientiously addicted to truth. A ready excuse, which is often a direct falsehood, is always made. It matters not how trivial may be the fault, or how lenient the mistress, the white lie is a matter of course, to cover the one and deceive the other. Many servants will uphold each other through thick and thin. Even though they hit upon two different excuses at the beginning, they will manage to make the ends agree; and if by chance they fail in this, they hammer on at their own story, backwards and forwards, until they place you in such a labyrinth, that you are as far from coming at the truth as ever. The fertility of their invention is wonderful, as is their boldness in persisting in a statement which you have clearly proved cannot be true; but this is, I suppose, a part of their characteristic pertinacity in adhering to their own opinions. I have heard a well-meaning girl declare that she pitied poor servants very much, because they were obliged to tell so many stories, and could not help themselves. She evidently considered it a duty to tell a lie, whenever she could thereby screen herself or her fellow-servants. The sooner this is mended the better.

Sally included her master in her list of the dear friends for whom she would "say or do anything, if it was only to spite mistress," and with remorseless volubility she heaped falsehood upon falsehood, and excuse upon excuse, to prevent poor Mr. Shenkin getting into a scrape. The dogs, the cats, the pigs, the poultry, that "nasty old cow"—for everything that is disagreeable is "old"—every object, animate and inanimate, was made subservient to Sally's friendly purposes. Rachel was perfectly amazed to hear her, from morning till night, inventing falsehoods, apparently for the pleasure of the thing, and even scolding her when she told the truth; nay, more, contradicting her did she confess a fault. If Mrs. Shenkin asked her whether she had done such or such a portion of her work, and if she began by saying—"I am very sorry, ma'am, but——" Sally immediately interrupted her by a—"Well, Rachel, I never knew the like of you! Didn't I see you do it with my own eyes! and wasn't Bill by at the time? Go you and ask him, mistress, whether he didn't see her do it. Rachel don't know what she says half her time, I declare."

The inhabitants of the farm passed their days in anything but rural innocence and peace. Mrs. Shenkin was constantly out of temper; Mr. Shenkin generally depressed; Rachel perpetually in fear; Sally and the men servants occupied in doing wrong, and concealing it; and the rest of the workmen and labourers in getting out of their mistress's way whenever they could manage to do so. As the weeks passed on, and Rachel became gradually better able to do her work, she imperceptibly ingratiated herself into Mrs. Shenkin's favour, who was pleased with her in spite of herself. Rachel got fewer scoldings than the rest of the household, and was soon so much beloved by her fellow-servants, that she became more comfortable than she first imagined possible; but it was the comfort of knowing that she was doing her duty by everyone about her, and not that proceeding from external circumstances. Sally said of her—

"Well, I never did see such a girl as you, even Mrs. Shenkin don't keep noise at you like she do at everybody else."

Rachel had, besides, a source of enjoyment that Sally had not. She loved the beauties of nature.

Let it not be imagined that the cottage girl, untrained by book-lore or the teaching of the drawing-master, cannot feel and exult when nature spreads her wonders with unwonted prodigality. God has given to the human soul capacities of feeling and understanding, to constitute its highest enjoyments, and though these frequently lie wholly dormant in an existence that is merely animal and sensual, yet there are many, even among those who are chained to toil and drag the clog of poverty, who have their finer sense awakened, and who can reverence their Creator through the glories of His creation. Who has not felt his soul grow light and buoyant as he ascends high above the plain on which our common dwellings stand? Who has not felt his blood quicken, and his breathing become full and deep, as he looks from the mountain's brow upon the scenes he has left below? If he has the vigour of youth and health, he almost feels that he can fly, and longs, like Rasselas, for wings, so free and full of delight is his heart.

Thus Rachel was raised into a brighter existence whenever she attained the top of Mynydd Mawr, and was never loth to save Sally "her turn up the hill after the cows," though it was hard work to get them together.

(*To be continued.*)

CHRISTMAS DAY ON DARTMOOR.

By CHARLES JOHNS.

GRANNY, and Annie, and Fanny went down
From their home on the hill to the marge of the moor.
Granny was dressed in her best "Sind'y" gown—
That very same gown at her wedding she wore
A prim little, trim little, sunny-faced soul,
With a laugh in her eyes and a smile that was droll,
Was Granny.

Granny, and Annie, and Fanny went o'er
The rough "vuzzy down" till they came to a cot.
Annie (aged ten) gave a "knack" at the door:
"Aw, Nanny," she laughed, "if you knawed wot I've got,
You wou'dn' zit mumblin' an' grumblin'! No, fay!
But there! you'm stone deaf, an' can't yer wot I zay!"
Said Annie.

Granny, and Annie, and Fanny went in.
Nanny sat by the fire in her old easy chair.
"Lord love ey!" croaked Nanny, "ware evvy all bin?
I thought you'd a-come in the mornin'. But there,
You be come in the aivnin'. Still, come wen you may,
I be main glad to zee ey, my dearies! Iss, fay!"
Said Nanny

Granny, and Annie, and Fanny all spoke:
"Us knaws you be, Nanny. No doubt about that."
Fanny (aged eight) gave the fire such a poke
That she "tipsized the kittle" and "upsit the cat!"
Then out on the table they spread the good cheer:
"'Tes C'rismasin', Nanny! 'Tes all vur you, dear!"
Chirped Fanny.

Granny, and Annie, and Fanny kissed Nanny,
For Nanny had been Granny's "nuss," years ago.
Nanny kissed Granny, and Annie, and Fanny;
And just then Nanny's daughter came home through the snow.
More kisses and compliments. Christmas good-will.
Then home went the girls to their house on the hill,
With Granny.

GIRL life in Italy! The very phrase is fascinating; what then must the reality be?

Surely the happiest and most to be desired of all girl life in whatsoever country of the world.

To be a girl in sunny Italy, to live under its blue sky, to cull its brilliant flowers and eat its luscious fruit; to satisfy her love of the beautiful in every glance she casts around her, to feel herself an inheritor of its old memories and grand works, is an attractive picture, and if nothing more were necessary to ensure a healthy, happy, useful life, then undoubtedly the Italian girl would bear off the palm.

It will not be easy to describe girl life in Italy, and for various reasons; the most important being that in the sixty-nine provinces which the kingdom contains, habits and customs, occupations, and even speech vary so much that a picture of life in one is by no means necessarily a picture of life in all.*

Again, the influences that modify the character of the various classes are also very numerous—even mothers, who are acknowledged to have great influence in directing the studies and forming the manners of their daughters, are themselves so often biassed by priestly or political prejudices that the girls of two families in the same class have scarcely anything in common.

This being so, I can only place before you the little which I myself have seen and observed while living in various parts of Italy, and leave you to form an opinion.

It will be necessary to say in starting that the same form of religion is professed, with but few exceptions, by the people of all ranks in all parts of the kingdom.*

About the doctrines, teaching, and teachers of Roman Catholicism I have nothing to say, but I should find it difficult to give any description of girl life in this land without placing before you the fact that wherever this is the religion of a country, there poverty obtains in a large degree.

To give a surface reason for this I would suggest that the Church Festivals ("Giorni di Festa") are so numerous and so strictly observed (for by the Church's order no servile work may be done on them) that two-thirds of the year are spent in abstinence from work, which means not only earning no money but spending all that is earned on the working days ("Giorni di lavoro").

This alone will account for the poverty one sees among the classes that in our country and in Germany would be self-supporting.

Home life, as we understand it, does not exist in Italy. Enter what house you may, there is an absence of that comfort and refinement so characteristic of an English home presided over by women or girls.

Your eye will look in vain for the dainty work, the basket of wools, the new volume, magazine, or music, which indicate the presence of refined and educated girls. The climate is in a measure answerable for this, for from earliest years girls are taught to look for all that makes happiness outside their homes—the Corso, the Public Gardens, the bands of music, the restaurants, the fine dresses, the greet-

* The North Italian girls exhibit much of the taste and outward refinement of the French nation, while the women and girls of the working class of Lombardy resemble in industry, cleanliness, and economy their German neighbours, and women and girls of the south are dominated by climate and love of ease.

* Taking the population as 28,500,000, Protestants number only 59,000, and Jews 35,400, leaving therefore 28,405,600 Roman Catholics.

ings of friends, the dance in open air at eventide take the place of home life.

This sort of existence, however cheerful and pleasant it may appear to us, is bearing evil fruit in the class of small tradesmen and "impiegati," who sacrifice every comfort and decency of life to make a grand appearance in public.

It is to be hoped that education, of which we shall presently speak, may raise the tone of mind of these people and give the girls a higher and nobler aim than that of seeking only to be seen and admired.

The houses are, as a rule, similar to those in Germany, in that they have two or more abodes on each floor, and a street door common to all.

A *concierge* occupies a little room just inside the hall, and of him you inquire for any family or person residing within the building, or *palazzo*, as it is not unfrequently called. In the rich quarters the staircase and the floors of the various rooms are of marble. In others less wealthy they are of stone or brick; scarcely anywhere is a wooden floor to be seen.

One pretty feature of Italian houses is the balcony on each floor overlooking the courtyard, and covered with gorgeous creepers. Some of the dwellings, as you near the top of very high houses, are small enough for the occupation of a single person—merely a kitchen, or kitchen and one room. The tenants of these are often needlewomen and poor artists. It is no unusual thing to see a pretty girl dropping a basket, attached to a long rope, from her top window to the pavement below as a vender of fruit, bread, flowers, fish or water passes by crying out his wares. He pauses as the basket is lowered, takes out the pence, and replaces them with the food or flowers she requires; and then with a smile and a "Grazia, Signorina," he passes on his way.

The kitchens in Italy are curious. They have two hearths; one is a stone somewhat raised and scooped out in the centre to contain the wood fire, over which hangs a pot or kettle hooked to a chain descending from the chimney: the second is also a stone, but on the opposite side of the room, and on it stands a charcoal stove for roasting and frying.

Before passing on to another subject I must tell you what occurred in our rooms the winter we spent in Genoa. The floors of the house in the Via del Ponte Carignano where we lived were of marble. It was drawing near to Christmas, and the air was clear and cold, when one evening Signor Canestri begged permission to put down a carpet in our grand drawing-room. Of course we readily granted it, for the marble floor did look a little desolate to English people.

Imagine our surprise when next morning we saw three men, each with a large bundle of straw, making their way into the drawing-room. We should have thought it a mistake, but that the landlord was with them and his arms similarly occupied. We watched, and saw them untie the bundles and lay the straw over the whole room in thick but quite even layers; the process was not unlike that of thatching in England. This being satisfactorily accomplished, a bright, showy tapestry carpet was laid over without disturbing a straw, and hooked on to brass pins all round the room. The effect was to render it soft and springy, like a good Axminster carpet; but the smell was as unpleasant as though we were living over stables. I asked Signor Canestri why he could not have given us the carpet without the straw. He answered politely, but not without a certain contempt in his tone—"Such a carpet as I can afford would give no warmth without the straw—and the straw is a great saving to my carpet." A second thing I noted was that whenever the room had been thoroughly cleansed, instead of being fresh and sweet it smelt of decayed vegetables. On looking into the matter I found stale cabbages and lettuces were cut up fine and thrown over the carpet before sweeping, instead of using tea-leaves, as we in England do.

And now a word about the women and girl servants. These—whether it be the "Cameriera" (lady's maid), the "Donna di casa" (housemaid), or the "Donna di facendo" (maid-of-all-work)—one and all on applying for situations invariably demand a promise that certain privileges shall be theirs while in the service of the lady about to engage them. Without this promise they will enter no service, however well it might suit them in other respects. English ladies are often annoyed at these demands, though they have to yield unless they are prepared to do the work themselves. You would like to know what these points are that a servant girl in Italy thinks so necessary to her dignity and comfort; well, I will tell you them as they were demanded, firmly, though politely, of me.

"Signora, I shall require a cup of black coffee in the early morning before commencing my work, another cup in the evening, a tumbler of wine during the day, as much bread as I like, and two hours free on Sunday afternoons to go to the 'Giardini publico.'"

I have often been amused at watching this last habit, which is performed in all the fine clothes the girl possesses, and, where possible, a short black lace veil arranged coquettishly on the head completes the attire.

In many parts of Italy there are villages in which nurses are specially trained to take charge of the babies of the upper and middle classes so soon as they are born. A "Balia" (nurse) being selected by a lady from one of these villages, goes to the house, where she remains until baby is baptised, which is generally within two or three days after its birth. Mothers are always anxious to have their children baptised at the earliest moment, as it is believed that until then their babes are in the power of witches. The nurse then takes the babe to her own village home, there to nurse, clothe, and care for it, as though it were her own, for a year and a half, or two years, bringing it occasionally to its mother, that she may see how it thrives. These nurses receive very high wages, and expect, in addition, a valuable present when at length the babe is returned to its mother. As you would naturally suppose the "Balia," who has watched over the infant and learnt all its pretty ways, and seen the angels whispering to it,* loves it dearly all her life, and will often walk

* When a baby smiles in its sleep it is said the angels are whispering to it.

miles to feast her eyes for a few minutes upon her foster child.

You see, therefore, that the Italian baby girl, in her first experience of life, knows nothing of the devoted, loving watchfulness of its own mother, which is an English girl's heritage. You must not judge by this too harshly, for, as a rule, the wives and mothers are frugal housewives and kind mistresses, and work often with head and hand in their families.

Infants are swathed somewhat as in Germany, but over the swaddling clothes a long white dress is often placed, which gives them a better appearance; but the evil is there all the same—viz., confined and soiled limbs—for the bath forms a very insignificant portion of the blessings of Italian baby girls. I do not know whether girls begin their lives with greater powers of endurance than boys, but the number of the former who pass safely through the uncomfortable stage of infancy is much greater than the latter.

The babes of the poor are better off in that they are nursed by their own mothers, who, unfortunately, have but little knowledge in dealing with their young if sickness and disease overtake them. We have frequently been greatly distressed by mothers coming up to us in the churches and placing before our eyes their little babes, eaten up with dirt and disease, dying, perhaps, of consumption, or, as once in Pisa, of small-pox, begging us for the love of God to go on our knees and pray for their recovery, and, if we could, to give them some medicine which would cure them, when their only chance of life would have been pure air, fresh water, and skilful home nursing. When a child dies a mother never speaks of it as dead, but as an angel, which is not only a pretty idea, but one that contains a vast amount of comfort.

These poor people, as soon as their children can crawl, let them amuse themselves in the doorways or by the wayside—beautiful little darlings many of them, in spite of dirt, bare feet, and scanty clothing.

In the matter of the education of its girls Italy stands far behind other European nations. Twenty years ago the whole civilised world was shocked to find that out of every thousand women and girls above the age of six, in Italy, 754 could neither read nor write. Ten years ago saw an improvement: 530 in every thousand were in this condition of ignorance; and last year there were still 470 in each thousand who were utterly unlettered. This should not be, for Italian girls are intelligent and quick to learn.

It appears that girls (young women, rather) between the age of twenty and twenty-five are now making great efforts to improve themselves, and by so doing they are gradually lessening the unenviable notoriety their country has gained for ignorance, poverty, and begging—for, somehow or other, these conditions seem to go hand-in-hand. There is no longer any excuse for ignorance, as education is now within the reach of all; one great hindrance to progress in this direction has been, and is, the great lack of good teachers.

Children begin their education now at a much earlier age than formerly, in consequence of the establishment of infant schools throughout the country. The school year is divided into two parts, called "semestre," viz., from October till Easter, and from Easter till August. There are some days, however, so overpoweringly hot that neither teachers nor scholars can work, and then the school is closed — often for three or four days at a time.

There are four elementary classes through which a girl must pass before entering the four higher, each class being in a separate room, and having a special teacher.

The first thing Italian girls learn is to sew, just as a German child learns knitting. At the close of the school year there is a two days' examination by a Government inspector, at which parents and friends are permitted to be present.

Of course, these examinations afford scope for effect in dress, which every parent makes use of. All the scholars are in white on these occasions, and great taste is displayed in the make and the adorning. One thing that strikes me as an error is that the inspector allows the various teachers to examine their own classes, while he stands by, putting only a question now and then. Of course, this gives rise to an inferior sort of teaching, in the place of a steady, solid education. It is so easy for the teachers to make a good deal of show even when progress has had no existence.

As a sort of rest between the various subjects, the girls recite poetry, sing songs, and play the piano, all having been duly prepared beforehand.

At the close of the examination the girls and guests invariably sing the national anthem, "Viva il Rè," or "Viva l'Italia," after which the inspector and visitors make their way to the exhibition room, where the needlework, drawings, and paintings of the scholars are arranged with taste, each having the name of the worker attached. To my mind, the work in this room is always more satisfactory than the geography, grammar, history, and arithmetic; and for this reason —that the work here displayed has been a labour of love, and comes naturally to Italian girls, while the other subjects demand vigour, persistency, and often drudgery, all of which are detested in Italy by both sexes and all classes. Two books,* which are used in the elementary schools, I brought away with me, thinking them very good and worthy of being adopted in our own schools.

Italian girls have, it will be seen, less of external education than those of other nations, but they have an inborn education of the heart, and a vast amount of tact rarely met with elsewhere. In one thing English girls may learn of them—indiscriminate novel-reading is absolutely forbidden.

You will expect to hear that Confirmation follows close upon the termination of school-life, as in Germany; but it is not so, having taken place long before. In some parts of Italy the girls are confirmed at the early age of seven, the usual age, however, being at nine or ten. It is the custom for the godmothers to make on this occasion costly presents to the godchildren, such as some article of jewellery or a watch. The usual present from godmothers of the *contadini* to their godchildren is a necklace composed of a peculiar kind of sweet pastry in the shape of round, hard biscuits with a hole in the middle. These are strung together to form a necklace which often reaches below the knee. This is worn by the children the whole of the day on which they are confirmed.

Godmothers in Italy undertake, in addition to the usual duties, to be responsible for the welfare of the children in case of sickness or death of their parents.

The next point is, how do Italian girls live? They are very moderate, both in eating and drinking; and this applies to girls of all ranks. The inevitable cup of black coffee is drunk early in the morning. "The climate demands it," said a pretty Italian girl to me.

Breakfast, about nine, consists of coffee with milk and white bread, or sometimes grisini—long pipes of bread, which look like macaroni. There is no coarse black bread, such as is eaten in Germany—although among the very poor in the mountains a bread made of sweet chestnuts is eaten.

The "seconda colazione" (mid-day meal) consists chiefly of cheese, fruit, bread, and a glass of good table wine. It is curious to note the effect of the mid-day bell ringing, which is called the angelus or "desinare." Everyone leaves off work instantly—no matter what the work may be—ostensibly to eat, but really to repose for a couple of hours—a period of *dolce far niente* infinitely dear to Italians.

At the evening meal, six o'clock, soup is never wanting. "Risi bisi" is the favourite soup, made of rice and green peas, and eaten with tomatoes and Parmesan cheese. This, together with a little meat of two kinds, roast and boiled, fruit, and *pane dolce*, makes up the meal.

Polenta constitutes the chief nourishment of the poor. It is made of maize flour and a little salt (*Gran Turco*), mixed into a thick paste with water. While boiling, it must be stirred constantly with a piece of wood until it gets hard; it is considered much better when served on a wooden platter. You must often have seen pictures in our shop windows of the *contadini*, on their return home at even, stirring the polenta in a round kettle or pot hanging from the chain in the chimney over their wood fire.

Girls receive a great deal of consideration from men; this has, perhaps, induced dependence upon them, for it is quite contrary to etiquette that in Italy girls or women should walk out without the escort of men. It was only a few days ago that I heard of an English girl lodging in Rome with an Italian family while she pursued her studies as an artist. As was her custom in England, so there she walked out and home alone, and when desirous of a walk, hesitated not to take it, without waiting for companionship. The lady with whom she lodged told her that this must be discontinued; it was contrary to the habits of Italian girls, and if she persisted in her independent ways she must leave her house, as it would certainly bring it into ill repute; and leave it she was compelled to.

Italian girls of all classes are kind, intelligent, quick in thought and action, fond of dress, in which they exercise great taste; they love admiration, though at the same time are modest and shy. I never saw them treat strangers rudely, or laugh at their many mistakes. The girls of the highest class, specially in Southern Italy, are very indolent, which must in a measure be owing to the climate, for strangers from the far North going there to reside for a time become very soon as indolent as the inhabitants themselves.

Very late hours are kept in Italy, owing to the great heat and the siesta at midday. Life scarcely begins until after sunset, and no one thinks of returning home until after midnight.

The better classes go to eat ices or drink black coffee outside the restaurants or in the public gardens to the sound of good music, or to the theatres and dancing parties, while the poorer dance in the shady nooks, and eat figs, macaroni, and fruit at the corners of the streets. Excursions are made to coffee-houses and gardens outside the cities by the girls and young men, whom you may see returning at midnight with songs and garlands of flowers, as happy as though they possessed thousands. Certainly the lack of riches does not make these people miserable.

Girls of the better class love to dress themselves in black silk and a long black lace veil over their heads, but the girls of the *contadini*, or peasant class, love bright colours, and always choose such for their petticoats, which, with their black bodices, white sleeves, and coquettishly-arranged handkerchief over their heads, give them a most picturesque appearance.

Jewish girls live apart in the Jews' quarter, which is to be found in most Italian cities, and goes by the name of the Ghetto.

* "Nomenclatura Italiana," "Mille Temi."

We must not forget to speak of the ortolane (female greengrocers and fruiterers), who may be seen coming into the various towns laden with the fruits which they have gathered in the early morning. A good many settle themselves down in the open air in the Piazza del Mercato, where they sit all the morning as queens in the midst of their baskets, full of the produce of their fields and gardens. When the sun is very hot they open a huge blue or red umbrella, which adds greatly to their picturesque appearance. The noise, talking, and quarrelling because one sells more than another, make a most comical scene. Some ortolane, instead of settling in the market-place, go from house to house with one basket on the head and one on each arm. Children are always on the look-out for the visit of these people, which means for them plenty of fresh fruit for the day.

I well remember going to the market of Verona, and buying of one of the handsome ortolane a basket of luscious figs and grapes for our little girl of five years old, who was in a state of delight at her possession. Unfortunately, when we offered the money for payment—the only Italian money we had—she explained to us that she could not take provincial paper, as she would lose so much by it. We had nothing to do but to leave the basket of fruit behind, to the grief of the child, who tried hard not to cry. The ortalana was exceedingly grieved, and wished to give the fruit. Of course, we could not allow this, and went on our walk. On returning to our hotel a couple of hours later, there we found the ortolana with the basket of fruit, saying it broke her heart to see the little lady cry; she had been to every hotel where she thought it likely she would find us. This she had done, although she had walked miles from the mountains in the morning, and would have to take the same journey in the evening. We thanked her, and would have paid her for her loss of time, but she smiled and said, No, no, she could not take it, but perhaps the little English lady would give her a kiss. This being complied with, she appeared quite happy. Whenever we have been since to Verona we have not forgotten to see her or inquire after her. I mention this to show you the real kindness of heart which these, in common with all Italian girls, possess.

Until quite lately—that is, until education was brought within the reach of all—it was considered quite wrong for girls of a better class to strive for an independence by good honest work; now, many of these have stepped out bravely from the ranks of the idle and dependent, and are by the labour of head and hands not only earning a livelihood, but laying by, week by week, a part of these earnings to provide a dowry should they be asked in marriage.

This brave resolve of the girls to separate themselves for the purpose of work will take away the reproach which always attaches to the birth of girls. It is always a grief to parents when a girl is born, and it is no extraordinary phrase to hear, "Oh, dear! another expense, another mouth to feed; while a boy would have been a prop to the house and an extra bread-winner."

Their occupations vary according to their position, education, and capabilities, and depend, also, upon the district in which they live. Some are engaged as teachers, post-office and telegraph clerks, letter-writers, music copyists, while others earn their bread by the making of lace, embroidery, spinning, straw-work, and the making of nets.

The great object and aim of an Italian girl's life is to get married, and, strange to say, most of the marriages are love matches. In consequence of the absence of what we understand by home life, a young married woman has in Italy more time on her hands, and therefore she can indulge her love of going out, admiring and being admired, and is with it all innocently coquettish.

Betrothal and marriage among the *contadini* have always something very quaint and interesting about them, and are most unlike the same ceremonies in the upper ranks.

The strict observance by the *contadini* of the old customs and traditions of their forefathers gives the visitor who is fortunate enough to get an invitation a rare peep into the ages gone by.

If a young man sees a pretty girl and falls in love with her, he does not torment himself, nor lose his appetite, nor get sleepless nights, because of the fear that she may be already engaged, but he goes direct to her and asks her if she is betrothed. Then, if she be free, she answers modestly, "No one hath yet asked for me." This gives him courage, and he at once goes to the point and asks if she will permit him to pay her attention for a time, in order that she may see if she can care for him, and that if at the end of this period both are agreed, may he ask her of her father.

This "asking for her" is one of the most curious points. The lover goes to her house and knocks at the door, saying, "I am come to seek a fair and beautiful maiden whom you possess; I desire her, that she may be the beauty of my flock and the consolation of my old age." And then the father or mother, as the case may be, giving their consent, call out, one by one, the women and girls of the household, asking, as each appears, whether it is she whom he seeks, to which he answers, No. When this pretended search is over, *the one* is at length brought forward, to the delight of the lover, who says, "This is she whom my heart longs for." They then give each other the hand in token of betrothal. As soon as this ceremony is over, preparations go forward for the *trousseau*, house linen, and furniture, all of which the girl supplies. In some parts of the country the conveying these things to the lover's house is quite a grand affair. The bed, with all its belongings, is placed upon a wagon drawn by oxen, who are decorated with garlands of flowers; and following this are the girl's friends, each carrying some package of goods, all moving on to the sound of laughter and music.

On the morning of the marriage the bridegroom goes to fetch his bride, and receives her from the mother; then, accompanied by many friends, they go to ask their priest's blessing; then on to the church, where the marriage is celebrated, and lastly to the "Comunita," for the legal part of the ceremony, after which the day is one of feasting and merriment. When the bride leaves her home, comfits are showered upon her for luck (not rice) and future prosperity.

The Italians do not approve of second marriages; indeed, they are very unpopular, owing to the superstition that they trouble the souls of the dead wife or husband. When such a marriage takes place the young men of the village give the newly-married pair rough music for several nights outside their abode.

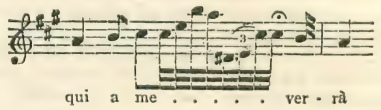
To conclude, I would say that of all Italian girls Roman girls are proudest of their birth. Even one of the lower class, uneducated though she may be, loves the fine arts and music, and notwithstanding that in her jealousy she is terrible and revengeful, she has a great sense of her own dignity in being "Una Roma."

As yet they are not much given to cleanliness and order, but they may be easily brought to adopt both.

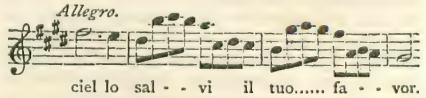
VARIETIES.

Musical Decoration.

Musical decoration, in the form of cadences and passages of agility, adds much to the meaning of the music in which it is judiciously introduced, and is as reasonable and as consonant with the canons of art as architectural decoration. Whatever the origin or precise meaning of a trill may be, its effect, in the right place and well executed, is prodigiously fine. Indeed, the result of ornament is often greatly out of proportion to its appearance. When the two sisters Marchisio appeared at Milan about the year 1856 in *Semiramide*, the soprano introduced a little passage at the end of the air, "Bel raggio," thus:—



and later, in the duet "Ebben, a te, ferisci"—



These passages do not look very much on paper, but their effect, executed without the smallest apparent premeditation, and with a spontaneous *élan de voix*, was simply electric. —*Grove's Dictionary of Music.*

Caught by Guile.

William Guthrie, minister of Fenwick, in Scotland, when walking in a lone and remote part of his parish, found a man fishing in an upland stream. He proved to be one of his parishioners, but one whom the minister had never seen at church. He frankly avowed himself to be a man who was not, as they say, "kirk-greedy." To induce him to come Guthrie promised him half-a-crown—a big sum in those days—every time he came to the house of God and afterwards to the manse to ask for it.

Next Sabbath he was there, and came duly for his half-crown—the two following Sabbaths the same, but he never came to the manse afterwards. God blessed the word to him, and he became an eminent Christian—taken as it were, to use Paul's words, "by guile!"

How to Succeed.—Without steady hard work it is impossible to excel in anything.

Better than Riches.—"Good instruction is better than riches," was the motto that William Penn, the illustrious founder of Pennsylvania, placed on the seal of a library corporation granted by him more than a hundred and fifty years ago.

Observing and Observed.—Remember that as thine eye observes others, so art thou observed by angels and by men.—*Jer. Taylor.*

Answer to Double Acrostic (page 167).

A c i S
Berenic E
Y e S
Draugh T
O lisip O (*a*)
Simonide S (*b*)
Abydos. Sestos.

(*a*) Sometimes spelt "Ulyssipo," now "Lisboa" or "Lisbon."

(*b*) Simonides is believed to have added the long vowels "η" and "ω" and the double consonants "ξ" and "ψ" to the Greek alphabet.

UNCLE GILBERT'S RETURN;

OR, THE

CHRISTMAS DECORATION OF THE HOME.

It was a few days before Christmas, 1883, and in the comfortable if well-worn dining-room of a London house in a quiet street, the whole Morris family lingered a few minutes after the rather late breakfast. As a rule, in that busy household there was little of such dallying—little, indeed, of the elegant leisure that allows of it; there rarely is when the master of the house is a hard-working London physician, with a large family of all ages to maintain and to educate. On this special morning the boys were at home from school, the girls were released from governess and class, and Dr. Morris, a tender and loving father, beneath a slightly stern exterior, usually managed to give a few dearly-prized

minutes to the children when they were thus assembled.

Mrs. Morris, a gentle, quiet woman, with a face in which good temper and good sense were equally blended, was one of those mothers who are constantly appealed to by their children, male and female, and her share in all their pleasures and pains was necessarily a large one. Guided by their mother's love and tact, the Morris children had long ago penetrated beneath the stiff casing of their father's manner to the loving heart; and each of them rested securely there, quite sure of his love and care. So unrestrained, indeed, in their confidence and converse before him, that other people's children, not so happy, listened in astonishment to the family chatter and family laughter which went on, apparently uncontrolled, before so grave a father, who neither commented upon it nor seemed to take part in anything that was going on.

But though so silent, had a bystander noticed the glances passing between Dr. Morris and his children they would have understood the constant tale of sympathy and tenderness those looks betrayed; indeed, but few fathers knew better than he each child's character and growing tendencies. It was Dr. Morris who had encouraged Ethel's love of form and colour, and finally placed her in training for the Royal Academy School; it was he, too, who had discovered Muriel's yet childish fancy for his own noble profession, and was steadily encouraging and overlooking her studies; and though to all appearance the boys showed no particular predilection for special studies, Dr. Morris would probably have been able to guess at them with perfect ease.

On this particular morning there was an important family event to be talked over—no less than the somewhat unexpected visit of a brother of Dr. Morris's, who had long been settled in the northern parts of Canada, near the Georgian Bay; and who, accompanied by his wife, was coming to spend his Christmas in England for the first time since his early youth.

No wonder that the children were excited. To the boys Uncle Gilbert had been for years a dream and a subject of much conversation. He was a wonderful hunter and "dead shot," and it was his adventurous and roving disposition that had prevented his settling in England or finishing his college course, and that had carried him off on that roving life, the fancy for which would seem to be born in the Anglo-Saxon race, and makes them the colonists, *par excellence*, of the world. But Uncle Gilbert had been more fortunate than most men of his kind; his small amount of capital had been thriftily used, and he had settled down, married suitably, and had prospered in his far-off home. But he had no children, and Dr. Morris suspected, not without good reason, that the wanderer's return was prompted by a desire to see his sons, and find in one of them the son he longed for. Nor did he object. All the boys, he knew, must work as he had done, and make the best of the few hundreds he could leave them; and what more suitable than that one of the same blood should find home and settlement with his brother Gilbert, of whom the grave doctor thought all day to-day with moist eyes and full heart? Gilbert, tenderly loved as when they were boys, was speeding towards him along the iron rails, fast as steam could bring him. How strange it was!

But we must go back to the breakfast-table, just in time to hear that the subject of conversation had turned on the Christmas decorations of the house, about which Ethel was more than usually anxious, as they were her special care; and she had just asked her mother how much she would give her towards purchasing the evergreens this year.

"About five shillings," said Mrs. Morris, mischievously smiling at her young daughter.

"Mother," cried Ethel, "how can you? And Uncle Gilbert, so many years away from home, will expect a perfect old-fashioned Christmas—all holly, mistletoe, and plum-pudding!"

"The plum-pudding he certainly shall have," said Mrs. Morris, "and just as much of the holly and mistletoe as you and Muriel can get for five shillings. Take Dorothy and the boys, and go down to Covent Garden early to-morrow morning, and make the most of your allowance."

"Mother," laughed Muriel, the second daughter, who had not before spoken, "I declare you are growing quite penurious in your old age. How do you expect us to decorate our ancestral halls for Christmas with five shillings?"

Even Dr. Morris laughed at the incongruity of such an amount of expenditure with Muriel's grand idea of "ancestral halls;" but Mrs. Morris proving obdurate, he finally produced ten shillings from his own purse, coupling it, however, with the proviso that his study and consulting-room in the back dining-room was not to be invaded by the decorators, and that as little holly and ivy as possible were to be used in the sitting-rooms; none in the nursery nor bed-rooms; but as much as they liked in the halls, staircase, and school-rooms.

"Oh, father!" cried Dorothy, "you haven't really left anywhere!"

"I've left quite enough for you to manage with your ten shillings, my little grammarless Dorothy," said Dr. Morris, as he escaped from his children's constraining hands and clamorous voices, which followed him to the door of his study, from whence he soon issued again to enter the waiting brougham which stood at the hall door.

Ethel and Muriel retired to the schoolroom to ponder over their intended decorations, and were soon followed to that favourite retreat by the boys and younger children. The suggested expedition to Covent Garden was one of yearly occurrence, and with the young people went nurses and children *en masse*. The first fine morning was usually chosen, and a very early start was made, so that they all got back to the family breakfast at the usual hour. It was great fun to see the bustle, the carts laden with Christmas greenery, the boxes of foreign fruit, to smell the all-pervading scent of flowers and hear the bargaining and chaffering that went on in the grey light of the morning.

"Ethel," said Muriel, "I did not think papa meant to have Christmas decorations at all this year; for last year he said he thought the gradual decay of the greenery was bad for the children, and he would not have it where they were, and certainly not in the bedrooms. But, you know, we can use banners, and lots of Christmas pictures."

"Five shillings," said Ethel, "will get all the holly we need, and but one bunch of mistletoe is wanted. Papa's ten shillings must go to buy a few yards of scarlet, blue, and white ribbands for banners, and, I think, Muriel, we will get some of those cheap scarlet and yellow fans—the ones that open and shut, I mean—for the pictures in the drawing and dining rooms; they are about twopence each. We must have a few stalks of Pampas grass too, and some plants in pots, besides the ferns and palms already in the drawing-rooms. And I should like a few lengths of artificial ivy for the drawing-room lamps."

Muriel assented as usual to Ethel's plans, and as she was the ruling spirit amongst her younger brothers and sisters, this made them unopposed. The next day or two were taken up with the visit to Covent Garden, and the manifold small purchases and preparations. Amongst these were the silken banners, which Ethel painted with different devices, and which the boys glued round suitable sticks; and Christmas Eve saw the three girls busily engaged in the decoration of the staircase with delicate wreaths of holly, and the family pictures with graceful sprays of the same. A small trophy of miniature flags was placed at the top of the banisters of each landing, and Ethel had painted "Welcome" on a scarlet ground, to be placed in a conspicuous position in the lower entrance-hall, which was well suited to decoration, as it was larger than usual in London houses, and had a fireplace in which a fire was kept burning during the winter to warm the upper halls.

In this lower hall were plenty of fur skins, sent home at different times by Uncle Gilbert, which were used as rugs on the tessellated floor, as well as coverings on cold days in the carriage; the latter were hung on a stand which Dr. Morris had had specially constructed, so that their beauty might be seen to advantage when fully displayed. Deers' antlers, horns, and heads also decorated the walls; and the boys looked with especial admiration on the head of a "grizzly," shot by Uncle Gilbert on some of his Rocky Mountain journeys, after a life or death struggle, every detail of which was known to them, as it had been witnessed by a well-known traveller, and described in a book. Thus the halls and staircase, as Ethel declared, were unsurpassed for their decorations at any time; and at Christmas, touched up by her tasteful hand with sprays and small wreaths of ivy and holly, they formed a subject of admiration to all their friends.

Against the dark walls of the dining-room, spread out above the pictures, were the scarlet and yellow fans, and in the tall vases a great display of Pampas grass and other dried grasses and leaves, with which green holly-leaves had been deftly mingled.

This year Ethel had been placed on her mettle, and had made wonderful use of colour, with the small amount of greenery allowed her. The palms in the drawing-room were drawn out into conspicuous places, where their shining fronds were seen against the lights, and with flags, fans, and a little Turkey red drapery, the drawing-room was changed into what Mrs. Morris called a "fairy pavilion."

Uncle Gilbert was to arrive in time for a late dinner, so a telegram from Liverpool had announced, and how the day would have passed but for the Christmas decorations, which kept the young people busy, Mrs. Morris, excited and nervous herself, did not know. The doctor, to all appearance, was too much occupied to think of the expected arrival; but she did not quite believe that all was so quiet beneath the calm exterior, and she fancied that his thoughts, like her own, dwelt with the long unseen brother whom she had known before her marriage, and with the yet unknown sister whom they were to see for the first time.

Mrs. Gilbert Morris had been the daughter of a Canadian Senator, and had been dowered with both beauty and wealth—so report said—which she had bestowed for love on Gilbert, then an unknown Englishman, poor, and only distinguished by his handsome looks.

At length the day wore over, and as the children, ready dressed and excited, waited with their mother in the drawing-room, the long-expected carriage, with its attendant cab piled with luggage, rolled to the door, and Mrs. Morris, flying down the stairs, met her husband as he entered the door, he having met the travellers at the station. Then a tall, stately figure cried out "Mary!" in excited tones—she was swallowed up in a fur coat—

while a little figure waited behind to be introduced.

"Sophie—Mary—my wife," said Gilbert, and the two sisters-in-law embraced cordially. Then the children, already devouring Uncle Gilbert with their eyes, were successively introduced and made known, beginning with the namesake and godchild "Gilbert," who was hailed with much applause and many tender welcomes.

"We think him like the Gilbert of old," remarked Dr. Morris, "and he certainly shares some of his natural characteristics, particularly where mischief is concerned."

Uncle Gilbert laughed, and kissed the boy fondly. It was so pleasant to find that he had been a cherished and beloved remembrance in his brother's home.

"Why, Sophie," he shouted merrily, looking round as they mounted the stairs, "here's all the rubbish I've been sending home since the year one collected in this hall!"

"Oh, Uncle Gilbert!" murmured the second Gilbert, whom he clasped with one arm, "you can't call the 'grizzly' rubbish, surely?"

"Well, no, my boy, I suppose not; at least, I remember I did not think him so at the time. He was a serious event in my life."

Dinner over, and the family gathered once more in the drawing-room, the elder children had time to look at their new uncle and aunt. Uncle Gilbert was taller and stouter than their father; his early life of outdoor sport and exposure had developed his fine manly beauty, and the years as they advanced were adding stateliness to his mien. "Aunt Sophie" was a perfect contrast to him. She was fair and small, with blue eyes and a happy, laughing face. There was no doubt about either their mutual good looks or their mutual happiness—both were so evident.

"Aunt Sophie" looked about her curiously. It was her first visit to England, and Uncle Gilbert walked about the rooms with his brother, recognising familiar things, and admiring to the full Ethel's decorations, which he praised and enjoyed, to her great delight. He showed Aunt Sophie, too, the holly, laurestina, and mistletoe, and to the children's great astonishment they were told that none of them grew in Canada, and that, excepting dried specimens, Aunt Sophie was being introduced to them for the first time. Ivy Aunt Sophie knew very well, as it is much used in pots for internal decoration, being trained round doors and windows in Canada, but it will not grow in the open air.

"But," said Ethel, in bewilderment, "you do have Christmas decorations, for Uncle Gilbert has written about them in the 'log-church.' What are they made of?"

"Principally of fir," said Aunt Sophie, "which makes beautiful decorations, and especially in the form of wreaths. In the autumn I dry the brightest and best of the lovely variegated autumn leaves, and varnish them, and put them in at intervals to give colour to the green wreaths, and sometimes in clusters of half-a-dozen together; while the cones can serve as pendants. Then we have mountain-ash berries, and another berry something like an English barberry, so Gilbert says, which we gather and keep for Christmas in the cellar, either in salt and water or hung up in bunches on the wall. But our prettiest decoration in our northern latitudes is the stag's-horn moss, which Gilbert says you have in Scotland, and of which we have a great abundance in our woods. This we pick in the autumn and hang in the coldest cellar; and at Christmas it comes forth as green as when gathered, and I do not think that any one could have a more charming description of decoration."

"How strange," said Mrs. Morris, meditatively, "one never thinks of the different manners and customs of other lands, and of the differing skies under which Englishmen and women keep, with tender fidelity, as closely as they can to the ways and habits of their old 'Mother Country.'"

"I daresay it does seem strange to you," said Aunt Sophie, "but I have been used to it all my life, you know. I have a cousin in New South Wales," she continued, after a moment's pause, "and over there they cannot imitate any of the English winter character of Christmas; and she tells me they use, instead of holly, a lovely tree which they call the 'Christmas tree.' Its blossoms have a white corolla, and a large and conspicuous red calyx. The corollas fall off, and the red calyces give the tree the appearance of being covered with red flowers."

"After all," said Uncle Gilbert, as he drew closer to his fairy-looking wife, and looked round at his brother, "it's home, Phil, where the heart is; and, God be thanked, this year He has indeed given us all that long-prized blessing together, *i.e.*,

A Happy Christmas.

A CANADIAN.

AN ENGLISH PRINCESS.

CHAPTER III.

WHEN October set in it was deemed advisable that the Princess and her brothers should return to St. James's. The King wrote to Sir Thomas Fairfax on the 10th asking that they might be allowed to come and see him at Hampton Court about once in ten days, and to stay a night or two, on account of the distance, the winter weather, and the shortness of the days. Accordingly, later in the month they came and stayed from Saturday to Monday. It was the last of their happy meetings. On the 12th of November word came to them that their father had made his escape from Hampton Court in the darkness of the previous night.

Whatever hopes the King's flight may have raised in his children's minds were soon dispelled by the news that Charles was once more a captive in Carisbrooke Castle. But they had now an all-engrossing object before them. The King had urged on James the necessity of effecting his escape, if possible, to his sister, the Princess of Orange. Henry was too young to know anything of this, but Elizabeth shared with her brother all his plans and hopes. It was a difficult thing to attempt, so closely watched were they at all times. James wrote to his father under cover of a letter to the Princess Mary, giving details of a proposed scheme, but the letter fell into hostile hands, and only resulted in their being guarded more strictly than ever, and in James and Elizabeth never being allowed to have any private conversation. At last, however, they managed to devise a plan which was carried out successfully.

They had introduced the custom of a game of hide-and-seek in the evenings before little Henry went to bed. James prided himself on the cleverness of his hiding-places, and on the length of time he could keep the others looking for him. On the night of the 21st of April, 1648, he ran off from the others, saying—"I shall give Harry two hours' work this evening." Hastening down to the gardener, he persuaded him to lend him the key which opened both the garden gate and a private door into the park, under pretence of hiding in the gardener's room. Possessed of this, he hurried across the garden, locked the gate behind him, donned a girl's dress, with which he had provided himself, and crossing the park to the waterside reached safely a boat which was in waiting, and which rowed him to a Dutch ship which had been lying in the river for some time in the hope of being able to embark the Prince. On board this friendly vessel James proceeded to Holland, and soon found himself in safety with the Princess of Orange and her husband.

Elizabeth had a hard part to play that night. While search was being made high and low for her brother, she alone knew the secret of his flight, and while she strove to interest herself in the search, and to betray no sign of superior knowledge, her heart must have been beating fast with hope and fear. When Lord Northumberland came to attend his charges to rest, he found the attendants still hunting vainly for the hidden Prince. As night wore on the whole household was roused. The gardener told the story of the key, but the room where he supposed the Prince to be was found empty. At last the truth came home with slow conviction to the searchers: the Duke of York was gone.

Her brother's escape must have been a sad loss to Elizabeth. Only two years older than herself, they were congenial companions, and could share all each other's thoughts and feelings, while the tender years of the Duke of Gloucester, who was not yet seven years old, precluded her from sharing with him any of her more serious thoughts and plans.

The Earl was freed from blame in connection with the Duke of York's escape, and he obtained permission to take his remaining charges to Sion House for the summer. Here the long days passed uneventfully, save for an occasional letter received from the King, who continued in the Isle of Wight. With the close of the year the clouds thickened around the doomed monarch. Seized and brought to Hurst Castle—a prison bleak enough to arouse the darkest foreboding, as any who have seen it, standing grim and solitary at the extremity of the long neck of sand which stretches across the entrance to the Solent, will confess—and thence conducted to Windsor, the Princess could have little satisfaction in the thought of her father being nearer to her when she thought of the purpose for which he had been brought thither. In the seclusion of Sion House she was probably spared much that would have pained and distressed her had she been spending the winter as usual at St. James's, but by the end of the year the fact could no longer be concealed from her that the King was to be tried for his life. When her father inquired after his daughter's health, he was told "she was very melancholy." "And well she may be," answered Charles, "when she hears the death her old father is coming to."

During these days of terrible forebodings and suspense, the Princess petitioned the Houses of Parliament for leave to retire to her sister in Holland, but Parliament was so engrossed with weightier matters that her petition was never presented. The King's trial commenced on the 20th of January. On the 27th he was condemned to die.

The anguish of the Princess Elizabeth on receiving these fatal tidings can be better imagined than described. Rumour had it that she was dead, but though in the sorest distress she had sufficient strength to take the journey to London when it was known that she and her brother were to be allowed a last interview with their father.

That interview has been often described, and it is chiefly, if not solely, in connection with this that we find Elizabeth's name mentioned in most histories. The Princess herself has left a brief record of it, which is perhaps one of the most pathetic documents of the period. "Most sorrowful was the parting," writes Herbert, "the princess shedding tears and crying lamentably, so as to move others to pity that were formerly hard-hearted; and at opening the bedchamber door the King returned hastily from the window and kissed them and blessed them; and so parted."

Joy and strength alike died out of Elizabeth's life with this last parting from her father. How she received the dreadful tidings of his execution, how the dreary, hopeless days that succeeded it dragged slowly by, we have no record. But from that time her health began visibly to decline. In March Sir Theodore Mayerne saw her and reported that while she had aforetime been sad and ailing, "from the death of her father, King Charles, beheaded 30th of January, 1648-9, she fell into great sorrow, whereby all the other ailments from which she suffered were increased."

She grew pale and thin, a tumour made its appearance, and the physicians found the greatest difficulty in prescribing for her, as she was too weak to take the necessary medicines.

All other sorrows dwindle into insignificance beside the crowning sorrow of her father's death, but still it cannot have been without regret and foreboding that Elizabeth, in the April of this year, found that she and her brother must exchange the kindly, thoughtful guardianship of Northumberland for that of a stranger.

The Earl, finding the allowance in respect of his wards constantly in arrear, was obliged to throw up the appointment, and a new guardian had therefore to be sought. The Princess at this juncture again petitioned Parliament for leave to join her sister in Holland, but the petition was rejected by a majority of five votes. After some negotiations, Northumberland proposed his sister, the Countess of Leicester, as guardian. Elizabeth wrote seconding this proposal, and on the 14th of June the children were delivered to Lady Leicester's care, and by her received at the already historic house of Penshurst, in Kent.

(*To be concluded.*)

THE MOUNTAIN PATH.

By LILY WATSON, Author of "Within Sight of the Snow," &c.

CHAPTER XI.

AFTER the engagement of young Mr. Thorne to Miss Adela Gascoigne, together with the supposed act of matchless valour by which he saved her life, had been made a nine days' wonder, things gradually settled down into their usual calmness at Heatherbridge. Oswald was generally considered fortunate, for his *fiancee* was undeniably pretty, and was rich. It is true that although she went by the name of "an heiress," her possessions were not reckoned inordinately large in that money-making region, yet her lovely house and income were decidedly pleasant things to have. So thought many people, including Adela herself, who was quite alive to her own social and pecuniary value. But, as she explained to Helen, he was well off too, so things were neatly arranged all round.

Did Mrs. Thorne like it? No one knew, but she welcomed Adela with a gentle, motherly kindness. Mr. Thorne was delighted. Aunt Maria, though foreseeing her own dethronement from the post of resident housekeeper at Hill Crest, expressed hearty satisfaction; and Mr. Aubrey Gascoigne wrote down from the Middle Temple to signify his gracious approbation. Helen wondered at first if she should remain with Adela, but the young lady declared her intention of not being married for at least a year or two, and said that she wished her to stay till the event took place.

So after a little time the home-life of the three ladies at Hill Crest

went on as usual, with the exception of Oswald's almost daily visits. Helen saw a great deal of him, and he seemed disposed to make her his confidante; for his sisters, Milly and Edith, were commonplace well-meaning girls, who had never been in the confidence of this brother of theirs, And when a few weeks of close association between the two young people had passed, Oswald began tacitly to appeal to Helen, without hinting that he saw any defect in Adela's character, for her help in making the girl regard this thing and another with different eyes. Mr. Aubrey Gascoigne, who appeared to spend a part of the Long Vacation at Hill Crest, touched on the matter with languid openness.

"My dear Oswald," he observed, as the two young men strolled about the grounds for an after-dinner cigar, enjoyed by Oswald alone, for Aubrey never smoked, "Adela is a frivolous maid. I have said so before to your tall grave friend of St. Martin's Close."

"And what did she say?" asked Oswald, chafing.

"She bade me not disparage my sister to her, or used words to that effect."

"And you had better not do it to me," quoth Oswald, "or we shall fall out."

"I never quarrel," replied Mr. Gascoigne, tranquilly; "it is well you should know the little maid's defects, that you may strive to alter them."

"You do not know her," exclaimed Oswald. "You are always doing her injustice of some sort."

Mr. Gascoigne smiled serenely, and changed the subject.

Meanwhile the four young people employed the autumn days, with their still golden sunlight and glorious tints on tree and moor, in exploring the lovely neighbourhood of Hill Crest. There was one breezy road that Helen loved, which climbed higher and higher, through fields and scattered houses, until it reached the level expanse at the top of a ridge of hills. The fertile meadows degenerated into moorland here; clumps of fir-trees stood at intervals; scarcely a house was within sight, in the wide even prospect; and a great stone pillar called the "Stoop," with various strange legends attaching to it, marked the top of Broadrain Moor, for so it was called. Roads here and there, with ugly stone walls in place of the hedgerows of the South, ran cleaving the moorland whitely till they vanished from sight. Scarcely a traveller was ever seen upon them, and Helen liked to wonder where they led, over the great wild upland. She knew that if she followed the main road on Broadrain Moor, she would at last arrive at the brow of the steep descent into which the ridge of hills broke down on the further side, with a glorious view over plain and river; but this was beyond the limit of an ordinary walk. And Broadrain Stoop was the goal of many a breezy climb in the teeth of a strong, invigorating wind.

There was one drawback to this ramble, and that was the necessity of passing through the village of Broadrain before beginning the ascent.

It consisted of great stone, barn-like houses, hideous past description, whence the rattle of the loom came all day long; huge mills, sending forth volumes of black smoke over God's beautiful country; gas-works, gaunt and offensive, close to the houses; miry alleys; and a stream, or "beck" as it was called, once a lovely mountain brook, but now defouled with cloth-dye, black and unspeakable. All the running water near was utilised for the purpose of drainage from the mills; the very fields were blackened with their smoke, and were used also as receptacles for cinders and any refuse that it seemed appropriate to pile there.

The inhabitants of this frightful village earned high wages, which they spent ignorantly; but any idea of the desirability of making their barn-like homes beautiful, or of reducing the dirt and desolation caused by the brutal pouring forth of smoke over the land, and of refuse dye down the streams, never occurred to them. They dwelt on a sweeping hill-side in a fair country, but their home was reduced to a desolate network of disease, vice, and wretchedness in the midst of plenty.

There were well-to-do inhabitants among them who formed the Local Board, but they would not enforce sanitary reforms or encourage any new measures which seemed to them likely to interfere with their time-honoured mode of heavy woollen manufacture. Therefore the streets, or rather roads, of Broadrain were a disgrace to civilisation, and the school-children played on the bank of a poisonous stream.

Mr. Aubrey Gascoigne was never weary of lamenting over this state of things. One day the four young people had skirted the village, and had escaped from its noxious neighbourhood, far up on the breezy moor, where they were resting, near the "Stoop."

"The dwellers yonder do not feel the hideousness of their surroundings," he observed. "They are crushed by the Juggernaut wheels of the remorseless car of commerce."

"Cannot we do something?" cried Helen. "It seems a disgrace that we should live on the very limits of such a place as Broadrain, and take no pains to make things different."

"It's not the least use," observed Oswald; "if you talk to the Local Board they only abuse you. It's too much trouble to fight with them—life is too short for it."

"I don't mean that it is of any use to attack them," replied Helen; "I am thinking rather of the people themselves, who suffer from their surroundings in a blind sort of way, and don't know what is amiss."

"If you mean district visiting, or anything of that kind," said Adela, sharply, "I must tell you at once, Helen, that I can't have it. I couldn't have you going in and out of those frightful places at Broadrain, bringing fever and no one knows what back with you."

"I don't mean that," said Helen, gently. "I don't think they are poor enough to need much district visiting. I have an idea whether we couldn't get up a sort of club, to give entertainments and lectures in a public room; to let the people hear good music and poetry, and give them a glimpse of the beautiful side of life. We might by degrees have a library and reading-room. There is nothing of the sort there now, I believe."

"No, there isn't even a Mechanics' Institute," replied Oswald.

"I believe we might rent a large room somewhere," said Helen, "and in time we might raise enough money to have a building of our own."

Oswald gave a start of affected horror. "Helen, your energy is truly appalling. I feel wearied out before the scheme has begun."

"It is stupid," exclaimed Adela. "The people like the public-houses best, and you had better let them go there."

"I don't think they do like them best," replied Helen.

Aubrey had been lost in thought for some minutes, but suddenly rejoined—

"Miss Brooke, your idea is a good and precious one. We will not allow it to fall to the ground. I myself will give a lecture early in the series of entertainments."

"They won't understand a word you say, and will laugh at you tremendously," Adela broke in with irreverence.

Aubrey was unruffled. "No, they will not laugh. My subject shall be 'Spiders' Webs in Kings' Palaces;' and I shall show them the incongruity of their hideous village in the Palace of Nature."

"We will have music!" cried Helen.

"Yes, that is one thing they do understand," Oswald observed. "The people are wonderfully musical. I believe the mill-girls sing at their looms, and their voices acquire strength, because they are obliged to raise them above the clashing of the machinery."

The scheme began to gather fresh force and interest, and Helen grew enthusiastic. Adela suddenly perceived in it a means of making herself socially important, and passing as a sort of Lady Bountiful, so she inwardly resolved not to oppose the project until she saw whether people in the neighbourhood would take it up or not; then, if it seemed likely to succeed, she would head the subscription list, and be looked upon as a benefactress to the village. As they walked home, Aubrey actually made inquiries whether any suitable place could be had for holding concerts and so forth, and found that a large, long, barn-like room, running over the ground-floor of several cottages, was now empty of looms, and could be hired for a moderate sum.

The next thing was to draw out a programme for the winter, as it was now the end of September, and Helen wanted to begin early in October. She and Oswald had the opportunity of a conversation that evening on the subject. Mr. and Mrs. Thorne and their daughters had been dining at Hill Crest, and Adela was coaxingly chattering to her future father-in-law, while Aunt Maria was discoursing to patient Mrs. Thorne on the iniquities of the race of domestics; Aubrey was conversing with a Miss Thorne, in a state of great astonishment, on either

side of him; and Helen was in the conservatory with her friend.

"You will be the secretary of our new scheme, will you not?" she asked him.

"Oh, I don't know."

"But you seem interested in the idea, Oswald. It is small enough, but it may be the beginning of other things."

"Yes, I am *interested*, but I doubt whether my interest will go further than the subscription of a guinea here and there."

"I want you to make your personal influence felt among the people, Oswald," said Helen, pleadingly, "for you will live near them always. Do try this plan. You will get to know the men and boys, and can throw yourself into their life, and try to raise them to a higher level. Money they don't want, but this they do."

"The churches and chapels about ought to get hold of them. I am sure there are plenty. I don't see why I should make myself into a volunteer slave."

"The churches and chapels have enough to do as it is. We shall help them by our scheme. My idea is to become friendly with the people, and try to show them a better way of living; to provide pleasures apart from drink, and to give them an insight into the world of poetry and art. This is surely an aim worth trying after. The clergymen and ministers are hard-worked enough now; you cannot expect them to provide recreation; yet people must have it, or they will get it for themselves."

"Well, we'll see," said Oswald, lazily stretching himself in a low chair. "If it isn't too much trouble——"

"If you would only do something that would cost you trouble, it would be the making of you!" exclaimed Helen.

"*Hallo! here is the old* style of thing. A lecture is imminent, and Adela is not here to protect me. Well, preach away; I like to hear you."

"Then I will preach, and my text shall be a line from the 'Pilgrim's Progress.' I read it this morning, and I thought of you."

"Go on. It is so long since I have read Bunyan, I forget what it is about."

"Christian comes, you know, to the foot of the hill Difficulty, and the story says, 'The narrow way lay *right up* the hill. There were two other ways, round the foot, and one was called Danger, which led into a great wood, and the other took directly up the way to Destruction, and led into a wide field, full of dark mountains, where the wayfarer stumbled and fell.'"

"Interesting, but scarcely appropriate to my case," said Oswald, watching the animated face of his companion with an air of amusement.

"On the contrary, it is very appropriate. The narrow way, the right path, always, sooner or later, leads up the hill Difficulty. All who would live nobly have to climb it. If they turn aside from the right way, because of the toil, they will find the easy path leads them into bewilderment, or else into ruin."

"Am I going that way?" asked Oswald, in a low voice.

"I tremble for you when I see how smoothly your life goes on—how you never do anything you do not like. No one can really follow our Master unless he is content 'not to please himself.'"

"You put things on the ground of religion, which I cannot see have anything to do with it," remonstrated Oswald.

"I think every act of daily life has to do with it. Jesus Christ did not only care for the souls of men; no detail was too insignificant for His care. But I did not mean to talk like this."

"We have, indeed, wandered a long way from the secretaryship of a village club," said Oswald. "I should not have thought my rejection of that would have involved such consequences as you depict."

"Of course, it is not that in itself I have been speaking about," said Helen. "Feathers show which way the wind blow. I want you not to lead an idle life, but to be what you can be—one of those men who leave the world better because they have lived in it. There is a sentence I once read that I often say to myself, for it is beautiful. 'No life can be pure in its purpose and strong in its strife, and all life not be purer and stronger thereby.'"

The sudden bitter sigh with which Oswald greeted these words astonished Helen. He glanced involuntarily into the drawing-room, where Adela's lovely face was wreathed in smiles as she talked still to Mr. Thorne.

"Do you not think my father is looking very old and grey to-night?" he inquired, abruptly.

"I have noticed he looks worried, not like himself. Do you know what it is?"

"I have not an idea. I heard him say he had not slept well the last night or two. I would get him to see a physician, only he's so obstinate; it's not much use."

"He seems very fond of Adela," Helen hazarded; but the gloom that had come over Oswald did not lighten. Helen hoped it might be the stirring of discontent with his own life and aims. She could not bear to see him sink down into the sensuous complacency of a thoroughly idle man; and his pleasure-loving nature made the danger a great one.

"I will think about the secretaryship," he resumed after a minute or two; then his brow cleared.

"Capital idea! We will have Lilian down to play on the opening night. I will get my mother to ask her, and Maggie shall come too."

"Oh, what a charming thought!" cried Helen, clasping her hands in delight. "But"—as the recollection of her sister's deformity came over her—"I do not know whether she would play in public."

"It is only semi-public, after all," said Oswald. "The piano can be arranged so as to prevent any discomfort to her, and she will not mind playing to a number of mill hands."

Before the party broke up that evening a plan was sketched out by which Helen was to call upon the different families in the neighbourhood, lay the scheme before them, and invite their help, either in money or promises of practical co-operation. Adela reserved her share in the matter till she should see the way in which public opinion seemed tending. As for Helen, vague, delightful visions floated before her eyes of a magnificent institution in time to come, where the inhabitants of Broadrain should receive pleasure of a lofty and elevating kind, learn the arts of making home clean, fair, and happy, study the simple laws of health, find pleasant employment for their leisure, enjoy the benefit of pictures, learn everything they wished at a low fixed fee—a place, in short, that should send forth a current of pure, beautiful influence to counteract all that was low and degrading around.

(*To be continued.*)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

RULES.

I. No charge is made for answering questions.

II. All correspondents to give initials or pseudonym.

III. The Editor reserves the right of declining to reply to any of the questions.

IV. No direct answers can be sent by the Editor through the post.

V. No more than two questions may be asked in one letter, which must be addressed to the Editor of The Girl's Own Paper, *56, Paternoster-row, London, E.C.*

VI. No addresses of firms, tradesmen, or any other matter of the nature of an advertisement will be inserted.

EDUCATIONAL.

Honeysuckle should get Harland Coultas' "Home Naturalist," 4s., published at 56, Paternoster-row, E.C.

Irene.—The questions set at former examinations might be obtained by advertisement.

Sameda must apply to the secretary's office, Edinburgh University, for the regulations of the local examinations.

A. M. S.—The "School of Cookery" at South Kensington has several courses of instruction, from which you might make a choice; you had better go and inquire.

M. A. O. Society.—We think the compositions were too much to ask in addition to the weekly newspaper compositions of your members. Some might do it, but many could not. We should alter the rule, and allow each girl to commit a poem to memory, or devote a certain portion of time to reading, instead; the book selected being one of which she might make a review, when finished.

Jeanie Deans.—Begin with the history of your own country, and read Green's "Smaller History," or one by any modern writer.

Grateful.—"Miss Ider' is quite right in telling you that you are not eligible for a situation as nursery governess. You cannot express yourself in good plain English, and there are twenty-one mistakes in spelling in your letter. If you have been employed as under-nurse in a gentleman's family, and have gained experience as well as information respecting the personal care of children and of making and mending their clothes, perhaps you might take a situation as upper-nurse or a single-handed place. We thank you for all you say of our paper, and are glad that you and "Miss Ider" find it so helpful.

WORK.

Artist.—You have omitted to date your letter, and yet request us to tell you the dates of numbers to which reference was made by us "in this week's number!" Under these circumstances, we cannot assist you in procuring the work recipes you require. In reference to painting on satin, see directions in the number for November 4th, 1881, vol. iv; and for painting on velvet, in that for May 7th, 1881, vol. ii.

White Lilac.—The present method of making a baby's Tam o' Shanter hat in crochet is to make a long straight band for the head, about an inch wide. For the top, a straight piece is required, about four inches wide; crochet this in tricot-stitch the narrow way, and make a third longer than the head-band; join it up, and gather at the top under a tuft of wool, and then full in the lower edge into the head-band. The cap will need lining and wadding, and will require strings and a net or lace border.

HER OWN CHOICE will find the pattern in the Winter Number of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, called *Snow-drifts*. For the design she wants, we should advise her to look amongst Brigg's transfer designs, which may be found at any fancywork shop, on tissue-paper. They are intended to be ironed off on to the material to be worked upon, and are easily used.

ART.

SINDBAD THE SAILOR and FLOSSIE.—Procure a light carmine and capucine red at a good artists' colourman's.

E. M. C.—You should pin down the ivorine with drawing-pins to a board, and use the paints very dry.

KATE D. P.—We must refer you to our article on painting upon satin, which appeared at page 66, vol. iv.

A POOR LITTLE NUN.—The question on painting on glass was answered at page 136, vol. v.

AN ENTHUSIAST.—See the part for March, 1883, page 401.

H. M. R. R. R.—Place the photograph face upwards in a shallow basin filled with fresh cold water, leaving it immersed until it float of itself off the card mount; but do not attempt to assist in its removal from the latter in any way.

SALOME, IVY KING.—See page 136, vol. v., for an article on "Painting upon Glass." Both oil and water colours may be used. See also page 716, vol. ii. Unless intimate with the gentleman, it is not usual to give him your programme. You can tell for which you are still free.

DROSMA.—See article on "Canvasine Painting," page 190, vol. v.

M. E. S.—Press the grapes between sheets of blotting-paper, change them daily (or every second day), and lay moderate weights upon them until quite dry.

JANE EYRE and ESPERANZA.—See "Sketching from Nature," vol. ii., pages 36, 124, 179, 279, 283, 405, 521, 561, 567, and 737. For "Painting in Oil-Colours, see vol. iv., pages 401 and 545.

BEATISSIMA.—The publishers of Christmas cards are so over-stocked with hand-painted cards that they will only accept the very best. These should be sent them in January, a year in advance. But a local tradesman will often take and sell them, deducting something for the trouble taken. Shilling cards should be sent to the publishers complete, and on good card-board mounts. It is better to excel in one branch of art than to acquire a smattering of several.

A. H.—Wash the marble thoroughly with strong soap-suds, and if not sufficient mix some quicklime with soapsuds and lay it as a thick fluid on the marble, leaving it there for a day; then wash off.

MISCELLANEOUS.

HOTHOUSE LILY.—Your state of health appears to be as unsatisfactory as "Flora's," and the soreness of your throat is only an effect of this condition. A doctor should prescribe for you both.

ANXIOUS ROSA.—There is no peculiar method of preserving a bigonia in the winter than in any other plant. Keep it free from draughts, from frost, from gas. Give it light and water, and a good supply of the description of mould in which you found it planted when purchased. Look out the two words, "rear" and "rare," in a dictionary.

BENIGNA.—"Hesba Stretton" is living, and we do not think that the person whom you heard sing at Oswestry is the same who writes the articles to which you refer. The name is only an assumed one in her case. We feel sorry for you in your sadness, yet have little power to say anything consoling, as you do not give any clue to the cause. Yes, you may feel peace even here on earth amongst unsympathetic surroundings, and even bowed down by bereavements or by sickness. See St. Luke vii. 28, St. John vi. 37, Heb. vii. 25, Rev. vii. 17, and xxi. 4. Try to "let patience have her perfect work," and to "cast all your care on Him who careth for you," "committing the keeping of your soul to Him as unto a faithful Creator." May your faith be increased, and with your hope and your peace!

LANCASHIRE LASS.—You should not look in the face of your superiors when passing them in the street; but if they first notice you, bow gravely. If it be your master or mistress, you should make a slight curtsey.

MAUDIE has only to write to Mr. Tarn, at our publishing office, for the monthly numbers she requires. "Esther" and "Candalaria" began in the monthly part for October, 1883.

MARGUERITE.—Mary Carmichael was one of the four Marys in waiting on Mary Queen of Scots.

PUSS.—We have many times given full directions for drying seaweed between sheets of blotting-paper, and cleaning shells with muriatic acid. Use a small camels'-hair brush, and dip the shells in a basin of water after each brushing over with the acid, or you may burn a hole in them.

HEBE H.—In the upper classes of society girls are in the schoolroom till eighteen, but they are not fully grown and developed until they reach twenty-one. Amongst the poor they have to earn their living very early, while yet children in mind and body; but at fifteen or sixteen the dress should be the length of a woman's.

"PARISH WORK."—You are too young to undertake visiting in a district. It is not suitable to young girls in their teens, nor much later, for more than one reason. To pay visits to well-known cottagers in a village is quite another thing. Your duties lie at home in the family circle; or you might do needle-work for a clothing society, and join "bee" meetings, and teach, if capable, in a Sunday-school. You write very well.

SEA-BIRD.—Take them out every night (not for a walk, but to leave them in water.) We are glad that our paper is so useful to you.

GILMOUR.—1. We know that to girls employed in business all day, the necessity for taking a walk presents great difficulties. But in such cases they should not walk far, should always have a companion, and their behaviour should be very quiet, as well as their dress, and they should look at no one in passing, never stand about looking in at shop windows, nor be out, if possible, later than eight o'clock. 2. Of course you ought to tell your mother of any attentions paid you, and never encourage them unless with her consent.

ESTELLE.—The claws of small birds need to be cut when very long, and the scissors should be very sharp. Take care that you do not cut them very short, or you may hurt your canary.

LITTLE WOMAN.—We think you might give your photo if quite sure that by so doing your gift will have no special signification. If there be a doubt about it you should ask your mother's advice, and be guided by her. She knows all the circumstances of the case, which we do not.

SUGAR CANDY.—Your paroquet, or parrakeet, has apparently caught cold. Give him some warming food. When moulting a chili-pod may be cut up small for him once a week. The perches should be covered with flannel, and the feet should be kept cleanly washed.

A SLAVE TO HER BROTHERS.—1. Have you no mother, that you ask us whether you may "go out walking with boys"? Who are the boys? and how old are they? Above all, does your mother approve of your so doing? If your own brothers be as old or older than these boys, and they accompany you, there may be nothing objectionable about it. 2. Go to bed at 9 o'clock, if your mother give you any choice in the matter.

HETTIE.—Write to the lady you name, addressed to the care of the Editor, office of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, 56, Paternoster-row, E.C.

AMERICA S.—"Which of you, by taking thought, can add one cubit unto his stature?" Why, then, do you ask us to take thought on the subject on behalf of your short friend? We certainly should not advise her to cut her eyelashes every month, nor at all. We thank you for kindly telling us of the good effected by this paper in the United States.

MARY CAREW.—We do not recommend such an addition to your library as the books of the writer you name. Some good cyclopædia would be of more value.

BRADWARDINE (Sydney).—Mark Twain is living. You write fairly well, but your hand needs a little more delicacy. Do not make such heavy strokes.

TWO CHURCHGOERS.—Why deceive your mother by so sly and cowardly a trick? If you had not felt a misgiving that what you did was wrong, you would have told her, in a straightforward and dutiful manner, that you walked up and down a dark road during the church service, with a young man, and that you only went into church to hear the sermon. Of course you acted with great duplicity, as well as in an unseemly, unmaidenly way. Who was this young man?

J. PEN has suggested the collection in private houses and public offices of all the old steel pens thrown aside for sale to the iron merchants, being a plan adopted in Germany for the aid of charitable institutions. She proposes this method to her fellow readers of our paper, with a special view to the furtherance of our proposed undertaking in a Girls' Own Home. The girls' brothers who may be engaged in offices might be induced to take the small trouble of collecting them for their sisters' sake.

M. L. C.—The staple diet of all parrots is bread and milk. Use stale bread, cut in slices, and steep in warm water; then squeeze as dry as possible, and afterwards pour over the bread as much scalding milk as will make it soft, but not pappy. Parrots also may have biscuits, nuts, and any kind of fruit, plenty of coarse gravel and clean water; no meat, or they will pick their feathers out; and hang an empty cotton reel in the cage for them to peck at. If possible, all parrots should be allowed to fly about an empty room sometimes.

WILLIE'S DARLING.—Crœsus was King of Lydia, and passed for the richest of mankind. Æsop lived under his patronage, and his Court was the asylum of learning. He was defeated by Cyrus, King of Persia, B.C. 548, deposed from his kingdom, and died in obscurity.

CORLEIGH.—An answer on the subject of "Maids of Kent" will be found at page 480, vol. iii.

A POOR SERVANT AND HER FRIEND.—Your contribution to the Girls' Own Home was acknowledged in the May list, at page 556, vol. v.

M. P.—Earl Grey was Prime Minister in 1831.

TEMPUS FUGIT.—The "after glow" is a phenomenon which happens after the sun has set in Egypt, when the whole western sky is a sea of glory. Jean Paul Richter died 1825.

FATHERLESS MAY.—Were you grown up, and no longer under the teaching and authority of your governess, there would be no harm in reading the books you name. At present your duty is to submit to the authority and guidance of those under whom you are placed. We never heard of "Jane Ehrye."

M. J. E. F. A. is an infant in the eye of the law. She will not be of age until she be twenty-one. But reverence for her mother, and a dutiful regard for her wishes, must last through life. At the same time, when a child has earned its own living for some years a greater degree of liberty should naturally be allowed her by her parents, and kindly consideration on their part should be met with dutiful respect for their wishes on hers.

LEAMY, A. N. C., A SOLDIER'S DAUGHTER, IN A PICKLE, DOLLY VARDEN.—See "The Fairy of the Family" for washing; *also for spots and stains, vol.* iv., pages 779 and 807.

EDITH.—We should dye the dress red or a dark crimson. We are much pleased with your letter, and feel for you in your troubles.

TWEEDLEDUM and TWEEDLEDEE.—The portrait of the Editor was given in the Summer Number.

H. J. M.—Many thanks for pointing out the few words left out on page 752, vol. v. They were "from *legere*."

M. C. A. C.—We do not see any correction to be made, but we do see much correction possible and desirable in the spirit shown in your postcard. Politeness and good breeding are always admirable, even in an anonymous postcard.

THE MAY QUEEN.—The monthly parts may be obtained by writing to Mr. Tarn, 56, Paternoster-row, E.C., but not the weekly ones. All the volumes, also, can be had.

POOR ALICE.—Your letter is full of contradictions. You say you are "dead to all that is good and right," and then you add that you "most earnestly wish to serve and love the Master." This is nonsense. Who ever heard of a corpse "earnestly wishing" anything? You cannot be "dead"—quite the reverse. Your "class leader," whoever that may be, is making your peace and hope as a believer in Christ to depend on "frames and feelings." What matters it whether or not you have had what you call "a Christian experience." Look to Christ, His atonement, and His promises to aid you for comfort; not to yourself and your shortcomings. You are always "in His favour" so long as you are "humble and of a contrite spirit," and endeavour to fight against all sin in obedience to His will, trusting in Him as your only hope of salvation, and not to your "having had an experience."

POOR ALICE'S FRIEND should apply to Miss Webb, 267, Vauxhall Bridge-road, S.W.

MAGSIE is recommended to read our articles on "Girls' Allowances." She will find all the information and advice that she needs in them. See especially chapter ii., page 91, vol. v., in the monthly part for December, 1883.

AN IRISH WOMAN.—We are not aware that the authoress you name had any peculiar religious views. She was not a professedly religious woman. You have made a mistake between her *nom de plume*, "George Eliot," and the real name of the author of the hymn, "Just as I am," *i.e.*, Charlotte Elliot." The real name of the former was Mary Ann Evans, who was afterwards Mrs. Cross.

MARY VERENA MORVILLE.—Because it was taken after the Passover, which feast lasted into the night and past midnight.

L. A. B.—We should advise you to ask your own pastor, who will be sure to know whether there be such an institution, and probably could procure all particulars for you.

LEENA.—The sect to which you refer is not a sound one, neither in doctrine nor practice.

A STAFFORDSHIRE LASSIE.—Write to Mr. Tarn for all books published by us. The Editor has nothing to do with the publishing department.

HONEYSUCKLE.—A mixed diet is best, with plenty of cream, milk, butter, rice, milk with stewed apples, all kinds of meal, lentil soup, and vegetables. Go to bed at nine o'clock, and get up at seven.

FLORA.—You appear to be much out of health, and should consult a doctor. There is no "d" in the word "oblige."

MYRTLE.—1. Cold sponging at night is not desirable. It would be likely to banish all inclination to sleep, being so exciting. 2. Consult a doctor about your palpitation of the heart. Sometimes it is occasioned by indigestion, and of this, of course, we can form no opinion in your case.

BUSY BEE.—You write fairly well. Katharine of Aragon wore a high velvet headdress, pointed at the top and edged with pearls; a velvet dress; the stomacher of quilted white satin and pearls, and a pearl girdle round the waist.

IONE.—You will have to employ strong glue here and there, with as much care as possible, to secure the feathers in their right places between the glass sides.

LADY MADGE wants "a cure for taking hair off the face." The only way we could devise for a face that had the hair taken off it would be to rub pomatum into any bald places, or wear a "front." But why does she want hair on her face? If she were a young man we could understand her trouble better. Exposure in a box to the fumes of chloroform will *kill butterflies*. "Lady Madge" should not commence her letter in the third person and conclude in the first.

A PERPLEXED ONE.—Possibly the young man's parents may think the match a very imprudent one, as you may have no fortune, and he but little, and their objection in that case would be quite reasonable. Your being, as you infer, still in the schoolroom, and but half educated, is another serious drawback, and your youth another, as you may not know your own mind as yet, and if you married early, and in poor circumstances, you both might regret your wilful imprudence later on. Your actions should be guided by your parents' wishes and greater experience. It is no "child's play," but a very serious matter, affecting the happiness for life of you both.

DAISY.—Yes, it is decidedly ill-bred to subscribe yourself in a letter, "Yours, etc." Your second question has been answered already.

ONE WHO WANTS TO FOLLOW CHRIST.—If you desire to do something as a servant of your Divine Master, be silent when tempted to speak hastily and harshly, and when you feel ill-tempered look in a glass, and see what change for the better you could make in your unlovely expression. Above all, ask daily for God's grace to aid you in the work of self-control, and to set a good example to the children under your charge. 2. If you state to any dentist the fact that you are in domestic service, the fee charged would be trifling. But we advise your going to a dental hospital.

VIOLET.—In all essential matters of faith and of practice plain and unequivocal rules are given in the New Testament. Amongst these rules you may observe one upon which great stress is laid, and that is that in reference to minor questions perfect liberty is to be accorded between Christians to differ in opinion and in practice. No judging of one another's liberty is permitted. At the same time charity is to be exercised, so that other consciences should not be wounded when we can avoid so doing. On points of discipline and outward observances, fasting or abstinence, recreations, dress, and such like matters, on which so great a diversity of opinion exists, to "our Master we stand or fall," and shall have to "give an account." "Let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind." But for young people living under their parents' roof those parents' judgment and wishes must be their absolute law in all such matters, for they are "over them in the Lord."

GUINNIE DARLING.—Hats and bonnets, as well as baskets, may be plaited of the rushes which grow so well in various parts of Ireland. A considerable industry was established some years ago of this description in the Co. Carlow by a benevolent lady of that county, the late Mrs. Cooper. If you learned the way to make hats and flat baskets yourself, you might teach a class of young girls to do the same, and find orders in shops for them in the neighbouring and other towns and villages. 2. Write to a wholesale stationer's for the paper you describe, and if not understood, any naturalist would tell you where it could be obtained.

NELLY B.—The population of the world is commonly estimated at 1,000 millions of souls, and, according to the statements of Rawlinson, Camden Professor of Ancient History, Oxford, the earth, were it properly cultivated, is capable of nourishing ten times its existing inhabitants.

EIGGAM.—For the information which we have already more than once supplied respecting the origin of the term "blue stocking," we have given full particulars already. A society of learned ladies adopted stockings of this colour as a badge, in 1400, at Venice, and the last of that clique was Miss Monckton, subsequently Countess of Cork, who died in 1840. Your writing is too irregular to qualify you as a writing mistress, and you neglect dotting the "i's" and crossing the "t's," and you seem to know nothing of punctuation. Thank you for your kind letter. We regret to hear that a friend of yours has had no answer as yet to one of hers.

WEEDS.—We have not been able to hear of any jewellery called "Saint Esprit.'

IVY LEAF.—If it amuses you to write, why not continue to do so? It is only a doubtful question when it leads to unhealthy mental conditions and waste of time to be better employed.

RYE GRASS.—As school compositions they are fairly written, and perhaps if you tried now you might do something better.

EMMIE.—So little is known of the very early history of England that it is difficult to say which is the oldest town, but London is considered one of the most ancient, and also St. Albans.

UNHAPPY EIGHTEEN.—You have had very bad advisers, and have quite lost sight of the duty you owe to your parents. Unless you repent and return to the path marked out by God's commandments, you cannot expect either blessing or happiness. Leave your unprincipled advisers, and submit to your father's authority.

MISUNDERSTOOD.—Nothing but earnest prayer that your will may be strengthened to resist evil thoughts will avail to cure you.

DOT, JO, LINA.—We think the story of Claude Duval having forced a lady to dance a minuet with him has no foundation in history, and is a tradition merely. The story has, we believe, formed the subject of a picture by Frith.

ALICIA.—Your hand is legible, and of a reasonable size, but you should unite all the letters of every word respectively. We never give promises about any special future competitions. Our readers must always remember that they add enormously to our work, and demand much extra time and expense.

CHRISTINE must refer to our indexes for advice about her complaint, which is one of those which people do not name in polite society. Such things are spoken of to doctors. Read our article on "Lissom Hands and Pretty Feet," p. 348, vol. i.

VELIA.—We are sorry that our kind and grateful little friend was interrupted in the writing of her competition papers for us by having to prepare others at school by the desire of her mistress. Some future time we hope you will do so for ours with success.

A DOCTOR'S DAUGHTER is thanked for her letter, and we are glad she liked our "summer number." We cannot promise our correspondents all for which we are asked. Perhaps, we do not know at present ourselves.

ANNA JULIA.—You should take means of discovering the absolute truth respecting your intended husband's habits of drinking before you withdraw from his society, then, if there be no further doubt on the question, you will be fully justified in breaking off your engagement. If he takes the separation much to heart, and cares for you as he ought, to ensure your future happiness he will pledge you his word to abandon his drinking for your sake. In that case you might put him on his trial for a year, and if he keeps his word you might renew your engagement.

ANXIETY.—There is an institution for feeble-minded children at 35, Belvedere, Bath. Terms £25 to £50 per annum. There is also one at Conifers, Hampton Wick, for females only; lady superintendent, Miss Sundmore.

CARNATION.—The following we can recommend to you as a good and perfectly harmless wash for wrinkles caused by ill-health, exposure, or other causes. Alum one drachm, glycerine one ounce, water one pint, to be used three times daily as a wash.

A CANADIAN GIRL.—Pronounce the word "trait" as "tray."

LIZZIE P.—To clean gold lace purchase some burnt powdered rock alum from a chemist, dip a soft clean brush in it, and rub the gold with it. Wipe it off with a soft towel. Keep your gold lace wrapped in dark-blue tissue paper.

KAT.—For style of making a tricycle costume, we must refer you to our monthly dress articles, in which you will find information and instructions on all dress matters.

SNOWDROP.—Snowdrops should be planted in the garden early in the month of November. Your handwriting is very unformed.

VOL. VI.—No. 261. DECEMBER 27, 1884. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

THE MOUNTAIN PATH.

By LILY WATSON, Author of "Within Sight of the Snow," &c.

CHAPTER XII.

THE autumn had laid its mellowing touch upon the foliage in the old garden of St. Martin's Close, as well as on the Yorkshire woods, but the leaves were dropping more thickly in the London enclosure, and the keen touch in the air seemed to say that winter was not far away. So thought Lilian Brooke, one morning early in October, as she leaned her brow against the window pane in the pleasant drawing-room. She had had a restless night, and her head was aching in spite of the morning freshness.

The half-past seven breakfast was over, and Mr. Brooke and his sons had gone to town, but the postman had not yet been. Lilian was accustomed to look eagerly for Helen's letters, and had already formed in her own mind a vivid picture of the Yorkshire life into which her sister had entered. The news of Oswald's engagement had excited deep interest in the

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"THE LITTLE DEFORMED GIRL SAT DOWN WITHOUT AN INSTANT'S HESITATION."

household where he had so lately made his home, and gave rise to some difference of opinion.

"Is there a letter from Helen?" asked Lilian, anxiously, as Maggie entered, shortly after the familiar double rap had been heard at the door.

"Not from Helen—something better!" responded Maggie, pleasure lighting up her homely face. "Some news that will do your headache good, Lily."

"What can it be?" asked Lilian.

"Guess."

"I cannot guess. Nothing seems to happen now, since Helen went away."

Maggie knew that weary sigh and half-irritable expression were not natural to her little deformed sister, but came from physical depression caused by the recent experience of a sultry summer, without change of air or surroundings. This had told slightly upon Lilian's health, which was of course never robust, and the fact gave fresh delight to Maggie's announcement.

"Mrs. Thorne has asked you and me to go down and stay a fortnight at Heatherbridge, in a few days."

"O Maggie!" and the colour rushed into Lilian's cheek. "But we cannot afford it."

"You know Cousin Bessie never does things by halves. She asks us to go, and says that, as she is our relative, we must not deny her a relative's privilege, so she encloses a £10 note for our fare, and any little expenses necessary."

"Oh, that will help us with our dress! How good and kind of her! I wonder if we really *can* go? We shall see Miss Gascoigne, and 'Adela,' and all the people and places Helen has told us about."

"They want your help in some musical entertainment at a village. But read the letter, and I will go and talk to mother."

So saying, Maggie put the paper into Lilian's hands, and left the room to confer with Mrs. Brooke, who was well pleased that her daughters should have the opportunity of a change of air. Lilian especially never went from home, unless it was to stay with relatives; so her mother held it as fortunate that such a chance should have come in her way.

"I'm going to see Miss Helen, Bobby," said Maggie the next day, on one of her frequent visits to Helen's little *protégé*.

Bobby immediately collected his little cardboard ladies, which still formed his staple amusement, and clambered stolidly down from his high chair.

"Me doin' too," he proclaimed.

"No, no, dear boy! you can't go. Don't cry," for Maggie saw his mouth was opened for a roar. "Wouldn't Bobby like to send Miss Helen a kiss?"

The idea gradually penetrated the little fellow's mind, as he stood gazing fixedly at his friend. He turned round at last, and went to the corner of the room, where a piece of board was loose in the flooring. At this he began to tug with all his might.

"Bobby! Bobby! what are you after?" cried Mrs. Wright.

"Doe away!" commanded Bobby; and the elders were compelled to retire, while, with a red face and untiring energy, he raised up the piece of floor. Underneath, in a secure but dingy hiding-place, lay a treasure, which he now exhumed to the light of day, and then proudly presented to Miss Maggie. It was a gingerbread donkey, with pink sugar eyes, and bridle, rather dusty from its imprisonment, but otherwise very charming.

"Well I never! A neighbour give him that yesterday, and I thought he'd eaten it long ago!" exclaimed his mother, in unfeigned astonishment.

"Dat for Miss Helen," observed Bobby, nodding; and, climbing up into his high chair again, he began to fasten his ladies together.

"Why, my little man! where did you keep your donkey?" asked Maggie, much touched by the offering.

"Mine hidy hole," said Bobby, in a loud and commanding voice. "Dat for Miss Helen. Oo not to eat him."

Maggie hastened to assure him she would not think of devouring it herself, and lavished kisses and caresses on him, all received with a solemn imperturbability.

"I don't like to take his gingerbread donkey," she said to Mrs. Wright. "He must be very fond of it."

"He thinks everything of Miss Helen, and I'm pleased he should, for a good friend she's been to me, miss," replied the mother. "And as for the boy, you see yourself the change she's made in him. You'll give my duty to her, and to the kind young doctor gentleman. I suppose he's a real doctor now, miss?"

"Well, no, he isn't," rejoined Maggie.

"The more 's the pity, then, for I'm sure nobody could be kinder nor cleverer over Tommy's eyes. Some of the young gentlemen is so off-hand like, as if you was the dirt under their feet; but nobody could be skilfuller nor kinder than Mr. Thorne, and if I was a lady of the land he couldn't have been more polite. I've heard many as has been to St. Jerome's Hospital say the same. Dear, dear me! and so he won't be a doctor after all."

Maggie could not enter into the question of Oswald's career with Mrs. Wright, so she took her leave, and assured Bobby that his gift should be duly delivered. No article in the process of packing was more carefully enveloped from harm than the gingerbread donkey, and it travelled down in safety to Heatherbridge a few days later, with Maggie and Lilian Brooke.

The two girls had never been to The Woodlands before, and, if they had not been innate gentlewomen, they would perhaps have felt slightly abashed by the luxury and splendour of all their new surroundings. But Mrs. Thorne received them with motherly kindness, and the homely daughters petted Lilian as if she had been their sister. Oswald was genuinely delighted to be able to repay his London friends a little of the unfailing kindness they had shown him for many years, and he made up his mind that, whenever he was not occupied in attending upon the fair Adela, he would devote himself to their entertainment.

On the day following their arrival, Adela fortunately had a distant engagement to luncheon, and allowed Helen to come down to The Woodlands to "spend a long day"—a luxury that she enjoyed for the first time, as the young lady was not fond of sparing her companion. It was particularly opportune that she should meet her sisters under Mrs. Thorne's friendly roof; and to see the rapture with which she was enfolded in their arms, no one would have supposed that the period of separation had only been for three months.

When the first eager rush of questions and answers about all home affairs had passed, Maggie produced the gingerbread donkey, which Helen received with something between a tear and a smile.

"Dear little Bobby! how *lovely* of him to send me his treasure! Is he well?"

"He is getting on capitally," answered Maggie. "He seems to brighten a little every time I go to see him. I take him out on the Common with me, and try to make him talk. Sometimes he is heavy and dull, and will not utter a word, then again he breaks out into odd monosyllables. I am growing very fond of him, and I think his sending you this is a great proof of intelligence."

"I should have said exactly the reverse," remarked Oswald, who had come up unobserved, and now seated himself beside the girls in the conservatory. "It does not strike me that the offering is by any means an appropriate one."

"Don't cavil at it, sir! It must have been a great treasure to the little man," cried Lilian.

They were more like four merry children that October afternoon than staid young people, as they recalled pleasant memories of life at St. Martin's Close, and alternately teased and amused each other. Oswald's life in their home furnished many episodes of remembrance, which they chatted and laughed over to their hearts' content.

Helen could not resist an impression, in the midst of their unrestrained mirth and happy fun, that Oswald was enjoying the afternoon all the more for a sense of freedom. Adela was not there, and her rule over her lover was apt to be exacting and all-absorbing.

"And so you are really engaged, Oswald," Maggie soberly observed at last, when the tide of frolicsome talk had ebbed a little. "We should have written to congratulate you, but were not quite sure that it was necessary, as mother did so."

"Yes, I am engaged," said Oswald, with a slight air of restraint.

"It was the most romantic thing I ever heard of," said Lilian. "You helped to rescue her from the crypt of Greylands Priory. I should like to write a story about it."

Oswald did not take up the theme, and there was rather an awkward silence, till somebody launched forth on the subject of St. Martin's Club at Broadrain.

"*Oh*, the slavery that Helen is going to force me into!" cried Oswald, with mock indignation. "She will have me become the secretary, and I have already had to enter into an infinity of worrying details. If my hair is not grey already, it soon will be."

"He has had to write two letters about the hire of a piano," translated Helen. "Poor, overworked fellow!"

"*Your* energy, of course, takes no account of what my feebler organisation can accomplish," sighed Oswald. "Well, let the opening night but be a success, and till then my life is at the service of an ungrateful public."

"How are you getting on, Helen?" asked Maggie.

"Very well. I have been to numbers of people, and the offers of help in money are really wonderful. I have grand ideas in my head of a splendid institution, to be self-supporting after a time."

"Spare us the details of that, I entreat you!" cried Oswald. "Let us keep to the first night."

"Well, I have a good many promises of musical help for that. But I have not been yet to the Pagets. Adela said I might drive there to-morrow."

"That is where the melancholy girl lives, isn't it?" inquired Lilian.

"Yes, you know I have often told you about her. But I have never yet seen her at home. I am very much interested in her."

"She is the reverse of interesting, at any rate," observed Oswald.

"There is something in her, I believe, if one only knew how to reach it. I should like to try."

"Tea is coming, and with it my mother," said Oswald, looking into the drawing-room.

When the girls went upstairs to make the necessary changes in their simple dress for dinner, Helen found an opportunity of some quiet talk with Maggie in her room.

"This is delightful!" cried the younger sister, throwing herself on the rug beside the small bright fire—an unheard of luxury to both Maggie and Lilian. "Like old times. I haven't a dress to change, only a lace handkerchief to decorate my black gown; so I can chatter in peace for the next half-hour."

"And I want to hear you," said Maggie, moving softly from drawers to cupboard. "Tell me hundreds of things that I could not hear in a letter. First about Oswald. Is he happy in his engagement?"

"He was in the seventh heaven at first, and I think he is intensely fond of her now, but — well, I don't know. Don't ask me, for I feel it is dishonest to eat her bread, and yet criticise her."

"As to that," said practical Margaret, "I suppose you earn your bread? You seem from your own account to do anything, ranging from the duties of a lady's maid to those of a lady professor."

"I have a very easy situation," replied Helen, emphatically; "and, of course, my relationship with the Thornes gives me a different position from what I might have. I am in every way treated as a lady."

"As you ought to be, of course. But don't talk of Miss Adela unless you like. Does she care for him?"

"In her way. After the adventure in the crypt, she declared he had saved her life."

"And did he?"

"No, excepting that he joined Mr. Aubrey Gascoigne and myself just as we were coming to the ruins, and he went into the crypt with her brother. But she declared from the first that he alone was her deliverer. She tells everybody in the neighbourhood that he saved her life, and that therefore she must repay him with the gift of herself, and so forth."

"Do you think she believes it?"

"I think she has forced herself to believe it, by dint of constant repetition. At first I think she chose to believe it for purposes of her own."

"Oh, Helen!" ejaculated her sister.

"I can't help thinking so, Maggie. It established a link between them at once. Of course he did help to find her, and it was perfectly natural she should be grateful. It would be horrid of her if she were not. But to be grateful is one thing, and to declare that she owes her life to him, that it is his, and so on, is another."

"Why does not Oswald put things on a proper footing about that adventure?"

"I don't know," sighed Helen. "I wish he would. I can't think how he can receive all the credit that comes to him. Everyone has an exaggerated idea that by some brave act he rescued Adela from death, and he is made a sort of hero at all the tennis parties or entertainments in the neighbourhood."

"You should speak to him."

"I can't be always speaking to people and trying to set them right," cried Helen, impulsively. "I sometimes feel I am getting too much into that way; of being self-righteous and lecturing, and, indeed, I am faulty enough to make it ridiculous."

"Well, my child," said the elder sister, bending over her and kissing her broad forehead, "while I am here I will counteract it by finding all the fault I can with you. And I will begin by saying you certainly won't look presentable at dinner unless you take down your hair. Let me brush it for you, as I used to do sometimes at home."

Helen submitted, and was soon enveloped in a dressing gown, enjoying the soothing luxury of a brush passed through the thick dark tresses that fell loose about her shoulders—a sensation that, from her sister's hands, always calmed and quieted her. It invariably "rested" her, she declared, when Maggie brushed her hair, and, whatever might be the magnetism that produced the effect, it was infallible.

"I am longing to hear you play, Lilian," proclaimed Oswald, following the ladies into the drawing-room very soon after dinner. His father and brothers were not at home, as was frequently the case. The two latter had rooms in Hillstead, and occupied them when any town engagement made it inconvenient to come out to Heatherbridge. Milly and Edith Thorne were hovering round their crippled guest, doing all they could for her comfort, and Oswald privately thought he had never known his sisters were such nice girls.

"And I am longing to touch your piano," said Lilian, casting a longing glance at the new Erard "concert grand," that seemed to fill but a small corner in the spacious room. Just at this moment the door opened, and Mr. Aubrey Gascoigne was ushered in.

"I thought I might form one of the charmed circle," he observed, holding his hostess's hand, with the look of pathetic appeal that usually accompanied his first appearance.

"We are very glad to see you," responded Mrs. Thorne, readily. "I wish you had come earlier."

"I have been trying to awaken the dormant feeling for poetry in my worthy Aunt Maria, by reading to her the Song of Callicles from Matthew Arnold," said Mr. Gascoigne. "It was an ungrateful task. When she asked me if Helicon were one of the Yorkshire hills, I thought it was time to desist."

Although it was against Lilian's principles to laugh at personal criticism, she could not stifle a little peal of merriment at this picture; but Aubrey seemed surprised, and as though he had not intended it in satire.

"I have not abandoned the task," he continued. "I shall not despair. There are possibilities in the good soul of which Adela takes little heed. But now I am come to review, as far as may be, the Idyl of St. Martin's Close."

"Translated into plain English, suppose that means you want Lilian to play to you," said Oswald. "In that we all agree."

Aubrey subsided into a low chair, with his cheek leaning on his hand, and his finely-cut dreamy profile turned attentively towards the piano. The little deformed girl sat down without an instant's hesitation, then glanced round at her listeners, and after a brief interval of silence the hushed exquisite murmur of the Nocturne from the music of the "Midsummer Night's Dream" stole gently on the air.

Were there any anxious or troubled hearts among the audience? If there were, what anodyne could have been more soothing than that heavenly slumber-music? It was the secret of perpetual rest — the melody of serenest peace. No earth-born irritation or mood of ruffled care can fail to be composed and lulled to quiet in the hearing and right understanding of that enthralling strain. Lilian played Mendelssohn with the delicacy of touch and quickness of perception that alone can render his dreaming loveliness; and as the notes came forth—first, as it might seem, in timid suggestion, then in beautiful, calming reassurance, with the comforting cadence repeated again and again in answer to every hint of unrest—there were one or two of her hearers who felt that to hear such music so rendered was an unspeakable joy—a joy that lifted them from the recollection of this troublesome world, and rapt them away—

To where, beyond these voices, there is Peace.

(To be continued.)

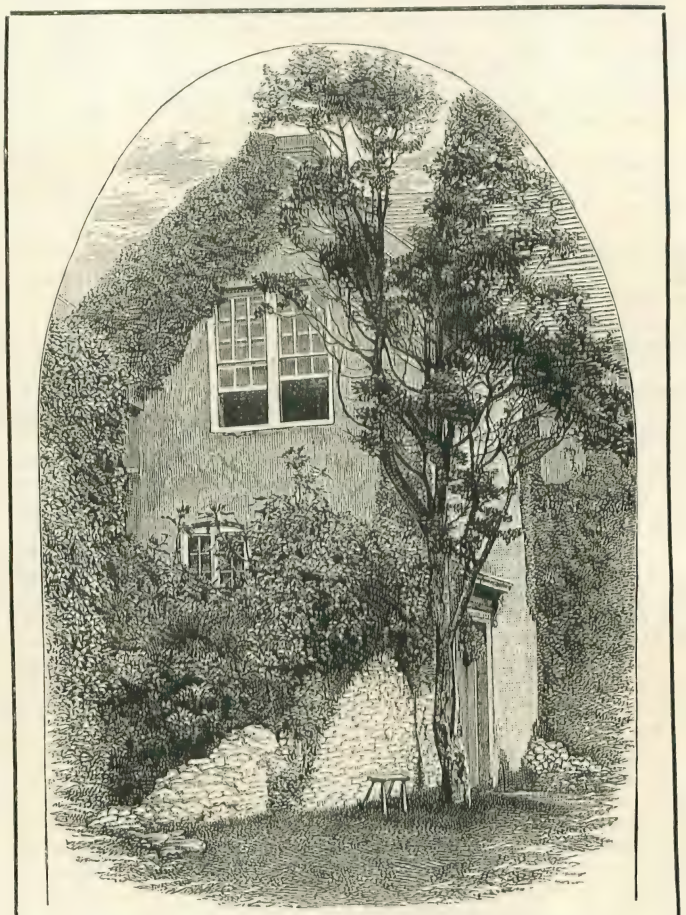
AN ENGLISH PRINCESS.

CHAPTER IV.

THE Earl of Leicester, in his journal, has left us some charming glimpses of the Sidney household. Of the four sons, Philip, Lord Lisle, the eldest, was married, and lived in London. The second son was Algernon Sidney, destined, thirty years later, to win for himself an enduring name in history. Of the daughters, the eldest, beautiful Lady Dorothy, was the Saccharissa celebrated by Waller in his poems. She was now a widow, living at her father's house, her husband, the Earl of Sunderland, having been killed at the battle of Newbury. Lady Lucy, the second daughter, was the wife of Sir Thomas Pelham. Isabella Sidney, the third, was being courted by her cousin, to whom she was married in the following year, somewhat against her father's wish, who "liked not marriages of so neare persons." The two younger daughters, Elizabeth and Frances, were much of an age with the Princess. Both of them were of delicate constitution and died early—Elizabeth in October, 1650; Frances in October, 1651. Their father has left a tender and touching record of them in his journal. Elizabeth, in particular, he tells us, "had to the last the most angelical countenance and beauty, and the most heavenly disposition and temper of mind that I think hath bin seene in so young a creature." Frances, too, who died at twenty, was "a very good, modest, discreet, and sweet-natured creature."

The Parliament directed that the Princess and her brother were to be treated by Lady Leicester in the same manner as her own children. There was to be no difference made, nor were any of the marks of respect due to royalty to be longer observed. It is interesting, however, to learn that when Lenthall was sent to spy as to the treatment of the children, he found them dining at a separate table and served on bended knee; while Lady Leicester, in answer to his storm of remonstrances, declared with spirit that "she conceived a difference *ought* to be made between the children of her sovereign and her own."

Altogether the change was not an unfavourable one. The country in which their new home was situated was beautiful and restful, they found a wise tutor and a warm friend in Mr. Lovell, a relation of Lord Leicester's, under whose care the Duke of Gloucester was placed, while their hostess treated them with tender consideration and kindness. But even here they were not to be allowed to rest. The following summer Prince Charles, their eldest brother, landed in Scotland, and tidings reaching the capital that men were flocking to his standard, the Parliament once more took fright about the "late King's children." Sir Henry Mildmay reported to the House that the peace of the kingdom might be endangered by their presence, and he recommended that they should be sent beyond the limits of the Commonwealth. Parliament discussed the question, and finally referred it to the Council of State. Pending the decision of the council, orders were sent to Colonel Sydenham, Governor of the Isle of Wight, to prepare for their reception at Carisbrooke Castle, and at the same time to expel all suspicious persons from the island. Anthony Mildmay, brother to the Governor of Carisbrooke, with his lady, was deputed to conduct the Prince and Princess thither, and into their hands Lady Leicester resigned her charges on the 9th of August, 1650. Parting from their guardian with tender regret, they set out on their journey, reaching Cowes on the 13th, and Carisbrooke on the 16th of the month.



THE ROOM IN WHICH PRINCESS ELIZABETH DIED.

Do any of our readers know Carisbrooke Castle? Crowning the summit of a green hill, but with only its keep visible above a mass of luxuriant elm trees, it is a place delightful to the artist or the lover of the picturesque. From the old walls there is a wide-spreading view over what is justly called the garden of England. The little village lies at the foot of the hill, a mile away the red roofs of Newport show conspicuously among the trees; fertile undulating ground, wooded hills, the blue waters of the Solent flashing brightly in the sunlight, the distant gleam of chalky cliffs—all make up a picture fair to contemplate and to remember.

But to Elizabeth her new abode presented a very different aspect. She viewed it as the prison which her father had quitted only for trial and death. The distant Solent only reminded her that she was now cut off from her native land as well as from her friends. "She was absorbed in melancholy thoughts on approaching the castle," and these thoughts, deepening and intensifying, told swiftly and fatally on her delicate frame.

The lodgings occupied by the Princess and her brother are still to be seen. They comprise a suite of about six rooms over the great hall, and access to them was gained by means of a small winding, but finely carved staircase, which is still preserved though not now used. Furnish these rooms as one can in imagination from the quaint inventory of the goods removed thither for the purpose, and they still appear indifferent lodgings for royalty. Bedsteads of crimson and green velvet, fringed and laced with gold and silver, arras and tapestry hangings, Turkey carpets, crimson damask curtains, chairs and folding stools of green velvet and crimson velvet, high chairs of yellow-wrought satin, will not atone for small rooms, all so immediately communicating with each other as to afford no sense of space or freedom. The Princess's room—a very small one with a low ceiling—had one window, looking across the cool green of the grass plots in the courtyard to the great gateway, with its round towers so effectually shutting out the outer world; while to the right it looked directly on to the windows of the apartments which had been occupied by King Charles during his confinement in the castle.

It was only a few days after their arrival that Elizabeth was playing bowls with her brother on the bowling green which had been made specially for the King, when a heavy shower overtook them. Before they could get under shelter, they were wet through. Next day Elizabeth's head ached, she became feverish, and on the Sunday was unable to leave her bed. Dr. Bagnall, of Newport, and other physicians from the neighbourhood were called in, and when the fever increased and remedies appeared unavailing, a messenger was despatched to Sir Theodore Mayerne in London. He sent several doctors with various prescriptions and directions, but all was in vain.

Finding her end approaching, Elizabeth took a tender farewell of her brother, who at ten years old was hardly yet able to realise the loss he was about to sustain. She charged Mr. Lovell to convey her last regards to Lord and Lady Leicester. The few ornaments she had to dispose of she had left with Lord Leicester on quitting Penshurst. She now begged him to accept of one of them for his wife, and to keep the rest for her brother.

It was on Sunday, the 8th of September, 1650, that Princess Elizabeth died. Tradition had it that her attendants entering her room in the morning found her lying dead with her cheek resting on her father's open Bible, but

this is contradicted by contemporary records, and especially by Mr. Lovell, who wrote to Lord Leicester that he was present, and that the Princess died at three o'clock on Sunday afternoon.

She was buried in St. Thomas's Church, at Newport, on the 24th of September. Her servants attended the body to Newport, where, at the entrance to the town, it was met by the mayor and aldermen, and conducted with respect to its last resting-place.

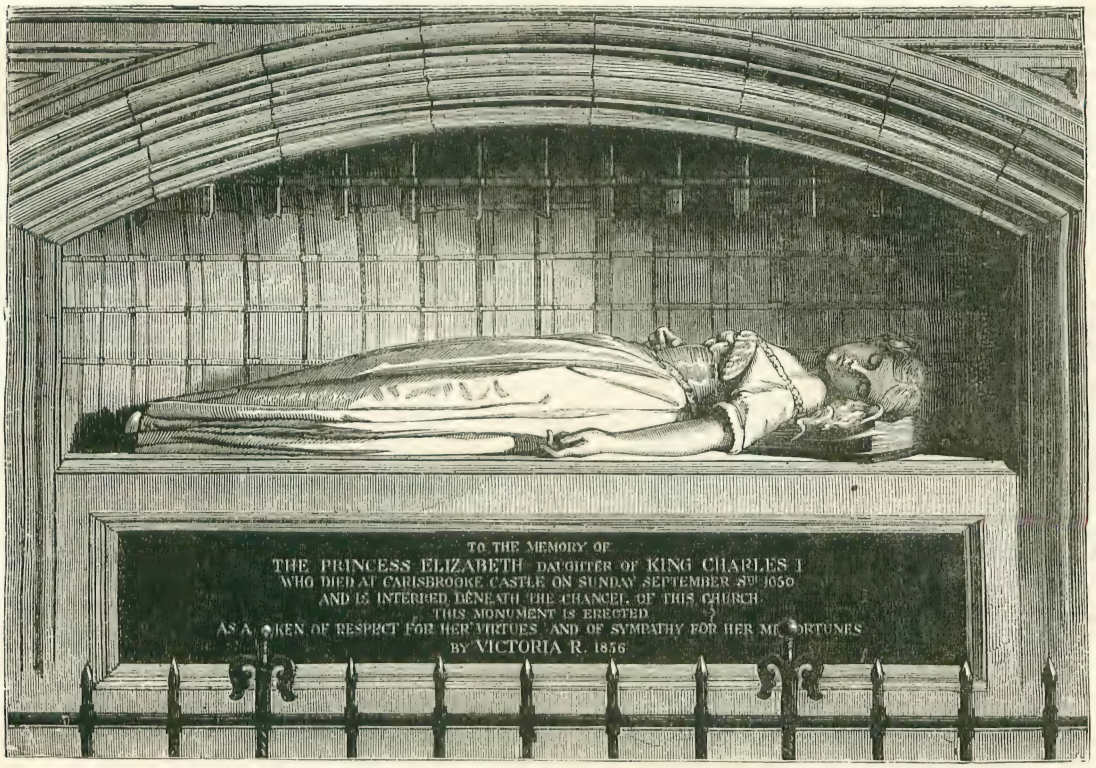
It is sad to learn that Elizabeth's oft-repeated request had been granted at last when too late. On her arrival at Carisbrooke she had once more petitioned for leave to retire to Holland, and this time the House gave a reluctant consent. £1,000 a year was to be allowed her as long as she did not act hostilely towards the Commonwealth; the first half-year's allowance was to be paid in advance, and the costs of her journey to her sister's were also to be paid. The concession, however, was futile, for ere the message could reach Carisbrooke the prisoner was free in a far higher and more abiding sense of the word.

A quaint paragraph of Fuller's aptly characterises Elizabeth's life, and points the lesson which it conveys:—

"The hawks of Norway, where a winter's day is hardly an hour of clear light, are the swiftest of wing of any fowl under the firmament, nature teaching them to bestir themselves to lengthen the shortness of the time with their swiftness. Such the active piety of this lady, improving the little life allotted to her in running the way of God's commandments."

No visitor to Carisbrooke should fail to see the monument which the sympathy of our present Queen has raised to the memory of Princess Elizabeth in Newport Church. With subtle art Baron Marochetti has indicated her character and history. Sculptured in white marble, the form of the Princess lies with her cheek resting on a Bible, open at the words, "Come unto Me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Above her there hangs a grating, indicative of her condition as a prisoner; but the bars are broken, to show that from within the prison walls the captive had escaped to the rest which her soul desired. R. W. R.

[THE END.]



THE MAIDEN AND THE BOOK.

By CLARA THWAITES.

Charles I., on parting with his children, gave to his daughter, the Princess Elizabeth, his Bible, saying, "It had been his comfort through all his troubles, and he hoped it would be hers." She died with her pale cheek resting on the open page.

THEY found her in a still repose,
Released by death's swift stroke;
Her stormy day found early close,—
Sweet maid of Carisbrooke!

Her chamber, through a leafy stir,
Looks out on woodland wild:
Here conned she well the Book her sire
Gave to his duteous child.

Her childish step on turret stair
Would falter day by day;
Until she craved love's tender care,—
For heart and flesh gave way.

And when in glade and leafy nook
The rose drooped on the sod,
The fading flower of Carisbrooke
Had found her rest in God.

Now, whitest semblance of the maid,
Memorial fair we keep
Within the church's holy shade,
Carved in a marble sleep.

The meek young head, in simple grace,
Light pillowed on the page
Which was her solace in her race,
Her song in pilgrimage.

Still to this shrine of maiden wan
Shall duteous childhood look,
And courtly pilgrim silent scan
The Maiden and the Book!

OUR FRATERNAL SOCIETY.

By DORA HOPE

Milk Puddings.

Our society has lost a member. Millie Travers has gone to London to spend the rest of the summer with relatives there. We are going to make a virtue of necessity, however, and elect her a "corresponding member" of the society. We were talking over our meetings before she went, and some one suggested that we ought to have learnt something useful from the Health Exhibition; so we have decided that on our evenings for "common things" we will give our recollections of anything interesting or practically useful we saw there. In addition to this we are to give Millie notice of the subject chosen, and she and her cousin will study it on the spot, and send us their notes.

The subject chosen for this month was the making of milk puddings, or rather, the mealy ingredients of which they are made. We sent Millie Travers notice of the subject, and she writes that there is so much information to be obtained on this subject at the Health Exhibition, not only from the exhibits themselves, but also from the books in the library connected with the place, that she hardly knew where to begin.

The farinaceous foods most commonly used (excepting rice, the commonest of all) are divided into three classes—those obtained from the roots and pith of trees, preparations of wheat, and those prepared from maize or Indian corn. To the first class belong sago, tapioca, and arrowroot. The two last are prepared from the root stocks of plants, and both are obtained in almost exactly the same way, but from different plants. Tapioca is from various shrubs, but chiefly from the cassava, a native of South America. Its roots, which resemble a cluster of large turnips, are constantly used as food, both in South America and on the west coast of Africa; in the latter district the people are said to have fifty different ways of cooking them. In America the roots are generally sliced and dried, and eaten as cassava bread, or else pounded, and the meal made into thin round cakes. When fresh the root tastes like watery potatoes, and is a deadly poison, both to man and beast; but the poisonous juices are easily driven off by heat, so the slices of root are always baked or heated in some way before being eaten.

To obtain tapioca, the roots are broken and bruised in mortars or by machinery, then washed, and during this process the starch sinks to the bottom of the vessel, so that it is eaaily collected in sieves, and finished by drying on hot plates. Millie says this heat rather interferes with the nutritious properties of the tapioca, but it is necessary to get rid of the poisonous juices.

She reminded us that in Lady Brassey's exhibit at the Health Exhibition there was a beautiful mat from Tahiti, made entirely from arrowroot fibre, plaited and twisted into a wreath of flowers and leaves, surrounding a flat centre.

The roots of the "Maranta," from which arrowroot is obtained, are very fibrous, and the skin has an extremely unpleasant taste, so that they have to be carefully peeled before being pounded and washed, like tapioca. Pure arrowroot is very expensive, and consequently is frequently adulterated. There was a large stand at the Exhibition entirely of adulterated food, showing how much and what kind of substances are generally mixed with each so-called pure food. These adulterations are not necessarily injurious—in fact, they are sometimes more nutritious than the original substance itself. This is especially the case with arrowroot, which has very little nourishment in itself, but is mixed with wheat, potato, and maize flour. It is easy to detect adulteration with wheat flour, as when boiled a foam will rise and remain upon the surface of the water, which would not happen with pure arrowroot.

Like tapioca and arrowroot, sago is almost pure starch, but this is obtained not from roots, but from the pith of the sagus and several other kinds of palms, which was cultivated chiefly in India and Ceylon. To procure it the trees are cut down and split open, and the pith washed and dried, like tapioca, when the sago is found to have taken the form of small round grains. These grains are very hard, but absorb water readily, so that they are easily softened by cooking.

Millie said the "corresponding member" could not be expected to do all the work, and that we must ask Dr. Wingate for any information we wanted on the value as food of these different substances, as she had found it too wide and deep a subject to begin upon.

Dr. Wingate did not seem at all disconcerted at the request, and said we had better finish these three substances before going on with Millie's notes. He says that the nutritious value of all three is practically equal, and very small indeed. They are really very little but starch, and are consequently very inferior to wheat, and even to rice. He says it is a great pity some nurses are so fond of feeding invalids on arrowroot, and expect them to get strong on it; it is valuable as a quickly-made restorative, and as a vehicle for giving wine and other things, but it is simply starch and water, and there is nothing in it to build up an enfeebled body.

Millie's next set of notes were about the farinaceous foods prepared from Indian corn, such as hominy, oswego, and corn-flour. The whole grain, when well ground, is very nutritious and easily digested—in fact, it is so fattening that it is used to feed Strasburg geese for the sake of the "foie gras." Most people, however, dislike the peculiar flavour of the outer skin of the grain; but as it can be removed by treating the corn with a weak solution of caustic soda, this is the first step in the preparation of hominy, and the other forms in which maize is chiefly used.

Dr. Wingate added that the three preparations are almost equally nourishing, and stand very high in the list of nutritious foods; they possess just the qualities, heat-giving and fat-forming, which are lacking in the starchy foods mentioned before.

At the Health Exhibition there were large cases, showing all the different substances of which various foods are formed. In the cabinet devoted to maize there was one pound of the corn itself, then a number of saucers containing the various ingredients which that pound consists of when separated into its different elements. The first saucer contains 10 oz. of starch, the next ¾ oz. of fat, another the same quantity of cellulose and nearly 1½ oz. of fibrine, besides smaller quantities of valuable mineral salts and other things.

The last class, including semolina, macaroni, and vermicelli, are made from wheat. They are prepared in sunny climates, such as Spain and the South of Italy, where the absence of rain makes the corn ripen very hard and dry. Semolina is simply the best of the wheat ground between millstones set a little distance apart, so that the central part of the grain is left in a granular form. This is used a great deal in cookery in southern lands. In Italy it is used in the preparation of the national dish, polenta; and in Algeria it is mixed with butter, vegetables, and fowl, to make the favourite food, couscoucou.

Macaroni is the same hard wheat, ground into very fine flour. This is made into a paste with hot water, then either pressed through round holes in a metal plate like a colander, for pipe macaroni, or else stamped into the desired shape by machinery, and then gently dried.

It has for generations been the chief food of Southern Italy, and is cooked in an endless variety of ways. In Naples it is sold ready cooked, in the streets, as baked potatoes are in poor districts in England; the people who buy it pick up the long pieces dexterously in their fingers, and manage to convey it to their mouths in a manner which is more adroit than elegant.

Vermicelli is only a finer kind of macaroni.

Dr. Wingate says all these preparations of wheat are very nourishing and valuable food, but that to some people pipe macaroni is rather indigestible, because of being so very close.

I had been wanting all the time to ask a question about macaroni, but was afraid of being laughed at. Charlie is very fond of whistling—

> "Yankee Doodle went to town
> Upon a little pony;
> He stuck a feather in his cap,
> And called it macaroni."

and I have been wondering ever since the subject of milk puddings was suggested what the meaning of that line could be. Happily Mr. Danby had heard Charlie too, and had been puzzled by the very same thing, but he had been trying to find an explanation. All he had been able to discover, however, was a suggestion in a volume of the *Spectator*, that all nations call gay young men by the name of their favourite dish—as they were at one time called Jackpuddings in England, Jean Potage in France, Pickled Herrings in Holland, and, in the same way, Macaroni in Italy.

He believed the way the name was introduced into English was that about a century ago a number of gay young men who had travelled abroad—an uncommon thing in those days—formed themselves into a club, and, amongst other foreign dishes, always had macaroni at their dinners. As this was quite a new dish to English people, they gave the society the name of the "Macaroni Club," and all young men who aped the gay ways of its members were dubbed "macaronis."

The word itself, Mr. Danby says, is generally supposed to be derived from some Greek words, meaning the "feast of the happy."

In Millie's paper she makes no mention of rice, beyond the fact that in several of the seed growers' exhibits there were bottles of the different kinds of rice from various parts of the world, she was surprised at the many different colours of the grain; they vary from nearly black to dark red, pink, and quite white.

She says, too, that in the stand of different foods, which she mentioned in connection with maize, the saucers of the contents of 1 lb of rice show nearly 12½ oz. of starch, with only 35 grains of fat; which she says looks like a scrap of lard; and rather more than 1 oz. of fibrine, which resembles chips of gum arabic.

But my father lived for some years in India, and knows all about rice growing, so we made an exception to our rule of admitting no elders to the society, and made him a member "for one night only," that he might tell us what he knew about the subject.

He says that rice is an aquatic grass, which grows wild in marshy places in Madras, though, like all other wild plants, this is very small and poor compared with the cultivated varieties. It is grown now in nearly all tropical countries, but probably its native land was India. One would imagine so, at any rate, from the name, which is traced back to the Tamil "Arisi" and the Arabic "Aruz."

It is called "paddy" in India, and the fields where it is grown "paddy fields." At first the fields are flooded with water at regular

intervals, as the rice will not grow without a constantly wet soil. When the grain is formed in the ear, the water is all drained off the field to allow the rice to ripen. Father says that when the tender green shoots of the young rice plant cover the ground a paddy field is one of the most beautiful sights in India. When ripe it looks more like a field of barley than anything else we see in England; the grain is enclosed in a rough yellow husk, and most varieties have a spike at the end, like barley.

When ripe it is cut with a sickle, made into shocks, and stacked like wheat. The chief difficulty in preparing rice for the market is to remove the husk without breaking the grain, as it adheres so closely. Different methods are employed for the different kinds of rice; the one most commonly used is a machine with millstones at slight distances apart, so that in passing between them the husk is cracked without injuring the grain. When all the husk has been winnowed away the grain has still to be passed through another machine to remove the inner coloured skin, and whiten the rice. Then the sifting begins, a process which has to be performed several times, so as to separate first the broken fragments of rice, then the smaller whole grains, finally leaving behind only the prime part of the crop, the large unbroken grains. But father added, for the benefit of Margaret and the other housekeepers, that the rice from the last two siftings before the final one is quite as good and wholesome as the large grains. It is sold in the English shops as "broken rice," at a much lower price than the finest grain, and for puddings and any purposes where the size of grain is not of much consequence, answers quite as well. He advised, too, that it should always be steamed, not boiled, as the latter process wastes some of the important substances in which rice is already deficient.

As I explained at the beginning of our meetings, Margaret has a very inquiring mind, and father's observations set her off asking how much nourishment there is in rice.

He says there is not nearly so much nourishment in it as in wheat; but for all that, it is the principal, almost the only, food of one-third of the whole human race. At least a hundred millions of people in hot countries chiefly subsist upon it. He thinks the reason it is so little used as food by people of cold countries is that, although it contains the elements necessary to actually support life, there is very little in it to produce either heat or to build up muscle or nerve, both of which are very necessary in cold climates, where people take a great deal of active exercise. In the hot countries, where rice is the chief food, no heat-giving properties are required, and people as far as possible avoid all physical exertion, so that they do not require force-producing food either. It is interesting to notice as the distance from the equator increases, and the heat consequently becomes less, how other more heat-giving foods are gradually added to the rice in the ordinary diet of the people, till in the cold climates its use is almost unknown except as an occasional dish.

Father told us that once, when travelling in Southern India, he asked a peasant about some other man, whether he was very badly off. "Oh, no," replied the peasant, "he eats rice twice a-day." Father could not understand what he meant, till the friend he was travelling with explained that rice is so much a necessary of life to people in that part of India, that they judge of a man's condition of life by the number of times a-day he can afford to eat it.

Rice is connected with a great many religious ceremonies in India, too. When a Hindoo dies, his family, and all who wish to claim relationship with him, perform a solemn ceremony of offering a ball of rice to his departed spirit, while a regular form of prayers is repeated. A devout Hindoo performs daily five acts of worship, one of which is to repeat a prayer while scattering grains of rice before his door.

Millie Travers also mentioned in one of her letters that she had tried to make a dinner at the Chinese restaurant, and had found the great difficulty of eating a bowl of rice with no implements but chop sticks. "It is a hopeless mystery to me," she says, "how hundreds of thousands of them can live, as they say they do, on rice eaten in that way. I should have thought such an ancient nation might at least have evolved a spoon by this time."

(*To be continued.*)

VARIETIES.

WHAT IS A COQUETTE.—A coquette is a young lady of more beauty than sense; more accomplishments than learning; more charms of person than graces of mind; more admirers than friends; more fools for attendants than wise men.

PUT MONEY IN THY PURSE.—When Robert Southey, the poet, was in Lisbon, he saw his countrymen conducting themselves in the true spirit of commerce. One merchant told him how closely he attended to profits. "I never pay a porter," said he, "for bringing a burden till the next day; for while the fellow feels his back ache with the weight, he charges high; but when he comes the next day the feeling is gone and he asks only half the money." The author of this mean trick was worth two hundred thousand pounds!

THE SUM OF DUTY.

The sum of duty let two words contain,
Oh, may they graven on thy heart remain!—
Be humble and be just.—*Prior.*

WOMAN'S TASTE.—For the proper ordering of a household every woman needs a cultivated taste, and her education should include very careful attention to this point. It is one of the duties of women to beautify, to ornament the world, and especially their own homes and their own persons, and the woman whose taste does not enable her to dress becomingly, to arrange the furniture and ornaments of her rooms tastefully, and generally to give a touch of seemliness to that part of the world with which she has to do, misses and fails in a part of her work to her own loss and that of all other persons with whom she comes in contact.

LAZINESS ON HIS TRAVELS.—Laziness travels so slowly that poverty soon overtakes him.—*Franklin.*

OUR OWN OBSERVATIONS.

To observation which ourselves we make
We grow more partial for the observer's sake.
—*Pope.*

FOR LOVERS OF ART.—Pre-Raphaelitism is a word we often meet with, but of its meaning many of us have only a hazy notion. The following explanation by Mr. Ruskin is therefore likely to be useful. "Pre-Raphaelitism has but one principle, that of uncompromising truth in all that it does, obtained by working everything, down to the most minute detail, from nature, and from nature only. Or, where imagination is necessarily trusted to, by always endeavouring to conceive a fact as it really was likely to have happened, rather than as it most prettily might have happened. Every pre-Raphaelite landscape background is painted to the last touch, in the open air, from the thing itself. Every pre-Raphaelite figure, however studied in expression, is a true portrait of some living person. Every minute accessory is painted in the same manner. . . . . This is the main principle of pre-Raphaelitism."

READING AND REFLECTING.—She who loves to read, and knows how to reflect, has laid by a perpetual feast for her old age.

AN EVENING DUTY.—Recollect every day the things seen, heard, or read, which make any addition to our understanding.—*Watts.*

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

A touching Story, poetry in prose,
Of sister's sacrifice, her love, her woes;
The gifted Author of the tale (unlike
His witty countrymen) need not to strike
One single word from out one single line—
Such purity doth all his thoughts enshrine.

1. O'er broad alluvial plains, through forests dense,
He roam'd, a freeman, till the Roman came;
And while he hunted o'er these tracts immense,
The appellation was of both the same.

2. Poor Queen! in suff'ring old—in years a child:
Torn from thy husband's arms by priestly force;
Thy beauty marr'd, to the far west exil'd,
Then murder'd, without fear, without remorse.

3. The Elkoshite, who prophesied the fall
Of that proud city whose iniquities
Had reached their height, and yet who held in thrall
The foremost of the ancient monarchies.

4. Sweet Nymph of solitude! Thy name reveals
The prudent king (tradition so records)
Who sought thy grove, apart from city brawls,
To muse alone and frame his acts and words.

5. Long centuries ago, in Russia reign'd
A brave Grand Duke, who boldly overcame
His various enemies, and so obtain'd
An increase of dominion and of fame.
His dying counsel to his sons was this:
"Guilty or innocent, shed no man's blood.
"Fast—pilgrimage—condones not what's amiss";
"For nought avails but actions just and good."

6. A well-known Epithet denotes the place,
A simple village, where the man was born
Who wrought the guiltiest deed of human race,
To his eternal shame and mankind's scorn.

7. The Turkish Title for a man of rank.

8. A harmless, mild Enthusiast, who relies
For food on fruits or herbs; the beasts may thank
His mercy that for him no creature dies.

9. The village Maid, who sought the youth she lov'd
By wilderness and forest, stream and plain;
Unceasingly, untiringly she rov'd,
Hoping 'gainst hope to meet him yet again.
He sought her also: year by year rolled on—
And youth and hope and energy were past;
Till, when the light of life was almost gone,
She found him, dying, in an hospital at last.

XIMENA.

DRESS: IN SEASON AND IN REASON.

By A LADY DRESSMAKER.

JANUARY is one of the months supplying the most difficulties to the writer on dress. Very little that is positively new ever appears before February, and even then it is too early to do much more than notice how the wind blows, and take the small indications of the future from it. There is one thing, however, which I very well know, and that is that the home dressmaker generally finds work to do in every month; and in houses where much home-work is done, a few new ideas and a little wise chat over them wondrously lightens the burden; which really is one—after a time of thinking—how to make the best of the half-worn garments of both old and young.

Now, in any previous year I do not think we have been so well off for materials for re-making as we are this winter. The cheapness of them seems quite astonishing when you think of the effect produced, and the splendour procurable for such small prices. Terry brocades are the chief feature amongst silks, and they are used both for dresses and mantles. The designs are arabesques and scrolls for cloaks; but there are others, of very large leaves, of velvet on a satin ground, the terry only being introduced in the small leaves and trimmings. Then there is plush, both embroidered and brocaded, and velvet in stripes of two colours, which looks very well when made up. There are also several old friends, and amongst others the old style of coloured embroidered flowers on a ground of black silk. Shot silks are not in so much favour as they were, and are more used in the evening than in the daytime. Velveteen is now made with embroidered flowers on it, but to my taste is not very ladylike.

All these, and many others, are most useful adjuncts in "doing over" all kinds of winter dresses; and it is wonderful what can be done in this way when two, or even three, materials can be used in the same dress. Someone says, perhaps: "But I do not know how; I have no pattern, and do not know where to find one." My dear young lady, when you fail to find an idea for doing up the old dress in the pages of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, or anywhere else in print, the next best thing to do is to put on your things and go out, and, whether you live in London or in a country town, you are nearly certain to find an idea before you come in. If the flounces of your dress be worn out, you can take them all off and replace them by a plain skirt, or half-skirt, of broché, velvet, Pékin, velveteen, or one of the many fancy materials to be found in the shops. The worn-out bodice can be replaced by a jersey, the overskirt by some material selected to match the rest of the dress in colour.

Dress lengths are sold in boxes, with the trimmings ready prepared, and the making

WINTER JACKETS AND MANTLES.

SERGE DRESS TRIMMED WITH BRAID.

PLAIN SKIRT AND TUCKS.

CHILDREN'S DRESS.

generally made easy for those who do not understand much about dressmaking. Many of these are trimmed with the new lace of woollen llama, called in the shops "Dentelle de Khartoum," and others have circles of braid, tinsel, chenille, and wide braid for trimming.

For ordinary use and early morning wear the generality of dresses are entirely of wool, and all morning-gowns appear to get plainer and plainer as the weeks go on. Wide military braid is very popular; but with the last month fur trimmings have grown to be the correct thing for dresses as well as mantles, and fur is used to all the good woollens, cloth, serge, and vicuna. For those who cannot afford real astrachan, there is the woven astrachan, which is an excellent imitation of the genuine fur, and is dyed in all colours, as well as in the orthodox black and grey. All kinds of rough things, coarse and rough serges, friezes, and tweeds are in favour for morning wear and for walking dresses; and the choice of these in the drapers' shops, made up into pretty and well-fitting skirts, is immense, and at such prices as place them within everyone's reach. With this help, and furnished with a jersey, even the most helpless girl can obtain a dress with little trouble and expense, and if she have a good pattern of a bodice she has only that to make, and need feel no anxiety about the skirt.

For better dresses velveteen is mixed with woollen and trimmed with fur, or fine woollen is trimmed with the rich llama lace which I have before mentioned, and which is made in every colour, and is of such a width that it is often used as one deep flounce over a silk foundation.

Figured materials are never made up alone, but plain ones are; and it is probable that in the spring plain silks will be made up as they used to be, with no second material.

The plain skirt seems almost universally worn, and I have illustrated in one of the single figures how this plain skirt looks. It has always a narrow ruching at the edge, and tucks above, or else wide braid or a fur band. The next single figure has a skirt with pleats at intervals, and braid runs down where it is plain. All these skirts, though called plain, have a gored lining underneath them, and this smooth foundation ensures the skirt setting well and that there will be no pulls nor rucks. The plain skirt is also indispensable when steels are used in the dress, as they are placed across the plain width at the back.

An effort after greater simplicity is evident in the cut of the tunic, and they are really more like the thing they are called, viz., an overskirt, looped up to be out of the way. They are neither very long, very short, nor very full, but medium in every way; far less stuff being used than was the case a few months ago.

Waistcoats are as much worn as ever, but there is no change in the make of bodices or sleeves.

The sketch of the "Walk in Kensington Gardens" gives most of the shapes now worn in mantles, jackets, and cloaks. Small tight jackets are used as much as ever by young people, but they are not of bright colours—red and prune, as they were last winter—but grey, trimmed with grey astrachan; or dark brown, or drab, trimmed with the same fur, or otter, beaver, or seal. These jackets may be made of cloth, velvet, or corduroy.

All mantles are short behind, and cut in a curve down the front and sides, until they meet in a point, as represented in the centre figure of the three advancing ladies. The majority are made of terry-ribbed silk, but plush and velvet are also used. Almost all are trimmed with fur, or thick chenille trimmings. Fur balls, fur fringe, and fur tails seem the most usual finish on all mantles—those trimmed with fur especially. The large coats all have sleeves, generally coming from the back. They are all very full at the back, and do not show much of the dress skirt. All of them have large fur collars, to protect the neck.

Sealskin paletôts are very much worn; they are long and ample, and the fronts hang straight down. Large dolmans of seal are also seen, and so are numbers of sealskin tight-fitting jackets and capes; either with long stole ends that hang down in front, or without them. The new capes are carefully fitted, sloped at the back, and all have shoulder seams. They are generally worn with cuffs, for greater warmth to the arms; they are very deep, and are colsed with elastic on the inside, to allow of their going over the sleeve comfortably.

I must not forget to say that the newest buttons for dresses are of fine close wood, turned and carved more or less delicately, according to expense. Then there are some marbled buttons, like stones, pebbles, or fancy marbles, which are selected to match the dress in colour; these are very pretty and elegant. Some very expensive buttons are also to be seen of enamelled metal in delicate Eastern hues. Buttons are not quite so small as they were, and consequently are not so many in number down the front of dress bodices, and for jacket bodices fastening half way down the front very large ones are used.

All the winter hats are tall, and very heavily trimmed, especially toward the front, where the feathers, wings, or bows of ribbon stand very much upright. Bonnets and hats are of felt for ordinary wear, with trimmings of terry or velvet. The crowns of all bonnets are quite pronounced—some of them may be called high. The crowns are of velvet, of soft felt, or of woollen stockingette (for the latter, I am told, many milliners use real stockings), and all three are puffed or pleated in small, regular pleats, or they may be smoothly covered.

The "Olivia" shape, as it is now reintroduced, is very pretty, and is made in worsted lace, as well as terry and velvet; it bids fair to be more generally used than when it came in three years ago. The strings of bonnets are much shorter, and measure about three-and-a-half inches across; when tied there are hardly any ends. An easy way of making a bonnet is to purchase a small felt shape, and put a piece of fur at the edge, and sew on a pair of the new woollen velvet strings. Woollen materials of all sorts seem to be used for making the crowns of bonnets, even crochet-crowns laid over velvet; straw crowns are little seen, but there are some feather bonnets and hats completely covered with dyed feathers laid on one over the other in layers, with a brim of velvet.

I forget if I have mentioned the triple folds of crossway canvas that have been introduced from the Continent, and have taken the place of neck frillings. They are of white, cream, or other colours, and may be either plain or spotted with chenille dots. The price of these folds will probably make them common too soon, otherwise they are most useful and neat-looking.

Almost all ribbons are reversible and thick, and the woollen velvet ribbon, which I have mentioned, is the most valuable of our recent introductions, as it will probably wear well and look better than silk ribbons for winter wear. Following the universal English custom of naming dress articles after the seat of war absorbing the interest of the day, this ribbon is called "Tonquin."

Our last illustration must be given up to the winter fashions of the juveniles amongst us, for they are an important consideration to so many sisters and mothers. This sketch shows a blouse frock for a little girl, a paletôt and cape made of either real or imitation astrachan for a boy, with a scarlet Tam o' Shanter and a brown quill feather. A loose, very rough pilot cloth paletôt for a little girl is shown beyond, which is worn with a Tam o' Shanter to match, or of brown velvet. The little maiden of five summers wears a paletôt or pelisse of rough cloth, trimmed with fur, and a large, granny-like bonnet with a cap inside. Nothing but rough materials are used for infants and young children—even the long cloaks of infants are now made, not of the finest cashmere, as of yore, but of cloth, flannel, or white serge, and are trimmed with flat bands of knotted woollen or a white ball fringe. Woollen laces are also used for the same purpose; but the rage for both the out-of-door and indoor clothing of babies is crochte or knitted dresses. These are usually tricotées, and have a cape as well as a cap, and gaiters to match—violet and dark crimson are the best wearing colours of which to make them. Double Berlin may be used, or a good fleecy wool, and the pattern of any petticoat will do for that portion of the dress, while the bodice, being quite straight, and the sleeves also, any good hand at crochet will not need much help beyond measurements to guide her. Sometimes coloured silks are introduced in stars, or embroidered lines, to brighten the dress. We have become rather more sanitary this year with our children's dress, for even the very babies, as soon as they are short-coated, are put into long stockings over the knee, which match the frock in colour and are tied with ribbons at the ankle, as the little "bootees" were, to make them pretty; and having once arrived at this, it is to be hoped we shall see no more bare legs for some time.

As regards the hats worn by children and young people, they are generally in the shapes worn by the older people; only with fewer trimmings. The Tam o' Shanter seems, however, to outshine everything else in popularity; but to many children it forms a far from becoming head-dress; and when the face is thin it should on no account be worn, as it is quite unsuitable. The worst of a popular fashion is, that it is adopted too universally, and, however pretty, gets so quickly into disfavour, as one style cannot possibly suit everyone and all conditions of life. The wisest people are those who are not carried into extremes by the influence of the multitude; and who try to think well, and to form an opinion of their own on all subjects, great and small, regarding none as too trifling and beneath their notice which may contribute to a seemly appearance, the pleasure to those whom it is their duty to consult, or of economy, health, or the general convenience of the wearer.

PENNY DINNERS.

By PHILLIS BROWNE, Author of "The Girl's Own Cookery Book."

ALL schoolgirls know that if through some accident the dinner-hour is postponed, and they try to learn their lessons when they are faint and hungry, the lessons somehow will not get learnt. Figures appear to jumble themselves together in the brain, towns and rivers will not show themselves upon the map, and all is failure and confusion. After dinner, however, the requirements of Nature being supplied, these difficulties arrange themselves, and lessons are easily mastered, because necessary food has been taken.

It is very sad to think that in this land of ours there are thousands of children who are obliged to study, yet are not well fed, simply because their fathers are too poor to buy them food, while their mothers either do not know how to cook the daily meals, or are, it may be, compelled by necessity to go out working by

the day, and so cannot make use of the knowledge they possess.

Living within a stone's throw of these half-starved little ones are numbers of girls who have a great deal of leisure time on their hands which they do not know what to do with. Would it not be a good thing if some among them would try to mend matters by establishing in poor districts "Penny Dinners" for destitute children? The idea is not by any means a new or an unpracticable one; it has been tried, and has succeeded in various parts. Sir Henry Peek, M.P., was the first to attempt it. Ever since 1876 he has supplied the children attending the National School at Rousdon, in Devonshire, with one sufficient meal a day on the five days a week they attend school, and the material has not cost more than a penny per meal. The consequence has been that at Rousdon School the children who before were wretched and ill-fed, and unable to learn their lessons, became healthy and vigorous, and succeeded so well in their examinations that it was stated in the House of Commons by Mr. Mundella, the Minister of Education, that "it was impossible there could be a better school."

As might have been expected, Sir Henry Peek's example was followed by a few others of like mind with himself, and "Penny Dinners" have been established here and there. During the last few months the attention of the charitable has been repeatedly called to the subject, and very earnest efforts have been made to induce those who have leisure and means at command to begin the work in their own neighbourhoods. If a network of "Penny Dinners" could be established all over the country, we might expect that a great improvement would be made, not only in the health and intelligence but also in the morals of the community, for we all know that people are never more likely to quarrel and fight, and to fall victims to drink and disease, than when they are ill-fed.

At the present time I believe twelve kitchens have been opened in different parts of London and a few in various parts of the country. These are, however, nothing to what is needed; and if any adequate good is to be done the work must be extended in every direction. It is in the hope of persuading some of my friends to undertake it that I now write.

There is wanted for the successful establishment of these kitchens not money so much as workers. Money is required, certainly, to start the business—to provide the coppers, fuel, basins, spoons, and plates, and to hire the room where the meals are given, and to buy the supplies to commence with. The cost of the first outlay, however, for a hundred children, has been stated by those who have carefully calculated the expense to be under ten pounds; and after this first outlay the idea of the promoters of the scheme is that the dinners should be made to pay. Luxurious individuals may say that it is absurd to imagine that a sufficient meal for a child can be bought for a penny; but this is not so—the thing has been done again and again. Everyone who has had experience knows that it is much more difficult to provide economically for a small family than it is for a large one. I could cater much more liberally for a family of twelve on ten shillings a week per head than I could for a family of two with the same allowance. To provide for numbers requires management. You need to know how to market, where to go, and what to buy; how to lay out money to advantage, and how to utilise scraps; but with equal knowledge and skill in both cases, twelve people could live quite comfortably on the same proportionate allowance which would be hard work for two or three.

It is particularly hard upon poor folks that just because they have very little money they cannot lay out that little to the best advantage. They are obliged to purchase what they want in driblets, and this means that they should pay the very highest price for it, and perhaps get it also of inferior quality. The rich man who at the end of the summer lays in a stock of coal enough to last him till warm days come again, pays in proportion very much less for his coal than does the poor woman who fetches a few coals from the shop in her apron. Just so the pennyworths of bacon and ounces of tea which are sold in poverty-stricken localities are much more costly than are the same articles when bought in large quantities. Housekeepers of experience are accustomed to say that "a store is no sore," and that to buy food in tiny portions is to "let the money run out at the heels of one's boots." They know that just as, if they can buy potatoes by the sack they will save in all probability a farthing in the pound, so they never buy meat, groceries, vegetables, or any necessaries so frugally as when they buy a quantity—that is, supposing always that the supply thus provided is used judiciously and made the most of. Yet the poor can never enjoy this advantage. If they had the money to lay out they have no room where they could bestow their goods, and so they have to live from hand to mouth in the most costly manner.

It seems to me that the promoters of the "Penny Dinner" movement are doing this kindness for the poor—they are enabling them to make the most of their pennies. One penny, standing alone, is not very powerful; but a number of pennies put together, laid out by experienced persons who know how to "make it turn round twice," as the saying is, will procure a substantial dinner for the owner of each individual penny. The girls of our cookery class could scarcely devote the skill and power of management which they have acquired to a better purpose than by thus co-operating with their poorer neighbours for the good of the latter.

The first thing which girls who feel inclined to undertake this work would have to do would be to communicate with a few of their friends, and get the promise of assistance. In enterprises of this kind it is a great mistake to be short-handed, and for one or two persons to undertake the entire responsibility thereof, and have the detail in their hands also. To do this is to anticipate failure, for although experiments are very interesting while they are new, they become very wearisome with time, and they are much more likely to be carried through if the burden is divided amongst a number of reliable persons, than they are if left to one or two. There are not many girls who would have the heart, even if they had the strength, to keep on every day, and day after day, with the same monotonous detail; and yet it would be foolishness to begin this work and not persevere in it. Spasmodic philanthropy is worth very little—it is not real, it is a sham. The girl who can go down now and then on a bright winter's morning and amuse herself by helping to hand round the plates and cups to ragged children, may flatter herself that she is being very self-denying and useful; but the probability is that unless she is prepared to go on systematically she is only occupying the room of someone who would work longer than she.

It would be well, therefore, if those who are organising these dinners would remember that not occasional helpers, but reliable helpers are needed—girls who will promise to devote a portion of time regularly to the undertaking—take one day a week, or two days a week, as they can afford, and then make up their minds not to enter into other engagements, or allow bad weather, weariness, fatigue, or pleasant invitations of any kind to interfere with their self-appointed duty. Having made this resolve, they may be quite sure that every pleasant party they would like to attend will be fixed for this particular day which they have promised to give up. But let them remain firm. In time their friends will understand that they are engaged on certain days, and will make their arrangements accordingly.

Although it is thus desirable that the work should be divided, it is also necessary that one experienced and competent person who has a talent for organisation should be responsible for its accomplishment. These "willing and capable" individuals are the mainstay of all undertakings, philanthropic or otherwise, and it is because they are not often to be met with that so many excellent schemes fall to the ground. These people are usually very managing, very energetic, and very modest. I have been privileged to know one or two of them in my time, and I have noticed that when the public meeting is held, and compliments are being freely distributed all round, the real workers, the wire-pullers, are generally in the background. Yet what does this signify? We all know that there will be a gathering one day, when they will have to leave their obscurity, in order to listen to the words of the Master, "Well done, good and faithful servant." For the present, however, they are not thinking of honours for themselves, they simply see that the work wants doing, and they are taking steps to get it done. They are always glad of help, and they are delighted to give full credit to anyone who will join hands with them. They are never so successful as when they have the capacity, not so much of working themselves, as of setting others to work. There are plenty of "hands" in the community, willing and active enough, sometimes too active, but the "heads" are comparatively few. The characteristic of these responsible individuals is that they have "head;" which means that they have wit to perceive, judgment to choose, skill to guide, and strength to control. If in a committee of twenty, or fifty, or five hundred, there is but one member who has capacity to take and bear the responsibility, all will be well. If there is no such person to be found, the work had better not be commenced, for it is certain to fall through.

The committee being formed, the next thing is either to rent or obtain permission to use a room suitable for the purpose. In many districts mission-halls are established, which are made use of chiefly in the evenings, and not used during the day. In other districts there are buildings in connection with the schools which the children attend, which can be utilised for the purpose. If it can be arranged that one of these rooms can be made use of, all the better, especially as mission-halls, at any rate, are frequently provided with a copper for boiling water for tea-meetings. Where there is no mission-hall or out-building available, a room must be looked for and hired, and then in all probability a copper will have to be fitted on purpose. The putting in of a proper cooking apparatus is a very important item. When it is expected that a large number, say one or two hundred children, are to be provided for, one or more good-sized coppers, capable of holding, say, 10 gallons, will be needed. Coppers which are already erected are generally made with brick-work flues. The price of one of these will vary with the locality and with the ideas of the tradesman whose assistance is called in. Portable coppers heated by gas, are not very costly, and they answer the purpose almost better, because with gas the heat is so easily regulated, while the cost of the gas once fixed is very trifling.

In a little pamphlet written by the Rev. W. Moore Ede, Rector of Gateshead-on-Tyne.

called "Hints for the Management of Penny Dinners," there is a practical suggestion on this point which is worth knowing. Mr. Ede relates experiences connected with providing "Penny Dinners" at St. Mary's National Schools, Gateshead, and tells his readers that there the difficulty of the cooking apparatus was met by the invention of the following very simple arrangement. A box was made, three feet high, two feet wide, and one foot nine inches deep, with an outer case of sheet iron; the sides and lid were lined with two and a half inches of felt, and inside this, again, was a further lining of tin. Underneath the box, which was capable of holding thirty gallons, and large enough to cook for 250 children, were placed two of Fletcher's atmospheric gas burners. The felt being a non-conductor, nearly all the heat from the gas was utilised, while a comparatively small expenditure of gas was sufficient to raise the temperature of the contents of the box to boiling point or to the heat required. With this "Cooker," when once the desired temperature is obtained, one of the burners can be turned off and the other lowered, and the temperature can be maintained for hours by means of a merely nominal expenditure of gas; while even when the gas is totally extinguished, many hours will elapse before the food cooked will become cool.

It should be explained that the food is cooked, not in the box, but in an inner pan which is placed inside the box, and which contains room for rather more than twenty gallons in the largest-sized "Cooker." The space between the inner pan and the side of the box is filled with water, which is kept at the desired temperature by means of the gas-burners; the expenditure for fuel is very slight. Mr. Ede found that gas costing seven-tenths of a penny would with this apparatus raise five gallons of water to boiling point, and less than threepennyworth would boil thirty gallons. This shows how economical gas is. I have not seen these "Cookers" in operation, but in connection with some dinners organised by some very clever and efficient philanthropists in London, I have seen two portable coppers, holding ten gallons each, which were fixed for about £6, and it has been found that the cost of heating each of these by gas is a penny an hour.

"Penny Dinner Cookers," similar to the apparatus thus described, are supplied by Messrs. Walker and Emley, Newcastle, and the price is £6; smaller ones, however, capable of holding fifteen, twenty, and twenty-five gallons, are to be had for £4 10s., £5, and £5 10s., respectively. It is, however, evident that in the matter of arranging the cooking apparatus large demands will be made upon the managing capabilities of the committee, and especially of the responsible member thereof.

If I were asked to choose between gas and the ordinary fire, I should pronounce in favour of gas, partly because it is cheaper, partly because it is so manageable and makes so little dirt, and consequently entails less labour on the person who is in charge. In cases, however, where an ordinary boiler with brickwork flues is already fitted, there need be no difficulty, because a little experience will soon make all things easy in cooking by its means.

In arranging what the dinners are to consist of, it is very desirable that there should be plenty of variety. Mr. Ede, in the pamphlet to which I have already referred, publishes a number of recipes, giving the quantities required for dinners for one hundred children, with prices attached. The difficulty connected with naming the cost is that prices vary in different localities, so that what may be followed implicitly in one neighbourhood seems like a dream in another. For instance, we are not able to buy bacon at a fraction over twopence-halfpenny a pound, rice at three-farthings a pound, or neck of mutton in good condition at fourpence-halfpenny per pound, as some of our friends are. Yet here experience must be the great teacher, and the member of the committee who lays in the stores and arranges the daily bill of fare, will doubtless after a fortnight's trial know more than anyone can tell her of what can and cannot be done in her district. As it would be, however, very difficult to make a beginning without having some idea of the quantities required, I subjoin a number of recipes which have been very kindly given to me by one of the "willing and capable" ladies of whom I have spoken, and which have been worked out very successfully, leaving a small margin for unforeseen expenses at the end of the week. The dinners are calculated for 100 children.

Currant Pudding.—25 lbs. flour, 4¾ lbs. suet, 4¾ lbs. currants. Make up into twenty-five puddings, and divide each pudding into four pieces. Allow 3 oz. of suet to 1 lb. of flour. A piece of bread and jam was given with this dinner, which was very popular. I think I should have added a little baking-powder.

Suet Pudding.—Same as currant pudding. Instead of currants, half an ounce of jam was put on the plate with each portion. Treacle might, I should say, be occasionally substituted for the jam.

Rice and Milk.—7lbs. rice, 7 quarts of milk. Soak the rice in water for some hours. (This makes it cook more quickly.) Boil it in water till nearly tender, drain it, and put it for a little while at the last with the milk. Bread and jam were given with this dinner. If approved, the rice may be served with fruit or treacle, as well as milk, and 2lbs. of finely-grated suet may be boiled with the milk and rice, to make it more nourishing.

Ox-head Soup.—1 ox-head, 15lbs. peas, 6lbs. potatoes, 1s. worth onions, carrots, and turnips. Slice of bread given with the soup; three-quarters of a pint of soup for a portion.

Beans and Bacon.—8lbs. bacon, 14lbs. beans. Slice of bread given with this dinner.

When recipes of this description for large quantities of food have to be carried out in ordinary boilers with brickwork flues, it is not a bad plan to begin the cooking over-night, then let the fire go out, when the heat of the pan will cause the stewing to continue during the night. With gas, however, a low heat may be maintained during the night. When large quantities of food have to be cooked day after day in the same boiler, there is no time to waste, especially as in preparations of this sort the nourishment is best extracted by slow, long-continued cooking. One advantage connected with cooking the food in a tin surrounded by water, as in the apparatus described by Mr. Ede, would be that there need be no anxiety about the food burning, because the heat in the inner tin would never reach boiling point. Where suet puddings had to be cooked they would need to be put into the boiling water, not into the inner pan, about two hours before they were wanted.

Bacon and Potatoes.—8lbs. bacon, 50lbs. potatoes. A slice of bread.

Soup and Suet Puddings.—A good dinner may be made by boiling onions, turnips, and carrots in the water in which the bacon and beans were boiled. A slice of suet pudding may be given with this.

Peas Soup.—1s. worth of bones or any stock, 15lbs. peas, 1s. worth vegetables, 6lbs. potatoes. Slice of bread.

I was present at one dinner when a ham sandwich—that is, two slices of bread with boiled bacon between, and a slice of jam and bread, was given to the children, who approved it very highly.

In arranging for these "Penny Dinners" it is usual to engage a woman to cook, wash the various utensils, and do what rough work there is to be done. The remuneration given to this woman must be paid for out of the dinners, and it amounts, on an average, to 1s. per day, although in some neighbourhoods more than this is given. When the dinners are given in a mission-hall there is sometimes a caretaker living on the spot, who is glad to undertake the business. But although the rough work may with propriety be handed over to a hired assistant, it is very desirable that all purchases should be made and the details be under the supervision of voluntary workers, chiefly ladies. Where there are, say, from 100 to 150 children, there should be on the spot not less than five ladies every day: one to take the pence or the tickets at the door, one to be in the kitchen with the cook and see that the portions given out are equal, and all that they should be (a most important detail), and three more to give the children their food, preside while they sing or repeat a short grace, and keep order. It is an education in refinement for children to be made to take their food quietly and to behave properly; yet if left to themselves, poor, wretched children will be rough, and throw the food about, and push one another in a scramble for places. It is chiefly in securing order that ladies may be useful.

It would be a very good thing if in arranging the dinners certain foods to which the poor are not accustomed, and which yet are wholesome, nourishing, and cheap, could be introduced. This is, however, exceedingly difficult. All who have had experience in work of this kind agree that the poor are very conservative about their food; while, strange as it may seem, those who are half-starved are exceedingly fastidious. I have heard people say, "This food is very good; those who cannot eat it cannot be very hungry; let them go without until they are less particular." Remarks like these are rather hard, and I think, also, rather unjust. When children have not a sufficiency of food their digestive powers become weakened, and they cannot swallow what they do not fancy. I have seen thin, sickly, half-starved little ones sitting before a good wholesome meal, and looking almost sick at the sight of it, and my heart has ached for them. But we must have patience. When through having become accustomed to good food the children have grown healthy and vigorous, they will take what is given to them and eat it with appetite. Till that point is reached, perhaps the unusual foods had better be omitted.

For example, there is macaroni—that nourishing, inexpensive, and easily cooked food. It would, doubtless, be a good thing if macaroni were more appreciated than it is, and my friend, of whom I have already spoken, very sensibly tried to introduce it. It was no use, however, the children would not eat it; a few were induced to try it, and they liked it, but numbers left it untouched. One of the ladies went round and explained what macaroni was, described the method of its preparation, and told how much the people of Italy thought of it. I happened one day to be standing near a small boy who was looking at his portion of macaroni with great disfavour, although listening quietly to what was said. When Italy was mentioned his face suddenly brightened. "There was a herthquake in Italy a while ago, wasn't there?" he remarked; and on being told that this was so, said, "All right, I'll eat it!" The majority of the children did not, however, share this boy's enthusiasm for earthquakes, or perhaps they did not associate them, as he did, with macaroni, and so macaroni had to be discontinued.

Before closing, I must say one word about the morality, if I may so term it, of "Penny Dinners," and the wisdom of giving them. Happy are the philanthropists who, while trying to do good, have no cause to be troubled by qualms of conscience which make them fear

that they are missing their object and are doing harm. It is probable that there never was a time when so many right-minded people were earnestly trying to lessen the misery which is around us as now. A large proportion of these are, however, in great doubt as to which are the best methods and what the right plans to pursue. This is as it should be, for there is no doubt that much mischief has been wrought in the past in consequence of zeal outrunning discretion, and feeling over-mastering judgment. When we see a case of distress it is a very easy thing for well-to-do people to put their hands into their pockets and give of their abundance to those who need, but it is not always certain that the gifts thus bestowed prove of real benefit to the receivers. Indiscriminate charity produces pauperism, by discouraging efforts for self-help. The Roman Catholic Church has from time immemorial enjoined almsgiving upon its disciples, yet it is notorious that there is no other community to which so many beggars, wretched, dirty, and squalid, are attached.

With regard even to this "Penny Dinner" movement, I know that there are experienced philanthropists who believe that it is harmful because it relieves the parents of the responsibility of providing for their children, and so makes them less anxious to do their best. By relieving the hunger of the children of a drunken parent, we may be taking away the one motive which would lead him to reform, and yet in the long-run it would be better for the children that their father should become sober than that they should get a few good dinners. This is quite true; but I think the objection is pointless so long as the dinners are not given, but are paid for to their full value by the pence of the children. To provide dinners and sell them, is, as I have already said, to co-operate with the poor in enabling them to get the full value for their money. The energies of the organisers of the movement should be directed therefore to this end, to make the dinners self-supporting; and, if this is accomplished, surely no harm can be done. Also, they should be most particular to sell the dinners, not to give them. It is a good plan to get the teachers of schools which the children attend to sell the tickets in the morning, instead of allowing pennies to be paid at the door.

Perhaps it will be said this is all very well for those who have pennies, but what about those who have none? This opens a large question, into which I do not feel that it is my province here to enter. I may say, however, that if with our modern civilisation honest, sober, industrious folks who are willing to work cannot command a penny a-day for a child's dinner, there is something wrong, and we had better turn our attention to altering it, rather than prolong it by tinkering it with injudicious gifts. Meanwhile the fortunate ones of the world have "abundance" of something besides money to bestow—they have sympathy, leisure, energy, kindness, skill, and knowledge, and they may be very sure that we are never wrong in sharing these with our poorer brothers and sisters.

CHRISTMAS WITH OUR POETS.

FOR an account of Christmas, under its various aspects, we have only to refer to our poets of past and modern times. Indeed, this truly glorious festival of the Church has afforded our poets rich opportunities—which they have not failed to use—of depicting the beauties which its sacred teaching and associations suggest. Many of our poets, also, have bequeathed to us the most varied allusions to the mode of its observance in days gone by; a few of which may interest our readers in the present paper. Thus, amongst some of the well-known allusions to Christmastide, may be mentioned Milton's "Ode and Hymn on the Nativity"—

"It was the winter wild
While the heaven-born child,
All meanly wrapt, in the rude manger lies."

In the twelfth book, too, of "Paradise Lost," we find a graphic account of the first Christmas night—

"His place of birth a solemn angel tells
To single shepherds, keeping watch by night;
They gladly thither haste, and by a quire
Of squadron'd angels hear his carol sung."

Speaking of carol-singing, it may be noted that, as Bishop Taylor remarks, the "Gloria in Excelsis" sung by the angels to the shepherds at our Lord's nativity was the earliest Christmas carol. George Herbert, it may be remembered, has some beautiful lines on this event, which are thoroughly appropriate at this season:—

"The shepherds sing, and shall I silent be?
My God, no hymn for Thee?
My soul's a shepherd too, a flock it feeds—
Of thoughts, and words, and deeds.
The pasture is Thy word, the streams Thy grace,
Enriching all the place.
Shepherd and flock shall sing, and all my powers
Out-sing the daylight hours."

In olden times, it would seem, our poets composed carols specially for Christmastide, and Warton, in his "History of English Poetry," notices a licence granted in the year 1562, to John Tysdale, for printing "Certayne Goodly Carowles to be songe to the glory of God;" and it will be further recollected how Goldsmith, in his "Vicar of Wakefield," describing the unsophisticated character of his parishioners, mentions the circumstance that "they kept up the Christmas carol." Again, referring to the words of the angels' carol, "On earth peace, goodwill towards men," we must not omit to notice the beautiful notion which represents the cock as crowing all night long on Christmas night, and by its vigilance dispelling every kind of malignant influence, and which has been so graphically described by our master poet—

"Some say that ever 'gainst that season comes
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
The bird of dawning singeth all night long:
And then, they say, no spirit dare stir abroad;
The nights are wholesome, then no planets strike,
No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charm,
So hallowed and so gracious is the time."

With these powerful lines we may compare the words of an old hymn said to have been composed by St. Ambrose, and formerly used in the Salisbury service.

"The cock, that is the trumpet to the morn,
Doth with his lofty and shrill-sounding throat
Awake the God of day, and, at his warning,
Whether in sea or fire, in earth or air,
The extravagant and erring spirit hies to his confine.

It is worthy of note, too, that the cock is not the only member of the animal creation whose natural instinct has, it is said, taught it to do honour to Christmas night. At Aberavon, in Monmouthshire, for instance, there formerly existed a superstition that every Christmas morning, and then only, a large salmon exhibited himself in the adjoining river, and permitted himself to be handled or taken up, although it would have been regarded as the height of impiety to capture it. At any rate, we know that in days gone by salmon was a very favourite dish at this festival, and Carew tells us how—

"Lastly, the sammon, king of fish,
Fils with good cheare the Christmas dish."

Once more, Howison, in his "Sketches of Upper Canada," relates how he met an Indian at midnight, on Christmas Eve, during a beautiful moonlight, cautiously creeping along, and beckoning him to silence, saying at the same time, "Me watch to see the deer kneel; this is Christmas night, and all the deer fall upon their knees to the Great Spirit, and look up."

Leaving the Christmas carol and its associations, we may briefly allude to the village waits, who, in many country places, may still be heard early in the evening, singing their rustic music, although midnight has generally been the more customary period for their nocturnal performances. Wordsworth, describing the village waits, clothes them with a spirit of romance, and tells us how—

"The minstrels played their Christmas tune
To-night beneath my cottage eaves."

Adding in the following verses—

"How touching, when at midnight sweep
Snow-muffled winds, and all is dark,
To hear—and sink again to sleep;
Or at an earlier call to mark,
By blazing fire, the still suspense,
Of self-complacent innocence.

"The mutual nod, the grave disguise,
Of hearts with gladness brimming o'er;
And some unbidden tears that rise,
For names once heard, and heard no more.
Fears brightened by the serenade,
For infant in the cradle laid."

Clare, again, in his "Shepherd's Calendar," speaks of this time-honoured custom thus—

"The singing waits, a merry throng,
At early morn, with simple skill,
Yet imitate the angels' song,
And chant their Christmas ditty still."

An important feature of our olden Christmas was the wassail-bowl, a compound consisting of ale, nutmeg, sugar, toast, and roasted crabs or apples. Many of the wassail-songs sung on the occasion still exist throughout the country. Washington Irving, in his charming account of "Christmas Merriment" in England, says, "There was much laughing and merriment as the honest emblem of Christmas joyfully circulated, and was kissed rather coyly by the ladies. When it reached master Simon, he raised it in both hands, and with the air of a boon companion, struck up the old wassail chanson—

"The browne bowle,
The merry browne bowle,
As it goes round about-a
Fill,
Still,
Let the world say what it will,
And drink your fill all out-a
The deep canne
The merry deep canne;
As thou dost freely quaff-a,
Sing,
Fling,
Be as merry as a king
And sound a lusty laugh-a."

In Devonshire and elsewhere it was customary to wassail the orchards, in allusion to which the husbandman is directed—

"Wassail the trees that they may bear
You many a plum and many a pear,
For more or less fruits they may bring,
As you do give them wassailing."

The poet Herrick, who has chronicled so many of our old usages, has bequeathed a pleasing account of the yule-log:—

"Come, bring with a noise,
My merry, merry boys,
The Christmas log to the firing,
While my good dame, she
Bids ye all be free
And drink to your hearts' desiring.

With the last year's brand
Light the new block, and
For good success in his spending,
On your psalteries play
That sweet luck may
Come while the cock is attending."

From time immemorial Christmas has been observed in this country with every mark of respect, but in modern times many of the old usages referred to in the literature of the past have passed away. As Mr. Sandys remarks, however, in his amusing little volume on "Christmastide," although there are no records that can be considered authentic of the way in which the early Britons kept Christmas, yet it was no doubt observed as one of their highest festivals. Probably, too, some of the Druidical ceremonies may have been introduced and embodied in the festive rejoicings observed on this occasion. The renowned King Arthur, according to the ballad of the "Marriage of Sir Gawaine"—

—"A royale Christmase kept,
With mirth and princely cheare;
To him repaired many a knighte,
That came both farre and neare."

But this, as Mr. Sandys remarks, "though ancient, is certainly of a date long subsequent to the far-famed hero." Coming to a later period, William the Conqueror was crowned on Christmas Day, 1066.—

"On Christmas Day, in solemne sort,
Then was he crowned here,
By Albert, Archbishope of Yorke
With many a noble peere."

But, coming down to a later period, one of the most spirited accounts of Christmastide rejoicings in days past is that by Sir Walter Scott in his "Marmion." After describing the many customs kept up with so much hilarity he sums up by telling us—

"England was merry England when
Old Christmas brought his sports again;
'Twas Christmas broached the mightiest ale,
'Twas Christmas told the merriest tale;
A Christmas gambol oft could cheer
The poor man's heart through half the year."

Old Moser, too, has some good and homely lines on Christmas festivities as kept up by our forefathers:—

"Of Christ cometh Christmas, the name with the feast,
A time full of joy, to the greatest and least;
At Christmas was Christ our Saviour born,
The world through sin altogether forlorn.
At Christmas we banquet, the rich with the poor,
Who then, but the miser, but openeth his door?
At Christmas of Christ many carols we sing,
And give many gifts in the joy of that King.
At Christmas in Christ we rejoice, and be glad,
As onely of whom our comfort is had;
At Christmas we joy all together with mirth
For His sake, that joyed us all with His birth."

Wither too, describing an old-fashioned Christmas, tells us:—

"Lo, now is come our joyful'st feast,
Let every man be jolly;
Each room with ivy leaves is drest,
And every post with holly.
Now all our neighbours' chimneys smoke,
And Christmas blocks are burning;
Their ovens they with bak'd meats choke,
And all their spits are turning."

Gay, noticing the use of evergreens used in Christmas decorations, remarks how—

"When rosemary and bays, the poet's crown,
Are brawl'd in frequent cries through all the town,
Then judge the festival of Christmas near—
Christmas, the joyous period of the year!
Now with bright holly all the temples show,
With laurel green, and sacred misletoe."

Wordsworth, also, has some appropriate lines on church-decking at this season, and bids the reader

"Go, seek, when Christmas snows discomforts bring,
The counter-spirit found in some gay church,
Green with fresh holly, every pew a porch,
In which the linnet or the thrush might sing,
Merry and loud, and safe from prying search,
Strains offered only to the genial spring."

Poor Robin, again, whose almanac contains numerous allusions to our old usages, in a Christmas song of the year 1695, writes—

"With holly and ivy, so green and so gay,
We deck up our houses as fresh as the day;
With bays and rosemary and laurels complete,
And everyone now is a king in conceit."

Once more, we must not omit to notice Herrick's account of Christmas games in years gone by—

"Of Christmas sports, the wassail bowl,
That tost up after fox-i-th'-hole;
Of blind-man-buffe, and the care
That young men have to shoe the mare.
Of Twelfth-tide cakes, of pease and beans,
Wherewith ye make those merry scenes,
When as ye choose your king and queen,
And cry out, "Hey, for our town green."

The few illustrations we have given above are sufficient to show how fully our poets have entered into the spirit of Christmas. Thus, whilst reminding us on the one hand of its sacred teaching, they have not forgotten to refer to its festive side, thereby portraying our Christmas festival in its religious and social aspects.

T. F. THISELTON DYER.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

M. E. VARIEN.—Write to Miss Roberts, Florence-villas, Torquay. These correspondence classes would suit you, we believe. Take the MSS. to the nearest post-office, and make all inquiries.

COUSIN NANCIE.—Classes are held for bookkeeping at the Society for the Employment of Women, 22, Berners-street, Oxford-street, W. You might go there and make inquiries.

GOVERNESS.—The salary would be from £25 to £35, we should think.

JESSAMINE.—The *Hegira*, or flight of Mahomet, took place July 16, 622 A.D.

AN ORPHAN IN TROUBLE had better write to the authorities, and inquire if there be a vacancy, or if her examination holds good for London also.

M. S.—We could not answer your question unless we knew your acquirements. You had better obtain some old examination papers, and see for yourself.

HOPEFUL.—For information on the Zenana Mission write to Miss Webb, 267, Vauxhall Bridge-road, S.W.

ETTIE.—Euclid was a mathematician of Alexandria, who lived B.C. 280. He is the author of the book on the elements of geometry bearing his name, and was the first to give the science a systematic form.

EMILE.—The article on "Common Errors in Daily Life" will be found on pages 57, 122, 214, 310, 462, 54, vol. v. It is not usual to write and thank people for Christmas cards unless you have not seen nor heard of them for a long time.

LILY, LORNA DOONE will find a full account of how to educate themselves for teaching or nursing in "Work for All," at pages 26, 119, vol. v.

ELISE.—Do you mean "Higher Thoughts on Girls' Occupations," pages 30, 515, vol. iv., or those on page 748, vol. v.?

ROBIN, IDA LORRAINE must read the articles on "Work for All," in vol. v., for full information on every subject of the kind.

OPHELIA.—"The Muratorian Fragment" is the earliest formal catalogue of the canonical books which has come down to us. It was discovered by Muratori in the Ambrosian Library at Milan in the year 1738. It is mutilated at the beginning and the end, and it seems from internal evidence to have been written about 179 A.D. in Greek, and thence translated into Latin.

MISCELLANEOUS.

PEARL and RUBY'S letters are acknowledged with many thanks. The way to teach a parrot to talk is either to take notice of him when feeding him, and say the word you wish to teach slowly and clearly many times over, or talk to him in a dark room.

HYACINTH can do nothing, we fear, for her hair, but her general health probably needs attending to.

VIOLET must read "Duties of a Governess," page 630, vol. v. At her age she can have no idea of what she wishes to undertake.

A GARDEN POPPY is certainly entitled to higher wages, and probably, if she speak to her mistress, and have a good character, she will raise them or else help her to a better place elsewhere.

RHYNCONELLA and SPIRIFERA.—"Curfew shall not toll to-night," is a poem by Rosa Hardwicke Thorpe.

EADITH.—George II. of England had only one sister, named Sophia Dorothea, born March 16, 1687; married Frederick William I. of Prussia in 1706. He had no sister named Matilda.

ROSE, A SCHOOLGIRL, LOVER OF "G. O. P."—"A small silver coin of the United States" is too wild a description. An English three-halfpenny piece of silver is worth from sixpence to a shilling.

HELENA.—The fern is probably dying down, as they do generally once a year. You have been giving too much water; a little water in the saucer to stand it in, and watering at the top once a week, is enough.

CACOETHES SCRIBENDI.—Thank you for your pretty verses. You may serve your Divine Master even better than by writing books, by the example you may daily set to all around you in a useful and unselfish life.

ANXIETY.—Your aunts should obtain the advice of a respectable solicitor. The fee would be very trifling. We could not give any recommendations of investments. Your age is against your getting a situation in the Post Office or Telegraph Departments under the Civil Service Commissioners. You write rather a pretty hand.

A TROUBLED ONE.—The harm done by rubbing raw onion on the eyebrows is that it will make your near neighbourhood somewhat obnoxious to others. Initials mean the first letter of every name, the Christian and surnames. "A Troubled One" is a fancy name, not an initial. For advice respecting the treatment of canaries, you need only to read our answers to correspondents, in which so much has been said about them. See "Girl's Own Pets," pages 83, 274, 602, and "Foreign Birds," page 731, vol. iv.

DESPAIRING ONE.—We have read your letter with much sympathy, and think you need rest and quiet, and a doctor's advice, and the sooner you have all three the better. Read the advice of "Medicus" on the skin, at page 643, vol. v., and if you cannot see a doctor, follow the regimen recommended, and take the tonic and cod-liver oil, get to bed early, and try not to be unhappy, nor discontented with your lot. Trust in God, and have courage.

LORELEY.—We waded through your long letter carefully, and think you ought to get a good situation after such a training. You had better stay as long as possible. As to your legacy, you should invest it in Government securities, or in such as a trustee might take. You will find the small income, with what you earn, will help you to do much good for those you love.

UNA and IDA.—If the steel jewellery be really good, you had better have it cleaned by a jeweller.

ETHELRED.—The story is probably one of Dickens's Christmas tales.

ESPERANCE.—You can look for the will at Somerset House. The name would be sufficient. Each search costs, we believe, one shilling. You would have to ask a lawyer about the chancery cases; we do not know.

THE WEE DOT.—If the gloss on cloth not much worn be produced by grease, it may be removed by the use of benzine or ammonia, or by ironing lightly over blotting-paper. But if the nap be worn off it cannot be restored.

STUPID TADPOLE had better read our article on "How to Wash and Iron," pages 18, 107, and 219, vol. ii.

WOULD-BE WEATHERWISE.—In so uncertain a climate as ours in England it is necessary to watch the winds in reference to the hours of the day, and gradually gain experience. If in the early hours, say at seven or eight a.m., the wind be from the south-east, as it follows the course of the sun, it may blow from the south at noon or later. It may not rain, but the quarter is a rainy one. If the vane point to the south at seven or eight it will move towards the west, and by so far as it moves westward there is a chance of dry weather at noon or later. If the vane point to the west fine weather is likely to be the result, and still more so if pointing to the north-west. If pointing to the north it will certainly be fine, excepting in winter, when snow may be the result. In London the wind from the east brings smoke and fog, and is unwholesome in every respect, whether it be accompanied by rain or not. It is an exception to a general rule when the wind travels against the course of the sun, as we may find in thunderstorms. Sailors foretell the weather by the several phases of the moon, and the description of weather existing before, at, and after them respectively.

THOUGHTLESS.—Write to our publishing office for title-page, picture, and index, addressing Mr. Tarn.

M. MACDONALD.—It is impossible that you can have committed an unpardonable sin if you live in daily conflict with all known sin, repudiating every evil thought instilled into your mind, and repenting of every thought, word, or deed by which you might offend your Saviour and "grieve the Holy Spirit." Sin repented of is sin forgiven. The sin to which you allude is wilful and without any feeling of repentance attending it.

SUNSHINE.—It is best to mark your clothes after your marriage with your future name, and to mark the house-linen in the combined names of husband and wife, as "A. and B. C.," or the full surname.

ÆGYPTUS.—You will never influence your intended husband for his spiritual good until you have set him an example of self-control, and that high principle which enables the sufferer from a bad, disagreeable temper to cure it. Pray for grace to assist your earnest endeavours, and let your friend judge of the sincerity of your faith by your works.

A CONSTANT READER (Coventry).—We fear we cannot help you; the question is too purely technical. You must see another doctor, we suppose.

UNE JEUNE FILLE A LA MODE.—You do not quite know your own mind, we fancy, and consequently it would be wiser to defer your marriage for a time, You are young enough, to our English ideas, to wait two years. But your life seems empty and unhappy. Is there no new leaf to be turned—no one to be made happier and better by your aid? Life is not such a poor thing as you would make it.

DOROTHEA.—Many thanks for sending us your invention, which is very ingenious.

MIGNON.—The word "oorali" is part of a kind of lullaby for babies, we believe.

ANNE LOHR (India).—*We regret that the MS. you* sent us was not certified, and it is contrary to our rules to admit uncertificated articles.

INDIGO.—We regret to say we know of no home-work, and we never advise our girls to depend on it in any way.

MAUD BRINDLEY.—Many thanks for the kind, good wishes and the card.

M. B.—We regret that your lines are of no service to us; in fact, we were not able to read them, for being written in pencil they are more than half rubbed out. There is nothing so cruel, to our mind, as sending badly-written letters on thin paper and in pale ink; or, worse still, lead pencil.

IVY.—May 17th, 1869, was a Monday. The outer shell or horny wing covering of the beetle tribe is called the "elytra."

GLOIRE DE DIJON.—The question which you moot is one which is now occupying the serious attention of scientific and unprejudiced men of all professions and religious sentiments. More certain knowledge will thus be acquired of every description of phenomena, and light thrown on a much disputed question before long. We see no reason whatever for doubting your friend's veracity, but we decline expressing any private opinion on the general question in all its various ramifications under existing circumstances. Your English is exceedingly good, and your hand-writing pretty.

SOUVENIR DE MALMAISON.—It is not essential, so far as good breeding is concerned, to finish every scrap of food on your plate; but to leave much and habitually to do so is a wasteful habit. You should give your visitor smaller helps. If you give large ones, you cannot expect him to make himself sick by finishing them. To speak through the teeth is a bad trick, which should have been corrected in childhood.

AN ORPHAN.—Perhaps a teaspoonful of cod-liver oil taken daily, after breakfast or dinner, might benefit you. A little lemon-juice would remove the taste. Get advice at a hospital.

ROSALIND.—Mark the house-linen with both the husband's and wife's initials. Writing is spelt with one "t" only.

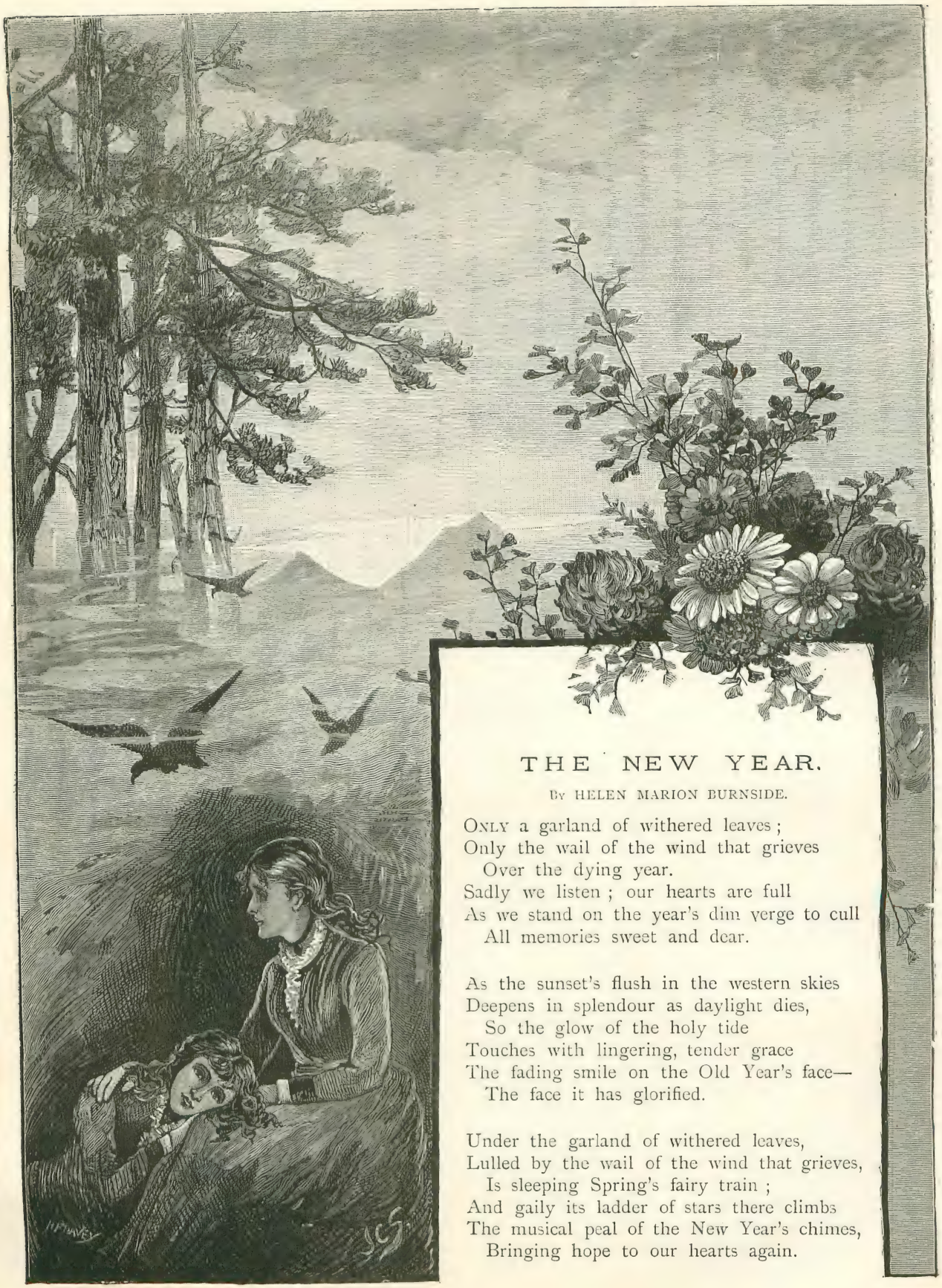
STAFFORDSHIRE LASS.—Consult your mother, and be guided by her advice. You are not old enough to decide for yourself on your future course of life.

IN THE OLDEN TIME.

Over the fields, past the half-buried hedge,
Merrily glide the quaint couple—
Flaxen-haired Joan in her carved oaken sledge,
And Ronald with limbs strong and supple.

In the cold wind and the snow and the rime,
Finding for pleasure more reason—
Ah, youth was the same in the olden time,
And snatched a new joy from each season.

S. E. G.



THE NEW YEAR.

By HELEN MARION BURNSIDE.

Only a garland of withered leaves;
Only the wail of the wind that grieves
  Over the dying year.
Sadly we listen; our hearts are full
As we stand on the year's dim verge to cull
  All memories sweet and dear.

As the sunset's flush in the western skies
Deepens in splendour as daylight dies,
  So the glow of the holy tide
Touches with lingering, tender grace
The fading smile on the Old Year's face—
  The face it has glorified.

Under the garland of withered leaves,
Lulled by the wail of the wind that grieves,
  Is sleeping Spring's fairy train;
And gaily its ladder of stars there climbs
The musical peal of the New Year's chimes,
  Bringing hope to our hearts again.

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

VOL. VI.—NO. 262. JANUARY 3, 1885. [PRICE ONE PENNY.]

THE MOUNTAIN PATH.

By LILY WATSON, Author of "Within Sight of the Snow," etc.

CHAPTER XIII.

ON the next day Helen, according to arrangement, went to call at Briarfield, Amy Paget's home. Adela flatly declined to accompany her.

"I can't bear the people; they are *gauche* and stupid; but it won't do to leave them out, so take my card and say I have a headache or something."

Helen took the card, but silently resolved to avoid the excuse. She felt wonderfully cheered by the day spent with her sisters, and could have sung to herself for joy as she drove through the lovely country along a road with far-reaching views over valley, wood, and sweeping hillside, beautiful now

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"'WHY, HERE IS MISS ADELA GASCOIGNE!' SHE EXCLAIMED."

in the tints of autumn. The crisp, invigorating air added to her feeling of general elation.

Briarfield was about five miles away from Hill Crest, and was a large ugly square house standing alone on a hill, and surrounded by gardens. The solitary appearance of the place struck Helen afresh as she approached it. Mrs. Paget was at home, and received her with her usual careworn expression, which did not brighten as Helen unfolded the object of her visit.

Might the girls take a share in the musical part of the series of entertainments at Hailsham; and would Mr. Paget be inclined to help the new society by a donation? Oh, how Helen detested the last part of her errand! but money must needs be had if the thing were to succeed, and she took all possible pains to soften down the obnoxious elements in the request. Money was plentiful in the homes she visited, and she had hitherto found no difficulty in obtaining ready promises of help.

"I really don't know whether Mr. Paget would give anything," began his wife.

"But you will allow the girls to help us in some way? We need such assistance more than money," Helen hastened to say. "They play and sing, I know, for I have heard it from your daughter Amy."

"I think Grace and Lucy are too much occupied in their household duties to take up any fresh work, thank you," replied Mrs. Paget. "As for Amy, I am sure her papa would not hear of her going."

Helen mentally reflected, "What household duties can there possibly be to absorb the energies of four grown-up women, besides an ample staff of servants—and to absorb them to such an extent that an occasional evening cannot be spared?" She dared not suggest the incongruity that struck her, nor press the point, so, after a few civil commonplaces she inquired particularly after her friend Amy.

"She is pretty well, thank you," said Mrs. Paget, with a constrained air.

"May I see her?" Helen asked.

"I am afraid she is not fit to see anyone just now," said Mrs. Paget. She was silent for a few seconds, then continued in a hurried tone—

"The fact is, Miss Brooke (I am trusting you, but your face inspires me with confidence), we are very much dissatisfied about Amy; her father especially. I tell you this because she seems to have taken a fancy to you, and I should be glad if you would remonstrate with her. Nothing seems to do her any good."

"Why, what is the matter?" asked Helen, thoroughly astonished.

"She is not at all a good girl at home," said Mrs. Paget. "Her household duties are not done punctually or well. She does not try to make home happy, and only sulks when she is reproved. Her papa was very angry indeed about the part she took in Miss Gascoigne's accident——"

"Oh, but that was really a mistake," Helen interrupted. "I assure you she had nothing to do with it."

"I do not think Miss Gascoigne would have said they were going together if there had not been some truth in it," replied the other, and Helen saw the dilemma in which she had unwittingly placed herself. "It is just like Amy to be dull and unobservant, and no amount of blame seems to improve her. I am sure I talk to her by the hour together, and she only looks more and more sullen. Ah, her sisters are so different, so helpful and good! However, as I was saying, her papa was very angry about her stupidity the day of the picnic, for he heard of it from many sources, but Amy would not acknowledge she was to blame. From that time she has been getting more and more troublesome, forgetting all she has to do, careless about her dress, and sulky in the home circle. To-day her papa told her she must try to do better, but she simply cried, and has been crying ever since. And her eyes are too red to see anybody," concluded Mrs. Paget, with a weary sigh. "However, if you like to go and speak to her, you may make some impression, for she is really very fond of you, and I can trust you to use your influence well."

Helen's beautiful eyes were full of kindness and tender sympathy as she bent their deep gaze upon the poor worried mother. "I shall be delighted to go and see her," she said; "but, Mrs. Paget, will you forgive me for saying—are you sure she deserves so much blame?"

"Her papa says it is her first duty to make home happy, and to do her part. How can we help blaming her? I am sure I am tired of scolding," lamented the unfortunate lady; "but what is to be done?"

Helen ascertained that Amy was in the garden, and went in quest of her. After a long search, she discovered her in a seat in a lonely shrubbery corner. A doleful object she appeared, with eyes red from crying, collar loose, hair roughened, and her whole appearance dishevelled and wretched. She would have escaped, it was evident from the frightened glance she cast around, if there had been time, but Helen sat down beside her and put one arm lovingly round her waist.

"Don't touch me!" cried Amy, nervously. "I'm not fit for you to kiss me."

"Oh, nonsense! Why, Amy, what is it all about?"

"I'm so miserable," sobbed the girl. "Nobody cares for me in the least, and I'm no good. I wish I was dead."

"Stop, stop, Amy," said Helen, severely; "you must not talk so; it is very wrong, and not true."

"Oh, yes it is," cried Amy, roused to desperation; "I'm no good in the world. I know I'm stupid, and all the hard things they say, but I can't help it. What shall I do?" and she laid her head down on her friend's shoulder in a fresh burst of crying.

Helen's womanly tenderness was thoroughly aroused by the piteous spectacle of the poor girl's wretchedness. Imaginary troubles, someone may say. She was well clothed and fed, had good parents, a comfortable home, and ought to have been happy; but there is something in human nature that imperatively demands more than these. Aspirations may be troublesome things, but they come forth from the young soul as surely as the living root sends out shoots and feelers in the dark; and if they are ruthlessly checked they will but spring again and again. Constant repression, it is true, may prevent their growth, but the life is left maimed and impoverished. Slowly but surely Helen wooed forth the story of Amy's troubles, told apparently for the first time to any human creature. The girl found much difficulty in expressing herself, but Helen's quick sympathy easily supplied the lapses in detail, and her imagination pictured Amy's daily life.

She "didn't get on at home."

In other words, she was suffering for lack of employment and interest, which is the plain English in nine cases out of ten into which the above statement may be translated. Amy did not say she had not enough to do; her unhappiness had not shaped itself tangibly enough; but as Helen heard little by little in what her home life consisted, she had no difficulty in supplying the clue to what was amiss. The special grievance that had caused all the distress of body was that Amy had forgotten to give out the sugar, which was one of her "duties." It seemed that the care of the grocery was divided among the three daughters. Grace gave out the tea and coffee, Lucy distributed the rice, sago, and other grains, Mrs. Paget had the preserves and pickles in her own keeping, and it was Amy's business to keep the sugar basins filled from the great store closet. Now here were four people doing the work of one. No household duties are degrading or to be despised when they are needful for the comfort of others, but when thus spread out for the very sake of making work for idle hands, they may become an overwhelming, hateful burden. As Amy bewailed her lapses of memory about the sugar and other minor points, Helen could see clearly enough that the girl had no interest in life—no work that she felt was necessary to be done. To labour for the mere sake of doing something is the monotonous, miserable round of the treadmill, and begets the detestation of the prisoner for his task.

"If Grace gives out the tea, why can't she give out the sugar, too?" Such was the reflection that came into Helen's mind as Amy went on lamenting that she was not domestic, and that her two sisters were "so different."

"Is there anything you like doing?" Helen suddenly inquired.

"I used to be fond of drawing," replied Amy, "but I don't do much now. I think papa fancies it's wasting time."

"Do you care for visiting among the poor?"

"There are not any poor people here; they're all too well off to be visited." And this was true, as her friend was quite aware.

"Are you fond of study?"

Amy shook her head. "I am very stupid," she owned; "you must have

seen that. No, I'm no use for anything."

"Listen to me, Amy, and I will tell you a story," said Helen, with a sudden inspiration.

"I have a sister who met with an accident when she was quite young, that crippled her for life. She did not say, as you do, that she was no use in the world, and had better die; she faced things as they were, and made up her mind that she would devote herself to music, for the sake of herself and others too.

"She is no genius, but by patient application and zeal she has learnt to play so beautifully that it is a delight to hear her; it rests my father and brothers after the day's work, and gives us all untold pleasure. That is my sister Lilian, the light of our home."

"I should never be able to play like that," said Amy, hopelessly.

"No, but you might give yourself to some other pursuit of the kind. Take me indoors, will you not, and let me see your drawing. I am fond of sketching myself."

Amy did not understand the connection of this sudden request with her friend's sympathy, but rose and obediently conducted Helen to the house. As they walked together Helen could not help observing the possibilities for comeliness that lay in Amy's fair complexion, blue eyes, abundant fair hair, and gentle mouth; but these latent charms were utterly ruined by an awkward mien, a poked chin, and an evident neglect of appearance, which told of a hopelessness and want of delight in life unnatural in so young a woman. Hurriedly, lest any one of the household should meet her and observe her red eyes, she conveyed Helen to her bedroom, and drew out a portfolio full of drawings.

It would be difficult to describe Helen's pleasure at finding these consisted not of the conventional schoolgirl productions, but of really promising efforts, in pencil and water-colour. Here was a little nook of woodland sketched with grace and delicacy, and chosen with artistic feeling. Here was a bold and spirited attempt at figure or animal drawing, and at last Helen started back—

"Why, here is Miss Adela Gascoigne!" she exclaimed, holding up a half-finished sketch of a lovely face.

"Oh, please put it away; don't tell them; don't look at it. I didn't know it was there!" cried Amy, in scarlet confusion. "I was obliged to draw her one day, she looked so lovely; but papa wouldn't like it if he knew."

"Should you not like to take up drawing seriously, and make it your work?" asked Helen.

"Yes, but I am sure *they* wouldn't like it; they would call it trifling or wasting my time," sighed Amy.

The idea that had flashed into Helen's mind she determined not to mention just then, but after some kind and sensible talk with her friend, and a further exploring of the portfolio, she descended again to Mrs Paget, Amy excusing herself from accompanying her.

"She has kept you a long while," said the lady, seating herself at the table. "Did you succeed in making any impression on her?"

"I think she is very sorry she has grieved you," said Helen, honestly.

"Ah, if she would only take more interest in her duties," sighed the mother.

"Mrs. Paget, do you know—please forgive me if I am too bold—I do not think Amy has enough occupation in her life."

Mrs. Paget almost dropped the teapot. "Occupation! My dear Miss Brooke, the housekeeping is divided among my girls, and they all have their separate duties. Amy does not do the work she has; it is curious to suppose that she should want more."

"It is very wrong of her to be careless about what you give her to do, and I don't defend it at all, but I do not think, under the circumstances——" Helen had a very difficult task, and was nerving herself desperately. "I do not think that her work takes any hold on her. She knows it is not absolutely necessary, it is only to be done for the sake of doing something; her other sisters could undertake it with their own work—and it would be all the better that they should———"

"By no means," replied Mrs. Paget, stiffly; "it is needful that Amy should have occupation."

"But it must be occupation with some end in it, do not you think so? She evidently has a taste for drawing. Could you let her come up to London and study art?"

The thunderbolt was launched, but Mrs. Paget did not faint. She even seemed to meditate a little.

"I do not think her papa would consider that she deserves such an indulgence," she said.

"I am very impertinent to suggest it," said Helen, rising to take her leave, "but you consulted me about her, and perhaps I have been led into saying too much. Please forgive me if it is so."

"There is nothing to forgive. I will think of what you say, and thank you for your kindness to Amy."

Helen described her visit that evening to a circle consisting of Aunt Maria, Adela, Oswald, and Mr. Aubrey Gascoigne. She did not enter into particulars of the Briarfield domestic economy further than was necessary to explain the distress of Amy, and the need for some change in the girl's life.

Aunt Maria, who had been listening with astonishment, broke out—

"Why, what can be the matter with the poor young creature? and why should she study anything, my dear?"

"They are making a fuss about nothing," said Adela, crossly. "She is a stupid sulky girl, and whatever she does, she will be the same."

"She had a most lovely sketch of you in her portfolio, that she had drawn surreptitiously," Helen could not help saying. "Anyone who could do that ought to have proper training."

Adela's opinion instantly changed. "Sketch of me? How could she? how funny—was it really good? How curious it is that those quiet girls have so much more in them than one knows! I should never have thought she could draw. I want to see it."

"I would not ask, if I were you. She was dreadfully frightened when I found it, but said that 'you looked so lovely, she could not help sketching you.'" Helen had found out by this time that no praise, however outspoken, was too plain for Adela's enjoyment.

"Well done!" cried Oswald. "She shall be encouraged. We will all try to send her to London. Would it be of any use if I called in professional capacity and made representations about the danger of melancholia?"

"Law, Mr. Oswald! they'd never know what you meant, and I'm sure I don't," ejaculated Aunt Maria.

"Art as a remedy for melancholia," observed Mr. Gascoigne, meditatively. "Curious but interesting. There is something in your idea, Miss Brooke."

"Do tell me where she had better study, if they let her go to town," pleaded Helen. "Or would you see her drawings, Mr. Gascoigne? That would be by far the best thing, as your opinion would have some weight."

"I have no objection. Yet I cannot force myself as a knight errant into houses to ransack the portfolios of the inmates, and pronounce judgment on their works."

"Could you not invite her and her mother here for a day, and ask her to bring her drawings?" suggested Oswald, with a lover's privilege, to Adela. The young mistress was graciously pleased to assent to the proposal. She promised to write that evening, and fix an early day for the visit.

"How delightful!" cried Helen, clasping her hands. "I really do believe we shall find her an occupation in life if we go on. That is what she wants. I thought first of all of suggesting that she should be a nurse, and I was going to consult you, Oswald, about St. Jerome's Hospital."

"Many thanks," returned Oswald, with a bow; "but in that, which I regard as an important branch of the medical profession, we do not want half-awake young ladies who are in a depressed state of mind."

"Do we want them in art?" inquired Mr. Gascoigne, dreamily.

"Oh, the study of art will rouse her out of all that," replied Helen, cheerily.

"It strikes me we are settling this young lady's future in a very extraordinary and decided manner," quoth Oswald, laughingly. "Perhaps it may be as well for us to remember that it is not wholly in our hands, seeing that we are only casual acquaintances, and she has a father and mother."

"We shall see," replied Helen, hopefully. "I do not believe she would have come in our way like this, if it were not for some good end."

And she was right; for all the tissue of so-called chance is woven with design.

(To be continued.)

COME HOME AGAIN.

From an old MS. C. A. MACIRONE.

VOICE. PIANO.

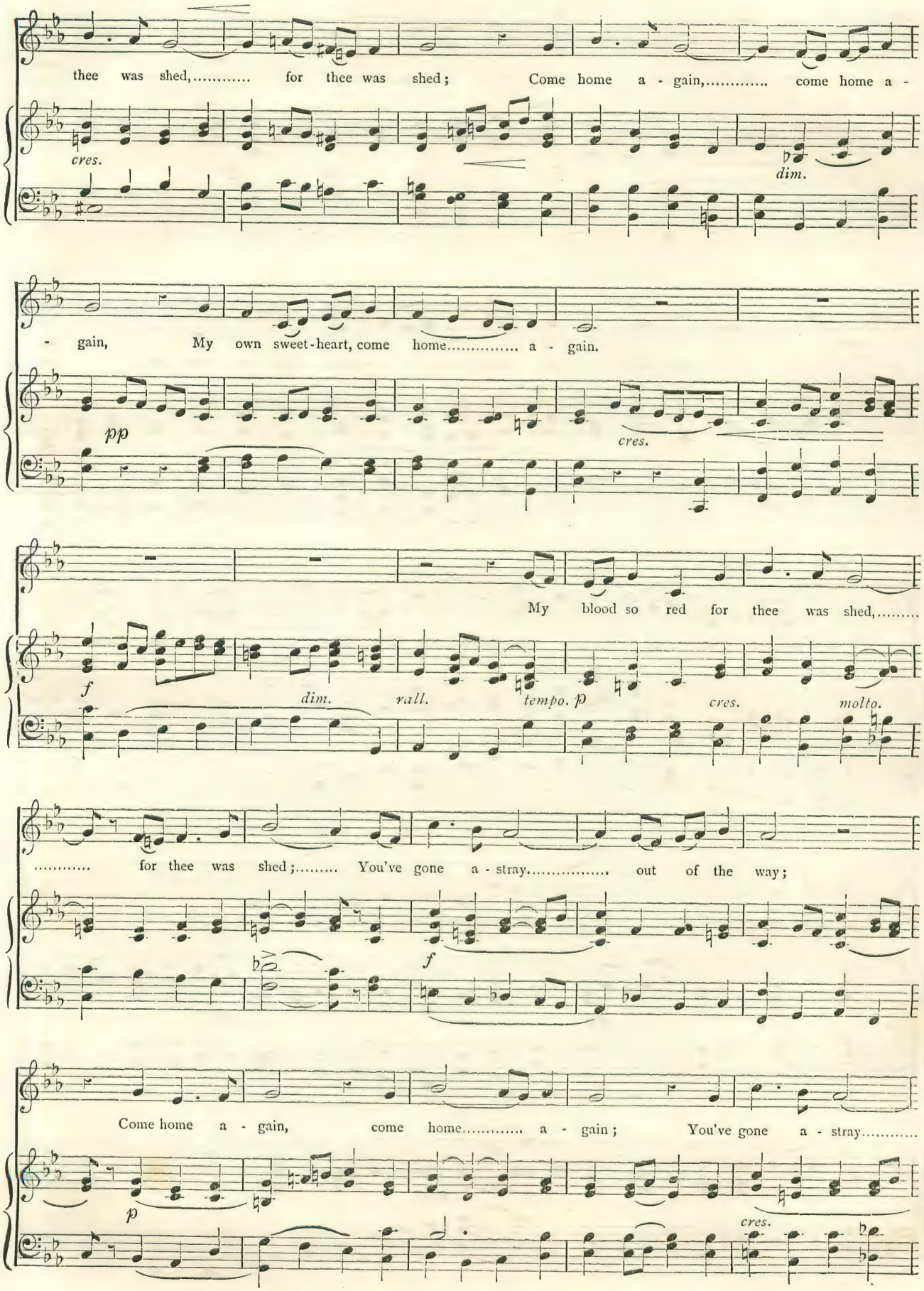
Allegro giusto.

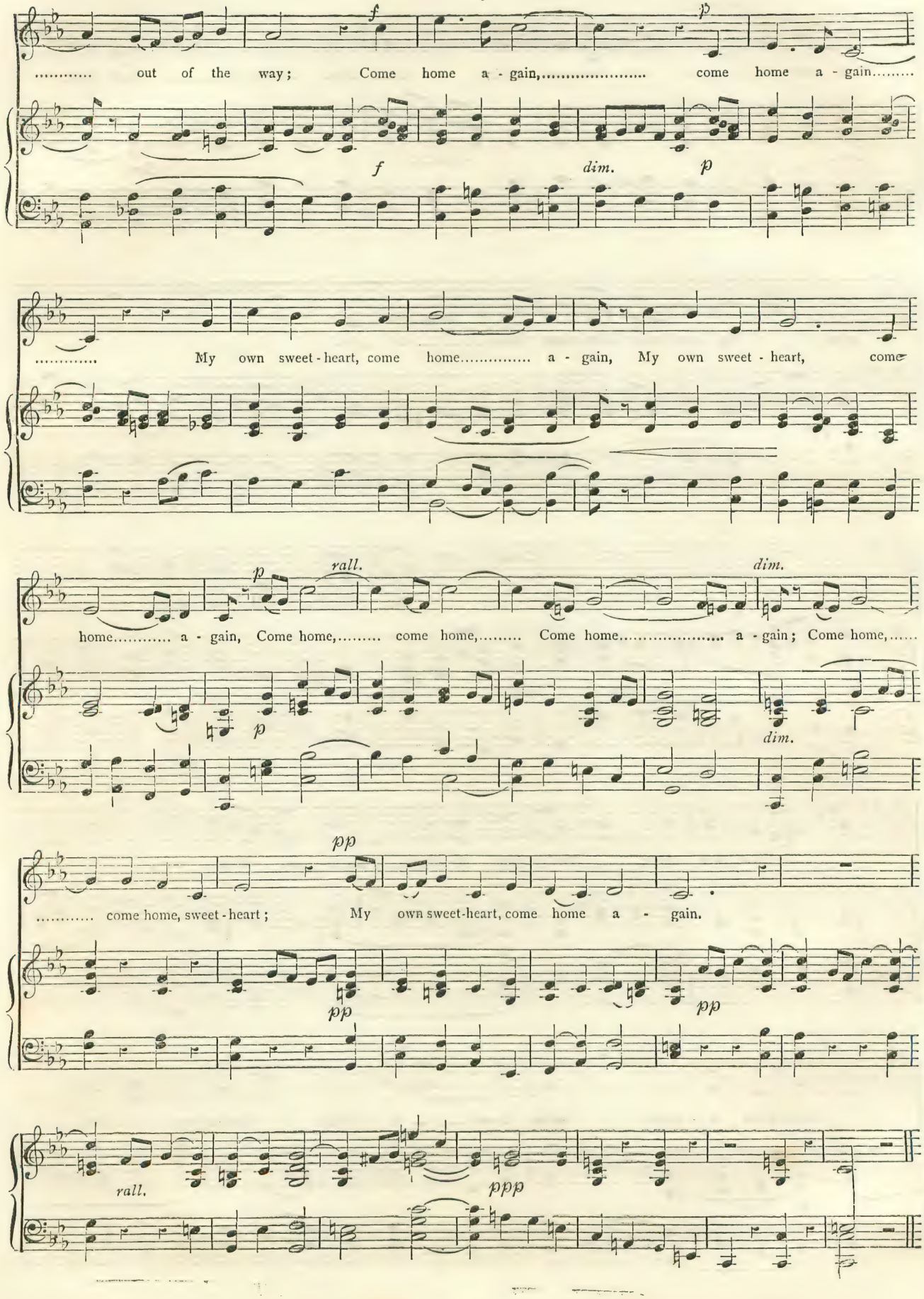
M.M. ♩=90.

p My

dim. *p*

blood so red for thee was shed,..... for thee was shed, My blood so red for


thee was shed,..... for thee was shed; Come home a - gain,..... come home a -
cres.
dim.
- gain, My own sweet-heart, come home..... a - gain.
pp
cres.
My blood so red for thee was shed,.....
f
dim.
rall.
tempo. p
cres.
molto.
..... for thee was shed;..... You've gone a - stray..... out of the way;
f
Come home a - gain, come home..... a - gain; You've gone a - stray.....
p
cres.


f
p
..... out of the way; Come home a - gain,..... come home a - gain.....
f
dim.
p
..... My own sweet - heart, come home..... a - gain, My own sweet - heart, come
p
rall.
dim.
home..... a - gain, Come home,..... come home,..... Come home..... a - gain; Come home,.....
p
dim.
pp
..... come home, sweet - heart; My own sweet-heart, come home a - gain.
pp
pp
rall.
ppp

ORDER AND DISORDER.

By LOUISA TWINING.

MANY who read this title will, no doubt, say to themselves, "Oh, this must be written by some old maid, no one else would think it worth while to take up time with such trifles, which are of no real importance in the business or pleasures of life."

Now, whether I am an "old maid" or a young one matters little, if what I have to say is worth saying and worth listening to; and I think it is, or I should not trouble myself and you about it.

Suppose I can show that this "Order" of which I write is really something of divine origin, and therefore not merely something desirable for us to imitate, but a positive duty to carry out as far as we may—a quality and attribute of Him in whose image we are made; then, I think, all would agree that it is a subject worth listening to and thinking about. First, I will try to show the divine origin of order, and consequently our duty in trying to promote it. Secondly, the desirability of order in even a worldly or selfish point of view.

In the first place, I hardly think it can be denied by anyone that, supposing it to be a virtue even of minor importance, it is one greatly and generally ignored and overlooked. It may be that just as we become accustomed in time to the most strange circumstances and modes of life, we may become adapted to and familiarised by surroundings of disorder, so that we may have lost all perception of the state in which we live, and would be surprised if anyone told us of it. Even the very senses lose their perceptions by living long in conditions as remote as possible from those for which they were originally framed and adapted. The eyes often lose their appreciation of either beauty or ugliness by long use, ears fail to notice harsh sounds, the nose loses its perception of evil odours, and so it may be with the moral senses; but this is no proof that they were not made for the higher and original use, and not for its abuse. Those who pass out of the fresh air into a close, unventilated room are struck by the atmosphere breathed all-unconsciously by the inmates who have long dwelt in it; but we should not for a moment hesitate to say which was the real and true state of these two sets of sensations.

I have used the word "order" to express in its widest sense what I mean, for that may apply more especially to the quality in its highest sphere, and we are accustomed to its use in the very noblest sense as applied to the "order of the universe;" the lower, or more common expression of the word may be given in the term "tidy," though I fear that tidiness may be considered a still more trivial and unworthy subject of thought than the other. One reason has occurred to me for the matter being so generally ignored—which is, that it is supposed to be a kind of gift or quality that some persons are born with and some without. Now this I believe to be in a great measure true, but then the same may be said of any other virtue, and surely we should not give that as a reason for neglecting all training and culture of the same, and leaving it to the development of chance or circumstances.

The idea of "order" implies classification; "disorder" is expressed also by the idea of chaos, or confusion, things existing unclassified.

Now if we open our Bibles, in the very first chapter we read of the subject of which I am speaking. There was chaos in the universe. We may not be able fully to comprehend all that is implied in the second verse, and the words "without form and void," but it is quite clear that it was a state and condition of things in which order was not, but out of which it was to proceed. The third verse tells us of the beginning of order and arrangement proceeding directly from the Spirit of God; then follows division or classification, and the naming of the things so classified. And so, in grand and stately progression, follows the whole wondrous order of the universe, filling the first chapter of the first book of the Bible with its simple, concise records. Can we fail to see that this is the most sublime expression of "order" that can be imagined, each thing following the other in precisely that marvellous succession which secured the possibility of its existence? The very spirit and atmosphere of order seems to breathe through the whole narration, till we come to the close and the climax, "Thus the heavens and the earth were finished and all the host of them."

It may seem perhaps strange to some that we should dare to draw a comparison between things so high and grand and our poor deeds and work in this lower sphere; but believing that all the words of God and His revelation of Himself in His book are meant for our guidance and instruction and imitation, so do all these lessons concern us, and we cannot fail to see that there is also a close connection between the virtues of order and obedience, for when disobedience entered into the Garden of Paradise, then came also disorder, with thorns and thistles and all evil things.

I cannot attempt to follow out into detail the works of each day's or period's creation, but all who have in any degree looked into the various kingdoms of nature there described as coming into existence, know well the marvellous revelations of order to be discovered in the study of astronomy, botany, geology, and last, but certainly not least, in the structure of man himself, "so fearfully and wonderfully made." The symmetry and design and arrangement of even the smallest and simplest herb of the field will suffice as an example of order. The results of the microscope no less than the telescope show us that no chance arrangements have been made, but that plan and order and symmetry pervade every department of God's work.

All human life is or should be a reflection of the divine life and mind, and therefore it is that I claim for this quality of "order" so high a place in the world, and would urge that some thought should be bestowed upon it.

But it is said by some that orderly persons suffer a great deal of annoyance that is avoided by those who have no perception of the state of disorder which is so general. I hardly think that this can be proved, for on the other hand it is certain that they experience a large amount of positive pleasure which is missed by others. The sense of satisfaction in order and classification deserves I am sure the name of pleasure, which I can only account for by attributing it to the fact that it is a part of, and corresponds to, a higher instinct implanted in us, for surely it will be allowed that we have such traces and intimations of our heavenly home and origin.

"The Soul that riseth with us our Life's Star
Hath had elsewhere its setting, and cometh from afar.
Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory do we come
From God who is our home."*

What is one of the charms and fascinations of all science which enchains so many devoted adherents, but that of classification—the taking things out of chaos, confusion and disorder, and placing them in classes or groups, linked together by some mysterious and at first invisible bonds now first brought to light by the patient and laborious student? Something of this pleasure then I maintain is felt by all who will condescend to be orderly even in the apparently trifling affairs of this lower and every-day life. In many ways it is really connected with very high principles and is an expression of them. For instance, how can we fail to perceive this in the movement of the last thirty or forty years with regard to our churches, the shrines as it were of our highest thoughts and aspirations, and set apart, even the very lowest and humblest of them, for the most solemn acts and purposes? Who of us that can look back so far, can fail to recall the memory of some church, perhaps in a country village—and certainly not there only—which we might say was a visible embodiment of disorder, not only dust and dirt reigning undisturbed from one week's end to another, but even the furniture ragged and faded, remnants of straw hassocks torn and moth eaten, baize or cloth that once was green, but then was drab, and all else in harmony—if such a word may be applied to a state of things that must be confessed to be utterly out of harmony with all we know of God and His laws and regulations about divine worship and everything else in the universe.

Such things are hardly now to be found, or are rapidly vanishing, because a right spirit and appreciation of what is just and due in the House of God has been growing and spreading of late years, for which we may take heart and be thankful.

I say then that this shows a connection and a correspondence between things outward and inward, higher and lower, and therefore that the latter are not to be looked down upon and despised as of no importance.

It has often stuuck me as a fact to be regretted that there is so little opportunity of inculcating in any adequate way this quality in schools, at least those in which our lower classes of boys and girls are taught. I say advisedly taught, because the longer I live the more convinced I am that there is much teaching but little training, though this is by far the more valuable and important work for life. And when we think what the homes of the poor are, and are likely to be under present circumstances, this seems to me a very serious defect, and one from which we all suffer. Who cannot count up the small number of really tidy and orderly servants they have known, either in their own houses or their neighbours? and how can we wonder when we consider the training, or rather no training that they have had? On first going out to service how should a girl know the way in which best to do her work, unless she happens, by mere chance, to be placed under a good upper servant, who may have had the natural sense and intelligence to train herself? Mistresses, who might be supposed to possess

* Wordsworth's "Ode to Immortality."

more of these qualities, rarely now concern themselves as to how the work is done, and certainly never personally superintend it or instruct their servants. It is surprising that such really important and sanitary work as is involved in all households has been so long given up to those who seem to know little about it. The actually scientific and intelligent knowledge involved in a real performance of cookery is only now just beginning to be comprehended. How many cooks ever reason about what they do, or could give any account of why they do it? and yet there is no doubt that both economy, health, and comfort would be immensely promoted by a trained and intelligent performance of their duties, in which order would certainly take a prominent part. Though I may seem here to be digressing from my subject, I cannot help saying that in looking back I can recall only one kitchen which I could say was perfectly and spotlessly clean, and as it should be; and as to other departments of household work I have seen many houses and many maids, but I do not remember any which I could point out as perfection or even approaching to it. And yet why not? In such material matters as these, entirely within our grasp and control, why not have perfection? A machine does its work perfectly, with all the precision and exactness that is required of it, and why not the far more complete and beautiful human machine? In moral affairs we can never hope to attain perfection or completion, but surely we could succeed in keeping houses and such like material things perfectly clean and orderly. I remember once a hardworking London clergyman saying he envied the engine driver who at the end of the day could have the satisfaction of feeling and knowing that he had thoroughly and perfectly done his day's work, a sense of completeness which can never be attained by those who labour in the higher and more difficult regions of the mind and soul. And I think that the possibility of perfection ought to be impressed upon all who work in these lower but still most important spheres.

I said at first that there were lower reasons for aiming at habits of order, and I will now name them. The chief may be said to be economy of time and substance. Who does not know the grievous and most trying waste of time and temper spent in searching for lost things? Lost, not through misfortune, but through disorder, and want of classification. We need not specify what the details of such annoyances are, whether it is the hunting for a book wanted in haste, and not to be found in miscellaneous heaps or unclassified book shelves; or perhaps an article which may be buried in the depths of a drawer or a box. Such receptacles I have often seen and shuddered at the thought of anything being wanted from them! One would think that the punishment inflicted on the searcher would suffice to cure all such disorderly propensities; but, alas! it does not seem to be the case. Then, there is certainly the waste of material, for everyone knows the saving effected by a careful keeping of things, even as to the folding-up of an article of dress. The waste and extravagance in a disorderly household is proverbial, though we fear that the two maxims so often placed on kitchen walls are sorely needed, but little heeded. "Waste not, want not," and "a place for everything, and everything in its place."

I have said that the scientific performance of a cook's work is but little understood, and the same is true of other departments in the household. The real mischief and injury to health caused by "dust and dirt" is now only beginning to be taught or learnt; how can we be surprised, therefore, if housemaids do not comprehend or act upon it?

Who cannot recall sights of flue and dust under various beds, and certainly around the walls of carpet-covered rooms? We are now told that these may contain the germs or seeds of disease little thought of or suspected. Such, indeed, may be all the dark or hidden corner, in houses where dirt and rubbish accumulate. "Housemaid's Closets" are now declared to be the centres not only of foul air and consequent mischief to health, but of positive danger also as regards fire, owing to carelessness and neglect,* or, in other words, disorder. And this is not only in the abodes of the poor, but in the very palaces and mansions of the wealthiest in the land. We are not able to look back one hundred years into the houses of our ancestors, and it is a curious problem which we cannot solve, how far their health was affected by all these matters or the neglect of them; yet, it is not improbable that though they were without our modern ideas of sanitary knowledge and science, they may have more than made up for the deficiency by a personal and careful supervision of their servants and households, being themselves, as the word implies, "housewives." It is nearly twenty years since I read the words of wisdom written by Miss Nightingale on the subjects of order and cleanliness, and they are probably now forgotten or superseded by many other modern expositions of the same subject, but I have never yet seen her maxims and instructions acted upon.

In perhaps the rather vain hope of impressing them on some practical minds, I will transcribe here what Miss Nightingale says on the subject:—

"No ventilation can freshen a room where the most scrupulous cleanliness is not observed. Unless the wind be blowing through the windows at the rate of twenty miles an hour, dusty carpets, dirty wainscots, musty curtains and furniture will infallibly produce a close smell."

How often have I observed this in country houses where I thought to enjoy fresh air, and found not only dusty carpets covering the floor under the bed, but a collection of other articles with an accumulation of dust upon them probably of weeks or months, and stuff curtains and tester, with, of course, a layer of dust upon them out of sight and reach!

"I have lived in a large and expensively furnished London house, where the only constant inmate in two very lofty rooms with opposite windows was myself, and yet, owing to the above-mentioned dirty circumstances, no opening of windows could ever keep those rooms free from closeness; but the carpet and curtains having been turned out of the rooms altogether, they became instantly as fresh as could be wished. But no particle of dust is ever or can ever be removed or really got rid of by the present system of dusting. Dusting in these days means nothing but flapping the dust from one part of a room on to another, with doors and windows closed. What you do it for I cannot think. You had much better leave the dust alone if you are not going to take it away altogether. For from the time a room begins to be a room up to the time when it ceases to be one, no one atom of dust ever actually leaves its precincts. Tidying a room means nothing now but removing a thing from one place which it has kept clean for itself on to another and a dirtier one. Flapping by way of cleaning is only admissible in the case of pictures, or anything made of paper. The only way I know to remove dust, the plague of all lovers of fresh air, is to wipe everything with a damp cloth. And all furniture ought to be so made that it may be wiped with a damp cloth without injury to itself, and so polished as that it may be damped without injury to others. To dust as it is now practised, truly means to distribute dust more equally over a room. If you like to clean your furniture by laying out your clean clothes upon your dirty chairs or sofa, this is one way certainly of doing it. Having witnessed the morning process called 'tidying the room,' for many years, and with ever increasing astonishment, I can describe what it is. From the chairs, tables, or sofa upon which the 'things' have lain during the night, and which are therefore comparatively clean from dust or blacks, the poor 'things' having 'caught' it, they are removed to other chairs, tables, and sofas upon which you could write your name with your finger in the dust or blacks. The other side of the 'things' is, therefore, now evenly dusted or dirtied. The housemaid then flaps everything or somethings not out of her reach with a thing called a duster; the dust flies up, then resettles more equally than it lay before the operation. The room has now been 'put to rights.'"

If you must have a carpet, the only safety is to take it up two or three times a year, instead of once. A dirty carpet literally infects the room. A very general and excellent plan now adopted is to have two feet at least of stained boards round the walls, though best of all would be the polished floors of foreign houses, all the carpets being loose and moveable. And if you consider the enormous quantity of organic matter from the feet of people coming in which must saturate it, this is by no means surprising. In any schoolroom or ward much inhabited, a smell while the floor is being scoured quite different from that of soap and water is very perceptible. It is the exhalation from the organic matter which has saturated the absorbing floor from the feet and breath of the inhabitants. As for walls, the worst is the papered wall, the next worst is plaster. But the plaster can be redeemed by frequent lime washing; the paper requires frequent renewing. A glazed paper gets rid of a good deal of the danger. But the ordinary bedroom paper is all that it ought not to be. The best wall now extant is oil paint. From this you can wash the animal exuiræ. These are what make a room musty. Again, have as few ledges in your room or ward as possible, and under no pretence have any ledge whatever out of sight. Dust accumulates there and will never be wiped off. This is a certain way to soil the air. If you never clean your furniture properly, how can your rooms or wards be anything but musty?

Though the truth of these remarks must be well known, we cannot help asking how often have we seen them acted upon? And again, when do mistresses of households ever take the trouble to ascertain how their floors are washed, if, indeed, they are ever washed at all in these days of carpeted bedrooms? Do they ask how many pails of water are used for the upper rooms when they have to be carried from the kitchen? The following rules have been given for a scientific scrubbing of boards. 1. That the water should be lukewarm, not hot. 2. Scrub the way of the grain of the wood. 3. Wipe with flannel, work backwards, and dry the boards well. Soap is not necessary unless the boards are greasy. 4. Use plenty of water; as much as four pails to a common sized room, and never use it dirty.

So much for the duties of cleanliness in the lower classes, but even the best of maids requires supervision, and what better occupation could there be for many idle young ladies in the morning than to go round with at least the young servant, and even share her work with her as regards the dusting or washing of china and delicate articles of furniture?

The habits of order shown by the young mistress would soon be adopted by the servant, far more effectually than by reading rules in any "Manual."

(*To be continued.*)

* I could name houses in which this has been a fact.

HIS GOOD SISTER.

CHAPTER I.

THE last good-byes had been said with a bravely smiling face, and now, as the train steamed out of the station, Ruth Dalrymple leant back in the corner of the carriage with a face that smiled no longer. The only other occupant of the compartment was her brother Ted, who, after a glance at his sister's tremulous lips and tear-filled eyes, retired behind a newspaper and pretended to read, not because he was indifferent to those signs of agitation, but because he was so miserable and ashamed that he did not know exactly what else to do.

"Hang it all, Ruth," he exclaimed, after a few moments, flinging his paper down impatiently, "I know I deserve it—say what you like—be as bitter as you please; I know

"'WELL, WHAT DO YOU THINK OF YOUR PUPIL, MISS DALRYMPLE?'"

I'm bad enough, but I can't stand tears. Why do you go if it makes you miserable? You're not obliged to; it's your own doing, you know. I would rather enlist as a private soldier."

"Nonsense, Ted! never mind me," said his sister, looking up with a forced smile. "It's all over now," she continued, drying her eyes with a vigorous and determined air. "I like going, only, of course, I am sorry to leave them all just at first, and if I do not like it I can come back again."

"Yes, of course you can," assented her brother, eagerly, "and I daresay you will be very happy there after a while. I shall write often, there will be nothing else to do"—the sentence ended gloomily. But before Ruth could make any reply he burst out again, "Unless the governor—has he said anything to you of any plan for the future for me?"

"I think, from what he said to me, that he would like you to help him in the surgery, for the present at any rate. Mr. Roberts is going, you know," replied Ruth; "his salary is more than papa could afford to pay for a year or two."

"I must then, I suppose," said Edward, in an annoyed tone.

Ruth remained silent, but she could not help the expression of surprise and displeasure with which she regarded her brother.

"Don't look at me like that, Ruth," he exclaimed, in a tone of half-impatient apology. "It is not because I exactly hate doctoring. I know I have no right to choose, and no chance of doing anything else; but I would rather sweep a crossing anywhere than stay at home, where every hour of the day someone or something reminds me that I am the black sheep, the——"

"Oh, Ted!" cried Ruth, reproachfully, "I am sure nobody means to make you feel so. I don't want to say anything unkind, but don't you think it is rather cowardly to want to forget and to shrink from the consequences of your fault? Think what papa has suffered; and oh, Ted, if you would only promise to tell him everything! He thinks you are keeping back something from him."

"Of course," interrupted Ted, with a flush on his handsome face, "he believes me all that is bad; he makes no allowances. And yet—but there, it's no use talking—at all events, I'll make you one promise, that I'll do nothing without letting you know, for if it had not been for you, Ruthie—I can't thank you enough—" and he stopped, overcome by genuine feeling, "for the sacrifice you are making."

"Dear Ted, I am pleased to do anything for you; and if you want to thank me, do try and get on better with papa, he is so good; if you would only act as if you had more confidence in him—in his affection for you."

"It's all very fine to talk, but how can I?" he replied, passionately. "Ruth, I do think you are the only one of the whole family—mother excepted—who has a scrap of belief in me, now, and if anything will keep me straight when things are so hard, it will be the feeling that you trust me in spite of everything, and it shan't be my fault if—but I had rather not talk about myself any more. Let us change the subject. Tell me about Lady Braybrooke. Do you really think she will be kind and nice?"

Ruth wanted to say more of what was in her heart, but felt that it would be wiser not to do so just now, and responded to his question by giving him a lively description of the old lady to whom he had alluded. Anybody who might have heard her bright chatty remarks would never have guessed the anxiety and nervousness from which she was suffering. For she was going amongst strangers, and was leaving trouble behind her at home.

And now I must tell my readers what that trouble was that could induce her to leave the home she loved so well and would miss so sorely.

Within the last month her father had become liable for the payment of a sum of over five hundred pounds, and, although he was quite unprepared to meet the demand, yet he was only too thankful that this chance had been given him of saving his name from disgrace—a disgrace which had threatened him through the conduct of his own son. It had been a cruel blow to the whole family; they had been so proud of the bright, clever, accomplished young fellow, and had all of them looked with an indulgent eye upon his first faults and extravagances. Two or three times Dr. Dalrymple had paid debts which he considered should never have been contracted, and had warned his son that he must for the future make his ample allowance suffice.

Edward, with many expressions of penitence, had promised to do so, and had meant to keep his word; but, alas! the best resolutions when made with trust in one's own strength are apt to fail.

Unfortunately for him, he had fallen into the society of some idle, dissipated young men, and being himself of a gay, pleasure-loving disposition, had found it almost impossible to resist the temptations into which they led him. Debts accumulated; he was afraid to apply to his father for help; the friends who were so ready to take advantage of his lavish generosity, either could not or would not assist him. Having become bankrupt in everything else, he determined to trust to his "luck" at cards as a means of freeing himself from his embarrassments, and only succeeded in increasing them. His employers were old friends of his father's, and reposed the fullest confidence in his son. An opportunity occurred of, as he told himself, merely borrowing the amount for a few days, just at a time when a "debt of honour" was owing, and he was in other ways sorely pressed. He took advantage of it, thinking that before it could be discovered he should be able to replace the loan. The event proved him to have been mistaken. His father was communicated with, and hurried up to town to hush the matter up, if possible, at any sacrifice. The principals, on account of their old friendship for him, consented to consider the missing sum as a debt, and gave him two years for the payment of it. Ruth, who was always her father's *confidante*, knowing that it would be impossible for him to spare so much without making a great alteration in their style of living, determined that she would seek an appointment which would enable her to help him. She had answered Lady Braybrooke's advertisement, an interview had been arranged, and she was now journeying towards her future home. Besides the anxiety she felt at going amongst strangers in a position quite new to her, she was troubled about her brother. Dr. Dalrymple, a man of the strictest honour himself, seemed as if he should never be able to forget his indignation at his son's conduct, or believe in him again. Edward resented this distrust, and within the last few weeks a barrier had arisen between father and son; on the one side anger and distrust, on the other sulky reserve. Poor Ruth had felt the disgrace of Edward's sin as keenly as if exposure had followed it; still, she loved the delinquent as much as before, although the character of her affection was changed. She pitied him, and feared his father's attitude towards him might have an unfortunate influence upon his present state of mind, for now not even she could trust in his strength to stand against difficulties of any kind, although she still believed in his good intentions.

To hope and pray, and encourage him by her letters, was all she could do, and that should be done. Having come to this conclusion, Ruth felt comforted.

Edward accompanied her to the door of Lady Braybrooke's house, so that she had no time to dwell upon her own feelings, and stepped out of the cab with a smile on her face, although her heart was beating with excitement and timidity.

There was no one to welcome her; a maid showed her to her room, with a message of apology from "my lady," who was engaged with her lawyer on most particular business. Would Miss Dalrymple allow her to unpack after she had brought her some tea? Dinner would be at half-past seven.

Poor Ruth's heart sank at this formal reception, and at the prospect of spending the evening with strangers. She felt that she must have a little time alone to prepare her for it, so she dismissed the maid, and was just sitting down to write a letter home, when she heard a knock at her door, and a sweet voice asking—"May I come in?" In response to her invitation to do so a lovely girl entered.

"Miss Dalrymple," she exclaimed, "I am so sorry that there was no one to receive you; I have only just come in, and grandmamma is such a ridiculous old darling. If her dearest friend had arrived, she would have done just the same. She's making her will, you know. She does it regularly once a fortnight. Has Masters seen that you have all you want?"

"Oh, yes, thank you," replied Ruth, her spirits rising at the girl's gracious friendliness of manner, "and she is going to bring me some tea."

"Oh, do come and have it with me while she unpacks for you, and we shall have time for a nice cosy chat together. Yes! That's right, Masters," to the maid, who was at the door. "Miss Dalrymple will have some tea with me in my room. Come, dear," and she led the way to her own little sanctum, where the two girls were presently chatting away in the most friendly style.

"Well, what do you think of your pupil, Miss Dalrymple?" her companion asked her presently, in a soft, caressing voice.

"I shall be afraid to call you my pupil, Miss Braybrooke," said Ruth, colouring slightly. "You see, I am only eighteen myself, and, I daresay, you know quite as much, if not more than I do."

"I am sure I shall like you. I do already. But my name is not Braybrooke; that is grandmamma's name. My name is Rosslyn—Cecilia Rosslyn—but you must not call me anything but Cissy, and I shall call you Ruth, if you will let me, dear. I can assure you, I am lamentably ignorant, but I told grandmamma I was not going to have a governess. I wanted a friend to study with me and help me, and you are just what I wanted. You see, Ruth, as you are exactly my own age, you won't be crabby and disagreeable, will you now?"

"I hope not," said Ruth, laughing.

"And you'll not want to be always grinding, will you? Grandmamma seems to think that I never want to enjoy myself, but I do now I have the chance. Oh, you don't know how dull I have been since I left home," continued Cissy, lifting her large blue eyes to Ruth's face with a piteous expression. "It was so different there. Everybody spoilt me, because I am pretty, you know. Don't be shocked! Papa is an artist, and quite poor, so of course he worships beauty. He says I am just like my mother when she was a girl. I have four sisters and two brothers; the girls are like him—that's why grandmamma did not like them. She never liked papa, and, indeed, she quarrelled with mamma because she married him."

"Do you think Lady Braybrooke would care for me to hear her family matters?" interrupted Ruth.

"Oh, she would not mind. I want to tell you all about myself, and then you shall tell me all about yourself," said Cissy. "To proceed. Grandmamma got tired of being angry with mamma and living alone, so she came to see us, and there was a grand reconciliation, but the girls would not be nice to her because she was cool and distant to the dear old dad. I thought that silly of them, because she is very rich, and she wanted to do something to help us, you know. So I made myself agreeable, and, in consequence, here I am. Of course she will leave me all her money. She said she meant to treat me exactly as her own daughter; but if I marry, like mamma did, against her will, she is not going to leave me anything, so, of course, I shall not. She's dreadfully strict sometimes, but I manage her pretty well. What do you think of her, Ruth?"

"I have only seen her once, you know,"

hesitated Ruth; "but there is one thing I am sure of, she is very proud of you, and anxious for your welfare."

"Oh dear, Ruth, I do hope you are not dreadfully sober; that sounded just like one of grandmamma's sentences. I think life ought to be happy. 'Youth at the helm and pleasure at the prow,' you know; but grandmamma is always lecturing about duty. Now I want to enlist you on my side (of course I don't want you to do anything wrong), and you can help me, for grandmamma has taken a great fancy to you, you know."

"Really?" asked Ruth, with some surprise, "I should not have thought so—at least—" with a sudden flush, "I——"

"Bravo, Ruth," cried Cissy, with a ripple of silvery laughter, "I quite understand, so don't try to explain. You think her manner to you brusque and dictatorial, and altogether odd."

"I never said so," replied Ruth, laughing and slightly embarrassed by this shrewd guess at her thoughts.

"Naturally, you would not, but you cannot help thinking so, for it is so, even to people she likes. Anyone she dislikes she simply ignores. What do you think she said about you when I asked her what you were like? I was curious to know, for we were both charmed with your letter. She said, Miss Dalrymple is good-tempered, intelligent, and a gentlewoman, and I don't think she's a hypocrite."

"I hope not," said Ruth, laughing and colouring a little.

"Oh, don't feel hurt!" said Cissy. "That is quite a flattering speech for her. Oh, dear! there's the gong, and I have heard nothing about you. Never mind, we must finish our talk to-night, when grandmamma has gone to bed."

Ruth wished that time had already come, she so much dreaded the ordeal before her. But when the two girls went downstairs Lady Braybrooke welcomed her very graciously. She was very silent during dinner, but Cissy kept up an unceasing flow of conversation, and was most affectionate in her manner to Ruth.

"You seem to have struck up a great friendship very quickly," Lady Braybrooke remarked, as Cissy drew her arm affectionately through Ruth's on their way to the drawing-room; "I hope it may last."

She spoke with a tone and glance full of meaning, but Ruth could not tell at whom the remark was directed.

"Oh, it will! Our style of beauty is so different, you know, grandmamma," laughed Cissy; "there is no need of jealousy."

"Ah, beauty is not everything!" said Lady Braybrooke. "Let us have some music, Cecilia. I want to talk to Miss Dalrymple."

Cissy went to the piano, and the old lady began to talk about her to Ruth under cover of the music. "She has been very badly trained, neglected, and yet spoilt," she said. "What I shall require of you, Miss Dalrymple, will be to study with her, and help her more than actually to teach her. She is too old for that."

"I should have been afraid of undertaking to teach her," said Cissy; "I had no idea she was as old as she is. We shall be more like sisters than governess and pupil."

"Not at all," said the old lady, rather stiffly. "I shall expect you to influence Cecilia a great deal more strongly than any of her sisters could, and as a perfect stranger you will have a greater chance of doing so."

"You may feel sure that I will do my best," replied Ruth, with her ready blush, for she feared Lady Braybrooke considered that she had taken a liberty.

"I am sure of it," she replied graciously. "I believe she is naturally amiable and docile. Family differences prevented our meeting till a month or two ago, so I cannot really know her yet. I like to study people's characters before deciding about them, Miss Dalrymple."

"It needs very little study to find out that she is warm-hearted and affectionate," cried Ruth warmly. "She is so simple, too. Some girls in her position would not have told me what she did—that her father was poor."

"If you like her, your task will be the easier," was the reply, rather coldly uttered. Certainly Lady Braybrooke was odd and suspicious, Ruth thought. She would have been greatly astonished had she known of what she suspected her, and what reason she had for that suspicion.

(To be continued.)

RHEUMATISM IN THE YOUNG.

Chiefly Addressed to Mothers and Elder Sisters.

By Medicus.

I HAVE to commence this paper with an apology to my youthful readers, because I am going to make use of a technical word or term, which, although a very expressive one, you shall seldom or never hear in ordinary conversation.

I make my apology, and now for the word; here it is: *diathesis*. It is a Greek compound, and any girl who has a brother older than ten, has only to ask him, and he will at once tell her what the roots of the word are. But failing the brother, there is the dictionary, and that will inform you that diathesis means a particular function or state of body which predisposes to diseases of any kind, especially blood diseases. We have, for instance, the consumptive diathesis, and many others, and among them, unhappily for suffering humanity, we have the rheumatic diathesis. Mothers know only too well what rheumatism in a child means, but few perhaps know that there are many degrees of this terrible complaint, and that oftentimes children suffer from it in a mild form without their parents even suspecting what it is that ails them.

Well now, I write a good deal about rheumatism in grown up people, and I am bound to say that I never do so with much pleasure, for I cannot help feeling that in nine cases out of ten the ailment is all but incurable.

Why is it so? you may ask me. Then mark my reply; the reason is that a diathesis once fairly established is all but impossible to eradicate or change.

In children it is different. Their cases of rheumatism are not only more easy and satisfactory to treat, but, as there are years and years before them in which to grow, they have a far better chance of getting clear of the diathesis.

I am of the opinion, too, that when called upon to treat or cure a case of rheumatism, it is the duty of the medical attendant not to rest satisfied with bringing the case, for the time being, to a happy termination, but to give such directions for the diet and conduct of living, so to speak, of his little patient after her cure, as shall tend to prevent the recurrence of the disease, if not change the diathesis entirely.

In this paper I mean to practise what I preach, and to give hints for the guidance on the straight paths of health to those who have once been the victims of rheumatism.

Now for the causes of this painful complaint. To commence with, rheumatism, whether in its acute or its chronic stage, may occur owing to the little patient having a natural tendency thereto. In other words, rheumatism is hereditary.

"It is in the blood," some would say. But as far as the ailment under consideration is concerned, that saying, although we very often hear it, is simply all nonsense. It is *not* in the blood; there is no disease germ afloat in the vital fluid waiting for a chance to sow itself and breed terrible mischief. The state of the blood, whether pure or the reverse, depends almost entirely on the food one eats, or the air she breathes, and the blood that courses through the veins and arteries of a person with the rheumatic *diathesis may* be as pure as mountain air, and for the most part it is. No, the diathesis does not depend upon the blood—a fluid, by the way, which is changed every week at the furthest—but on a peculiar formation of body internally. Probably the nervous system itself has a good deal to do with the mischief: the heart may not be strong, or it may be strong and still be irritable, the liver is also irritable, and the coats of the stomach singularly so. This last statement must be borne in mind, not only while we are prescribing for a young patient suffering from rheumatism, but in laying down rules for the subsequent regimen, which shall have for its object the prevention of the recurrence of the disorder, and the getting rid to a great extent of the diathesis itself.

Well, the stomach is not only extremely irritable during an attack of rheumatism, and constantly secreting large quantities of acid, but the converse is also true, and in a person predisposed to the disease, whatsoever irritates the stomach is apt to bring it on. Thus over-eating, or eating what does not agree, induces a congested state of the stomach; the gastric juice or lactic acid fluid, which in small quantities is necessary for healthful digestion, is poured out in larger quantities than can be used; it passes out of the stomach and sets up mischief there; it passes with the food into the blood itself, and renders it acid and unfit to properly and healthfully nourish the body; it irritates the brain and heart, and produces feverish symptoms, which rest on the stomach and keep up the mischief, and in bad cases the over-abundance of acid in the blood even acts in quite a chemical way, and throws down a deposit of the salts therein, and this precipitate behaves like a foreign body and produces pain and inflammation of the joints. The reason why this deposit generally takes place about the ligaments of joints and the tendons of muscles is doubtless owing to their more dependent position and the slower circulation through them, just as it is we find deposits of mud and sand, not in the running part of rivers, but in the reaches and bends where the current is less strong.

Be this as it may, rheumatism is caused by an over-abundance of acid in the system; and during the time the acid is circulating in large quantities exposure to damp or to cold may set up inflammation, and fever and all its attendant dangers, pains, and miseries, which may end in a favourable or very unfavourable way.

If the reader has followed me so far—though I am really afraid my younger girls will not have been able to do so quite—she will now be in a position to understand my mode of treatment.

The main indication during an attack of rheumatism would be to get rid of the acid, would it not? Well, our plan is to deluge the system with antacids, and so neutralise the poison, not only in the stomach itself, but in the blood as well. This is called the antacid treatment. If it does any good at all it must be carried out what we might call heroically. It, however, has many drawbacks: it introduces into the system a vast quantity of the salts of soda and potash, which we may afterwards have a difficulty in getting clear of; in some cases I believe the cure is really worse than the disease; besides, remember that after all this plan aims at getting rid of symptoms in-

stead of eradicating causes. If the stomach be filled with acid, nothing is more easy than to neutralise it; a dose of bicarbonate of potash or soda will do this; but will your bicarbonate of potash or soda reduce the irritable congested state of the stomach that causes the secretion of the acid? The very reverse, it seems to me. An emetic would do as well if not better. Not that I hold with emetics, for the simple reason that they give a shock to the whole system, irritate the stomach terribly, and may injure delicate internal organs.

Well, there is the acid treatment. This it would almost seem has been successful in the hands of a good many practitioners. They give as the only medicine simply lime juice or lemon juice. This is not homœopathic treatment; it is not "like cure like," but rather the substitution of one acid for the other. I do not myself object to lime juice being taken in small quantities during an attack of rheumatism—as a drink, if it be appreciated by the patient. But I should not depend upon it as a cure.

It will be noticed that during an attack of rheumatism the perspiration smells sour, and it is also more profuse than in health. This is nothing more nor less than an effort of mother Nature herself to get rid of the poison in the blood, and we cannot err in assisting her. For this purpose there is nothing better than the hot air bath and vapour bath commingled. Or failing means for carrying out the hot air bath properly, a hot bath every day to induce profuse perspiration; a little sweet spirits of nitre will help this, and should be given three times a day in half a wine-glassful of cold water.

From the very commencement of the attack, when the child complains of headache, thirst, and a feeling of extreme tiredness, with aching in the bones, joints, and muscles, she ought to be confined to bed. And pray mark this, the nightgown should not be linen or cotton, but flannel; she ought to lie on a blanket, and have no sheets of any kind on the bed, but the softest of blankets. (Should inflammation with pain and redness of the joints ensue, lose no time in sending for a medical man, and follow his instructions to the letter.)

Often medical men are not handy in the district where country people live, and it is more especially for these I write.

Well, you are endeavouring to assist nature all you can by keeping up the perspiration. The child will be thirsty; give for drink either well-made barley water or cold water alone, or lime juice and water slightly sweetened, or milk and water with a little lime water—not juice—in it.

Either cotton wool or linseed poultices, one after another, should be kept constantly around the joints if inflamed, and I have found much good done by fomenting with hot water in which a tablespoonful of carbonate of soda and a dessert-spoonful of laudanum to a pint, had been mixed. This eases the pain, and may be used three or four times a day. Aperients should be given to keep the system well open, calomel and jalap, suited to the age of the child, the first day, followed up some hours after with a good dose of salts and senna. Subsequently every morning any ordinary mild aperient should be given.

The ordinary effervescent draught of the shops, consisting of bicarbonate of potash with syrup of lemon and water in one bottle and citric acid and water in another, mixed when wanted according to directions, and given three or four or five times a day will generally do much good.

Perfect rest is imperative, and this includes not only rest for the body in bed—sometimes, alas! there can be little of that—but rest for the irritable acid-producing stomach also. The food should be of the very lightest, and no forcing should be attempted. Do not be afraid of the child dying of inanition; she will not do so. Keep the room cool, but not cold, and very well ventilated. Keep the house quiet; beware of noises of any kind. Sleep is most important, but do not attempt to insure it by giving sleeping draughts of any kind, not even spirituous, unless prescribed by your own doctor.

Change the nightdress very often, and see that the bedclothes are soft and warm without being heavy.

Let me just recapitulate briefly. We ordered the hot bath—air or water, or a combination—the keeping up of the perspiration by all legitimate means, a good aperient and daily aperients, cooling drinks, light food, no forcing, soothing applications to painful joints, and rest, rest, rest.

The earliest indication of returning health will be the restoration of the appetite, and now indeed you must be on your guard; the food must still be light, and meat forbidden for a long time. For one thing you must bear in mind during illness, convalescence and future life. The stomach must be guarded against irritation of every sort.

Cold must also be guarded against during convalescence.

Now, in conclusion, let me say a brief word or two about the after regimen of a child subject to rheumatism. I can say all I need say in a single sentence.

The child must not be over-coddled nor treated entirely like an invalid. She must come under the influence of those hygienic laws that govern the health of all children we wish to see growing up strong; but over and above this, *the diet, in quantity and quality, must be most carefully regulated, and the greatest precautions should be ever adopted to prevent her from catching cold.* The last portion of the sentence I have put in italics, to show its great importance.

Let flannel, light and soft, be worn next the skin; let plenty of exercise be taken regularly—open air driving to be avoided, as there is so much danger of catching cold attached to it. The system ought to be kept free, not by aperients, but by healthful out-door exercise, assisted if necessary by eating ripe fruit in the morning.

Now and then a Turkish bath will be found of the greatest service, and where it can be borne the soap bath every morning followed by a cold sponge bath, or a slightly tepid one.

Tonics, cod-liver oil, *et id genus omne*, generally do more harm than good to children predisposed to rheumatism, although quinine may be taken during convalescence from an acute attack.

SEVEN YEARS FOR RACHEL;

OR, WELSH PICTURES SKETCHED FROM LIFE.

By ANNE BEALE.

CHAPTER XII.

THE BULL.

RACHEL has been nearly six months at the farm. In spite of hard work she looks much more healthy than she did when she left her father's roof, and as she stands at early morn on the top of the hill with a long, crooked stick in her hand, her face glowing with exercise, a rough, faithful cur panting by her side, and some milk-white sheep grazing around her, any observer might desire to paint or describe, or have some near interest in, a being so pure and so natural!

As it chances, one or two of her cows have wandered to the brow of the hill, and she has followed them there. The sun has just risen, and lets fly his shafts of light from a sea of gold, over and through all nature. The glowing orb sits in majestic grandeur—far, far away into the undistinguishable distance go the green meadows with their constant flocks and herds; thick woods lie in rich patches here and there; the hedgerows never cease, but in endless variety interlace the uplands; the white-washed cottage dots the plain; at longer intervals the villages, with spire or tower, or the turrets of the old ruin, catch the sunshine; in the extreme distance, opposite the sun, the hills are of the brightest blue, whilst here and there a faint mountain is seen upon which the darker shadows still remain. Through the meadows runs the Afon, threading its mazy way, a line of burnished silver, giving us back the vivid sun. Now it wanders by a farm-house and is lost in the trees that surround it; again it appears and makes its way towards a rustic cottage; once more it is hidden between some slight elevations, and then breaks forth anew, to gleam along the green fields. It visits hamlet, town, and ancient castle in its course. Here and there a light bridge crosses it, and the arches cast their shades into its waters, which reflect another bridge in the sunshine. Here a solitary fisherman in his light coracle, that sole remnant of the ancient Britons, paddles along and ruffles its smooth surface; whilst his cheerful whistle, united with that of the shepherd-boy, together with the bleating of sheep, lowing of herds, and the note of the awakening birds, form a harmonious chorus.

Let it not be supposed that Rachel has been contemplating the sunrise all the time that we have been looking at the landscape. She has been busily collecting the cows, and as they are tractable beasts, with the help of the dog has almost succeeded. Cautiously they are feeling their way down the hill, and seem sometimes inwardly to debate upon the steps which they are about to take.

Rachel trips after them, and hopes her mistress will not complain of her tardiness. Her steps and hopes are, however, both arrested by a sudden scream, which is succeeded by another and another, each more piercing than the last. She turns and hastens round the hill to the place whence the sounds appear to proceed. The first thing she sees is the bull, usually so quiet, giving himself the strangest airs imaginable. Before him is a woman in a red cloak, screaming in frantic terror.

"She must be mad," thought Rachel, as frightened and breathless she ran towards the woman, whose gestures were alone sufficient to enrage any animal, however quiet. Now she screamed, now menaced the bull with her clenched fist, tossing about, as she did so, the red cloak that had first attracted his attention. The animal was evidently terrified, and only temporarily refrained from either knocking her down or tossing her, on account of a species of uncertainty that he seemed to entertain as to what creature he had to encounter. Rachel flung her hat at him, and struck him on his forehead, and scarcely had it fallen to the ground when it was succeeded by a stick and a stone which she found near her. The blows arrested the bull and diverted his attention from the woman, who, as soon as she saw him turn from her, ran like lightning down the hill, and left Rachel alone to contend, as best she could, with the furious animal. With a toss and a bound he rushed towards her. She had had the precaution to stand at a little distance from him, and now turned and fled. But what availed flight? He gained upon her momentarily, and was soon close behind her. She heard him approach, and shuddered as the thought of death darted through her mind; for who is prepared to die at a moment's warning? She uttered an inward prayer to the Great Being, who, though invisible, she knew to be near her at that awful time, and turning round, resolutely faced the bull. The boldness of the action checked, and the fascination of the eye restrained, him. He paused and looked at her, butting with his head as he did so. It was but for a moment. He seemed about to spring upon her, and she gave herself up for lost. A thought entered her mind, sent into it by the Power whose aid she had invoked. She fell flat upon her face, and lay motionless as one dead. She had heard of a similar expedient being successfully resorted to under similar circumstances. She might have swooned in her excess of terror, or life might have departed from her body, so immovable was her form. Not a sign of agitation was visible; her arms and hands were crossed beneath her face; her body was distended, and she lay still as death. The bull was again arrested, and stood, as at bay, gazing upon her.

"ANY OBSERVER MIGHT DESIRE TO HAVE SOME NEAR INTEREST IN A BEING SO PURE AND SO NATURAL."

It is impossible to say what his further manœuvres might have been, had they not been prevented, and his attention drawn from Rachel, by the appearance of a dog. It was Rachel's faithful cur: he had missed her, and had come in search of her, and no sooner did he see her stretched upon the ground, than, with a sharp bark, he jumped upon the bull, placing himself, with true canine sagacity, before his mistress, and barking, snapping and biting so vehemently, as to make the enemy retreat a few paces. But whilst he was imperceptibly moving backwards, he was evidently meditating a spring upon the poor dog. Dash was, however, too cunning for him, and avoided his attacks with great skill and agility, being well versed both in the offensive and defensive. He had not driven obstinate cows ever since he was a puppy for nothing, and he doubtless felt proud to exert his prowess upon a more dangerous antagonist.

Whilst he was keeping the bull at bay by his successful attacks, and whilst Rachel lay upon the ground, still not daring to move, several figures were seen ascending the hill. The foremost of these was the woman who had first excited the fury of the bull. No sooner did she perceive Rachel from a little distance than she uttered a shriek so wild and piercing that the hill rang with it. "She is dead—she is dead," she

screamed, and was only prevented by main force from rushing towards the bull. Mrs. Shenkin and Sally held her, whilst Mr. Shenkin, Tom, and Bill made a short *detour*, and proceeded to the scene of action. Mr. Shenkin, never one of the bravest, was frightened out of his seven senses. He did not know what to do, so the men were obliged to act for him. "Oh! poor Rachel—poor dear Rachel," he groaned; "what will I do? What will Jackey Bach say to this—what will he say?"

Tom and Bill had had the precaution to furnish themselves with large waggon ropes, and begging the rest of the party to keep out of the way of the bull, they made a kind of circuit, until they came unperceived behind the animal, when, placing themselves on each side of him. they carefully, but suddenly, cast the ropes about his neck and horns, and thus succeeded in securing him.

"Master, we have him safe—move Rachel away," cried the men.

Before "master" came, Rachel's face turned round, looking ghastly pale. The men, who were with difficulty endeavouring to quiet the bull, almost let go the ropes in their delight and astonishment at perceiving that she was really alive.

"Run, Rachel, run," they said; "all's safe—all's well."

Rachel rose and ran a few steps towards the women, who were hastening to her assistance. Her powers were well nigh exhausted, and she would have fallen to the ground had not the stranger, with a wild laugh of delight, seized her in her arms, and whilst she almost suffocated her with kisses, supported her.

"Shan't have her!" she said. "No, no, no—shan't have her, Kitty Shenkin. Ha, ha, ha! she isn't dead; no, she isn't dead."

Sally drew near.

"Come, Moll, come, there's a good girl; give her to me, or just put her down upon the grass now, that she may breathe the air. Look you, Mary, 'tis nice and soft, and, poor thing, she isn't well just now."

"Shan't have her," pertinaciously returned the woman, who proved to be poor Mad Moll of the Mountain, and who held Rachel's now senseless form in a close embrace.

"Come, now," pursued Sally, who knew force or harshness would be unavailing; "come, and you shall have a new gown, and go back you know where."

It was no good.

"Shan't have her," was the mad woman's only reply.

"There now!" continued Sally; "just look—she'll die if you don't put her down, and run and get her some water. You can run faster than anyone, Moll."

"My name isn't Moll, 'tis Mary," interrupted the woman; but the last argument had proved effectual, and placing Rachel upon the grass, she set off full speed towards the house.

Mrs. Shenkin, who had kept aloof during the dispute between Sally and Moll, now drew near, and, softened by Rachel's condition, knelt by her side, and assisted in supporting her. Mr. Shenkin had procured some water, which Sally administered, and which, together with the poor man's grief, for he stood crying like an infant, and wringing his hands, gradually restored Rachel to life.

"I am better now. Is the bull gone?—is the woman safe?" were her first words. She was assured that all was well. "Thank God!" she exclaimed as she clasped her hands and lifted her eyes towards heaven.

Sally told her that they had been surprised to see the cows arrive without her, and still more astonished by the sudden appearance of Mad Moll, who came screaming down the hill, "The bull, the bull!" and frightened them all dreadfully. Here Mad Moll returned, bearing a large pitcher of water up the hill, which the party were now descending. She approached Rachel, and pouring some water into a cup which she held in her hand, presented it to her, and whilst she drank it, laughed and clapped her hands with exceeding glee.

"Drink it, pretty girl! no bull now—ha, ha, ha, I fought him, and he didn't like it—then he went moo-oo-ou—and I laughed at him, and he laughed at me; and then he moo-oo-ou'd again, very loud, and I was frightened, and you came and helped me. I won't forget—no, I won't forget. Eh! Kitty Shenkin! I won't forget. Scold, scold, scold. Noise, noise, noise."

It was astonishing how silent Mrs. Shenkin had been during the whole of Mad Moll's proceedings. She looked frightened, and slunk behind the rest of the party to avoid encountering her eye. But Moll would not be shunned, and was evidently bent on mischief. Just as they were about to move on, she took a dirty pincushion from her pocket, and placed it in Rachel's hand, telling her that "she should have that to keep for her own." Whilst doing this, she slily seized her opportunity, and upset the water over Mrs. Shenkin's feet, rolling the pitcher down the hill, and scampering off as soon as the feat was performed, leaving Mrs. Shenkin to vent her anger as she pleased.

Mad Moll was a singular-looking creature. She appeared to be about thirty years old, and bore the traces of considerable beauty. Her eyes were black and very large. They were at times wild, but an occasional sly glance showed that there was meaning in their wildness. Her raven hair, which knew not the comforts of a comb, hung in matted locks down her cheeks, and gave her the appearance of a gipsy. Her white teeth quite sparkled between her deep red lips as she laughed her strange laughs, and her large black eyes shot fire as they looked out from beneath their long lashes. She had an old straw bonnet on, or rather half off her head, with a piece of narrow green riband twisted about it, in which was stuck a bunch of hawthorn. An old red cloak hung loosely about her shoulders, beneath which a tattered flannel gown and apron were visible. The latter portion of her dress was fastened by the corners to her waist, and was made to contain every article she could get possession of. She wore neither stockings nor shoes, but had converted a pair of white stockings which had been given her into mittens for her arms. Her ornaments were a string of berries round her neck, and a bunch of wild flowers in her bosom.

Everything was behind-hand at the farm after the adventure with the bull. The cows were waiting to be milked—the pigs to be served—the poultry to be fed—the cheese and butter to be made—the screaming baby to be nursed—the clothes, for, alas! it was washing week, to be scrubbed white—and so much to be done that Mrs. Shenkin's temper was constantly tried, and Rachel and Sally were glad when nine o'clock warned them to retire to their garret, after the labours of the day were over.

A great change has been operated here, which Sally, though by no means instrumental to it, is not loth to perceive. Every corner is now perfectly clean. The bed is covered with a decent, though mended patchwork quilt, and the old curtains have been washed and repaired. White paper, neatly pasted on, covers the still unglazed hole in the window, and not a cobweb is visible on the walls. The rickety table is supported by pieces of wood, and stands firm; whilst Sally's morsel of looking-glass is bordered with blue paper, and hung up against the wall. Upon the table are Rachel's Bible and Prayer-book—the work-box William made for her, which Sally, as well as herself, finds very useful, and a neat pincushion; whilst an old white apron is spread over it in form of toilet cloth. Round the room are ranged Rachel's and Sally's boxes, baskets, and the like, which contain their stock of finery, and added to which is an old chest, that Mrs. Shenkin, in an extraordinary fit of generosity, bestowed upon them for their best hats and gowns. This, and a rush-bottomed chair, form their seats, upon which, on the night in question, they sat down to talk over the events of the day. It was a difficult task to make Sally tidy; but she was a good-natured girl, and very fond of Rachel, so she really tried, and not unsuccessfully, to improve.

The next morning Rachel rose early, as usual, and went to fetch the cows. The bull was tethered, therefore she had no fear, and did not trip the less lightly up the hill on account of her fright of the previous day. She again returned thanks to Heaven for her preservation as she passed the place where the encounter had happened. On looking down she perceived a bundle of old clothes and rags, or rather an ancient blanket, enveloping a variety of articles. She remembered that Mad Moll always carried her bedding and wardrobe over her shoulder, and knew that the heap must belong to her. She was considering the best means of restoring the things to her, when Mad Moll herself appeared. She ran forward with a joyful laugh, and threw herself at Rachel's feet.

"Here is your bundle," said Rachel,

taking her kindly by the hand and raising her. "Where are you going to-day?"

"Going! oh, I don't know. I never know where I go. I shall come again some day and see you. No, I shan't forget the bull; he didn't kill me, you wouldn't let him. What do they call you?"

"Rachel is my name—will you remember it, Moll, and come and see me?"

"My name's Mary, please, and not Moll"—she was very particular about her name. "But what do they call you?—say it again."

"Rachel—but I must be going, or Mrs. Shenkin——"

"Dear, yes!—go you, Rachel; run you; don't let her hurt you—poor Rachel."

Here the unfortunate woman threw her arms round Rachel, and uttered a low moaning sound; but no tears were visible in her wild black eyes. Rachel, gently disengaging herself from her, said—

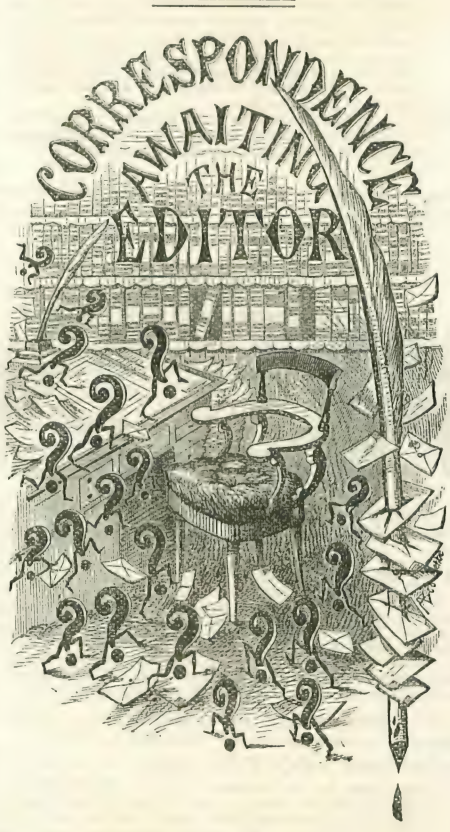
"I hope I shall see you again soon, Mary; but I must drive the cows down to be milked now, so good-bye, and take care of yourself till you come again."

She pressed the poor creature's hard hand kindly as she spoke, and felt her heart overpowered with emotions of pity and sympathy. She had some pence in her pocket, and she offered them to her. The poor woman drew herself up with exceeding dignity, and waving them from her, said—

"Not from you—not from you. They may give me money, and I will take it, though I ought to be very rich; but you saved me from the bull, didn't you?"

Rachel returned the pence to her pocket, ashamed of having offered them, and once more bade her farewell. Mad Moll seated herself upon the grass, and, resting her head on her hand, watched Rachel down the hill until she disappeared. She then murmured some indistinct sentences, and, rising, took up her bundle, and slung it upon her stick across her shoulder. She had evidently no purpose, for first she walked a few steps on one side, and then turned again and walked a few steps on the other; then she stood still and looked about her, apparently forgetting that she was intending to move at all; and finally, as if suddenly recollecting herself, she wheeled quickly round, and pursued a third direction, which led her across the top of the hill. She stopped to gather a few primroses that grew in her path, and turned round as if to give them to someone; then muttering, "She's gone now," she put them into her apron, and continued her way, now humming part of an old tune, and now talking to herself. She appeared quite contented and happy, and amused herself with gathering the berries and flowers that she met with, unconscious of her melancholy state. The sky, the warm sun, the fresh air, the green fields, the flowers, and her own wild fancies were pleasures enough for her, and as long as she was allowed to wander unmolested, she was a happy creature. On she went, where and how she listed, now pursuing, and now deviating from, the straight path, until she disappeared beneath the hill, where we will leave her while we tell her sad and strange history.

(*To be continued.*)



COOKERY.

ANXIOUS HOUSEKEEPER.—Cook the broccoli in the French fashion in a saucepan, with plenty of butter and no water.

ETHELWIN.—A recipe for caramels will be found on page 291, vol. iv.

CARNATION might attend a cookery class at the Crystal Palace, Upper Norwood, which would be nearer to her than South Kensington. It has not been closed, that we are aware, and it would be worth while to go there and inquire about it. You write a good hand. We thank you for your kind letter.

ELLA JANE.—Chop a large tablespoonful of mint, washed previously, and stand it in a gill of water for one hour; then gradually add and mix with it four ounces of sugar, and of vinegar as much as you like; but the sauce should not be very acid. See our article on "Teeth Like Pearls," and all our advice respecting them already given, by reference to our indexes.

HOUSEKEEPING.

ORION STEWART.—Clean the steel first by rubbing with a little oil, and then with emery powder.

ROWAN TREE.—Many thanks for your letter.

OCTOPUS.—Make a paste of soda and whitening and apply to the marble, letting it remain so a few hours. Rub off afterwards with a dry cloth. The phosphorescence of the sea is considered by Darwin to be owing, perhaps, to a disturbed electrical condition of the atmosphere.

ANXIOUS ANNE.—Use one of the polishes or glosses which are sold at all shoe shops to your shabby hand-bag; not a varnish, but a good black reviver. A little ink will blacken old kid gloves when they have turned white.

A SUBSCRIBER FROM THE FIRST.—Cocoa from the nibs is made thus:—Put a small teacupful of nibs into a quart and a half coffee-tin; fill half with cold water, and stand it on the hob in the morning, letting it remain till next morning, when it will be ready for use, after its long stewing. After breakfast each morning put in the cup of nibs and fill with water again; but do not empty the coffee-pot till it becomes uncomfortably full; then empty all out and begin afresh. This is a plan we have known has been carried out in a family for forty years, and the result has always been excellent cocoa at a cheap rate.

E. S. S.—To clean filters, see page 47, vol. ii. We should think that after some years' use the charcoal must need renewing.

MUSIC.

LOVER OF MUSIC should be thoroughly acquainted with the theory of music if she desires to pass an examination. Scales also have to be practised; but, under the circumstances you name as to the lessons which more or less fill up the day, we think you will have to drop some other lesson and divide one hour daily between scales and music playing. We hope that if you live in a row your piano is not placed against your mutual partition wall.

F. A. V. I.—Choir singing does not necessarily make the voice harsh and coarse, but the leader is often tempted to overstrain it, and hymn tunes are usually set too high. We do not give lessons in hair dressing, although our illustrations show how hair is worn.

MUSICUS.—Write to the hon. secretary, Charles Morley, Esq., Royal College of Music, Kensington Gore, London, S.W., and he will send you a prospectus and all the information you require. "*Je t'aime*" is the French for "I love thee."

PRIMROSE.—If you wish to play the pianoforte well, you should have a good master. If you are satisfied with playing little simple airs, you might do that much unassisted. We are not prepared to state positively what is or is not "possible." See our directions for skeletonising leaves.

WORK.

A POOR ORPHAN.—If you go to a sufficiently large machine shop where they have secondhand machines, you are sure to get a shuttle. Consult the London Directory, and find the names. If you know the shape of the shuttle, you can describe it when you go.

A READER OF THE "G. O. P."—Send the hat to be dyed and re-blocked.

M. A. H.—A series of articles on plain needlework have already appeared.

ARUM.—Damp the woolwork very slightly on the wrong side, lay a towel over and under it, and iron it until straight and flat.

THOMAS ROBINSON.—The ferns must be pressed between sheets of blotting-paper, which must be frequently changed so as to preserve the colour. They can be gummed very slightly on the glass to keep them firm, and a second pane laid on them, and the edges fastened together with strips of paper and strong glue.

F. W. can only try all the fancy linen shops near her. Many of them are glad to purchase such things, but she must put her own "shoulder to the wheel."

H. M. P.—White woollen shawls may be cleaned by rubbing them in flour, or in hot bran; but if properly washed in a tepid lather, rinsed in a little blue water, and wrung in a towel, they should not be yellow.

PAULINE says she has "ritten so often" already, and wishes to know what we think of her "riting." "How to Dress Dolls" was described at page 252, vol. i. If you have not that volume, you can obtain the monthly part for April, 1880, by writing to Mr. Tarn at our publishing office, 56, Paternoster-row, E.C. Where is Pauline's nurse, that she has not taught the little inquirer how to make her doll's clothes? Or where is her nursery governess? She should not be obliged to apply to a strange editor for such first teaching as this.

EDUCATIONAL.

J. DE VALNEIGE.—We read your kind letter with interest, and see no obstacle to your becoming an English nurse, provided that your health be good, that you speak our language fluently, and thoroughly understand it, as the slightest misunderstandings of doctors' directions or patients' communications would be very serious. Your age must be between 25 and 40. We would suggest your writing to the lady superintendent, St. Mary's Hospital, Paddington, London, W., where ladies are trained to be sisters, as well as persons of lower condition to be nurses. The price of a tricycle varies from £15 to £30.

ALLIE.—For learning English, French, German, and Italian, by means of correspondence classes, apply to Miss M. Hedges, East Gate, Colchester, Essex. If you would prefer the Newham College, Cambridge, instruction by correspondence on general subjects of an extensive character, apply to the hon. secretary, Mrs. Peile Trumpington, Cambridge. Ask for a prospectus giving all information as to the various classes. The entrance fee for each class is 5s. Your writing is too spidery; the tops and tails are too long. Read our series of articles on good breeding under various circumstances and conditions of life.

MISCELLANEOUS.

WOOD ANEMONE.—St. George is the national saint of England, in consequence of the legend of the miraculous assistance rendered by him to the arms of the Christians under Godfrey de Bouillon during the first crusade.

WILDFLOWER.—For mothers' meetings, see page 84, vol. iii.

FRUITLESS VINE BRANCH.—Many thanks for your well-written and kind note.

AN ADMIRER OF THE "G. O. P."—We have given some knitted designs at page 593, vol. iii., and perhaps you may find what you need there. Plants are said to be "pot-bound" when the roots fill up the pot and need more room.

A. R. K.—Your first cousin's children are your first cousins "once removed."

FISH OUT OF WATER.—We must refer you to our indexes for instruction in pressing seaweed. Your handwriting is not formed.

ONE OF YOUR GIRLS.—In England November is the month when the most remarkable and largest number of meteors usually appear.

ANNIE UNWIN.—You should write small roundhand copies every day, and take great pains with the improvement of your handwriting, which is irregular at present.

JEAN, MAY, and S.—The stories in this paper are original; and, unless republished in separate book-form by ourselves, they cannot be obtained otherwise than in this paper.

DOUBTFUL.—The Addled Parliament sat from April 5th, 1614, to June 7th, 1615.

DARVEL.—For a situation in a house of business you had better advertise. We do not undertake to do so for our correspondents.

THE INQUIRING MIND.—The members of the Royal Family do not profess any opinions on politics. We have given the definition of the terms Tory, Conservative, Whig, Liberal, and Radical more than once, and have just recapitulated the old story. Read what we have recently said on this question.

SNOWDROP. — Hastings and St. Leonards, which are united, offer plenty of educational advantages. The former is cheap and lodgings plentiful, and it is much recommended to delicate people, being completely sheltered from the north and east winds.

HENRIETTA WALTER is thanked for her verses and her grateful letter. The former are incorrect in composition, but seem to give promise of better attempts when she is a little older and has studied prosody, which is beyond her powers at her early age.

ALICE M. BROWNE.—It is most gratifying to hear that this paper has been of so much benefit and spiritual comfort. You write fairly well, and your letter is well expressed. You have our best wishes and thanks.

IVY.—See our articles entitled "The Fairy of the Family," the part headed "Spots and Stains." Your second question has been answered quite recently. Read the Answers to Correspondents.

TROUBLED ONE.—Yours is a very peculiar and exceptional case, and our advice must necessarily be different from what we should give under any other circumstances. Go to your rector, or vicar, and tell him your trouble, and he will baptise you. You may have more than one Christian name.

DAISY WILDE.—We believe that the Roman Catholic Church requires the public baptism of all would-be members. The stillroom has almost ceased to exist in private houses; but where a stillroom-maid is now required, her duties consist in attendance on the housekeeper's room, for which she acts in the capacity of housemaid and parlourmaid. She assists in the preparations for second courses and desserts, in preserving and making pickles; and if there be any summer beverages to be made, or English wines, she assists. Supposing that a still were kept, she would help to make lavender and elder-flower water, hair washes, and so forth, under the housekeeper's directions.

UNA HIJA DE INGLATERRE.—Hypatia was born in 370, and was famous as a lecturer on philosophy. She was a martyr to jealousy of her talents, learning, and moral excellence, and was torn to pieces by the rabble of her native city, Alexandria, in 415. If you read our Answers to Correspondents you would have seen a long account of this remarkable woman given in reply to a former inquirer.

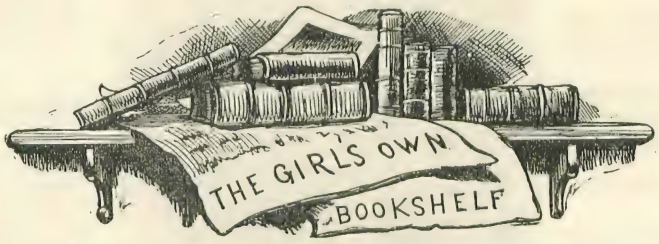
PYGMALION. — The keys of a piano may be cleaned with whiting, used nearly dry; but there is no really effectual remedy unless the keyboard can be removed.

ENID.—You should not indulge in sea-bathing if you feel faint while so doing; your daily bath should be tepid—certainly not cold.

BOOKWORM.—You should employ gelatine or starch for attaching photographs to cardboard, not either paste or gum.

KATE.—We feel for you sincerely, and recommend you to confide your troubles at once to your clergyman, who is expected to perform the ceremony. If "the worst comes to the worst," let those know who, from interested motives, desire to force you into a marriage repugnant to you, that you mean to say "No" in the church, if obliged to go there. This is a free country. Let all your friends know of your trouble; the medical attendant at the house, and the family lawyer, if you know him.

EDITH RUSSELL.—Psalm cxix. is called one of the "alphabetic Psalms," because every division begins with a different letter of the Hebrew alphabet.



The following volumes of Stories and Miscellaneous Articles, taken from the pages of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, *are now ready, and may be obtained of the usual booksellers :—*

HOW TO PLAY THE PIANOFORTE. Containing: "Pianoforte Playing for Beginners," by Madame ARABELLA GODDARD. "The Art of Practising," by Lady BENEDICT. "Thoughts on Practising," by Lady LINDSAY (of Balcarres). "Method of Study," by C. A. MACIRONE, late Professor at the Royal Academy of Music. "How to Accompany a Song," by LINDSAY SLOPER. "How to Play Mendelssohn's 'Songs without Words.'" "How to Play Beethoven's Sonatas," by Lady BENEDICT. "Sunday Evening Music," by CHARLES PETERS. Price One Shilling and Sixpence.

CORA; or, Three Years of a Girl's Life. With numerous Illustrations by M. ELLEN EDWARDS. Price Half-a-Crown.

THE GIRL'S OWN COOKERY BOOK. By PHILLIS BROWNE. With Prefatory Note by Sir RISDON BENNETT, M.D., F.R.S. Price One Shilling.—This book is not simply a collection of cookery recipes, although a number of recipes are to be found in it. It is intended rather to fill the place of a guide or key to Cookery. The object which the Author has had before her in writing it is to inform those girls who wish to acquire skill in the art of preparing food, concerning the method to be employed, with the why and the wherefore thereof.

THE QUEEN O' THE MAY. A Story. By ANNE BEALE. Price Half-a-Crown. Reprinted by special request.

THE MASTER'S SERVICE. A Practical Guide for Girls. Including chapters on—What Our Girls May Do; My District, and How I Visit It; About Bible Classes; How to Make Poor Children's Clothing; Ladies' Work among Sailors and Soldiers; Savings Banks and Clothing Clubs; Our Bazaar; Rest and Country Air for the Wearied and Ailing; The "Girl's Own" Club; Sunday School Work for Teachers; Sunday School Work for Scholars; Our Sunday Scholars Out of School; Sunday School Treats; Our Winter Treat to the Poor; About Mothers' Meetings; Girls' Work in the Mission Fields of India, China, and on the Continent.—By Lady BRABAZON, DORA HOPE, ALICE KING, and MARY SELWOOD. Price Half-a-Crown.

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THE SUNBEAM OF THE FACTORY, and other Stories. Imperial 16mo. Illustrated. 2s. 6d. cloth boards, bevelled edges. Four bright, healthy stories for girls.

AN ORPHAN GIRL.—There are several ways of searching for the addresses of people of whom their friends have lost track. One way is by advertising in some much read paper, another by means of private inquiry agents, another by means of the police, or by employing the services of the family lawyer; but such inquiries involve more or less expense. You should state where you last saw your aunt, and when; where she had resided, whether married, the occupation she and her husband followed, the bank they employed, the securities in which any of their property was invested, and name any friends with whom she or they were intimate. The rector of your parish might help you, and perhaps a magistrate. Write down all these particulars and show it, asking his or their counsel and aid.

MAUD.—Read the article by "Medicus" on the skin, page 643, vol. v., and take the tonic he recommends.

WHITE BEAR.—The swallows are supposed to migrate to Algeria, in Africa.

CANDALARIA.—Violets do best in a moderately rich soil, and should be well sheltered from too much sun or cutting winds. They are propagated either from seed or runners.

E. C. H.—We cannot tell you the author of "Through the Flood on Foot." It is to be found in a volume called "The Changed Cross."

LITTLE WHITE VIOLET.—A person who has been left a legacy in a will, or whose wife or husband has been left a legacy, should not be a witness to the will; their attestation would be good, but they would forfeit the legacy. Husband and wife may both be witnesses, provided neither be a legatee.

OCCASIONAL READER.—You had better write or go to 56, Paternoster-row, E.C., and obtain "Present Day Tracts," an excellent series, written by the best authors, against the various forms of unbelief of the day. Vol. ii., we think, is the one you require. Price 2s. 6d.

MYOSOTIS.—You should use a brush or a feather to clean the china flowers. Some people lay them in cold water, and then the dust softens and comes out.

VOYAGER. — To obtain the situation of stewardess on board ship, you would have to make application to a firm of shipowners. You are too young, however, at eighteen to think of such a position.

TWO KEVITES.—The history of the Maccabees will be found in the "Apocrypha," which contains the 14 books of the Old Testament which were not mentioned by Philo nor Josephus, and were rejected by Athanasius in consequence. The epithet, "namby-pamby," means pap for infant minds. It was applied by Pope to the verses written for Lord Carteret's children by Ambrose Phillips. The first word is a baby way of pronouncing "Amby," *i.e.*, Ambrose, and the second is a playful corruption of "Phillips."

A BEWAILER OF WICKEDNESS had far better mind her own business and leave her teachers to mind theirs. If we all did so, the happiness of the world would be much increased. "Absolom and Achitophel" is the name of a satire by Dryden. Achitophel is intended for the Earl of Shaftesbury. The story of Achitophel (or Ahithophel) will be found in 2 Samuel xv. We are much obliged for your verses.

AGNES. — The best cure for such nervousness as you describe is, unquestionably, to try to forget self, and to devote all the powers of mind and body to give pleasure to others. This is also the most useful life that a girl can lead. Refer to the lovely picture of character drawn by St. Paul in 1 Cor. xiii., and try to copy its smallest details.

VECTIS.—There is no reason, save that the egg offers most resistance when held in that manner.

L. B. M. and E. A. P.—The poem is an allegory. The seed was a good thought.

ESPERANCE. — The editor should be consulted in all cases, as a matter of politeness; but if the articles were not paid for there would be no difficulty. You would have nothing to do with that at all.

H. C. EMMELINE.—The sins of those who are redeemed and welcomed into the mansions of bliss being repented of, striven against, atoned for, and washed away in the blood of their Saviour, are forgiven, "blotted out as a thick cloud," and "shall come no more into remembrance." Look out these and similar declarations of the Holy Scriptures in a Concordance.

A SOMERSETSHIRE MAIDEN should write to the principal, Home and Colonial School Society, Gray's-inn-road, London, W.C., which instructs in the art of teaching theoretically and practically.

LILIAN, EDIE, ADDIE, FLORRIE, AND ANNA.—As a rule, the food and living at Continental schools are unsuitable to English girls, who consequently suffer in health afterwards. Of course some girls are strong enough to withstand the change in diet and habits.

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

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SEVEN YEARS FOR RACHEL;

OR, WELSH PICTURES SKETCHED FROM LIFE.

By ANNE BEALE.

CHAPTER XIII.

MAD MOLL'S STORY.

MAD MOLL, or, as we must now call her, Mary, was not born in these parts, but was brought hither when about six years old. She was the offspring of sin and sorrow. Her father was a man of station; her mother, who died when she was quite young, was of inferior rank. It was supposed, however, that she was kindly treated and well brought up until her sixth year, living either in or near her father's house. Her recollections of her early days were always lively, and she has been even heard to say, "I should not be like this if my father knew it." That father married, and determined to break every link that bound him to his child by sending her to a distance. He accordingly gave her into the care of a man named John Harries, a drover who lived far from his own residence. He was to keep the child, and bring her up decently, for

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"HOLDING HIS BURNING HAND."

which he received one hundred and twenty pounds.

It is between twenty and thirty years ago since John Harries and his charge arrived, late in the evening, at the neighbouring village of Llanfach. He had been absent from home longer than usual, and his wife and children were expecting his return. He chuckled as he introduced the little stranger, who, terrified at the appearance of so many unknown faces, had shrunk behind him. His wife was delighted at the gold he displayed, but not at the care which the gold brought with it.

John and Kitty Harries had five children; the youngest, a boy of about twelve years, was the only one of them who looked good-temperedly upon Mary. The present Mrs Shenkin, a relative of Kitty's, and at that time a spinster, made one of the family.

Mary was a bright-eyed creature, full of life and natural gaiety; her face plump and rosy, and her little limbs strong and active. She was neatly, though plainly dressed, and brought with her a good store of clothes for a child of her condition. From her introduction to Kitty Harries she took a dislike to her. Her fear daily increased; and although Kitty was, for some little time, kind to her, she never overcame her aversion. She was miserable, and would retire to a corner and cry, unobserved, whenever she could escape from Kitty. If anyone asked her what was the matter, she would say she wanted to go home.

She made one friend in the Harries family, and only one. This was the youngest boy, Will. Her only happy hours were when he returned from school in the evening; for truly she was, like Wordsworth's Lucy—

"A maid whom there were none to praise,
And very few to love."

John Harries appropriated the money given with Mary to his own use, and improved his circumstances thereby; but it did not seem to occur to him that any portion of it ought to be devoted to the service of his young charge. When Mary was about eight, he happened again to visit the place from whence he had received her, and found, upon inquiry, that the father and his family had left it, and had gone no one knew whither. This intelligence released Kitty from the obligation she had imposed upon herself of keeping up a show of kindness towards the child. At seven years old Mary had much hard work to do; at eight she was a little slave. It was soon remarked that the blooming child became pale and thin—that her eyes were often swollen and red—that she looked terrified when spoken to, and that she was always afraid of encountering Kitty. All day long the child was subject to her ill-humour, and by degrees to that of her sons and daughters also, who, Will excepted, took a delight in annoying and abusing her. The mother was very fond of Will; and when he was at home Mary had a respite from her troubles, for he always took her part. Sometimes in the cold days of winter, when he returned from school, and found her shivering in a distant corner of the room, he would lead her, in spite of her resistance, towards the chimney corner, and make her sit down by his side whilst he played or talked with her. It was fortunate for Mary that Will had been a spoiled child all his life, and that his mother rarely thwarted him.

But oh! those winter days! No one can tell what Mary suffered. There was a near neighbour who pitied her sincerely. Good-natured Ann Jones's heart ached when she saw Mary with her little hands and feet naked, and covered with chilblains, returning from the brook with a pitcher of water too heavy for her strength; or going to the wood for sticks, and not daring to return without a load sufficient for a strong boy! If she remonstrated, the only reply she ever obtained was, "that it was no business of hers." The people of the village by this time began to say that the Harrieses did not treat Mary well; but an event in their family put a stop to all gossip on the subject.

Will was taken ill, and all the care and attention of his mother were directed towards him. He had a violent fever, and in the height of his malady Mary was no longer persecuted, but was allowed to sit, unnoticed, by his bedside, holding his burning hand, and crying as if her heart would break. The mother was distracted with grief, for there was, from the first, little hope of his recovery.

Mary was now old enough to understand the misery of her condition. When she reflected upon the probability of her losing the only being in the wide world who loved her, her brain became bewildered, and she could neither think nor move. Will dead! What would become of her? She must die too, for how could she live without him? When he begged her not to cry, and told her that he would soon be well again, she ran into the open air to sob alone and unheard; but when he said he thought he should die, and hoped God Almighty would forgive him and take him to heaven, she fell upon the bed, threw her arms about him, and wept so violently that she was obliged to be removed from the room. Then she would go to Ann Jones, and ask her if Will must die. "God only knows that, my poor child," was the good woman's reply. "If it be His blessed will that he should recover, he will get well yet; and if not, I hope he will go to a better place, for he is a good little boy, Mary." "Oh! if I could only go with him," sobbed Mary; "if God would take me too, then I wouldn't mind. Oh! if I could die and go to heaven with him, we should be so happy!" It was in vain for Ann Jones to try to comfort her, for she would not be comforted. She watched the face of her only friend change and become convulsed. She knew that he was dying, and she felt an agony of grief that few, perhaps, have ever known, since few are circumstanced as she was.

When Will turned his dying eyes upon her, and she saw their glazed, fixed look—when Kitty uttered a piercing cry and sank upon the bed—she knew that all was over, and that her only friend was gone from her. She felt, as she afterwards described it, "all over giddy;" and when Ann Jones led her from the room, and took her to her own house, she was almost insensible. She remained with her friend Ann until the funeral was over; but whilst the corpse continued in the house she stole over constantly to look at Will. Her only consolation appeared to be in talking of her departed friend and companion.

She returned home and found that Will's death had not softened Kitty's heart towards her, and it is supposed that her present hatred of Mrs. Shenkin had its foundation in her recollection of past ill-treatment. Suffice it to say, that under the united influence of her tormentors her health and spirits gave way. Ann Jones began to think there was something strange about the child. She seemed to forget events in an extraordinary manner, and talking of Will was still her only pleasure; but at home she seldom spoke at all, bearing blows and angry words with apparent indifference.

Ann Jones was one day summoned across the road to the Harries's house by fearful screams. She had before interfered between Kitty and Mary, and she now found the door locked against her. She had witnessed Mary's transgression on the present occasion, and felt assured that she was undergoing a severe punishment. The child had been to the brook for a pitcher of water, and had placed it upon the doorstep whilst she unfastened the door. It was winter, and the stones were covered with ice. Her foot slipped, and she fell against the pitcher, which rolled off the step and broke to atoms. She screamed out. Kitty appeared, gave her a blow on the head, and dragged her into the house. The door was closed after them, and Ann Jones saw and heard no more, until the screams met her ear. She listened for a few moments to what was passing within. The screams gradually subsided into a low, muffled sound, and then all was quiet. She knocked, and no one came. She knocked louder and louder, and at last the door opened, and Mrs. Shenkin appeared.

"Oh! Ann, is that you?" she said, looking as red as suppressed passion could look. "There's nobody at home but me."

"Where is Mary, then?" inquired Ann, looking her fixedly in the face.

"Oh! she's just gone out for a pitcher of water."

"Who was that I heard screaming just now? You must have been making a terrible noise in the garden."

"Dear, yes, I think I heard it too; 'twas somebody up the lane, I suppose. Shall we go and look?"

"You can't deceive me; I know those screams were Mary's; and if you don't bring her here, I'll fetch a constable."

"Go, and look yourself; I tell you she isn't in the house."

Ann went accordingly; she searched the back kitchen, but Mary was not there. She went upstairs, but she was not to be found; again she returned to the kitchen, where Mrs. Shenkin was back, standing looking triumphant. A short sob met her ear. She suddenly recol-

lected that there was an old cellar, little used, and consequently forgotten by the neighbours. She went to a door covered with dirt and cobwebs, before which was placed a long stool. Mrs. Shenkin declared it was impossible to open that door, and that nobody ever went through it, because the cellar was haunted.

"Well, I'll brave the ghosts," said Ann, and pushing open the door, descended a few steps into a dark room. She walked round, and in one corner discovered Mary, stretched upon the floor, apparently lifeless, whilst near her stood Kitty. Ann Jones endeavoured to raise the child, but she shrank back, and screamed as if from pain. Ann declared her intention of going at once for a policeman, and insisted upon Mary's being removed from the dark cellar to bed, reproaching Kitty, meanwhile, for her disgraceful conduct to the poor orphan child. Kitty was terrified into decency, and poor Mary was conveyed upstairs.

Ann went to the parish officers, but could obtain no satisfaction, as they said Mary did not belong to Llanfach. She had no higher authority to appeal to, and was therefore obliged to content herself by bringing the whole village about Kitty's ears. But this was of no service to Mary, and did not ameliorate her condition.

One morning a great bustle was seen and heard at John Harries's. Mary was missing. Kitty said that she went to bed as usual the preceding night, at eight o'clock, and that in the morning she had disappeared. There was such evident truth in her statement, and such alarm in her manner, that Ann Jones believed the child had made her escape; but others whispered that there was something dark in the affair. The matter was, however, cleared up in a few days by the appearance of Kitty Harries in the village street, triumphantly dragging Mary by the arm. She had discovered her in a wood at some distance, where it was supposed she had subsisted upon acorns and wild fruits. She looked attenuated, and laughed strangely when the neighbours questioned her, but Kitty dragged her to her old prison.

One Sunday she took the child to church. Ann Jones boldly approached and spoke to her, but she only laughed strangely at her. She was no longer the handsome, blooming-like girl that she was when first she entered Llanfach, but was pale, thin, and haggard, exciting compassion in everyone who looked at her. As she walked through the churchyard, on her way back, she made her escape from Kitty, and ran towards Will's grave. She knew it well, for when she had been allowed some portion of liberty, she delighted in stealing thither, and planting primroses, or whatever flowers she could obtain, around and about it. She seated herself upon the earth, and began to sob bitterly. The people gathered round her, and asked her what was the matter, but she made no reply to their inquiries. Kitty told them that the child had been very fond of her little boy, and was now lamenting him. Poor Mary talked very incoherently, and said she saw her dear Will down below calling her to come to him, and that she would not leave him any more, but must go to him and live with him. Kitty at last forced her from the grave; but Ann Jones, and everyone else, now saw that the child's reason was fast departing.

Still she had cunning enough again to elude the vigilance of her tormentors. This she effected one night when Kitty was on a visit to a friend, and John Harries absent on business. No one knows how she escaped from the house, or whither she went, but all search for her this time was vain. Years passed, and she was not heard of, and the inhabitants of Llanfach soon forgot that she had ever existed. Even Ann Jones and her family began to speak of her less often; and when she became the subject of their conversation, they alluded to her as one dead. It was never ascertained what became of her during this period; but it was supposed that she wandered far away, a destitute and lone creature.

"Homeless beside a thousand homes she stood,
Beside a thousand tables pined and wanted food."

Some years had elapsed, when one evening, towards dusk, there appeared opposite Ann Jones's house a beggar-girl of a strangely wild appearance. She looked about fifteen or sixteen years old, much weather-beaten, and very poorly clad. Ann spoke to her and asked her who she was and what she wanted. "I won't go there," was the only answer she received, as the girl pointed to Harries's house. Ann looked at her; and she said, "Mayn't I go in with you? Just you hide me away,—you won't beat me,—you won't kill me." Ann looked again earnestly into her face, and in the now wild black eyes, matted raven hair, and bronzed features recognised the once lovely little Mary. She caught the poor girl in her arms, and almost carried her into the house. How shocked was she to find that reason, sense, recollection, were now entirely departed! An occasional glimmering of memory in the darkened chambers of her mind was all that appeared to show it had once been there. She seemed to have a partial recollection of Ann personally, that is to say, she unconsciously looked to her for kindness. The only subjects that awakened anything like memory were the Harrieses, at the mention of whose names she would look wildly about her, and seek to hide in some corner of the room. When Ann spoke of Will, she became silent and subdued, and appeared to endeavour to recollect the past, and when Ann could not refrain from tears, she knelt down by her side, took her hand, and looking up wistfully into her face, said, "Ah, yes! poor Mary—you're kind and sorry, and don't laugh and make sport!" She was then silent for a few minutes, putting her hand upon her forehead, as if to summon thought to her aid, and then added, "You used, didn't you,—yes, you used to——" but before she could finish the sentence the light was gone, and her mind was dark again. Ann saw that she was mad, and rejoiced that it seemed a quiet madness—a mere loss of reason, without any fierce and terrible impulses. Her mind had gradually sunk under a repetition of cruelties, and was now a void. Ann prepared a bed for her, but it was with difficulty she could induce her to lie upon it. "Won't they come?" she asked; "won't they beat me?" Ann at length quieted her fears, and watched until she saw her sound asleep before she went to bed herself; but the next morning she was gone.

As time passed on, however, Mad Moll — for so the poor creature was called—was occasionally seen in the neighbourhood. The Harrieses left it, for nothing prospered with them; and it was said that John Harries was afflicted with much inward sorrow and remorse for their treatment of Mary.

Nearly twenty years have elapsed since Mary quitted Llanfach, and she is a lone wanderer still, and will not voluntarily remain under any roof even for a day. When they once confined her she became frantic. She wanders the country over, appearing for a few hours in some particular haunt, but never remaining long. She visits fairs and public gatherings, where she is the sport of many an unfeeling or unreflecting spectator; but she seldom visits a place more than once in a twelvemonth. She is in general treated with kindness in her periodical rounds, and never forgets such treatment. There is one poor consolation in reflecting on her present condition: she is not unhappy,—she goes where she likes, and amuses herself as she likes, singing and dancing the livelong day. She procures food here, and a garment there, and, mindless as she is, is contented; whilst He who feeds the ravens is not unmindful of her.

(To be continued.)

BITS ABOUT ANIMALS.

A Punctual Pensioner.

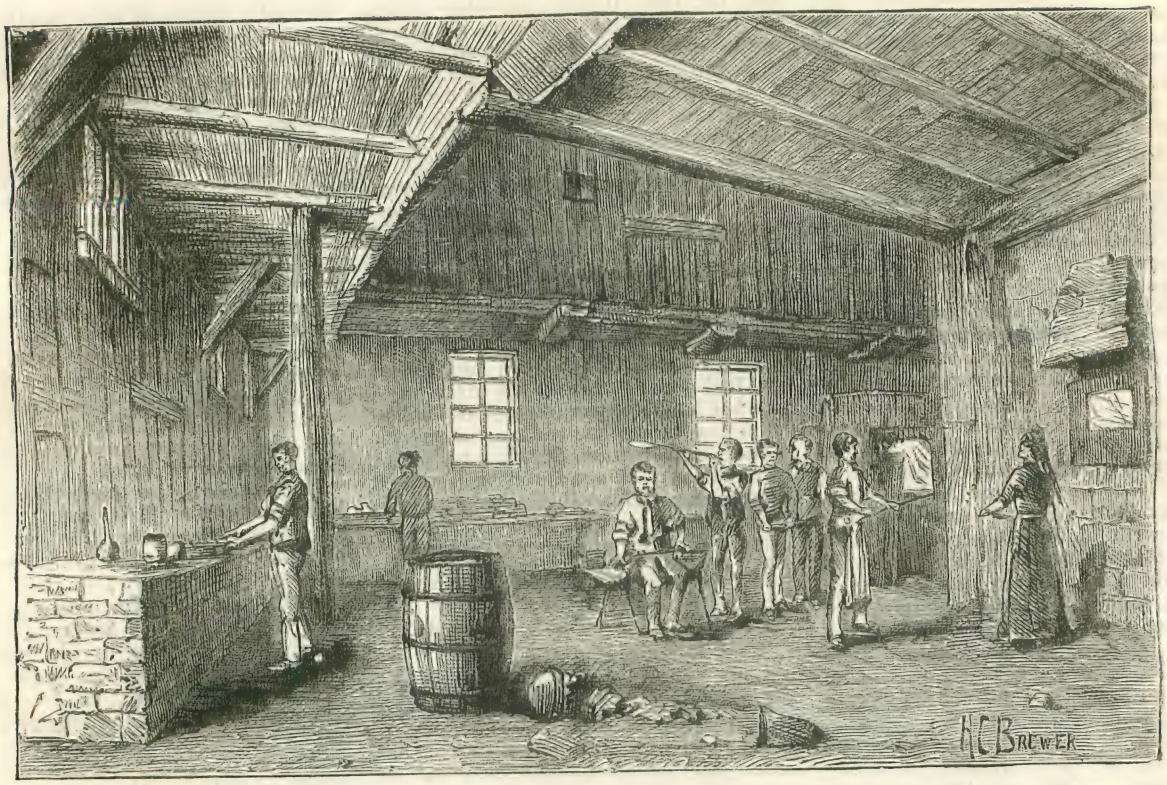
A gentleman one day noticed a hungry-looking dog prowling round his yard, and, struck with the poor brute's famished appearance, he fetched a large bone and by no means a bare one, which he threw to the four-footed vagabond. It was exactly twelve o'clock when the bone was given and carried off.

The giver thought no more of the matter, but evidently the dog did, for on the following day at the same hour he made his appearance, with an expectant look about him which told that he hoped for a further contribution.

Amused at the effort to establish himself as an out-pensioner, and desirous of finding out whether the dog's arrival at this particular time was a mere chance, the gentleman gave him a second supply of food.

Punctual to time, the creature presented himself on the third, looking even more confident than before. He was duly fed, and for a great length of time this self-elected pensioner made his daily appearance at his patron's door with notable punctuality.

One is led to wonder whether the dog may have regulated his own movements by observing those of some individual in going to and from his work. And whether when the four-footed animal was a few minutes late it might be because the biped was unpunctual or his clock slow.



TOYDONIA; OR, THE LAND OF TOYS.

By MRS. BREWER.

GLASS TOYS OF LAUSCHA.

Our next journey was to Lauscha, a place quite out of the beaten track, and one that might have escaped our notice, but that we were constantly hearing of it in connection with the glass eyes and ornaments necessary to complete the Sonneberg toys.

There is no railroad to it, and no means of getting there but by private carriage. So far as we were concerned this was an advantage, as it enabled us to see the beautiful country, and the busy little villages on the way between Sonneberg and Lauscha.

After a drive of nearly three hours in the Thuringian Forest, where all the hedges are formed of the graceful fir, we reached this old-fashioned, highly characteristic, but sleepy village. A few old women in the market-place, selling poor-looking fruit and vegetables, were the only signs of life as we drove up to the village inn. It became somewhat more lively when school hours were over, and the children came trooping home to dinner.

As we looked at this quaint and curious place, with its church perched on a hill, and scarce a hundred yards of even ground in the whole area, we wondered how it was possible that it should be a centre of anything, especially of an industry which sends its wares over the wide world.

Ingenuity and labour must be powerful agents indeed to bring to the front a people and a place so retired as these.

How came the glass industry to have taken root in such an out-of-the-way village? what was the inducement to the founders? and who were they? were questions we asked of one another. Knowledge subsequently gained supplied the answers.

In the year 1595 Christopher Müller and Hans Greiner, the one a Bohemian and the other a Suabian, took refuge in Thuringia from religious persecution. They looked about them for a suitable spot to carry on their trade of glass-making, and selected Lauscha, because of the abundance of wood growing in and about it, and for the existence of a very excellent sand called kaoline sand.

If it be thought wonderful that the most exquisite dolls should be the produce of such materials as paper, chalk, and wood, surely it is a greater marvel still that the transparent and beautiful substance we call glass should be formed of sand, soda, and potash, and that the manufacturer can produce from this material hair so fine as scarcely to be visible.

With the innumerable benefits we derive from glass we have nothing to do now; our object is to tell you what we saw with our own eyes on the spot, and how this beautiful substance is made to contribute to the improvement and amusement of the young by lending itself to the formation of toys.

Of course the glass industry is not of modern growth—it dates back long before the year Anno Domini. All know the story which Pliny* tells of some sailors who landed on the shore of Phœnicia at the mouth of the Belus—how they made a fire to cook their food, and took some blocks of salt, which formed their cargo, as supports for their cooking-pans, and how the heat formed the salt and the sand of the shore into a transparent liquid mass.

Lauscha is not, therefore, an inventor of the glass industry, but prides herself mainly in being the mother of the German glass factories, and for the excellence and variety of her work.

We tried what we could do towards seeing the work, by becoming friendly with the people of Lauscha, before delivering our letter of introduction; but it was quite useless—we might as well have tried to pass through a prickly hedge or a stone wall.

So, feeling thankful to the good friend at home who had provided us with the means of opening the houses and the hearts of the people, we inquired the way and delivered our letter to the principal glassmaster of Lauscha. There was no longer any difficulty, for we had a guide with power and knowledge to help us. He went with us from house to house, as well as to the hütte, or glassworks, showing the various branches of the industry, introducing us to the workpeople, and putting us in the way of making their acquaintance. They were at first a little difficult to understand, as their dialect is most peculiar.

Nothing can be more unlike than the condition of this branch of the toy industry and that of the papier-maché. This is altogether more delicate and more romantic, if I may be allowed the term. The work is clean and dainty, and stamps the man and his surroundings with a superior character. Cast your eye round every workroom you enter; singing birds and flowers are never absent; and, almost without exception, a violin, flute, or brass instrument is hanging on the wall, and on the table music sheets and newspapers, all showing more or less the occupation of the leisure hour.

Of the three thousand inhabitants more than half are engaged in the various branches of glass-making, and it is easy to observe that there is a certain feeling of kinship among them, and this is really so, for in the early days Christopher Müller and Hans Greiner gathered about them many of their relatives, and so little has been the change by emigration and immigration that to this day the greater portion of the inhabitants answer to the name of Müller or Greiner. We noticed that the

* Pliny the younger died in 105 A.D.

workmen addressed the masters as "du" (thou), a sign of great intimacy.

One and all are intensely fond of music, and there is scarcely a glassblower who cannot play well at least upon one instrument. They have choral societies and musical unions beside the meetings for church music, which they diligently study, and at all these practices masters and men are equal.

The glassworkers of Lauscha are a well-to-do people, and Herr Greiner told me they had never yet had to record a state of want in their village. Their homes, as I can testify, are clean and comfortable, nothing like so crowded as in Sonneberg, and an air of self-respect was present in all with whom we had the pleasure of speaking.

They are extremely well educated; indeed, the two schools of this village take care of that, for they have a name to maintain; they have, up to this present time, ranked among the best Government schools in the Meiningen district. The people of Lauscha have been pithily described as "industrious, inventive, imaginative, joyous, satirical, and musical."

The articles made here are glass marbles, glass eyes, from the commonest for animals and dolls to the most perfect substitutes for human eyes, glass toys of every description, ornaments for Christmas trees, such as fruit, flowers, lamps, icicles, light and solid balls, angels, flying birds and butterflies, pearls, beads, solitaires, balls for teaching children to count, and many others. These we saw made, and they are therefore more easily remembered. I will not say anything about the glass tubes for thermometers and barometers and tubes for chemical use which are made in this village, because they do not come within the range of my subject, but they are wonderful in quality and quantity nevertheless.

The average annual value of the articles made here is £60,000. It really seems to me since I have been in Toydonia that the commonest materials, such as paper, sand, wood, and soda, are, by the labour and ingenuity of man, becoming as valuable and almost as beautiful as precious stones and gems.

There is great need of a railway to Lauscha. Not only all the manufactured goods have to be sent by carrier to the nearest station, distant ten miles, but raw material and provisions have to be brought into the village in like manner. This is the more serious as Lauscha is not in the least self-supplying, and has to send as far as Bamberg for all supplies. She cannot even grow potatoes to any amount. The result of this is an increased price upon all goods.

The glass industry employs two distinct classes of workers: those in the hütte or works, and those whose occupation is carried on in their homes. The first of these suffer from the intense heat of the furnaces, the long hours of labour, and the exhausting process of blowing through the tubes, otherwise the occupation is not unhealthy.

Those who work in their own homes by the flame of gas suffer from the glare of light; their work necessitates the looking sharply into the flame, which is injurious to the eyes; and the difficulty is increased when the sun shines with power into the room and renders the flame pale and uncertain. By the time a glassblower reaches middle age he finds his sight gradually becoming dim, and as years go on he often loses it altogether.

Our first insight into the glass toy industry was gained in the private houses by the lamp-workers or glassblowers; these are divided into three classes—toy, pearl, and eye makers.

In passing through the village we heard a peculiar noise repeating itself from house to house. This was caused by the gas jets in active operation in the several workrooms. Before each jet of flame sat a glassblower with a little table to hold his materials, which consisted chiefly of glass pipes of many kinds, colours, and sizes. This glass he buys at the works for so much a pound. We were quite fascinated by the manner in which these glass pipes, in the hands of the man, began to take form, shape, and colour, either as birds, butterflies, wine-glasses, or miniature lamps. We noticed that where strength was required, as in birds' legs and claws, crystal glass was used. We were reminded of the old Polytechnic in London as we watched the making of spun glass. The uses to which it is applied are many, such as being woven into a pattern for dolls' dresses, heads of hair for dolls, the wings of butterflies, and many another where grace and lightness are required.

If you should ever possess some spun glass, try and work it into a broad plait, and see how beautifully it yields to your fingers.

I think we were greatly privileged in seeing and having explained to us the making of the various eyes. The character of the eye, whether it be for doll or animal, must be carefully kept; but when we come to the substitute for the human eye, the work is a science. Suppose a man has lost an eye, and wishes a substitute: the oculist sends to the eye maker a drawing of the remaining eye, containing the most minute points, such as the slightest tinge of bloodshot, and these are so faithfully rendered that when the glass eye rests on your hand, it is so like to the human eye as to give you an uncomfortable feeling that you should be holding it in your hand.

The remuneration in the glass industry is better than in some other branches, but it is gradually becoming less. The commonest sort of dolls' eyes ten years ago obtained 6d. a hundred, now not more than half. To make one thousand eyes the workman requires half a pound of milk, or alabaster, glass, which costs 7½d., black glass 1d., gas 2½d.,* equal to 11d. for materials, and as they get 2s. 6d. a thousand, this leaves 1s. 7d. clear.

These are the very cheapest articles, and of these an eyemaker can make two thousand a day. One human eye, such as I have described, would occupy a man six hours at least.

Another class of worker makes a dozen glass butterflies and birds, with moving wings of spun glass, for 1s. 8½d., out of which he pays 7d. for materials, leaving him 1s. 1½d. a dozen. With the help of wife or children he can make three or four dozen a day.

Now we come to the third-class of workmen, who make glass pearls. The manufacture of pearls is a perfect lottery. In one day the price will run up from 5d. to 11d. a schnur, a few days later down to 2½d., then up again to 10d. It is a curious sight to watch the making. The work goes on continuously. The father blows the pearls, the children cut and thread them. A twelve-inch thread of pearls, which, according to their size, will hold from 20 to 100, is called a "schnur" or thread. Twelve of these threads form a "masche" or mesh.

Pearls are a fashionable article, second to none in the glass trade. These pearls are rarely sent into the market without some extra ornamentation or colouring. A little while ago leaden-coloured pearls were the fashion, and were sold wholesale at 4s. 6d. a masche; now they are out of fashion and can be bought for 1s. To-day fish pearls are the fashion; they owe the beautiful mother-of-pearl appearance to a slimy material formed of fish-scales and gelatine, which is blown into them through a little glass tube; this being done, the pearls are laid in a peculiar shaped basket something like a cradle, and shaken gently backward and forward until the colouring matter has covered the entire inside of the pearls.

The blowing of this ill-smelling substance into the glass pearls is done by girls for a daily wage of from sixpence to ninepence. Other colouring matter used for dyeing pearls is, as a rule, of a poisonous character, and very injurious to the health of the girls who blow it through the tubes.

After becoming acquainted with the working and workers of the house industry, we went to the hütte or glasshouse, which is decidedly the centre of life in Lauscha. In this building the sand, the soda, and the potash are made by means of combination and fire to assume a new shape and a new name. I am not writing upon the making of glass, therefore I must not detain you with the proportions and the processes necessary to produce the new from the old; otherwise I am greatly tempted to dwell upon these points, as we found them very interesting. This building contains two furnaces and twelve stands; the former are in the centre and the latter round the sides, looking very much like kitchen dressers. In a measure it is a joint possession of the fourteen glassmasters of Lauscha, who share the stands and pay equally for the supply of the furnaces and for keeping the interior of the building in proper repair. Except in these instances, the business transactions of the masters are entirely separate. It is in appearance a very large shed lighted by small windows round the sides, and by an aperture in the roof.

As we entered we were fascinated by the weird picturesqueness of the scene. A dusky ray of sunlight was streaming down through the opening in the roof, touching up the pans of glass articles, so that they sparkled like jewels, and, mingling with the fierce glow of the furnaces, gave to the place an unearthly sort of appearance. This was heightened by the dark and grimy figures of men and boys flitting about the red-hot, greedy-looking furnaces, and bringing out seething masses of glass and running about with it. We may be excused, if we thought ourselves on the threshold of the gnomes' underground workshops.

The heat was intense, and the air oppressive, but we stayed on, much to the astonishment of the workmen, who rarely saw visitors, and never women folk, in their glassworks.

We found it, however, by no means a safe place to remain in, as men were carrying red-hot lumps of glass to iron trays on the stands, and boys were twisting and twirling little figures into the burning fluid, so as to make them appear in the centre of glass balls, and others were running round the shed, blowing into the liquid molten glass as they went—one or two pausing by us and, holding up the tube, asked, "Would the ladies like to blow a pipe of glass?" We had to be constantly on the alert to avoid the burning masses.

My nephew was much distressed because while trying to make the sketch shown on page 228, the men who were running about with the molten glass paused to look over his shoulder, bringing the hot matter so near that he expected every moment it would drop on his head.

The hours of work vary according to the kind of glass they have to make—for example, hollow glass and marbles are made from three to seven in the morning, and finished off from two to six o'clock in the afternoon. Glass tubes, again, are made from seven in the morning until six at night. The glass for dolls' eyes requires the greatest heat of all, and is made from one to six in the early morning—a time when other work does not absorb heat or cause it to escape.

The men looked very ill, we thought; it certainly is a very trying occupation. The wages vary from twelve shillings to a pound a week. They obtain a change of employment

* There is a gas factory at Lauscha which supplies the houseworkers.

between the two periods of heating the furnaces; these are from February to June and from August to December. In the off times they work in their gardens, in the fields, or in cutting and bringing in wood. The glass-masters rarely work themselves in the glass-house, but overlook their workpeople in the houses, and, by strict supervision, preserve the secrets of their trade—for they have a peculiar method, known only to themselves, for colouring and manipulation, and as this has stamped their work with excellence, they guard it with great care from those outside.

The packing of all the glass toys is quite a business of itself, and is done principally by girls and women. Everything is separately cared for, and thus there is very little breakage in the transport of these very fragile articles.

I must not forget to mention a rule in force among the glass-blowers, who, as you know, purchase the materials for their work themselves—it is, that they must always pay *ready money* for what they buy. There is no debt amongst them, and he who breaks this law must submit to the fine.

Whenever you have a Christmas-tree, remember that all the pretty and graceful toys which give it its grace, charm, and brightness come from Lauscha. When you play solitaire, remember that those pretty coloured balls come from Lauscha. When you look at your dolls, remember it is Lauscha that has provided them with eyes. When your young children are getting their first lessons in arithmetic, by means of the coloured balls, remember that it is Lauscha that has enabled them to learn the lessons without difficulty, and almost with pleasure. When, too, you hear that some person has a glass eye, so perfect that you cannot tell which is the real and which the false, be sure it comes from Lauscha.

VARIETIES.

On Picture Frames.—The primary object in framing a picture is to separate it from the surrounding surface and objects, so that our attention may not be distracted from the effect aimed at by the artist. The least that can be expected of a frame is not to interfere with this effect, and the most that a frame can achieve is to enhance it.

Music and Song.—Every lover of ballad music must have observed that the most popular ballads are those set to the best music. Indeed, everyone's memory and observation will supply her with numerous examples of catching and beautiful melodies keeping persistently the heart of the people though wedded to very poor words. On the contrary, the finest songs of Moore, Byron, Scott, Tennyson, unallied to popular airs, scarcely make any impression upon the age.

Once on a Time.

Our love was like most other loves;
A little glow, a little shiver,
A rosebud, and a pair of gloves,
And "Fly not yet" upon the river;
Some jealousy of someone's heir,
Some hopes of dying broken-hearted,
A miniature, a lock of hair,
The usual vows—and then we parted.
Praed.

American Girls.—"An English traveller," says a writer in an American magazine, "once declared of American girls that they compare with his countrywomen as delicate Sèvres ware compares with Delft; and another so far forgot himself as to write that 'the English face is moulded, the American is chiselled.' Making the usual allowance for travellers' exaggeration, we may venture to say that there is a period when the oft-repeated rhapsodies of European visitors have a show of reason in them. But how soon it passes! In half-a-dozen years at most the blooming damsel has become thin, haggard, dyspeptical; her rounded curves have sunken into lines and angles, and the lines of her face have deepened into a drawn look of suffering resignation, oftentimes before she has reached the age when an English girl is at her best."

A Good Character.—A good character, when established, should not be rested in as an end, but only employed as a means of doing still farther good.—*Atterbury.*

Meekness.—Meekness is a grace which Jesus alone inculcated, and which no ancient philosopher seems to have understood or recommended.—*Buckminster.*

Favourite Dishes.—Dr. Rondelet, an ancient writer on fishes, was so fond of figs that he died in 1566 of a surfeit occasioned by eating them to excess. In a letter to a friend, Dr. Parr confesses his love of "hot boiled lobsters, with a profusion of shrimp sauce." Pope, who was an epicure, would lie in bed for days at Lord Bolingbroke's, unless he was told that there were stewed lampreys for dinner, when he arose instantly and came down to table. A gentleman treated Dr. Johnson to new honey and clouted cream, of which he ate so heartily that his entertainer became alarmed. All his lifetime Dr. Johnson had a voracious appetite for a leg of mutton. "At my Aunt Ford's," says he, "I ate so much of a boiled leg of mutton that she used to talk of it. My mother, who was affected by little things, told me seriously that it would hardly ever be forgotten." Dryden, writing in 1699 to a lady, declining her invitation to a handsome supper, says, "If beggars might be choosers, a chine of honest bacon would please my appetite more than all the marrow puddings, for I like them better plain, having a very vulgar stomach."

Hypocrisy.

"What is a hypocrite?" said a clergyman to a youngster.

"When a man walks lame as hasn't nothing the matter wi' him," answered he.

A Musical Elephant.

An elephant was advertised in Florence to play a sonata on the piano. A great crowd assembled, and money was refused at the doors. There was a very solid platform and a grand piano.

The elephant "came on," and was received with deafening applause. The *impresario* led it up to the instrument, when it suddenly turned tail and walked away. Nothing could be done to induce it to come back, and the audience got excited, and seemed to think they were the victims of a fraud. Whereupon the manager addressed them, and announced that the animal, usually so docile, had recognised in the notes of the keyboard of the piano the teeth of its mother, and positively declined to play on that instrument.

The Italian audience was as much amused with the story as they expected to be with the sonata, and the elephant coming on again and doing a few tricks, was cheered; and dangerous consequences were averted.

Wise Economy.—An old woman in Sussex having been ordered to take "old" port as a tonic, and finding it expensive, was told by the shopkeeper that she could have a newer wine threepence a bottle cheaper. She accordingly bought a bottle a fortnight in advance, calculating that at the end of the time she would have saved threepence, and by having kept the wine so long, would still be able to drink "old" port.—*Rev. J. C. Egerton.*

HOW I KEEP HOUSE ON £250 A YEAR.

General Hints and "Reasons Why."

In the household economy there is nothing of greater importance than that everything that goes into the kitchen should return its full value to the housekeeper—that there should be no waste, no extravagance.

Young housekeepers and cooks must remember that if two pennyworth of what are called pot vegetables can be procured, the plea, so common amongst us, of "nothing to cook with," cannot be allowed. A week ago I heard a cook say that she could not send up good dinners because her mistress allowed nothing to make things nice with. On inquiry I found that she could have herbs, vegetables, lemons, sugar, and dripping, but the grievance was that no sauces were allowed. I consider that she was no cook if she could not do without these expensive adjuncts.

Count Rumford, a very clever man, and a writer on scientific cookery, said that he found the richness and quality of soup did not depend on the nutritious ingredients employed, but on the proper choice of them, and the management of the fire in the combination of the ingredients. I believe this to be true to a great extent, but not so entirely as to advocate the following recipe, which I saw in an English pamphlet a short time ago:—"A substitute for beef tea: Stew half a pint of kidney beans in a quart of water in the oven; strain off the liquor, season and serve (without the beans). If too rich (?) add more water." Now, I do not think the best cook in the world could make anything at all approaching beef tea out of kidney beans alone.

There are so many things that one does habitually, because they are customary, without knowing the reasons for them, that I shall endeavour in this and my next article to give the explanation of these customs. It is scarcely an intelligent way of working to do things without understanding the reason, and not a way in which the readers of The Girl's Own Paper can like to work.

We will first consider the boiling of water. When the bubbles rise to the top of a pan of water the water boils—that is to say, it has reached a temperature of 212 deg., or boiling point; but suppose you get it to boil fast, as people call it, the water is then no hotter, but a good deal is wasted in steam, as there must be evaporation. In our ways of heating water I believe it is impossible to raise the temperature above boiling point; therefore when the kettle boils it is best to make the tea at once, and not wait for it to boil fast, for every minute you keep the water boiling tends to spoil the tea and make it flat, as you boil all the air out of the water.

If you take two pans, one of well boiled cold water and one of unboiled, and put a live fish in each, you will find that the fish in the boiled water will be uncomfortable and will soon die, while, of course, the other will live. It is to be remembered that water that has been kept boiling is too hard to use for cooking purposes.

Meat should be put into water that is nearly boiling; the reason is that it contains albumen, and albumen coagulates in water that is boiling or just below boiling point. When meat is put in very hot water the albumen coagulates, and forms a sort of film on the outside of it; this film suffices to keep the juices in the meat, but as meat is not a heat conductor like metal, the heat of the water is not at once communicated to the inside of it, where we do not wish to coagulate the albumen, as it would make the meat hard to do so. Having put it in hot water, it must be cooked without being allowed to come to a boil. For the same reason fish must be put in hot water, with the exception of mackerel, which must only be put

in warm water; this difference is on account of their very tender skins, which break if the water is hot, and that spoils the appearance of the fish. I have seen salmon come to table quite white from being put into cold water to cook. It reminded me of what I have often heard is done by the inhabitants of some places where salmon is a staple food; they cut it up into little pieces, and put it in plenty of cold water to boil it, in order to draw out all the flavour. Well, salmon is not so abundant in England that we need tire of having it with the flavour in it.

If fish or meat is to be used for soup, of course the treatment is just the reverse, as we then want the nourishment out of the materials instead of in them, so we put our stock-meat in cold water, and let it get hot slowly (albumen dissolves in cold water), nor should salt be put in the stockpot until the meat is cooked, for the reason that it tends to keep the juice in the meat in the same way as hot water does.

Beef for beef tea should never boil, nor should beef tea need to be skimmed; in reality the juice from lean meat can all be drawn out by chopping the meat fine or cutting it up and pounding it in a mortar and soaking it in cold water. When beef tea is boiled and skimmed the albumen is lost. The best way to make it is to chop the meat, put it in a covered jar, 1lb. of beef to half a pint of cold water and a few black pepper corns, no salt, and keep the jar in a saucepan of boiling water for three hours. The saucepan lid need not be put on; with the evaporation from the water sufficient heat will not be communicated to the jar to make the meat boil. Supposing you put the beef in a saucepan and boil it well and skim it as the scum rises, you will obtain quite a different result, for while the beef tea made in the jar will be a brown gravy, that made in the saucepan will be a lighter colour, and probably a jelly, much more resembling Liebig's extract in its nutritive qualities than proper beef tea.

We use bones for stock for the sake of the gelatine which they contain. They should be put in cold water—plenty of water. Suppose it takes a pint of water to cover the bones, add another pint, and reduce by evaporation in boiling to half the quantity; it is necessary to keep the water quite boiling to extract the gelatine. While writing of bones, I would remind my readers that gelatine is of very little value as food, but I think many soups and gravies are much improved by the addition of stock from bones; it gives them a consistence that they have not without it.

Useful jelly can be made quite as well from fish bones as from others. If the jelly from fish bones is to be used for adding to meat soup, the bones must be first scalded, then laid for a short time in cold water, then they may be boiled down. Of course if they are to be used for making fish soup or sauce they need no preparation. The bones of turbot, brill, or plaice will, with a calf's foot, make excellent mock turtle. A rusty nail kept in soup in hot weather will often prevent its turning sour; this is not a fiction, like most of the sayings about old iron, but a fact that can be chemically accounted for.

While on the subject of boiling, I would recommend my readers to avail themselves of a very simple contrivance for cooking some delicate things and warming up others; this is having a pudding basin with a rim just the size of a saucepan, the rim of the basin to lodge on the top of the saucepan. Put water in the saucepan, then put the basin in, and a saucer to fit, with a weight in it, over. We frequently have slices from a cooked leg of mutton warmed this way in gravy: if the water is kept boiling, they take about three quarters of an hour to get hot, and are never hard.

All vegetables except potatoes should be put in boiling water; even when they are used for flavouring only, the stock must be boiling when they are put in. This is because what we wish to do is to soften the tissue of which they are principally composed; this tissue is partially soluble in hot water. If we could raise water above boiling point in cooking vegetables it would be rather an advantage than otherwise.

Eggs are lighter and more digestible if they are not boiled; they may be very easily cooked otherwise. The white of an egg is almost pure albumen (the word is derived from the Latin *Albus*, white). Albumen coagulates, or, as we call it, the "white sets," at a temperature of 180 deg., so no greater is needed to cook an egg. If you put an egg into a pint of boiling water, stand it on the side of the stove, or cover it over well to keep it hot, and let it stand from ten to fifteen minutes; you will find a well cooked egg, of which the white is set, but not hard. In the same way an egg poached in a tea-cup stood in boiling water is more digestible than one put directly into a saucepan.

Passing from the boiling of water, stock, &c., we come to what is called the boiling of fat, but before I speak of cooking it I would call readers' attention to the fact that two kinds of lard are brought to market—the best the lard in bladders, the other the lard in tin pails; this latter is always apparently cheaper—I say apparently, because it is not really. Very frequently it is the same quality as the bladder lard, but it contains a certain percentage of water; if that were removed, it would be found that a shilling's worth of bladder lard and a shilling's worth of lard out of a tin pail weighed about the same. Of course the lard with water in it is not nearly as nice to cook with; it splutters dreadfully in a frying pan, and does not make such light pastry. I do not much care to use lard, and generally make dripping, as we do not (our family being small) have very many joints, but use a great deal of fat. I buy fat at the butcher's for the purpose. Veal suet, when it can be got, is far better than any other. I make dripping, clear skimmings off the stock pot, and purify fat that has been used, in the following way: Chop finely 3 lbs. of fat, place it in a saucepan with 1½ pint of cold water, put it over a slow fire, stir often with a strong skimmer, which press on the bottom to break the pieces. When there are only bits of skin at the bottom, and little beads rise to the top, it is done. Take from the fire, stand by five minutes, strain the fat through tammy into a dry stone jar into which you have put some bay leaves, which remain in the dripping to perfume it. Note that to render fat well you must have a nicely lined saucepan; an old black one will not do as well.

Unlike water, fat or oil are not boiling when they bubble. The bubbles are caused by the moisture in the fat; in fact, it is the water in the fat that is boiling; when this is thrown off in steam the fat is ready for cooking in. We are accustomed to say that fat is boiling when it is quiescient after bubbling; that is not quite the fact, but near enough, as it is the cooking point. An inexperienced cook should try her fat before she begins to cook anything in it by throwing in a little piece of bread; if the fat is ready for use the bread will at once take a gold colour. It is much better to boil things in fat than to fry them. I use a brass lined pan into which a wire frying basket fits. I need scarcely say both are kept bright. I keep three pans of fat; one is used for fish, one for meat, and the third for such things as apple fritters. Each pan is purified now and then in the above mentioned way. Being carefully used in the bright pan, it never gets burnt, and is added to from time to time. I prefer boiling in fat to frying, because things are not so rich. I think people will not believe this without my explaining the reason why they are less rich. It is very simple. Suppose you plunge a fish or a cutlet into boiling fat, steam is immediately generated in the article you have put in, and this steam keeps the fat out of it; but suppose, instead, you place your cutlet in a pan in which there is a quarter of an inch of fat, as the meat gets hot the steam is thrown off on the side not covered with fat, and the fat can get in. If anyone would cook two croquettes or rissoles in the two different ways, they would notice, if they were served immediately cut in two, the fried one would be hot, but the boiled one would be hotter—steaming hot in fact; when it was cut, they would understand how the boiling had imprisoned the moisture.

There is another kind of boiling, differing from both water and fat—namely, sugar boiling, but it is not of sufficient general utility to be treated of here, beyond the making of caramel for colouring or for pudding sauce. Caramel for pudding sauce or to serve on the top of baked custard or milk puddings is made thus:—Dissolve over a gentle fire in a brass or copper-lined saucepan two good tablespoonfuls of pounded loaf sugar; stir it all the time with a wooden spoon. When it is a golden brown colour, stir in slowly half a pint of cold water, then add a quarter of a pound of loaf sugar; boil for a few minutes, let it stand aside to get a little cool, then bottle for use. It may have a little vanilla essence added if wished. Caramel for colouring is made thus:—Put the sugar in the pan, stir it until it is quite brown, add the water only (no more sugar), boil a few minutes, and bottle for use. This is a much better and more economical colouring than a bit of sugar burnt in an old spoon. We must next consider baking, a thing frequently done in a very slovenly way. Because it is easy, no trouble is taken, and things are very often burnt and spoilt. In baking meat, water should always be mixed with the dripping (unless a double pan taking water in the lower part is used) to prevent the fat burning and giving a disagreeable flavour to the meat. The reason is that the steam from the water prevents the fat getting hot enough to burn. I do not think that many things annoy me more than to hear an oven door slammed when cakes, bread, or pastry are baking; it should be shut as gently as possible. I have known an ovenful of light pastry quite spoilt by the door being slammed. It is easy to understand the reason of this. We open the oven door when we think the pastry has risen, to turn it (which should also be done very gently, as a jar or a knock may send it down again); then if we shut the door gently we have let the steam out, and the pastry will set. But suppose we slam the door, we send a current of cold air in, this cold air is heavier than the hot air in which the paste has risen, and if it is at all delicately made it will probably sink as flat as when it was put in the oven.

Grilling or broiling is an operation not always well performed. Chops, fish, or other things must be broiled over a glowing fire. There should be no black coals in it; red cinders give off more heat, and do not smoke the thing to be cooked. It is quite certain, though, that when you put a fat chop on the gridiron over the brightest of fires the fat will drop on the embers and make a smoke, but this smoke, though it may black the chop, will not make it smoky, as cooks know. The reason is simply this: the black coals would give off coal smoke, whereas the fat does but deposit fat smoke, which has not at all the same flavour as coal smoke. In my next paper I shall treat of bread and pastry making and the use of different cereals.

A REVERIE IN ST. JAMES'S HALL.

By CLARA THWAITES.

I've faltered on the threshold
  Of music's shadowy land,
I've caught melodious echoes
  That floated from the strand,
And airy hands have beckoned
  Its unknown heights to reach,
And tender voices called me
  To learn its mystic speech.

Unfold, O sweet musicians,
  Your secret art to me,
Fling open to me freely
  The gates of harmony!
Through music's silver portals
  I step with reverent tread,
Through corridors enchanted
  And dim, I'm softly led.

And now a strain familiar
  I hear with rapturous thrill—
A master hand interprets
  With all-transforming skill.
How could I miss the meaning
  Of those pathetic chords,
And lose their tender message?
  They are not sounds, but words!

Through all the wailing minors
  A noble purpose ran;
Alas! I failed to follow
  The earnest master's plan!

What musical unfoldings
  Of life, and joy, and pain
Are in that closing passage,
  That last triumphant strain!

Oh, when the faltering preludes
  Of this poor life are o'er,
And harmony unbroken
  Rings from th' Eternal shore;
When love divine interprets
  The past with patient touch,
Shall we not own life's music
  Had not one note too much?

Through intermingled concords
  One purpose we discern,
Though we, impatient children,
  Were dull and slow to learn.
But sweet interpretations
  The veil will then uplift,
And we shall own that sorrow
  Was love's supremest gift.

We cannot read life's meaning—
  We hear not all the parts—
But it shall be unfolded
  To our expectant hearts.
A Master-hand will fashion
  To tuneful part His throng,
And we shall be for ever
  Beneath His hand for song.

OUR FRATERNAL SOCIETY.

By DORA HOPE.

Spices.

At the beginning of our last meeting, Margaret gave us an interesting little history of the use of spices in general.

Nothing is known of how they first came into use, but they have been greatly esteemed from the very earliest times; and a small quantity of spice was considered a present worthy of being offered to a king. The Queen of Sheba brought gold, spices, and precious stones as her offering to Solomon; and the difficulty in obtaining them is clear from the statement that "there came no more such abundance of spices" as those she brought; although, as we are told in the same chapter, the king had his own spice merchants, and he also compelled all the kings subject to him to pay part of their yearly tribute in spices. None of the spice-bearing trees grew in Palestine, so all had to be brought from long distances, probably many of them, such as cassia and cinnamon, from China. In the Bible, "frankincense" is often used as a general term for all Eastern spices. They were chiefly required for the compounding of the perfumes so universally used by all Eastern nations.

Coming down to later days, in the early history of England the "Spicery" was a special department of the Court, with its own officers. Spices were rare and costly, and were chiefly imported from the Levant. Though not in common use, owing to their costliness, Chaucer alludes to them in a way which proves that they were well known and valued. He speaks of nutmegs, clowes (cloves), macys (mace), canella (cinnamon), and ginger.

Dr. Wingate added that spices contain a considerable quantity of volatile oil, and so act as stimulants. As a rule, a small quantity is beneficial, as their stimulating properties assist digestion, while giving a relish to food, and sharpening the appetite. Nutmeg, especially, is very heating and stimulating, and should not be used by persons of apoplectic tendencies. Mace has the same properties, but to a much smaller extent. Cloves contain 20 per cent. of aromatic volatile oil.

Millie Travers writes that she was very much interested at the Health Exhibition in seeing the way nutmegs grow, having always thought of them simply as the dry, hard nuts they appear in our spice boxes; she had never imagined them growing in any other form till she saw the whole fruit preserved.

They were exhibited in several places in the "Healtheries," amongst others in the dry-salter's shop in Old London. The whole fruit is in size and shape remarkably like a peach, but of a brighter yellow colour, and smooth-skinned like a nectarine. When the fruit is cut open, you see inside it a nut like the stone of a peach, but rather larger and rounder. This stone is almost covered by a bright scarlet network, between the fibres of which you can see the blackish brown kernel inside.

This scarlet coating is what we know as mace. It is peeled off the nut, and dried in the sun, which process makes the mace brittle, and changes the beautiful scarlet colour into the dull orange brown, as we know it. When dry it is packed in balls and exported.

The nut itself, though brown outside, is white within, but has dark veins running through it, which give it a mottled appearance. At the meeting we cut one in two, and could see quite plainly how these veins seem to be the inner coating, dipping down into the white oily substance of the nut itself; something in the same way as the chestnut, only in that case the skin divides the nut into separate parts, which is not the case with the nutmeg.

In another part of the Exhibition the nutmeg tree itself was to be seen. It was very much like an orange or lemon tree, with glossy dark green leaves, and bore a small, yellow, insignificant looking flower. The tree is said to be very beautiful in countries where it flourishes (the East and West Indies); it grows about thirty feet high, and not only is the foliage very beautiful, but the leaves fall so gradually that they are not missed, and, like the orange tree, it is constantly covered by flowers and fruit of all ages together.

The next subject was ginger. Millie says that on one stall at the Exhibition there was a ginger plant growing. It has a creeping underground stem, from which shoots appear above ground at intervals, growing to about three feet high, and bearing pale green leaves shaped like the lily of the valley. It is this underground root-stalk which we know as ginger. When the stalks and leaves wither, it is ready for digging up. The outer coating

"UNFOLD, O, SWEET MUSICIANS,
YOUR SECRET ART TO ME."

A Reverie in St. James's Hall.

is carefully scraped off; the root is washed and dried. There were exhibits of ginger in various forms. First, that which had been whitened by bleaching, which is generally used for medicinal purposes; then the kind chiefly used for perserving, commonly known as green ginger—that is, the root simply scraped and dried without bleaching. Then there were bottles of powdered ginger, which is generally prepared from the broken, shrivelled pieces of root, and is frequently adulterated with arrow-root and other things.

Ginger is obtained from many parts of the world; in the drysalter's shop mentioned before, there were specimens from Africa, Jamaica, East Indies, and Japan.

Millie did not obtain much information from the Exhibition on the next subject—cloves; but she had made a list of the places from which specimens were exhibited, and added that she meant to study geography on her return home, as so many places were represented in the Exhibition of which she knows nothing at all. Those which sent cloves were Penang, Bencoolen, Amboyna, and Zanzibar.

There Millie's information came to an end; but Mr. Jowitt, our botanical member, became quite eloquent on the subject. He says we get them from a tree of the myrtle family; the leaves he brought to the meeting to show us looked just like laurel. The tree bears a great quantity of clusters of flowers of a bluish colour, with small rounded petals. Cloves are the buds of these flowers gathered before they open, and dried in the smoke of wood fires, which gives them their deep brown colour. The drying is completed by laying the buds in the hot sun. Mr. Jowitt pointed out to us how in the cloves, as we get them, the four leaves of the calyx are generally perfect and unbroken. It is difficult to see the petals of the flower, as the cloves are generally so very dry that, on being cut open, they crumble to pieces; but we opened several at the meeting, and in all of them could see the pistils and stamens distinctly, even without a magnifying glass; and they are still more interesting under the microscope. We found that by soaking a clove in warm water for some time, we could open the petals into their natural position, and so could see the exact form of the flower as it would have appeared if allowed to open.

It is a strange fact that if the flowers are left on the tree to open they have no odour at all, and are not in the least aromatic.

Mr. Danby added that the name was interesting as showing how many nations had traced the same resemblance in them, our word, with the French "clou" and many others, being derived from the Latin "clavis," a nail, while the German "Nägelein" gives the same idea—a little nail.

The last subject—cinnamon—fell to my lot. I found that it is the bark of a species of laurel, which is grown to some extent in Malabar, and other parts of the East Indies, but chiefly in Ceylon. It bears clusters of insignificant greenish-white flowers, followed by a fruit, very much like an acorn, in a six-toothed cup. The trees are examined twice a year, and the branches of three years' growth are cut down, and the thin outer bark having been peeled off, the twigs are cut open lengthwise, and the inner bark gradually loosened with the point of a knife till it can be entirely peeled off. This is partly dried in the shade, then cut into lengths, which are laid one inside the other and dried in the sun. The process of drying curls up the bark till it appears in the tight, compact rolls in which we buy it. It is then examined and tied up in bundles according to quality; the bundles we saw exhibited at the Health Exhibition were about a yard long. The best quality is very thin, and of a yellowish brown colour; the inferior is thicker and less fragrant. The small broken pieces of bark are powdered and distilled to obtain oil of cinnamon, which is extensively used in perfumery.

Mr. Danby told us that a friend of his who had gone out to Ceylon was employed for some time in examining cinnamon to judge of its quality. He had to taste each roll, but found it such very disagreeable work, he could not keep at it for longer than two or three days at a time, and he found that no one attempted to go on with it longer than that.

(*To be continued.*)

HIS GOOD SISTER.

CHAPTER II.

RUTH'S first letters home contained glowing accounts of the luxury by which she was surrounded, of Cissy's beauty and amiability, and of Lady Braybrooke's liberality. There were only two things which prevented her from being perfectly happy—her anxiety about her brother and her fear lest she should fail in her endeavours to help Cissy in her studies. For she found it a much more difficult matter than she had anticipated to interest that young lady in anything but the pursuit of pleasure. She would go to concerts, to come home and speak of nothing but how people were dressed, unless the music were of the lightest kind. She had a charming voice, and sang very prettily, but was satisfied that she had done quite enough with that accomplishment. She had great artistic taste, but lacked the steady industry which was needed to develop her talent. The study of languages was not at all to her taste, and often when Ruth was labouring to help her, Cissy would jump up with coaxings and caresses to induce her to stop.

"I can't think why you want me to be so dreadfully clever!" she would say. "It's all very well if you like it, or if you have to earn your own living; but as I shall be rich it doesn't in the least matter."

"But don't you think, Cissy, that you ought to take advantage of your good fortune, simply out of gratitude to Lady Braybrooke?" said Ruth on one of these occasions. "Look what your education costs her! There are the art-school fees and two masters to pay, besides the very liberal salary that I receive. I only wish I were in your place!"

"Do you?" said Cissy. "When I grumble you tell me I ought to be contented. Practise what you preach, Mrs. Wisdom, and be contented yourself."

"How can I, Cissy dear? I feel as if I were here under false pretences. Lady Braybrooke expects me to help you, and if you will not let me I really think I ought to ask her to let me go," replied Ruth earnestly.

"Now, don't be a disagreeable, sermonising, cross old Ruth. I tell you I shall be rich and I don't want to be clever," returned Cissy, with a pout and a caress.

"Oh, Cissy, how can you tell that you will always be rich? A hundred things might happen to prevent——"

"That is all nonsense!" returned Cissy, pettishly. "Everybody knows grandmamma is going to leave me a lot of money—she has always led me to expect it, and she is very just, and it would be wicked of her if she did not."

"Oh, Cissy, if I were you I shouldn't like to think like that. Lady Braybrooke can do as she likes with her money, you know, and if I were in your place and felt so, I should be afraid that every little act of love or duty would be set down to interested motives."

"Oh, I am not afraid—that is, if no one tells tales or makes mischief for me. Mrs. Fortescue says that you ——"

"I would much rather not hear anything she says, Cissy. You know I do not like her. I think her a frivolous, mischievous woman. Let us go back to our German."

"I am not inclined for study just now," replied Cissy, trying to assume a very dignified air; "and you say that because you want to keep in with grandmamma. You know that she doesn't like Mrs. Fortescue. I am going for a drive with her. Good-bye."

"Oh, Cissy, don't go!" exclaimed Ruth, very earnestly. "Lady Braybrooke wished you not to be so intimate with her. She told you so only yesterday."

"I am old enough to choose my own friends, and I am not going to drop her because she is not so rich as we are; you ought to be the last person to advise me to do so," said Cissy, her golden head held very erect.

Ruth coloured, and was silent; she knew to what Cissy alluded. That young lady had extracted from her by a series of questions the fact that she should not have thought of leaving home had not her father's means been suddenly and unexpectedly reduced. Cissy had been very curious to know more, but her curiosity had not been satisfied.

She had told Ruth that her reserve made her think that there must be something discreditable to conceal, but that it was not her fault; a view of the subject sufficiently near the truth to make any allusion to it extremely distasteful to her companion.

"There now! I have vexed my good, kind Ruthie," cried Cissy, penitently. "Don't be cross, dear. Kiss me before I go. I promised Mrs. Fortescue; I cannot disappoint her," and the foolish, wilful young creature danced off.

Ruth had done all she could to persuade her to give up the intimacy with Mrs. Fortescue; first, because Lady Braybrooke disliked it, and also because she disliked the lady herself. She was a worldly little woman, very clever and fascinating, who cultivated Cissy simply because of her relationship to the wealthy Lady Braybrooke. She had met her in the old days, before her grandmother had adopted her, and had not been so anxious to take her about then. It was only since her good fortune that she had developed such an overwhelming affection for her, as Lady Braybrooke very cynically remarked. But Cissy would hear nothing against her. She liked the flattery, and the opportunities of being flattered with which Mrs. Fortescue provided

her. She admired the thoughtless butterflies of fashion who frequented Mrs. Fortescue's house. The artful little lady had enlisted her sympathies at first by confiding her romantic little story to her, how she had married a man who had "nothing but his colonel's pay," and how difficult she found it to keep up a "decent appearance." As she did not tell Cissy that she was the daughter of a poor curate and had been a governess, the girl naturally believed that she had left a luxurious home for comparative poverty, and pitied her accordingly. Altogether, Mrs. Fortescue had managed to obtain a considerable influence over her young friend, and the influence of such a woman could only be mischievous. She pitied her for the seclusion, as she termed it, in which her grandmother kept her, and incited her to rebel against it.

She sneered at what she called Ruth's "strait-laced notions," and insinuated that she would be very different if it were not to her interest to curry favour with Lady Braybrooke. Cissy told her everything, and though at first her insinuations had had but little effect, the seeds of suspicion had been sown, which were before long to spring up and bear bitter fruit.

Of course Ruth's "lecture," as she called it, was repeated to her foolish friend.

"Ah, I have no doubt she wishes herself in your place, but it was not very clever of her to say so," remarked Mrs. Fortescue meaningly. "Forewarned is forearmed, my dear; and if Lady Braybrooke *can* leave her money as she likes, she need not think she will leave it to her, though I believe that is what she is scheming for."

"Oh, I cannot think that," cried Cissy, rather shocked at the notion. "What she meant was that she should like to be able to have lessons from the masters who teach me, that is all."

"Ah! you are such an innocent, confiding little darling; how should you understand the ways of a clever young person like Miss Dalrymple? Is it natural, now, that a girl of her age would choose to be so very serious, and studious, and miserable, if she had not some end in view?"

"I don't know," said Ruth doubtfully. "I think she really is fond of study, and then she has a great notion of duty."

"Don't tell me; that's what these goody-goody people always talk about, but you will see that their duty always advances their own interests," said Mrs. Fortescue impatiently, and it is quite possible that she believed all she said about Ruth. It is so easy to think ill of anyone we dislike, and so easy to dislike anyone who is better than ourselves, even when we watch against the deceitfulness of our own hearts—a duty which never troubled Mrs. Fortescue.

Almost immediately after Cissy had left her, Ruth received a summons from Lady Braybrooke.

"I want to consult you, Miss Dalrymple," she said, gravely, "about a very unpleasant matter. I hear from the art-school people that Cecilia's progress is very unsatisfactory. How is it? You think she has talent, and so do they. They complain that her attendance is so very irregular. What does it mean?"

The hot colour rushed to the girl's cheeks, as she replied, with some hesitation—

"I do not know. I have only walked with her once or twice."

"But you can guess," said the old lady, looking keenly at her.

Ruth could guess pretty accurately, for lately she had suspected, from two or three unguarded remarks of Cissy's, that she was a great deal more often at Mrs. Fortescue's than her grandmother thought. So she kept an embarrassed silence.

"Ah! I see," said Lady Braybrooke, in a displeased tone, "you are politic; Cecilia would be angry if you told tales."

"Indeed, indeed, I know nothing about it," said Ruth earnestly, "and I have no right to guess. I have no doubt if you ask Cissy she could explain her absences."

"Yes, but would she?" asked the old lady sharply. "And would she tell me the truth?"

"Of course she would," answered Ruth, very much astonished at the question.

"Oh, I am glad to hear it!" came very drily from the old lady's lips. "What about the music and other studies, Miss Dalrymple?"

"I am glad you have asked me," said Ruth, "for I have been fearing lately that Cissy requires someone more accomplished and more experienced than I am to help her in her studies."

"A governess who will make her apply herself. Is that what you mean? No, she is too old to be coerced. Can you think of no wiser plan than that?"

"Indeed, I have tried my best to help her," said Ruth, apologetically; "but I am afraid that I am not—that—I ought to give up my position here to——"

"What would you do if you left us?" interrupted the old lady.

"I should try to find a family where there were children to teach," replied Ruth. "I am sure it would be easier, because, you see, I should make them obey me."

"Have you any particular desire to leave us?" was the next question.

"Oh, no; I should be sorry now I am just beginning to feel at home," said Ruth, with unfeigned sincerity.

"Then I can think of a better plan than that. Cecilia wants more incentive to industry, perhaps. Suppose you were to take lessons of the same masters who teach her? I think that would stimulate her drooping energy."

"I take lessons?" echoed Ruth; "I could not afford it, dear Lady Braybrooke."

"What, not out of seventy pounds a year! You do not spend that on your dress. I am afraid that is an excuse, Ruth Dalrymple."

"Indeed, indeed, I should be only too glad; it is no excuse."

"How do you spend your money? Well, well! perhaps I have no business to ask; perhaps I can guess. You shall not have that excuse. I will pay for the masters, so that it will make no difference to your pocket;" and the old lady looked over her spectacles in pleased anticipation of Ruth's delight.

"You are too good; but really I don't think I ought to——"

"Nonsense! you have nothing to thank me for; it is for Cecilia's sake as well as yours. It is my whim, and I suppose I have a right to my whims as long as I can afford to pay for them. I don't like strangers about me, and I wish you to stay. Say no more—that is settled."

"But indeed you must let me thank you, and I will try to help Cissy more, if possible. I wish I could do something to show you how grateful I am."

"Your best way of thanking me will be to profit by your advantages. I am pleased to do something for your mother's daughter."

"My mother's daughter!" echoed Ruth. "Did you know my mother, then?"

"Can you be anybody else's daughter, petite bête?" asked the old lady, laughing; and Ruth, who was used to her eccentricities, laughed too, and thought no more of it for the moment. Afterwards she remembered that during the first few weeks after her arrival Lady Braybrooke had asked her a great many questions about her parents, and had inquired whether Dr. Dalrymple had ever spoken to her of having known her in early life. Ruth had wondered very much, and had written home to ask her father if he remembered Lady Braybrooke as a former acquaintance of his. He had replied in the negative, and the old lady had remarked, "Ah, well, he may have forgotten me." After this her manner, which at first had been cold and stiff, and even suspicious, the girl sometimes fancied, had relaxed a little towards her. Even then Ruth could not divest herself of the idea that she was watched and studied. It was worrying, but she decided that she must do her best, and think no more about it. During the foregoing conversation Lady Braybrooke's manner had been friendly, and even affectionate. So much so that Ruth could only wonder and be grateful.

When Cissy returned from her drive and Ruth told her the news, she was surprised to notice how coolly it was received.

"You have managed to get into grandmamma's good graces somehow. I don't see the use of it, though," she said, in a constrained tone; "all your time will be taken up. However, I don't mind; perhaps you will leave off lecturing and worrying me now."

"My dear Cissy, I shall always be quite as ready to help you as I have ever been," said Ruth earnestly.

"Oh, I hope not," returned Cissy lightly; "I don't want to be a bluestocking. It's different for you, you see, for if you leave here you will have to teach, and the more you can teach the better, of course."

"I may not always be obliged to teach!" said Cissy gravely; "and I think if I only studied for the sake of earning money I should not be half so likely to make a good teacher as if I studied for the love of knowledge."

"May not always be obliged to teach!" thought Cissy. "I wonder whether she thinks grandmamma will—but no. I don't think she's a hypocrite, as granny says; if she is, she is a very clever one. Besides, it's too ridiculous! What claim has she?"

These thoughts darted through her mind as she answered pettishly—

"I am glad to hear it, although I must say you seem to be very fond of teaching and preaching too."

Ruth was spared the necessity of answering, by the appearance of Lady Braybrooke.

"Where have you been, Cecilia?" she asked.

"Driving with Mrs. Fortescue," replied Cissy, with an air half-defiant, half-coaxing, "and I know you are not going to be cross, because I have enjoyed it so; and I *couldn't break my* promise—could I now, granny dear?"

"Not to Mrs. Fortescue, it appears," returned the old lady drily; "and no doubt you are old enough to choose your own friends. For the future you may do so, Cecilia; yet I must ask you to see less of that woman, for your own sake."

Suddenly both girls were struck with the same thought. Had Lady Braybrooke overheard their conversation of a couple of hours ago? Cissy quickly recovered herself, and answered very prettily—

"Now, you are a dear good granny, and I will do all I can to please you. I will be good," putting up her rosy mouth to be kissed, in a most fascinating manner.

"Will you never be anything but a child?" asked the old lady gravely, but her tone was not unkind.

"No, I hope not," said Cissy laughing. "There's the postman! I will race you for the letters, Ruth." And she flew downstairs, returning a minute or two afterwards, holding a letter high above her head.

"Would you like to have it?" she asked, keeping the direction turned away from her.

"Yes, please, if it's for me," said Ruth eagerly—for she was expecting one from her brother, and it was some time since she had heard from him.

It was for her, and from Ted, and contained news which gave its recipient considerable uneasiness.

(To be continued.)

THE MOUNTAIN PATH.

By LILY WATSON, Author of "Within Sight of the Snow,' etc.

CHAPTER XIV.

MRS. PAGET accepted the invitation for herself and Amy to Hill Crest, which was a hopeful sign. Maggie and Lilian Brooke were also invited, for Adela knew it was proper, as relations of her future husband, that she should show them some attention, and she therefore determined (to use her own somewhat inhospitable expression) to "kill two birds with one stone," and ask both couples to luncheon at once. The sisters came early, and Helen enjoyed showing them the house and grounds. Adela welcomed them very graciously, and Lilian thought her beautiful and kind.

"I enjoy seeing pretty people more than you can do, Helen," she said, as the three sisters sat in the study. "Just because I am so different myself, it is an intense delight to me to see anyone who is really lovely."

"Your face is far more lovely than Miss Gascoigne's," cried Maggie, with truth.

"Was it not the Hatter who said, 'You oughtn't to make personal remarks; it is very rude?'" inquired Helen.

"No, it was Alice herself," replied Lilian. "You are actually forgetting the Mad Tea-party. I am astonished at you!"

"Turn from this frivolity and let me know how you are enjoying your visit to The Woodlands."

"More than we can express!" cried Maggie. "Everyone is unboundedly good to us, and Oswald

is particularly charming. He is the kindest of fellows. If he only would not loaf away his time so much."

Helen sighed. "That is my old grievance, but it is no use to worry about it now. How do you get on with his father?"

"Very well; but old Mr. Thorne strikes me as looking anxious and grey. I had not thought he was so old a man."

"Just what I have noticed," said Helen; "a change has come over him within the past month or so."

At this juncture a carriage was seen driving up, and Mrs. Paget and Amy alighted at the door. A servant solemnly bore a large portfolio into the house after them, and Helen hastened forth to greet her *protégée*, who manifested some faint signs of interest at being introduced to Lilian Brooke.

Luncheon was announced, during which meal Amy sat in agonies of nervous constraint, scarcely daring to glance at Mr. Gascoigne. Aunt Maria prattled cheerfully on to Mrs. Paget about her favourite topics. Aubrey amused Maggie and Lilian; and Adela, the first effort of hospitality being over, relapsed into a bored silence that made Lilian think her a little less charming than before. The forthcoming entertainment at Broadrain was discussed, and Lilian rehearsed the order of the programme. Then Mr. Aubrey Gascoigne favoured the party with a synopsis of the lectures he meant to deliver from time to time, which, if they bore out his description, could not fail greatly to astonish the hearers.

After luncheon the portfolio was opened in the study, an ordeal that caused Amy to blush and shrink to a painful extent. Helen, perceiving the poor girl's distress, suggested privately to Aunt Maria that she and Mrs. Paget should not attend at the inspection, which the kind lady good-naturedly arranged; therefore only the younger members of the party were present. Mr. Aubrey Gascoigne reposed with judicial dignity in a great easy chair, with his head reclining on the back, and his fair hair forming a sort of one-sided aureole against the cushion. It is difficult to describe the terror with which Amy regarded him.

"I owe you an apology, Miss Paget," he observed in a formal tone, "for delivering any opinion connected with Art in a room of this description. The upholstery is of so terrible a character that I can only strive to forget its existence."

Amy, who was herself far from an artistic figure, in a purple merino dress, glanced timidly round at the blue chairs and gay Brussels carpet, and was understood to murmur that "it didn't matter."

"Excuse me, but it matters very much," replied Aubrey, with the same formality. "If you are to become an artist, you must not say that screaming contrasts and garish dyes 'do not matter,' whatever may be the circumstances in which they occur."

This was not an encouraging beginning, and Helen hoped inwardly that Mr. Gascoigne was not going to amuse himself at the expense of the timid Amy. She knew his innate kindness, however, and took heart as she brought him the first sketch. For the critic sat still on his throne, and showed no disposition to come and look through the drawings himself, as any ordinary mortal would have done.

"H'm — Sketch of moorland — the Stoop on Broadrain Moor, I presume," said Aubrey, holding up a water-colour sketch. "Yes, the firs and the horizon-line are good, but what is this?—a hay-stack or a cottage?"

"It's a cottage, thatched very low," said poor Amy, darting out a hand as though to snatch away the paper.

"More truth of detail," said Mr. Gascoigne, putting down the sketch. "Do not generalise your foreground. Have you read Ruskin's 'Modern Painters?'"

"No," faltered Amy.

"She would be an artist—and has not read 'Modern Painters!'" sighed Aubrey, looking upwards with an expression of resignation.

"There is plenty of time for all that!" cried Helen, anxious to defend her *protegee*. "And 'Modern Painters' is such a rare book; I do not see how she is to read it."

"We don't have any books at home," cried Amy, "and we are too far from Millstead to subscribe to the library."

"Too Philistine!" Helen thought she heard Aubrey murmur, but the next words were distinct. "Have you ever heard of Mudie's?"

"Yes, but we live too far away from other people to share a box, and it is very expensive to have one only for ourselves," replied Amy.

"Have you ever remarked," said Aubrey, with closed eyes, "that there is a strange and quite unspeakable discrepancy between the amount people are willing to spend on eating and drinking, and on the food of the mind, which is the Life? Half-a-sovereign is readily spent in game for a single dinner, not needed for sustenance. Half-a-crown is begrudged for a monthly magazine, which would waft into the lonely home a breath of the Zeitgeist."

"Don't be uncivil, Aubrey!" exclaimed his sister. "We don't want to hear lectures about Mudie's or the Zeitgeist. You are here to criticise Miss Paget's pictures, not to hold forth on your pet theories. If you do that, we shall be here all night."

"I have been solicited to tender my advice to Miss Paget," replied Aubrey, "and that advice, my dear Adela, comprises this remark. She must read, if she is to draw. An ignorant person cannot be an artist. But to revert to our pristine task. Let me see more."

Helen obediently handed him the next—a sweep of rolling landscape, with a red sunset.

"Distance on the moorland—good," mused Aubrey. "Foreground again defective. It is impossible to detect whether yon object be a man, a cow, or a rock. One of the three it must be: it cannot be a generalisation of all; then why not show which it is?"

One or two other sketches of distant scenery obtained similar censure. At last a tiny "bit" of a forest glade appeared, in which fern, moss, and foliage were carefully rendered, and the critic deigned to praise it.

"You have condescended there to look at the things you wish to depict," he said, "a process that is always to be recommended to the would-be artist."

Some pencil drawings followed, tossed aside by Aubrey until he came to the portrait of his sister. It was a water-colour sketch of the full face, and it had caught exactly the appealing look of Adela's blue eyes and her infantine mouth. Little billows of lace ruffled up around the throat, the pink and white of the complexion were softly shaded into each other, and it was altogether a very pretty delicately-tinted picture. Amy would gladly have rushed from the room, had she dared, as Adela pressed forward to look at it.

"How funny that you should draw *me!*" she exclaimed, with pleased interest. "I think it really is a little like me. What made you do it?"

"I could not help it," was all Amy replied.

Mr. Aubrey contemplated the portrait for some moments, and then said—

"Yes, you have talent."

Helen and Maggie drew a long breath; they had been terribly afraid that the verdict would be unfavourable after all. Amy, who was standing in her purple gown like a culprit, turned redder than ever, and sat down on a chair.

"But you have much to learn," continued the critic. You have to study the very elements of drawing. You are inaccurate where you should be accurate; rough where you should be finished; hasty where you should be patient. All you see in the world of beauty around you is worth representation; careful, studied representation, not careless slurring. The great masters of old knew this. Raffaelle, as Ruskin points out, has filled the foreground of his two cartoons—the Miraculous Draught of Fishes and the Charge to Peter—with plants of the sea colewort, whose leaves and blossoms have been drawn with consummate study and patience. A less great artist would have scrawled some indistinguishable vegetable along the front, and called it generalisation. But Raffaelle knew this would have been an insult to the creation he strove to depict.

"Learn of the masters of old to be accurate. Now, accuracy means study—long and painful study from the beginning; for you must begin all over again. If you persevere and work, you will, perhaps, in time, do something in Art that will be worth the doing. I will myself speak to your mother as to a fitting school for you."

Aubrey looked (so Helen thought), by the way he eyed the purple merino, as if he would like to add a criticism or two upon the choice of colour in dress. He did not know that Mrs. Paget bought her daughters' gowns, and that with Yorkshire thrift she purchased a whole "piece" of material at a time from a

Millstead warehouse. It was always the best that money could buy, without particular reference to the colour, and was made up by degrees for all three girls until the piece was exhausted. Thus Amy, though she was a woman over twenty years of age, had no voice in choosing her own attire save a third vote as to whether the merino should be green, blue, dark red, brown, or purple, the five "serviceable" colours for wear. There was not much choice, and in what there was Amy's share counted for little, because her two sisters usually outvoted her.

With stammered expressions of gratitude Amy escaped into the garden with Helen, and became at once more animated than she had ever appeared before to her friend.

"Oh, I was so frightened! I am so glad it is all over. Do you think papa will let me go to London? Where should I live? What should I do?"

Meanwhile Mr. Gascoigne had sought out Mrs. Paget, upon whom his unusual appearance produced a marked impression. He began the interview by introducing, as if by chance, a reference to one or two published critiques by himself in an Art Journal, and this gave his opinion added weight in the county matron's eyes. He then told her with much good sense, though in unusual language, what he thought of her daughter's productions, and dwelt with extreme insistence upon the need for instruction and study, which, he allowed Mrs. Paget to guess, would make Amy into an artist. Then he mentioned the School of Art in a south-west suburb of London, to which she should at once be sent; and recommended that after a course of study there she should join the pupils in the studio of an artist whom he knew.

"But it is impracticable, Mr. Gascoigne. Where could she live? I could not send her to London unless I knew where she was to go."

An idea flashed into Aubrey's mind. "My dear madam," he observed, "there is one home where life for your daughter would be pure delight. The idyllic beauty of an old-fashioned garden, the benefit of a cheerful home atmosphere, the society of good and cultivated women, the charms of music, all would be hers. I speak from experience, but without consultation with the members of the family. Still, I doubt not that your daughter would be welcomed to the home of Mr. and Mrs. Brooke, of St. Martin's Close. Why not allow her to return to London with the daughters who are now visiting The Woodlands?"

Mrs. Paget was greatly bewildered, and would not at first express her opinion of the scheme. But Helen had prepossessed her greatly; she liked both Maggie and Lilian, and guessed that their home would be a happy one. Oswald Thorne, she knew, had lived there, and it was to be supposed that her daughter might do so on similar terms. Amy was not happy at home. This strange gentleman with the fair hair and clearly-cut profile said she had talent; it would be delightful if the girl's life could be made different. For Mrs. Paget was a good though not a demonstrative or a sagacious mother.

Helen, to whom the idea of Amy's living at St. Martin's Close was speedily mooted, was astonished, but pleased. She was sure there would be no difficulty, and Maggie said the same. Therefore, when the mother and daughter went away after five o'clock tea, the problem had been resolved into one condition only: "If we can persuade papa."

A day or two afterwards Helen was reading with Adela some of their sadly-interrupted Italian author, when a ring was heard at the door and a voice was heard asking for Miss Brooke.

"Amy Paget again—how dreadfully rude of her to ask for you and not for me!" cried Adela, peevishly. "It shows how ill-bred she is to do such a thing in my house."

"I am very sorry," replied Helen, meekly; "she does not go out much, and is not versed in these small observances of etiquette."

"Well, I really don't think you can go, we have been so dreadfully interrupted lately. Your time is scarcely mine at all, now."

Helen thought that every interruption had been by Adela's own arrangement, but said nothing, and did not move when the servant entered to announce her visitor. Her pupil grumbled a little longer and then said uncivilly—

"Well, I suppose you must go, but make the stupid thing understand you can't stay long."

The "stupid thing" had never looked less deserving of the title than when she started up to meet Helen in the drawing-room, radiant with delight.

"You are really looking pretty to-day," reflected the latter as she kissed her.

"Oh, Helen! it's all settled: papa has given me permission! and we have written to your mother, and I am really going to St. Martin's Close with your sisters."

Helen was heartily delighted to hear it, on everybody's account. Here would be a help, she reflected, to her hard-working father, though the last thing that had entered her mind in suggesting the scheme had been to obtain a boarder for the family. She congratulated Amy with all her heart, and contrived to educe a moral lesson, not altogether unnecessary, on the gratitude that was owing to her father and mother.

"Papa was very hard to persuade," said Amy; "but at last he said that, as everything had happened so strangely together for it, he thought it *was* to be, and he would let me go for a few months to see how I got on."

"Would you not like to thank Miss Adela Gascoigne for the share she had in it?" suggested Helen, nervously aware that Adela was fuming in the study at being neglected.

"Oh, yes, if you think I had better," responded the girl, and Helen took her to the young mistress of the house, who received her rather ungraciously. Amy's nervous thanks soon, however, thawed the ice, and Adela condescended to congratulate her very heartily upon the change she had in prospect.

So another life had been brightened by Helen's efforts. Widely apart as were Bobby of the "Polygon" and Amy Paget, the daughter of a wealthy merchant, the fate that, but for Helen, would have befallen each, was of a like nature. She had aroused and brightened them to new possibilities of life by her direct or indirect influence.

What of the other life that she longed to influence? She told herself over and over again that it was hopeless; that Oswald—though here and there, as in the secretaryship of the Broadrain Club, he responded to her appeal—must in the end lead an indolent easy life, as a prosperous do-nothing man, with the wife he had chosen for himself. It cost her many a bitter sigh, in the loneliness of her own room at night; but she knew of nothing more she could do. Over and over again some touch of kindliness or practical skill in the young man made her think how admirably the possibilities of his nature might have been utilised in the medical profession. "But that is over," she reflected, mournfully, and turned away perforce to other thoughts.

She little dreamt how circumstances in a way that she knew not, were working to change Oswald's future; and if she had known, she would have cried out in distress to avert them. For we know not the way that is best; and would sometimes even turn away from the angel who is coming to meet us as a merciful guide.

(To be continued.)

NEW MUSIC.

A. HAMMOND.

Sänger in den Zweigen.
Aus Tiefster Seele.
Tanzscene.

By Gustav Lange.—Three brilliant piano solos adapted to the capabilities of moderate players. We recommend them to the notice of our young friends.

Berceuse.
Près d'un Monastère.

Two pieces of average merit.

PATEY AND WILLIS.

Bagatelle. By E. J. Reiter.—A very agreeable pianoforte solo; will prove acceptable to our young pianists.

Zwei Clavierstücke. By F. Lichtenstein.—The same may be said of this as the preceding.

Reine de Cœur. By Tito Mattei.—A pianoforte solo with a melodious and pathetic theme. Requires a little skill and careful playing to insure a welcome in the drawing-room.

March of the Forty Thieves. By Michael Watson.—Simple, characteristic, and agreeable.

BOOSEY AND CO.

Joy Bells in the Air. Words and music by Lady William Lennox.—A melodious theme delicately accompanied; music and words sympathetically recalling pleasing recollections of the past.

A. COX.

Water Lily's Answer. Words by Helen M. Burnside. Music by Ciro Pinsuti.—A pretty, unaffected, and melodious song; both

melody and accompaniment are gracefully blended together. We strongly recommend this to the notice of our young friends.

Biondina. By G. J. Rubini.—A graceful and characteristic piece, within the capabilities of our rising pianists. The same may also be said of—

Albumblatt. By Frederick F. Rogers.

FORSYTH BROTHERS.

Gavotte in F. By Charles B. Ingham.

DUNCAN DAVISON.

Murielle : une Bagatelle. By W. Bowling

Both these compositions may be recommended.

F. PITMAN.

Meeting. Wait. By Franz Abt. Words by E. Oxenford.—Two pleasing vocal pieces that lie well for average voices.

The best of friends must part sometimes. My love has set sail. By Placide Malva. Words by Oliver Brand.—Two songs, replete with tender sentiment and full of expression.

Love and the Locksmith. Music by George Asch. Words by Claxon Bellamy.—A very spirited and highly commendable song. Will sure to please.

Ulrica. By George Asch.—An agreeable and pleasing pianoforte solo—not difficult, but sufficiently showy to please our young pianists.

Six New Duets for Violin and Pianoforte. By Angelo Costa. Parts 1, 4, and 5 before us are especially euphonious and particularly adapted for amateurs.

Fantasia Violin, with accompaniments for Piano on airs from *Lucia di Lammermoor.* By A. P. Voitus van Hamme.—An agreeable reminiscence of old favourite airs, most ably arranged for violin and piano. Brilliant, without presenting any difficulties. Will be much appreciated by amateurs.

Pitman's Musical Monthly, the first volume of which is before us, is replete with musical information, songs, duets, glees, and instrumental pieces. It is wonderfully got up and bound in the best style for the small sum of 3s. 6d.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

AN IRISH GIRL.—You should say, "The House of Lords has," or "The lords have," and "Which is considered the greater, Lytton or Dickens?" not "Which is Lytton(?) or Dickens considered the greater?" You ought to study Dr. Angus on the English tongue. Write for the handbook to Mr. Tarn, at our office.

ASH, C. W.—You must make inquiries at the school in your neighbourhood, and try to hear of what you want.

QUEEN MAB.—Write direct to the society for information respecting their rules. Of course you should learn the language or dialect of that part of the country to which you are likely to be sent. We heard of a man who went to India as a missionary, and had to return after some time, finding himself quite incapable of learning the language. You need other training besides. Apply to Miss Webb, 267, Vauxhall Bridge-road, London, S.W. (Society for Promoting Female Education in the East.)

LINDA DI CHAMOUNIX.—1. You should read advertisements for governesses, and advertise yourself. No one can "command" any salary. The market is overstocked, even with those that are certificated. The question is, what you can get as such. Read our articles on the "Duties of Governesses," so as to judge of the qualifications most essential to render them worth a good salary. 2. The ends of twine left over in making macramé lace might be knotted into fringe. You write fairly well.

MAY GIRLING.—Yes, there is a Society for Studying Languages by Correspondence — English, French, German, and Italian. It gives two prizes half-yearly; the half-years commence respectively in February and August, the first of each month. Apply to Miss M. Hedge, East Gates, Colchester, Essex.

ENA.—1. We think your spelling, grammar, and writing will have to be much improved before you offer yourself for training as a nurse. The Nightingale Probationers are trained at St. Thomas's Hospital, Albert Embankment, Westminster Bridge, S.E. Apply between 10 and 12, on a Tuesday or Friday, to the matron, or by letter to H. B. Carter, Esq., 91, Gloucester-terrace, Hyde-park, W. As a rule candidates should be from twenty-five to forty years of age. At the Children's Hospital, Great Ormond-street, a girl, otherwise eligible, might be received for training at twenty. You may take or drop any Christian name you please. In your position in life we think you have no reason for troubling yourself about it. In domestic service fancy names are often employed instead of the baptismal one.

DANTE'S BEATRICE, WOOD-SORREL, A WEARY WORKER, C. WINNIFRED.—Teaching is an art of itself, and is too often undertaken without due consideration. Those who have a natural gift for it can rivet the attention of their pupils with little effort. Others have to acquire the art by careful study. If your class be composed of boys, consider what subjects and stories would be most interesting to them, having a due regard to their age, and only employ such words as they clearly comprehend. See page 282, vol. i., where there is an article on "Sunday School Work" (there are two parts).

HOUSEKEEPING.

NANCE.—Clean the plated spoon with plate powder. Perhaps a little chloride of lime carefully rubbed on the vinegar stains might take them off.

BLURGIE.—Wash the linoleum or floorcloth now and then with milk. A soft cloth and lukewarm water are all that is usually necessary.

KNOWLEDGE SEEKERS.—Any appliances requisite for keeping the house and furniture in proper condition, such as soap, soda, and furniture polish, should be provided by the owners of the house for their own benefit. Board wages for servants retained in the house to take care of it usually amount to eight or ten shillings a week while they are so engaged. If they do not act as caretakers, but go away for holidays to please themselves, their wages continue; but they are considered to be lodged and boarded at their own or their friends' expense, and they pay for their own journeys. It is otherwise if sent away for the convenience of their employers only. While in charge of the house, they should be supplied with bedroom candles and kitchen fire, matches, and gas. For the home study of medical matters, send for "Sick Nursing at Home," 1s. 3d., 170, Strand, London, W.C., often recommended.

WORK.

MARION and B. M. C. should read our article, "The Fairy of the Family," for directions respecting her soiled dress. A friend staying in the house may always be taken by her hostess to pay visits with her.

M. A. B.—For cleaning crape, see "The Fairy of the Family." You will have to steam it.

CORALIE.—The tea-cosy does not need a stiff lining; the wadding and quilting are enough.

JOSHUA.—The colour most in vogue for the winter appears to be green in dark rich tones.

K. L. S. P.—Many thanks for your letter, which we have read with interest.

HOPE will find the newest patterns of patchwork in vol. iii., pages 330 and 340.

TOTTENHAM.—There is a stall in the Soho Bazaar for Lairitz's fir-wool clothing and oil.

LYN.—Ferns and grasses can both be dyed with Judson's dyes, and with little trouble.

KATE LEES, CREWEL.—Full instructions for crewel-work were given in the first volume of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, which can be obtained at 56, Paternoster-row, E.C.

DOROTHEA ELIZABETH.—We never give long patterns for work, which take up much space, and which can be obtained in the shilling work-manual, to be found in fancy shops.

MADCAP NELL.—Such situations are only to be obtained by advertising, and we doubt whether you are quite suited to it. Why not study farming, gardening, dairy work, etc., as you are on a farm? Ladies are turning their attention to these things now with great success. Longfellow says—

> "That is best which lieth nearest;
> Take from thence thy work of art,"

and it is much the same in everything.

LANCASHIRE LASS and MILDRED OLIVE.—The fancy for eating white paper, dry tea, coffee, rice, or slate-pencil, indicates what is called "a depraved appetite." Try plenty of exercise, sea bathing, tonics, and change of air; consult a doctor as well, and keep such a diseased condition of health as private as possible. Never indulge such unnatural cravings.

WASHDAY must clean the copper with bath-brick and water. It has probably been much neglected.

MAUD BADDELEY.—We shall remember your wishes, and perhaps have one in future.

SERVANT ANNIE.—You will find "toilet tidies" at the nearest fancy-work shop, ready traced, and at very moderate prices.

JESSIE (Ardeonaig).—Finger-glasses are still used at dessert. You will obtain the pattern better by consulting one of the many shilling knitting books.

RHYL SANDS.—We know of nothing better for fastening shells than glue; but it must be carefully and tidily used, or else it will not look nice.

TEACHER has never considered, perhaps, what a valuable record of the manners and habits and materials of a period we possess in dress, and what an indication of character also.

LOUISVILLE (Melbourne).—You must make the alum solution of cold water. We should think you had not used it sufficiently strong to succeed in making your basket.

A. M. R. C. H.—We should advise you, if you desire to make your own dresses, to take a bodice that fits you, and, having picked it, sleeves and all, paste the lining on sheets of brown paper and cut it out. It will last you for some years as a reliable model for your gowns.

A. H.—We recommend that such dresses as cream veiling and lace be sent to a cleaner's; washing them at home is hardly wise, especially if they be intended to be worn as best dresses again.

MISCELLANEOUS.

FORGET-ME-NOT.—Queen Elizabeth's last words had reference solely to the succession to the throne.

EXCELSIOR.—You should give your frog small snails and woodlice if he cannot find slugs enough in the fernery.

NARCISSUS.—The first knight made in England by the sovereign, with the sword of state, was Athelstane, by Alfred, A.D. 900.

J. C. W.—We do not think that the gloves would shrink, but you had better clean them only if they are so small.

I. E. A. R.—You had better consult a doctor, as your liver is evidently out of order.

MINSTREL.—The right hand is generally used to pass or hold everything. There is no rule about bread-and-butter. For a formal afternoon tea it is generally "rolled."

EDITH (Hobart, Tasmania).—There is no such th as an orthodox lawn tennis dress. Members of cling generally have a costume of their own, and w ubs serge is a very favourite material. Some y hite ladies have affected fancy dresses—peasant's, oung girl's, etc. Many thanks for your kind letter. flower

A. E. T.—Not poetry, but excellent in feeling and taste.

MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS must continue to give her dog what it will eat, unless she chooses to starve it into eating dog biscuit, which would be better for it than anything else. She can tame her rabbit only by kindness.

ISODRO.—We do not think black satin cloth would look bad when trimmed with crape. There is no objection to wearing silver jewellery in slight mourning.

FLOS.—Tortoises require no feeding if kept in a garden or lawn, and there is no way of doctoring them.

1. 2. 3.—"Let no man say, when he is tempted, I am tempted of God" (St. James i. 13, 14.) It is blasphemous to say that the great Creator and Benefactor, "God, placed upon this earth, to tempt mankind, that most cursed of things"—drink. He hath made "all things very good," but "man has sought-out many inventions" (Eccles. vii. 29) and does not "use the world without abusing it." Still, we feel much for you, in respect to your mother's drinking. Could not your father induce her to go into one of the homes for inebriates? There is one at 4, Ebenezer-terrace, Kennington Park, S.W. (St. James's Home), Lord Shaftesbury President, at 15s. a week. For a private Home, apply to Miss Macpherson, 60, Commercial-street, E. The almond trees were given us by our great Creator, and most valuable medicine (prussic acid) is produced from the fruit; but you cannot accuse Him of "tempting men" to commit suicide, because it is a quick and deadly poison also, taken in too large a quantity. Consult your doctor, (or ask your father to do so) as to what you might safely put into the spirits taken by your mother, to give her a distaste for it; and be very careful as to the amount.

RUBY.—You appear to have some congestion of the optic nerve. Go to the hospital, and obtain advice from them; and avoid reading or working at night, and the use of gas, if possible.

ALL ALONE.—Go to a hospital for skin disease, such as that in Leicester-square, and obtain advice. You need immediate treatment.

C. E. PUCKLE.—We should recommend Mr. Hardcastle to tether his imbecile boy to some safe spot, where he can do no harm to himself nor anyone else. As a station-master, surely the father's business is to take care that no one gets upon the line. We regret that we cannot give a vote for the admission of the boy into the Earlswood Asylum, nor publish appeals to the public of such a character in our magazine. They should be sent to some daily paper.

SALLY.—Refer to "The Fairy of the Family," where you will find much about spots and stains; also you will find your query answered many times in our correspondence columns. See the word "Iron-mould" in our indexes. Write roundhand copies.

A SCOTCH LASSIE.—We know all about the Christian

Progress, Scripture Reading, and Prayer Mission, and have already named it. We have also informed our readers of the Bible Learners' Union (Miss Brine hon. secretary); also the Scripture Learning Society (Miss J. Jukes)

BUDDA.—Give your parrot a small bone with scarcely an atom of meat on it to play with; it may break him of the trick of picking out his feathers Give him nuts also—Brazil and others.

SARVARI BELA. — Count Benyowski was Supreme Governor of the Island of Madagascar in October, 1775 He was killed in an encounter with the French, May 23rd, 1786 "*Wild Kathleen*" has not been republished.

AMO.—Your first duty is to obey your mother. We think your mind and heart must be in a sad state to write such a letter as you have done on the subject. How could you expect God's blessing on your future?

BARBARA. — The names "Guelph" and "Ghibeline" originated with the Suabian Dynasty, and were used first in the quarrel between Conrad the Third, founder of the Suabian line, and Henry Duke of Bavaria, who opposed his election. The friends of Henry were then called "Guelphs," after one of his ancestors, and those of Conrad "Ghibelines,' after Wibelung, a town in which his ancestors resided. The greatest Prince of the Suabian Dynasty was Frederick Barbarossa. For your second query we must refer you to our indexes.

L. M.—Turnips and other vegetables infected with the wire-worm may be cleared of them by means of frogs, who will also rid you of slugs and caterpillars. We named this before. Before you dress vegetables, always leave them for an hour or more in salt and water. This will bring out all vermin.

L. WARDROPER. — Headaches, as we have often said, proceed from various causes. If, as it would appear, your own are the result of anxiety and over-fatigue, go away for as long a time as you can be spared, and take perfect rest, going to bed at 9 p.m. When you lie down for rest in the afternoon, lay a light silk handkerchief over your head. Let the colour be blue. Silk is a non-conductor, and blue gives a negative odylic light, which in combination will produce a restful, calming effect. Take care, also, that no one comes in and wakes you out of a brief sleep. You should waken quietly of yourself.

FLO.—We are much obliged, and regret we can make no use of your contributions.

MONICA.—Why not join the Kyrle Society? See "G.O.P.," page 638, vol. iv., and interest yourself in making the poor happier.

JULIETTE ATHELEY. — Pronounce *Suède* (a French word) "Su-ade," the "u" in the French way; forehead as "for-red;" Esther as "Es-ter;" often as "of-fen;" lieutenant as "lef-ten-nant;" and conversazione as "con-ver-satz-e-o-ne." If you cease making such long tops and tails to your letters you will improve your handwriting. Your letter seems covered with spiders' legs.

HOFFNUNG.—There is no demand for translations, and to obtain any kind of literary work is difficult even to experienced writers.

WILL O' THE WISP.—Respectable young women may drive, two together, in a hansom, but we believe that the driver may get into trouble for admitting three. You might work the border of a close-fitting cloth for an afternoon tea-table, to be removed when the tray is placed upon it. Reduce the size of your handwriting, but beware what you do to reduce your fat. The experiment needs great prudence, and a doctor should first be consulted.

SHAKESPEAR.—The sentence, "And an r," is correct; and so is "a universal critic." If you have an ear, euphony should guide you. You would not then say, 'and a r," and no one would understand you if you did.

HORTENSE.—Singeing is better for the hair than cutting it, as it keeps in the juices by forming a little crust over the points.

AN APPRECIATIVE READER, and Others.—The new cure for digestive troubles is to take a glass of very hot water before breakfast and at 11 a.m., or else half an hour before going to bed at night. It has the merit of cheapness and simplicity, and is said to cure bad cases of indigestion in a few months. As much as a pint and a half is taken by some people. Great heat is needful.

M. E. JAMES:—The substitute for corsets appears to be a well-fitting underbodice, which may be made from the pattern of a dress bodice so as to secure a good one. The material may be jean, piqué, or coutil, and bones may be placed where the dress whalebones are usually inserted. Many ladies find a small riding corset enough. According to the newest lights cast on clothing, the corset is retained, but the material altered from linen, cotton, or silk, to wool.

SPERO MELIORA (Sydney).—We fear the summer and winter numbers are out of print, but we will remember your wishes. The fashion of ladies making use of the tricycle is on the increase in England.

SIGNORINA. — Although "your light" is to "shine before men that they may see your good works," you must remember that "your life is hidden," which means that the true seat of the Christian life is within you, in a pure heart, a tender conscience, and a fervent love to God and man, which shows itself by doing good to all. We never advise our girls to go abroad to the Continent.

R. T. and GWENDOLYNN T.—We should treat everyone with ladylike politeness. "Bitter sarcasm" is not Christian, and we have no right to wound anyone nor to hurt our own souls by such feelings. Gwendolynn must follow her father's advice as far as she can. She probably does not understand what he wishes.

GRACE POSTE.—We are indeed thankful to hear that you have found such help in our Answers to Correspondents. Go on steadily and prayerfully in the plain path of duty to God, and man.

BYRON.—We could not give an opinion as to the salary you might obtain, as you do not state your capabilities.

L. E. A. H. (Yorks).—Our correspondent means cupboard doors, we imagine. A small bookcase of pine would be made by any carpenter at a cheap rate, and you could stain and varnish it yourself.

E. V. R.—We could not give addresses; but you might find those of all the wholesale grocers in London in a directory.

FLOSS SILK.—Send to the publishers, 56, Paternoster Row, E.C., for "Present Day Tracts," price 2s. 6d. a volume (on all the religious unbelief of the day). At the same address you can obtain a "Concordance."

E.A.S.—You would have to advertise, or form a connection by means of private friends. We do not know any special district in London.

YOUNG WIFE.—Blue satin sheeting would answer very well for mantel-piece curtains, and if you paint in "Lustra," you might decorate them in that way.

DARIE.—A violet means "modest worth."

JUNO, SATURN'S FRIEND.—Pack your furs with plenty of pepper on them in linen bags, or a tin box; beat them well and brush them before you put them away. Carbonate of soda is manufactured on a very large scale from common salt (known in commerce under the name of soda-ash, or alkali) in Lancashire, and near Glasgow and Newcastle. Soda crystals, caustic soda, and bi-carbonate are also made from soda-ash.

AN UNHAPPY AND SENSITIVE GIRL should take plenty of exercise and bathing, and if she drink beer, should leave it off.

A CONSTANT READER.—The piece you describe is some of James II.'s "Gun money," coined in Ireland. It is worth about 1s., and represented one.

TROUBLESOME GIRL wishes to thank a (self-called) "Useless Girl" for a recipe she gave which has proved quite successful.

A. E. H. should apply direct to the secretary at the office of the Civil Service Commissioners, Cannon-row, S.W., for the information required. She gives "City Road, E.C.," as her address, and thus it is evident that the office is quite within easy reach.

MARIE.—The book is published anonymously, so we could not tell the author's name even if we knew it.

SIRIUS says she has found bog myrtle, dried and put into muslin bags, an excellent thing to prevent moths coming into furs. Her handwriting is rather careless.

C. W. S. (Warwick).—The amount of salary as matron would vary from £40 to £60 or £80 per annum, according to the size of the institution or the work required of her. The "target" is the neck and the breast of mutton without the shoulder. It is only a butcher's term.

WYCH HAZEL. —The Victoria Cross was instituted February 5th, 1856, for both Army and Navy. The Queen conferred it on sixty-two persons, from both services, in Hyde Park, 26th June, 1857.

THE MAY QUEEN.—Umbrellas were used as a state appendage in the East from the earliest period. We find them on the ancient wall paintings held over kings and queens in India, Egypt, and Assyria.

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

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SEVEN YEARS FOR RACHEL;

OR, WELSH PICTURES SKETCHED FROM LIFE.

BY ANNE BEALE.

CHAPTER XIV.

A FEMALE PEDLAR.

I HAVE made casual mention of a woman who, from her occupation, has acquired the name of Cotton Ball. I must now introduce her more particularly to my readers as the most indefatigable of female pedlars. Carrying a large basket of cottons, tapes, shoe-ribbons, laces, pins, needles, and the like, she travels the country over with untiring activity. Short and sturdy, with a quick, calculating look, and a round good-tempered face, she is the very personification of industry. Her large wooden shoes and coarse black stockings are made for wear, not for show, and they answer their purpose admirably. She is here, there, and everywhere. Her usual circuit is from ten to twenty miles in a day. There is not a farmhouse or labourer's cottage within eight or ten miles of our town that she does not visit. Every workbox in the country is stocked

All rights reserved.] "SHE BEGGED COTTON BALL TO GIVE HER BEST AND MOST DUTIFUL LOVE TO HER FATHER."

from her basket; and it may almost be said that every tongue is stored with her gleanings, for in her rounds she gathers in such a rich crop of news as to render her granary inexhaustible. For births, deaths, and marriages, she is better than a parish register; and for knowing what "everybody said to everybody," she has not her equal. Such is Cotton Ball, the little square body who found herself, one fine July morning, at the farm, selling cottons and tapes to Mrs. Shenkin with praiseworthy patience.

"There's Cotton Ball, I declare," said Sally to Rachel, as they were busily employed in cleaning the milk pails and churn. "Oh! I'm so glad, for I don't know when's the time I've been to town; and I want I don't know how many things."

Off ran Sally to hide herself in a corner of the kitchen where "mistress" could not easily see her, and where she could listen whilst the walking newspaper read out its contents. Rachel, less anxious for gossip, continued to scrub her pail, but intended to watch Cotton Ball's departure, that she might send a message by her to her father. The chief subject of Cotton Ball's conversation with Mrs. Shenkin was the approaching election, which called forth a volume of abuse from the latter, whose temper was much chafed by the return of two Conservative members for the county. She was a Liberal—that is to say, she was one of those amiable characters occasionally said to exist among the fair sex, who are anything and everything by contradiction. Mr. Shenkin was a Conservative; Mrs. Shenkin was, consequently, a Radical, and had put her veto against his voting for a Conservative.

"Shall you go to the election, Mrs. Shenkin?" asked Cotton Ball, whilst she was measuring three yards and a half of shoe-ribbon.

"*I*, indeed! not I. *I* go to see those Tory men chaired! I'd walk twenty miles the other way."

"I suppose Mr. Shenkin will go?" continued Cotton Ball, cutting off the ribbon.

"Mr. Shenkin, indeed! I don't suppose any such thing. I should like to see him, that's all."

"Why," pursued the imperturbable Cotton Ball, taking up one of her namesakes in her hand, "I thought he was a Red; and there isn't one o' them that will stay away. This is capital cotton, ma'am; how many balls shall I put you?"

Mrs. Shenkin felt irate. When did she not? But thinking it better to restrain her ire in the present company, she bought half-a-dozen balls of cotton, insisting upon having what she called a baker's half-dozen, or one over and above.

"How's Rachel Lewis getting on?" asked Cotton Ball.

"Oh, pretty well, considering," replied Mrs. Shenkin; which was bestowing a higher meed of praise upon Rachel than she had ever yet granted to anyone. "She wasn't used to hard work when she came, but I haven't much to say against the girl."

"That will be good news to carry to Jackey Bach, poor soul; and he needs comfort, for he is very poorly."

"Don't you go and say that to Rachel now," began Mrs. Shenkin. But Cotton Ball changed the conversation to a history of "Tom Jones's bidding," and soon took fast hold of Mrs. Shenkin's thoughts and attention.

In the meantime Sally slipped away, and made Rachel miserable by detailing what she had heard concerning her father. Rachel begged Sally to remain within call of her mistress, whilst she ran a few paces down the road to wait until Cotton Ball should pass. Cotton Ball continued her histories of neighbours this, that, and the other, as long as Mrs. Shenkin was pleased to purchase any of her goods; but when she perceived that no more money was forthcoming, she prepared to take her departure. Sally then entered, saying that she wanted some "cottons and needles, and 'oorsted," during the purchase of which articles she contrived to whisper to Cotton Ball that Rachel was expecting her down the road. Off trotted Cotton Ball, walking as quickly when she left the farm as she had walked when she came to it. She was met by Rachel, who entreated her to say at once what was the matter with her father.

"Oh! not much, Rachel Fach," was the answer. "Don't be frightened—he's been a little ailing and weak lately, that's all. Young William Davies" (a blush from Rachel) "happened to be sitting with him when I saw him yesterday. I said I was coming here to-day, and he managed to leave and to wait for me out in the lane. He told me to tell you that he thought if you could come home for a day it might do your father good, for he was pining to see you. William told me to be sure to say, also, that, if you couldn't come, you might depend upon your father's being well attended to; and I must say that if he had been Jackey's own son, he couldn't have been more tender-like in his ways."

Rachel felt as if she were committing a sin in allowing pleasure to mingle with her sorrow for her father's illness; still, there was not only pleasure but hope in the thought that her father was at least receiving attention from William. She begged Cotton Ball to give her best and most dutiful love to her father, and to tell William that she would use every endeavour to go home immediately, "and say," she added, "that I am very grateful to him for his kindness to my father." She had a secret hope that William would contrive to see Cotton Ball on the morrow. "Tell them I am very well, please, and very——" She was going to say "happy," but the word would not be articulated.

"Oh yes, my dear," said the good-natured vender of small wares, "I will say everything that's proper; but if I swore you were happy, nobody would believe it."

After shaking Rachel warmly by the hand, and telling her "not to fret," Cotton Ball pursued her way, and Rachel returned to the house. She was met by Sally, who said, "Now, don't you be going straight to tell claps upon me, if mistress asks you where you've been. I said you were gone with master's dinner."

"Oh, Sally!" began Rachel, "how I wish——"

"There now, none of your wishes, only don't you go and play me a bad turn for a good one, that's all."

Rachel was greeted by Mrs. Shenkin with the dreaded question, "Where have you been?" So she resolved, if possible, to get the worst over at once, without compromising her friend.

"Please ma'am, I have just seen Cotton Ball," she said.

"Oh! you have, have you—and what then?" was Mrs. Shenkin's unpromising reply.

"She says my father's very ill, ma'am, and I want to ask leave to go and see him."

Mrs. Shenkin became inflamed. "Never, as long as I live, will I buy another thing of that impudent woman,—to go and tell after all, and I spending shillings and pounds with her!"

"I asked how my father was, ma'am, and she couldn't help telling me," interposed Rachel.

"It's no matter to me who asked or who told; but you shan't go, that's certain. Your father's as well as I am, and it's all a trick made up amongst you. These busy times too; the hay not half in, and every hand wanted. I wonder you can have the face to ask, and you haven't been here six months yet; but some people are so bold!"

"If I might go on Sunday, ma'am, and come back early on Monday," suggested Rachel.

"No, you shan't go at all," replied Mrs. Shenkin, with a determined voice. "Go you out to the hay-field, and let me hear no more of this."

Rachel was obliged to submit, for the present at least, and she proceeded, with a heavy heart, to the hay-field. When she arrived there her tears were flowing fast. Mr. Shenkin, kind-hearted man, perceived them, and asked what was the matter. Rachel recounted her grievances.

"There, never you cry," he said, in the tone of determination he was known occasionally to assume in the absence of his wife; "take my word for it, you shall go home between this and Sunday. Don't you be fretting or talking to your mistress about it, only wait patiently till Sunday."

Rachel had not much faith in Mr. Shenkin's promises, or at least in his power to keep them; still, she had no alternative but to wait patiently until she saw whether there was any probability of their being fulfilled. Mrs. Shenkin's resolutions she knew were always obstinately adhered to, and only strengthened by opposition. Cotton Ball had visited the farm on a Monday, and Rachel thought that the days which intervened between it and Sunday would never pass. Every minute seemed an hour. Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday crept by, and her hopes diminished with them, for Mr. Shenkin evidently had not mentioned the subject to his wife, who, as evidently, had no intention of revoking her determination.

On Thursday evening, the day's hay-making being done, Mr. Shenkin was seen to walk towards the village. Nine, ten, eleven o'clock struck, and he did not return. Now, as no one knew whither he was gone, it is not astonishing that Mrs. Shenkin, accustomed as she was not only to be informed of her husband's actions but to rule them, should be filled with surprise, not to say displeasure, at this unprecedented conduct. The two men were sent in search of him, and returned, saying that he was gone to Farmer James's, Llandewy, to meet a party. Llandewy was nearly five miles off, and as Mrs. Shenkin found it inconvenient to go and fetch him, which she ardently desired to do, she consoled herself by giving loose to her tongue.

"This was what he was plotting all the week then—this was why James Llandewy and he were putting their heads together—this was why he 'my deared' me twenty times as much as usual! I wonder what will come next? He shall pay for it, he shall. James Llandewy, too—as big a Red as ever breathed. And you, too, Rachel and Sally, I dare say you knew all about it, but didn't choose to tell."

Rachel and Sally had been attentive but quiet auditors of all Mrs. Shenkin's proceedings, Sally making the most extraordinary grimaces, and rubbing her hands every time Mrs. Shenkin's back was turned. Her reply, when appealed to by her mistress, was, "Deed, ma'am, I never knew a word about it. I wouldn't for the world hurt your feelings; but I should never have thought master would have gone; I should as soon think of his going to the 'lection to-morrow itself, and I'm sure all of us is the same. Dear me! I daresay he's enjoying himself famous though over there. 'Tis a capital place to go to—all Reds, I'll warrant me. Not a Blue dare show his nose at Llandewy."

Mrs. Shenkin looked furious. "Hold your tongue directly," she said; "what do you know about it? Go you to bed both of you, and mind you, don't you let anybody into this house to-night."

Off went the girls, whilst Mrs. Shenkin perambulated the house, barred and locked every door and window, and secured every inlet so well that even Mr. Shenkin, lean as he was, could not have entered. Having taken these measures, she then proceeded to bed, but not to sleep.

Rachel is also a watcher, but from a different cause. She is thinking of her father, and imagining a thousand evils. He might be dangerously ill—she might never see him again—he might be reproaching her for not coming to him—in short, she has fancied so many "he mights," that she is making up her mind to go and see him at all risks, when she is aroused from her meditations by a violent knocking at the house door. Up jumps Sally.

Her ears are quick enough, and so are her mistress's. Mrs. Shenkin, however, continues to keep in bed, whilst loud knock on knock and kick on kick resound.

"Hillo! Mrs. Shenkin! open the door," cries a voice in very loud tones.

Can it possibly be Mr. Shenkin's? It calls again, and Mrs. Shenkin thinks it is a strange voice—another appears to join with it—who can it be? Mrs. Shenkin jumps out of bed and steals gently towards the window. Nothing to be seen there, but laughter is audible, and she thinks she hears Mr. Shenkin's small "he, he, he." She dares not assure herself by opening the window, for it creaks so terribly, and she does not choose to speak yet. A few more kicks and a loud "Hollo, Mrs. Shenkin," from several voices. An "Open the door, my dear," assures her that Mr. Shenkin is present, but what he can be doing with so many people she cannot conceive. She listens attentively, and fancies she can distinguish Farmer James's voice saying—

"Holloa louder, Shenkin. Are you afraid?"

Mr. Shenkin mutters something, and attempts another "Open the door, my dear. They sleep very sound in general," he adds.

"So it seems," ejaculates a gruff voice, which Mrs. Shenkin immediately recognises as proceeding from a certain Mr. Thomas, Glanmere, a man of consequence, upon whom she has ever looked with much respect and some awe, because he farms his own estate and has plenty of money.

"Never saw a man locked out of his own house before. I'll take care how I get married," says a fresh voice, with a laugh, in which everyone seems to join.

"Let's go on to the election, and fetch out the horses again," says the gruff-voiced Mr. Thomas.

One more kicking at the door, and a general "Hollo, Mrs. Shenkin," succeed in *awaking* the mistress of the mansion, who, at last, opens the window.

"Who's there?" she cries.

"It's me, my dear, and Mr. Thomas, Glanmere, and Mr. James, Llandewy, and Farmer Rees, Llasendi, and—and—and we've all been here knocking and calling this half-hour." Mr. Shenkin ejaculates this in a voice that means to be determined, but that trembles a little upon the word "hour."

"Not very hospitable, Mrs. Shenkin," says Mr. Thomas, "keeping your friends out of doors at this time of night."

"Why, it's an odd hour for visiting," replies Mrs. Shenkin, "but I'll dress and come down directly."

She was one of those persons who accustom themselves to lose no time in adorning the exterior. Some four or five minutes generally sufficed her for this purpose; but then, to be sure, she was not over-fond of cold water at an early hour, and had not a particularly good stock of brushes and combs. On the present occasion she was even more expeditious than usual. She opened the door, and had to shake hands with the portly Mr. Thomas and her other friends, during which operation Mr. Shenkin slid into the house.

"We're taking you by surprise, ma'am," said Mr. Thomas, Glanmere, "but we're all on our way to the election, and as no good Red ought to think of sleeping to-night, we accepted Shenkin's invitation to make this a half-way house, so here we are, you see."

"Oh! to be sure," said Mrs. Shenkin in no very promising tones; but she set about renewing the fire. She then placed bread and cheese, meat and beer upon the table, endeavouring to kill her husband by *a look the while*; but he pertinaciously averted his eye.

Meek Mr. Shenkin was meek no longer. Supported by influential friends, he was another man. He told his wife that he intended to go to the election, and thought she had much better go too. The mare would carry her and Rachel capitally, for it was but fair that Rachel should have a holiday, particularly as she wanted to see her father, who was ill.

During this speech Mr. Shenkin did not once venture to look his wife in the face, for he felt what he should encounter; so did his friends, who were enjoying the joke. But who can describe the conflicting passions with which Mrs. Shenkin's breast was ruffled? Why, this was rebellion—downright rebellion! and that in a quarter where she least expected it. Rage and fear struggled for the mastery. She took up the loaf as if she intended to throw it at something, but she changed her mind and put it down again. She looked alternately at her husband and the portly Mr. Thomas. The former was apparently careless of what she either did or said; the latter looked so provokingly composed that she knew any attack upon him would be worse than useless; besides, he was a rich gentleman-farmer, and farmed his own estate. James of Llandewy and his son, too, were contemplating her struggles with malicious eyes.

But she was determined to quit the field with *honours*; so, with a glance of extreme contempt, she said, addressing the party, "*I* go to the election indeed! *I* go to see two Reds chaired! Reds truly! that do us no good any way either at home or abroad; that pick our pockets to get high rents and tithes when they are in the country, and, when they get up to London, lay their heads together to make the times harder than they already are. I wonder you ain't all ashamed of yourselves, I do. It's time for all decent people to be getting up, and here are you smoking and drinking. But good night, or good morning, whichever you like. I won't countenance such doings any longer."

Having delivered this speech, and looked unutterable things at her husband and his friends, Mrs. Shenkin flounced out of the room. During the conference below Sally had stationed herself at the head of the stairs, and sucked in every word that passed with greedy ear. All Rachel's whispered entreaties could not make her return.

"Mistress's turn now, thank goodness. Well done, master!" she ejaculated; then off she crept to Rachel. "There now, Rachel, get up early, and if you can manage to behave anything like other folk, you may go to the election and to your father too."

(To be continued.)

AT THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

THE BRITISH SCHOOL.

At the time all those beautiful pictures were being produced which enrich the churches in Italy and Germany, and fill the different galleries of Europe, what were we doing in England?

The great renaissance of art and revival of learning in Italy took place at a time when the chivalry of France regarded learning with disdain, and the powerful nobles of England could barely read or write. Yet during that time, when the arts flourished so gloriously on the Continent, there certainly were some few painters in England, although their names have not come down to us, and but little of their work.

From time to time, when the whitewash of centuries is peeled off the walls of our old churches, the fragments of coloured decorations (faint and pale indeed) are revealed to our eyes. But the examination of these fragments leads us only to the conclusion that, although these paintings may have been considered meritorious (in some instances even admirable) in their own time as having given the added charm of colour to the "long drawn aisle and fretted vault" of many an English cathedral, still they could never have taken rank with the early efforts of Italian art.

The art of illumination—I mean the pictorial illustration of manuscripts—was practised in England from very early times, and carried on until after the introduction of the printing press. Examples of English work in this branch of art have been preserved to us sufficient to show considerable merit in the monkish painters. We can still see the very stools on which they sat, and the desks at which they wrote and drew, in quiet corners against the narrow windows, in the writing chambers of the great monasteries; and we can imagine them at their work, painfully and slowly, day by day, working out their quaint fancies on the margin of the broad parchment sheets before them, on which the sacred words of the gospel were already inscribed in the queer and crooked characters known as "black letter." In the British Museum are several of these curious and interesting illuminated manuscripts. But these efforts did not lead to the rise of any school of painting in England. I have therefore to confess that our earliest English artistic records amount to little more than the account of our hospitalities towards those various artists who visited us from countries where the arts already flourished: these were chiefly German or Flemish.

I have before referred to Quentin Matsys, the blacksmith lad of Antwerp, as having been one of the first painters who visited England. That was in the reign of Henry VII. While here he painted the portrait of Henry VIII., then an infant. He was followed by many artist visitors, chiefly portrait painters, the only form of art which we English seem to have cared for. I fear at that time our vanity may have had more to do with our patronage of art than any great love of painting for its own sake.

Mabuse, another Flemish artist, resided awhile in England, also in the time of Henry VII. Like all his countrymen, he delighted in elaborate imitation of details. He was also a terrible spendthrift. There is a story told of him which illustrates alike his improvident habits and his powers of imitation. Before his visit to England, while in the service of a certain Marquis de Veere, the Emperor, Charles V. of Spain, paid a visit to his patron. On this occasion the marquis provided for his principal retainers some splendid white satin damask, in order that they might be becomingly attired for the State reception. Mabuse undertook to superintend the making of his own suit, and received the damask for that purpose. On making his appearance, it was observed how very much handsomer *his* dress was than that of any of his companions. The richness of the material and beauty of the pattern attracted even the Emperor's notice. Great was his surprise, on closer inspection of the dress, to discover that it was merely painted paper. Mabuse had sold the silk at a tavern

"THE MARRIAGE A LA MODE."—BY HOGARTH. NO. I. "THE MARRIAGE CONTRACT."

"THE MARRIAGE A LA MODE."—BY HOGARTH. NO. 2. "SHORTLY AFTER MARRIAGE."

haunt, and spent the money for his own pleasures. He had then manufactured a splendid looking substitute out of common paper and paint.

Holbein (born at Augsburg in 1495) lived among us for seventeen years, so long that we feel as if we might almost claim him as a naturalised Englishman. To him do we owe truthful records of faces of such high interest as those of Erasmus, Sir. Thos. More, and his family, and others. He became an established favourite at the court of Henry VIII., and has left us many valuable transcripts of the noted people of that reign, painted with the rich quiet tints of the Van Eycks, and drawn with the same conscientious devotion to truth, whether of beauty or the reverse. The pictured likeness of one lovely lady stands, tall and straight, now in the centre of the long room of Flemish and German Art, at the National Gallery. She wears a black dress trimmed with brown fur, and a hood covers her fair head. Her hands are folded before her, and she looks out at the spectator with a sweet, grave face. She was Duchess Dowager of Milan, the youthful widow of Francesco Sforza, and was proposed to Henry VIII. as his fourth wife. She, however, declined the honour, in a carefully-worded message, to the effect that "had she but been blest with two heads, one would have been completely at his majesty's service." This is a noble specimen of Holbein's powers of portraiture.

Our next noteworthy artist-visitor was Sir Anthony More. He was born at Utrecht, and is, for that reason, classed among Flemish painters, but his studies were made in Italy. His name is often given in an Italianised form, as Antonij Moro. He painted chiefly portraits, but his work shows that he had studied Titian and the Venetian masters to good purpose; for his colouring is rich and full, like theirs. He was employed much by the Emperor Charles V. in Spain, and was sent by him to paint the portrait of our Queen Mary, the wife of that emperor's son. He stayed some time among us. His name is not so well known as it deserves to be, from his habit of not signing his pictures. They have often in consequence been attributed to other artists of well-known fame.

In the reign of Queen Elizabeth we first begin to meet a few names of native artists. These are chiefly painters of portraits in miniature.

Both Rubens and Vandyke visited us. Rubens received knighthood from Charles I., as did also Vandyke. Moreover, the latter was induced to settle in England. He received the title of "Painter to His Majesty," with a pension of £200 a year for life. He married an English wife, and had a country house at Eltham in Kent (where he spent part of his summers), as well as a handsome town house, and was finally buried in old St. Paul's. He was born in Antwerp, and settled in England in 1632, when he was thirty-three years of age. England possesses many fine works by this prince of portrait painters. At Windsor there is the Vandyke Gallery, and at Warwick Castle is to be seen the stately picture of King Charles I. on horseback. He is not so well represented in the National Gallery as his influence on English art merits. There is one masterpiece there by him, No. 52, a head full of dignified expression, a portrait of a gentleman, formerly misnamed as Gevartius.

Sir Peter Lely and Sir Godfrey Kneller are the next names we are bound to mention. Wornum, in his "Epochs of Painting," justly observes that "Kneller was as far inferior to Lely as Lely was to Vandyke." The mantle of Vandyke certainly fell upon neither of them.

Lely came to England in 1641, the year of Vandyke's death. He was knighted by Charles II. At Hampton Court we have a good opportunity of becoming acquainted with Lely's somewhat showy and meretricious style, in the succession of pictures of pretty women, all more or less dressed out and affected looking, known as the gallery of "the Beauties of the Court of Charles II."

Sir Godfrey Kneller may be considered the successor of Sir Peter Lely as the painter of fashionable life. He painted the portraits of no less than eight crowned heads, five of these being actually English sovereigns—namely, Charles II., James II., William III., Queen Anne, and George I. The last-named monarch made him a baronet. Walpole relates that Charles II., to save himself the trouble of double sittings, insisted that Lely and Kneller should paint him at the same time. The inferior artist, Kneller, finished his portrait before Lely was more than half way through his work, and the king was so delighted with his rapidity that his fortune was made in consequence. Though but a showy and indifferent artist, we must do him the justice to mention

that the first drawing academy in London where artists could acquire the rudiments of their profession, is stated to have been presided over by Sir Godfrey Kneller.

The foreign artists I have named were all painters of portraits. They are each of them represented by one or more pictures in the National Gallery.

Next came the two Vanderveldes, father and son, Dutchmen, painters of sea-pieces. They were established here, in the service of Charles II. and James II., with a salary of £100 a year each; their business being to commemorate England's naval victories. In their day, these were chiefly over the Dutch, their own countrymen. The Vanderveldes had been eye-witnesses to some of those great naval engagements. We know not whether, as Dutchmen, they may have sailed with Van Tromp, when he hoisted a broom at his mast-head, and declared he "would sweep the English from the seas;" or, whether, already enlisted in our service, it had become their painful duty to observe and record how the English were *not* swept from the high seas. Anyhow, their pictures of sea-fights remain at Hampton Court and at Greenwich Hospital, a perpetual record of our great naval victories over their countrymen. Many very charming renderings of skies and seas, some calm, some stormy, by the younger Vandervelde in the National Gallery give evidence of his true artistic feeling in a branch of art always popular with English men and women.

After this long list of visitors, it is naturally not surprising to find that English art began with the imitation of the best of those artists who had made their home on our hospitable shores, and the influence of Holbein, Vandyke, or Vandervelde may be traced in most of our earliest modern English work, which seems indeed from the first to have run in three distinctly separate streams. The painters of portraits, who, like Vandyke, followed the conventional and academic rules of the latest Italian schools; the painters of domestic scenes, who painted in the matter of fact, *un*-ideal manner of Holbein and Mabuse, with a similar love of detail; and, lastly, the painters of sea and land-scape, who, through patient and conscientious study of nature in all her changing moods, have gradually emerged into an original and unrivalled school of landscape art, culminating in our own times with the great name of J. M. W. Turner, but enriched with many and many a name of lesser note.

Hogarth, Reynolds, and Gainsborough are the first great names of native art of which England can boast.

Hogarth, who painted the domestic life of his time, was one of the most original geniuses that ever lived. Born in the year 1697, in the parish of St. Bartholomew, London, to him 'twas surely given—

"To eye nature's walks, shoot folly as it flies,
And catch the manners, living, as they rise."

In every picture that he painted he never failed to instil some moral lesson that, from its poignant truth and stinging satire, must surely have had some effect on the follies and immoralities of the age in which he lived, an age which he seemed born to chastise, and which he made it his mission to reform.

That his works were so popular as they were shows, however, that the profligacy which paraded itself in the reigns of the second Charles and James was no longer the fashion, and purity of morals was patronised, at any rate, in pictures.

Hogarth formed his style upon the Dutch School. His manner of painting was simple and straightforward, with few graces of colour. His compositions were, however, well studied, and engrave well. With him, his subject, his story (his moral, I might add), was the great thing that absorbed his mind; and how fully and admirably he tells his stories! His satire was as keen as Holbein's, and often nearly as grim as that painter's well-known "Dance of Death." Hogarth's pictures may be likened to three volume novels, full of the most stirring incidents, often of a very disagreeable character. Take one of his best, for instance, the series of pictures that follow each other along one side of a room in the National Gallery—I mean "The Marriage *à la Mode*"—the fashionable marriage, Nos. 113 to 118. It is as sad and heartrending a story as any that Thackeray or George Eliot could pen. The story is told in six pictures.

In the first, "The Marriage Contract," we see the respective fathers of the bride and bridegroom arranging the settlements. The gouty old nobleman, in his velvet embroidered coat, unrolls his chart of nobility, and in a vain-glorious manner points to his armorial tree, which dates from William the Conqueror. On the other side of the table sits the purse-proud old citizen, with spectacles on nose, bag wig, and pig-tail, who on his side carefully scans the marriage contract. The heap of gold pieces on the table before the nobleman plainly indicates what kind of contract that is which they are arranging for their unfortunate children. The nobleman's son will have his debts paid, and the wealthy citizen's daughter will espouse a fine title. The bride and bridegroom sit on a sofa at a little distance, and turn their backs on each other. He takes snuff, and she looks ready to cry.

The second picture is entitled "Shortly after Marriage," and shows us the young couple at breakfast after a night of dissipation. They appear to be disgusted with the whole world and with each other. Everything is in disorder in the room. The clock tells a quarter past twelve. The candles in the chandeliers are still flaring in their sockets. The young bride yawns and stretches, the bridegroom sullenly thrusts his hands in his pockets; apparently he has just had some disagreement with his steward. The old servant, with ledger under his arm and a bundle of unpaid bills in his hand, is about to leave the untidy room shrugging his shoulders, and with an expression of unutterable despair. The story goes sadly on, with its scenes of reckless gaiety, till the jealous husband is killed in a duel, and the wife finally poisons herself from remorse, leaving none to mourn her save a poor, sickly, crippled infant. Each scene is full of character a nd incident, and the series of pictures is a terrible warning against all such unholy contracts. Our illustrations show the first two scenes of the sad story.

It is said that Hogarth would ramble about the streets, and frequent all kinds of company, high and low, even as our great novelist, Charles Dickens, used to do, making notes of all he saw or heard that could add to his knowledge of life. If his note-book was not handy, he would often sketch off a striking head on his thumbnail.

Besides the set of six pictures, "The Marriage *à la Mode*," Hogarth is represented in the National Gallery by some good straightforward portraits. Notably one of himself, a life-size head with shrewd honest features, snub nose, and clear, observant blue eyes. His favourite dog, Trump, a black-faced bulldog, sits bolt upright on the table beside him, with an amiable expression on his canine physiognomy, wonderfully similar to that on his master's face. In the lower corner is represented an artist's palette, on which is drawn the "Line of Beauty and Grace," the double curve, like a letter *S*. This refers to a work Hogarth published entitled "The Analysis of Beauty," wherein he explains his rules for the composition of pictures by reference to this double curve as the ideal line of beauty.

Sir Joshua Reynolds, the great contemporary of Hogarth, was the first of our native portrait painters of whom we are so justly proud. Gainsborough painted at the same time, and though by no means so popular in his own day, is now considered his equal in excellence.

Hogarth, notwithstanding his theory about the ideal "Line of Grace and Beauty," had studied nature more then art, and truth to common life far more than ideal beauty. Reynolds, on the contrary, went to Italy, and spent much time in studying abroad from the works of all the best masters in every style, as his predecessor in portraiture, Vandyke, had done, and with the same object in view, namely, that he might ennoble the art of portraiture with all the charms that colour, grace of line, and light and shade could lend. Instead of the literal transcripts of features, faithful and uncompromising, like the photographic records of Holbein, he has left us broadly treated impressions of his sitters, full of character and charm. He evidently depicted them under their best aspects, and in such a manner as we would all wish to remember our dearest friends, catching, with happy and rapid brush, the fleeting expressions that form the beauty of so many faces, and fixing on the canvas the momentary turn or glance which best render the grace or dignity of the individual character. This feeling for movement and passing expression is hardly compatible with excessive high finish; accordingly we find that Sir Joshua did not aim at the latter quality, but at a certain fine pictorial effect, and a broad and characteristic treatment of his sitter. We possess no less than twenty-two pictures, amongst which one knows not whether to praise most, the naïveté, the perfect childishness of his sweet chubby children, as in the five "Heads of Angels," No. 182; "The Age of Innocence," No. 307; "The Infant Samuel," No. 162; or the manly dignity of the "Lord Heathfield holding the key of the Fortress of Gibraltar in his hand," No. 111; or, in general, the dainty grace of his girls, or the pure womanliness of his matrons.

The National Gallery is rich in several fine pictures and portraits by Gainsborough, the rival of Reynolds. In their portraits, it is impossible not to feel tempted to draw comparisons between them, yet, though their works are often apparently alike, no two men could have been more unlike in themselves, or in their modes of work. Reynolds painted entirely according to rule and theory, elucidated by profound study of the ancient masters; Gainsborough had never been abroad, apparently never troubled himself about theories, but in a simple-hearted manner, with a devoted love of nature, set himself to receive and to reproduce the impressions he received. His portrait of Mrs. Siddons, No. 683, in the National Gallery, shows us the very woman herself as she looked "in her twenty-ninth year," a fair beauty, stately and self-possessed; a sweet smile plays about her rosy lips, a look of latent power is suggested by the perfectly straight pose of the figure. She is represented by Gainsborough in a blue and white striped dress, made in the fashion of that day, with a ponderous black hat and feathers surmounting her puffed and powdered hair. Sir Joshua Reynolds had painted Mrs. Siddons about the same time. He had represented her as the inspired actress, the queen of her art, the muse of Tragedy. She is seated on a throne, over which she throws one arm, while the other is raised, with finger up, as if wrapt in meditation; emblematical figures wait behind bearing the dagger and the poison-cup. Both portraits are perfect pictures, each in its own way, and they seem to admirably exemplify the characters of the two great painters who produced them. The one by Sir Joshua is considered his masterpiece. Reynolds gave the results of his studies and experience to the

art-students of his time in his very able "Discourses on Painting." In one of these he laid it down as a rule that it was impossible to paint an agreeable picture in which blue was the predominating colour. Gainsborough immediately painted and exhibited his famous picture known as "The Blue Boy," an admirable portrait of a handsome lad of about fifteen, dressed in a pretty suit of blue satin, blue from head to foot, blue rosettes on his shoes, and a blue feather sweeping the ground from the hat which he holds in his hand. An artist may, however, not be quite sure that the challenge was fairly answered, if he carefully observes the very cunning way in which the colours are managed. In the first place, the lustrous blue satin takes a shine in the lights so strong that it becomes yellowish white, while the shadows reflect the colours of the brown earth around. The ground and bank surrounding the figure are russet and warm, and the sky is rich with creamy-tinted clouds. We therefore find, on examination, that a very small part of the picture is really blue, after all, notwithstanding that the effect produced is blue; and whether Reynolds' dictum is answerable or not, it has scarcely been negatived by the picture in question.

The rivalry was keen between the two painters, and for a time they were completely estranged. Gainsborough, however, when on his deathbed, sent to beg his rival to come to him, wishing to wipe out all small feelings of jealousy, and to depart from life at peace with all men. Kindly words were spoken, and a complete reconciliation was made at that solemn moment. Gainsborough's last words were, "We are all going to Heaven together, and Vandyke is of the party."

Gainsborough's fame does not rest solely on his portraits. He was also our first great landscape painter. Born in a quiet little village in Suffolk, his first spacious painting room was beneath the blue sky, in lane or wooded vale, and it was after these unaided attempts from nature had shown the boy's decided genuis for painting, that, at the age of fourteen, he was sent up to London to study. In the National Gallery we possess some charming specimens of his love for his native scenes, in "The Market Cart," No 80, "The Watering Place," No. 109, and others, depicting quiet pools with sleepy cattle, luxuriant foliage backed by great white rolling clouds, all so fresh, so dewy, so thoroughly truthful. We know not whether his portraits or his landscapes charm us most, or best entitle him to the higher artistic rank.

The tired and dusty Londoner, tied to City life and work, can nowhere spend a more refreshing half-hour than by seating himself before these simple, healthy peeps of English country life, and, letting his imagination carry him along down one of those shady green lanes, follow the rustic cart, as it jogs on in front of him, until the peaceful, restful feeling as of the real scene steals into his heart and brain.

E. F. BRIDELL-FOX.

MUSIC AND METHOD AT A GERMAN CONSERVATOIRE.

By ELEANORE D'ESTERRE-KEELING.

"Do you really believe in the German conservatoires?" I am frequently asked; to which I invariably reply, "Certainly I do," though I do not go so far as to say, as the director of one of those institutions once did to me, "Our method would teach an ass to play the piano."

No, the "method," if patiently and perseveringly practised, will really teach any being possessed of the usual manual organs to play with as much accuracy and brilliancy of execution as the very best of those charming street-pianos, which seem to possess such a fascination for the English ear, though nowhere in Germany would such an exasperating nuisance be tolerated. Perhaps this may account for the degree of excellence toiled for and attained by the human machines there.

Now, do not think that I mean to acknowledge that there exists any less true musical feeling in Germany than in England. We have human musical machinery everywhere, but in Germany it has arrived at its greatest perfection, which is all due to the "method." In a word, the training of the finger at the conservatoires is perfect; but, after all, the fingers are to the musician but as the soldiers to the general, and we say the Duke of Wellington won Waterloo, not his soldiers.

So our music-general must, having trained his soldiers and assured himself of their complete obedience, individually and collectively, be also possessed of two qualities which he does not share with the street piano—namely, musical feeling and conception—and for these, alas! the "method" does not provide. The former must come "like Dian's kiss, unasked, unsought," but the latter must be attained by continued study; and here, unfortunately, the method cannot help. I once asked a musician—truly a musician, in the best sense of the word—from whom had he learnt. His answer was, "Principally from Carl Heymann"—he was himself Carl Heymann! "And," continued my master, for such he then was, "you, too, must learn from yourself. I cannot teach; I can only guide you."

But to return to the conservatoire question. Perhaps some may like to know a little of the working of these institutions They are all very much alike in most points, and I will describe the one I know best—Stuttgart. This one, at the time I entered it, which was in the year 1873, had an enormous number of pupils of every nationality, among the most distinguished being Russians, German-Americans, and English, the latter especially excellent in composition, chief among them being William Jackson, the son of the composer of the well-known "Te Deum," himself the writer of many beautiful songs and glees, who would assuredly have been one of the brightest ornaments of the conservatoire had not his career been closed by death ere he had left it two years.

Of the masters, the principal ones were Professors Lebert and Stark, whose names figure on the "Piano School," Lebert being indeed the inventor of the "method," and Stark the harmonious setter of his digital ideas, if I may so express myself; Professor Wilhelm Krüger, whose *salon* music is popular everywhere; and Professor Pruckner, pianist to the Court of Wurtemberg, whose exquisite playing in the purest style is, unfortunately for the lovers of music, rarely heard outside his own little circle—fame evidently not being one of his aspirations.

The conservatoire is divided into two parts—namely, the artist and the amateur schools. We of the artist school, besides having the privilege of paying considerably higher fees, enjoyed the right of looking down upon the amateur school with a virtuous sense of superiority, of which we availed ourselves to the fullest extent. For concerts, we could buy tickets at reduced prices, and for our own *ensemble* evenings, which took place once a week, we first were supplied with tickets of admission and the amateurs simply allowed to fill up the remaining gaps, which was quite enough for them, as we thought! These *ensemble* evenings were the joy and dread of our lives. Owing to the large number of students, each one could only play, at the most, two or three times during each session. Oh, the exquisite misery of those occasions! How each one longed for his or her turn to come to mount the platform and perform before a large and sympathetic audience! But at the back of this platform sat all the professors in a row, each armed with his best silk hat, which he held in his hand all the time; and this formidable array had to be passed ere we could reach the piano.

How many a young heart has quaked before this ordeal, which, after all, was not so terrible, except in imagination, for our masters were most kind and encouraging. One piece of pedagogical wisdom, however, they could not shake off, namely: the students assembled as listeners were not allowed to applaud their comrades, no matter how successful these might be—a rule which, I may add, was broken on every occasion, in spite of the invariably repeated threats of our director to turn out the offenders; before he could rise from his seat a hearty round of applause was effected, and ere he had detected the culprits, perfect silence reigned again.

At our examination concerts, which were held once a year and occupied five afternoons, only the best pupils were allowed to perform. We had an orchestra to assist us, and we played concertos, as well as solos, diversified by singing. Needless to say, the artist pupils played first and the amateurs on the last days, and "nobody went to their concerts."

One of the most useful features of the Stuttgart system is that every artist-pupil who has been a year in the institution must teach under the supervision of a master. The pupils given us were children, the beginners from the amateur school. We had four of these together, and the lesson lasted two hours, the master coming in frequently to see that all was going well. It was most excellent training for us as teachers, and served to keep the "method" fresh in our minds. This "method" consists in holding the hand and arm in a perfectly straight line from the elbow to the second finger-joint, and then learning to move each joint separately. In striking a note an unpractised hand throws up the knuckles; this is what our method cannot tolerate.

From this my readers will probably infer that there is no great difficulty in mastering the method; but this is a mistake—only those who have tried it can imagine what an undertaking it is. So well, however, do the professors of the *conservatoire* understand this, that they only allow their pupils to practise twenty minutes at a time, and, in all, but two hours every day for the first months. Even this moderate dose is too much for some specially nervous organisations, and I have known a few cases where the pupil has been threatened by St. Vitus's dance in consequence of it. Given, however, the strength to support it, once it is accomplished you have all the materials at your disposal for painting every description of tone picture; and if you can only make a mono-chrome the fault lies not in your colours, but in your own inability to blend them harmoniously—a consummation to be attained by loving, patient study.

One thing more. If through this or any other method you have attained to some degree of perfection in the manipulation of your instrument—be that what it may—never allow yourself to regard that perfection as the end you have worked to obtain, but rather as the means by which to attain a far nobler end. Beethoven in composing his great sonatas never had the desire of supplying food to feed the vanity of an executant. It was his mode of expressing the great thoughts which filled his soul. Seek, therefore, to grasp these, to understand and value them, and then let your interpretation of them show that your whole desire is to guide others through this world so little known, not to desecrate it by running a steeplechase through it in the hope of gaining the praise for yourself of an unthinking crowd.

ANGEL-VISITS.

By the Rev. SAMUEL K. COWAN, M.A.

Do angels ever visit us?
  As poets often sweetly sing;
Do angels visit mortals thus?
  Or is it but a fancied thing?

If ever to the blind of sight—
  If, unto hearts that blindly grope,
Your hand hath been a guiding light,
  Your words have been a ray of hope;

If ever wrath were turned aside
  By thee, by some soft answer stayed;
If, at sweet morn or eventide,
  Ever your heart for others prayed;

If ever, by soft words and mild,
  You raised a fainting spirit up;
If ever, to a thirsting child,
  You held love's little water cup;

If ever you have striven to save
  A spirit, wandering erringly;
If ever to the poor you gave
  The cheerful gift of charity;

Tho' the dear Presence was unseen,
  And tho' unheard the "hail!" it said—
At these bright times your heart has been
  By some dear angel visited!

HIS GOOD SISTER.

CHAPTER III.

FOR a few weeks Lady Braybrooke's plan seemed to have worked quite a transformation in her grandchild. She applied herself to her studies with a zeal which she had never before shown, and really began to make most satisfactory progress, particularly in her painting. How much this was due to the fact that Mrs. Fortescue was out of town was not discovered for some time afterwards by her grandmother. Jealousy of Ruth had something to do with her sudden fit of industry. She meant to show them that in art, if in nothing else, she was the cleverer of the two.

So she worked and triumphed, and was congratulated most cordially by her fellow-student upon her frankly admitted superiority. This was gratifying, but after a time it lost the charm of novelty, Cissy relaxed her efforts, and her progress grew slower.

Just at this time Ruth was suffering a great deal of anxiety about Ted. The letter to which we alluded in the last chapter had informed her that he was coming up to town to enter his name as a student at St. Bartholomew's Hospital. She was afraid from all she had heard that it was a life full of temptations for a disposition like his. He wrote as if he were delighted to escape the monotony of home life, and complained that "the governor had left no margin for extravagance in the screw" that he was to have. Lady Braybrooke too, whose manner was increasing in kindness towards Ruth, and who consequently was becoming more and more attached to her, had been ailing a great deal lately, and occupied her time and thoughts so much that Cissy's diminished enthusiasm had passed unnoticed. Then Mrs. Fortescue returned to town, and her influence was once more in the ascendant. Disregarding her grandmother's wishes on the subject, and finding home duller than ever, Cissy escaped from it at every opportunity, for the society of her injudicious friend. Once more Lady Braybrooke remonstrated with her.

"Do you think it honourable of her to encourage you to go to her house when she knows, I think, you are at the art-school?" she asked.

"How did you know that?" cried Cissy, quickly; "I know Ruth has been telling tales."

"Oh, it is true then?" said her grandmother. "And it is you yourself, and not Ruth, who is my informant."

"Well, I should not go there if you did not make such a fuss about my going other times," said Cissy, poutingly. "I cannot see why you should dislike Mrs. Fortescue. She is so charming, and bright, and kind, and you know, granny dear, it is rather dull here. We never go anywhere or see anybody now, and there are always such amusing people at her house."

"I am sorry mine is not to your taste. It is dull, I daresay, especially after the gaieties of your father's home!" said the old lady, in a very sarcastic tone. "Perhaps you would like to return to it?"

"Now, granny dear, you are unkind. You know I do not want to leave you," said Cissy, with her pretty, childish pout; "but even if we were not rich at home, we were very merry over it, and knew a great many nice people, and they all let me do just as I liked and spoilt me thoroughly."

"Spoilt you! yes," returned her grandmother; 'sometimes I am afraid that nothing will unspoil you. Prosperity has not improved you. Do you know how selfish you are? There is Ruth, who came from a home at least as happy as yours. She is contented and cheerful in the society of an old woman, and considering the way you have left her to herself lately, I should not have been surprised if she had found it dull."

"But, grandmamma, she is paid for it, you know. Of course she is anxious to please you," answered Cissy.

"Do you suppose no one would pay her but me? She might go into a family where there is much more gaiety than an old woman like myself would care for—even if I were strong and well—which I am not, Cecilia," said the old lady, looking very earnestly at the sweet upturned face. But although it was so frail and lovely to look upon, her grandmother's gathered sternness as she gazed, for the rosebud of a mouth retained its wilful pout, and not the liveliest imagination could have detected a shadow of concern in the expression of the large blue eyes.

"Yes, other people would pay her; but you are very rich you know, grandmamma."

"Well, what then?"

"Not very long ago she told me that you could do as you liked with your money, and the other day she said something about your altering your will so often," said Cissy, looking, it must be confessed, a little ashamed of herself.

"Anything more?" asked Lady Braybrooke in a cold, hard voice.

"Well, perhaps she did not mean anything by it, but she did say too that she might not always be obliged to teach, and she often tells me that she should go to the concerts and opera if she were rich. Altogether it looks——"

"How long have you been watching her and weighing her words to make evil of them?" broke out the old lady, quivering with indignation.

"I have not been doing anything of the kind," said Cissy, beginning to cry; "but she pretends to be so dreadfully sober and good to make you like her, and—and you are angry with me because I don't pretend, and I can't bear you to be angry with me," sobbed Cissy, in great distress.

"No, you certainly do not pretend," said Lady Braybrooke coldly, "and that is something. There, dry your eyes. I daresay it is dull work for a butterfly like you," she continued, in a tone of contemptuous pity; "but, remember, if you miss the art school again, without I give you permission, I shall be extremely angry. Remember what Ruth Dalrymple told you: I can leave my money as I like—to a hospital, to a charity, or even to a stranger if I choose; and I think the sooner I and my money are out of the way the better."

"Oh, grandmamma!" cried Cissy, looking very much shocked and distressed, for she did not like to think about dying and such gloomy subjects. "How can you be so cruel? I want you to live a very, very long time; only I *do* want to enjoy myself, and have plenty of fun and nice dresses, and all that. I should not be jealous of Ruth if she did not make you cross with me. I am sure I should miss her very much if she were to go away."

"Ah, I see! I understand," said her grandmother wearily. "There's Ruth!" for lately she had dropped the formal Miss Dalrymple. "Mind you say nothing to her of what we have been saying."

"Oh, I have had such a splendid lesson," said Ruth, coming in with a radiant face. "I did enjoy it so much; and, do you know, Herr Lutzen says if I like to take some of his younger pupils, he could trust me to do it, and he would give me lessons for nothing."

"Indeed, he is very kind," said Lady Braybrooke, in a displeased tone.

"I am sure he meant to be so," said Ruth. "He knows my position here, but he did not know that you paid for me. I told him, of course, and said I thought I could not be spared; and he said, Of course that altered the matter. But it was very nice of him!"

"That was right; you cannot be spared," said Lady Braybrooke, rather shortly.

"I declare you look quite disappointed," said Cissy, laughing. "I believe you were cut out for a governess, although you say you don't mean to be one."

"I should not mind teaching music," said Ruth; "in fact, I should like it if it were necessary, but perhaps it may not be—always."

Lady Braybrooke looked up with a displeased expression, and exclaimed—

"Let me advise you not to trust to any 'perhapses.'"

"Why, no, of course not; that is why I should like to have the practice of teaching which Herr Lutzen so kindly offered me," returned Ruth, wondering how she had vexed the old lady. While she was puzzling over it her brother was announced, and she thought no more of the matter. Lady Braybrooke received him very graciously, for during the last few months that he had been in town he had been most assiduous in his attentions to his sister, and had at the same time made himself a great favourite with the old lady. He was so full of fun, required no entertaining, seemed so thoroughly at home, and brought in so much interesting gossip, that he was always a welcome visitor; for although his hostess found social duties too fatiguing for her, she had by no means lost her interest in the doings of the great world.

But Edward was not in a lively vein to-day; there was a perceptible effort about his manner and conversation, upon which Lady Braybrooke was not slow to remark.

"You are not yourself to-day, I can see," she said, observing him attentively. "What is the matter? Are you working too hard?"

Edward laughed. "Oh, hard work will not kill me, Lady Braybrooke," he said lightly. "I am not so fond of it as all that; am I, Ruth?"

"I daresay dissecting is not the most agreeable occupation in the world," said Ruth; "but I have no doubt you are willing to do your proper share, and you have the exams. to prepare for as well."

"It is folly to overwork one's self," said Lady Braybrooke. "But there are other follies to which young medical students are prone, such as cards, and wine, and late hours, theatres, and so on, which are more killing than hard work; for they lead to debt, and debt brings care. I hope that's not your case, Mr. Dalrymple?"

Edward flushed, and threw a rapid glance at his sister, whose cheeks assumed a colour which seemed like the reflection of his. Ruth noticed with a thrill of apprehension that he seemed greatly disconcerted by Lady Braybrooke's question. His embarrassment was, however, only momentary.

"Who has been maligning me to you?" he asked. "I can assure you, dear Lady Braybrooke, my conduct is most exemplary. I am almost always at work when I am not here, and I hope you will not disapprove of a little treat I have in store this afternoon. I have had tickets given me for a morning concert, and if you can spare Ruth I should like to take her."

"You never asked us to go, Mr. Dalrymple," said Cissy.

"I have tickets only for two, Miss Rosslyn," replied Edward, with a rather embarrassed air, "but I should be delighted if Lady Braybrooke and yourself care to accompany us. I think there are tickets to be got at Novello's."

"Think!" echoed Cissy, pettishly, "as if there were not always plenty of tickets and to spare for these morning performances. I never go; I think they are stupid."

"That is precisely why I should never have dreamed of asking anyone but my sister to come to one. She is so music-mad that she likes it at any hour, and if she did not she would come if only to please me."

"Of course she would," said Lady Braybrooke, who had been talking to Ruth; "that is a sister's duty, to give up her own will for the sake of pleasing her brother."

"Oh, grandmamma, Ruth likes going," cried Cissy, "and so should I. I have just been asking Mr. Dalrymple to take us too, but he does not seem to feel particularly gratified by the request."

"Indeed, I did not understand you, Miss Rosslyn; if Lady Braybrooke——"

"Oh, no, thank you; you do not want us to-day; so don't trouble to tell any civil fibs about it," replied that lady, laughing. "Besides, I really am not inclined for anything of the kind just now. Cecilia, you must drive with me this afternoon, if you can do without Mrs. Fortescue for once."

Cissy assented amiably. She had anticipated nothing less than an afternoon's reading aloud, which she detested, as Ruth knew, and which was such an infliction to both that she had at first hesitated to leave them to it. She felt perfectly easy now, and prepared to enjoy herself thoroughly. But before long she noticed how gloomy and silent Ted was, and asked him if he felt ill or tired.

"No," he replied, "only rather annoyed. What have you been telling Lady Braybrooke about me?" he continued; "she seems to think that I am a very black sheep indeed."

"Ted, I should not think of telling her anything against you. That was only a chance remark of hers. She is rather suspicious, you know," said Ruth.

"Ah, well, she was right to a certain extent," replied Ted, gloomily. "I am in a very nasty hole, I can tell you. I am worried, and it is about a debt."

"Oh Ted, again!—how is it?" asked Ruth, with a sinking heart.

"The fact is, it is an old debt. I thought I should not have to pay it for a long time yet; and I should not either, if I liked to go on increasing it. Dean thinks I am leaving him or going wrong because I have so little of him now. He says he shall apply to the governor. I would rather do anything than let him do that. Can't you help me, Ruth?"

"I sent home all I thought I could spare only yesterday," said Ruth. "Is it much that you want?"

"What do you mean by much?" asked Ted, uneasily.

"Five pounds, for instance?"

"Hang it all, Ruth, do you call that much? Ideas differ on such matters. Dean would not call it much, but it might keep him quiet a little while," replied Ted.

"I sent ten pounds home yesterday," said Ruth, "and I must keep a little to go on with. You shall have five pounds, but will it be any use? If not, I may as well keep it. What is the whole amount?"

"Oh, there's no need to tell you, Ruth," replied her brother, looking rather ashamed, yet speaking lightly. "You would only worry about it; it's a confounded nuisance having to ask you, but the governor keeps me in pretty tightly, I can tell you. If it were not for one or two back debts I would keep within my means. I wonder he takes so much from you, really, upon my word, I do; he can't be in the straits that I am."

"Ted, you forget what he is paying for you. I promised to send him a certain amount, which I can do pretty well, but it is not easy to do more; however, if it must be done—— Why did you not tell him all your liabilities at the time?"

"Where would be the use? I never thought Dean would not be able to wait. He has customers who have not paid him anything the last three years, only they go on ordering. It's because I won't that he is looking me up so sharply, I believe. I thought you would nto like me to quiet him that way."

"No, no, of course not," said Ruth, hastily. "I'll give you the money as soon as we get back. I wish I could pay the whole. Whatever you do, don't try to arrange it by en'arging the debts. I will do all I can."

"Upon my word, Ruth, you are a brick, and no mistake! Wait till my ship comes in. Here we are; now let us enjoy ourselves in spite of everything."

But Ruth was not in the mood for enjoyment, although after a time the music soothed and quieted her. But a greater pleasure was in store for her. When she reached home, Cissy and her grandmother were out, but her father was there.

She had so much to say to him that she had not half exhausted her stock of questions about everything and everybody at home before she heard the carriage. She ran out to the hall door to tell Lady Braybrooke of her father's arrival.

"How tired you look!" she exclaimed.

"Nonsense," said the old lady, sharply. "Is he here?" she asked, pausing a moment at the drawing-room door.

"Yes."

"I am very pleased to see you, Dr. Dalrymple," she said.

"Why, Aunt Judith!" exclaimed the visitor, starting forward and speaking with unfeigned astonishment.

"Yes, I quite expected to have had a visit from you before," returned the old lady, in a hard tone.

"Indeed," replied the doctor, quietly; "but my visit was to Lady Braybrooke. I should not have presumed——"

"Do you mean to pretend," she exclaimed indignantly, "that you did not know that I am Lady Braybrooke?"

"I pretend nothing; I did not know. But you are ill"—for the old lady had leaned back faint and trembling. Almost as he spoke she lay back unconscious, and Ruth, who had listened in mute surprise to the foregoing conversation, hastened to seek restoratives. But even when consciousness had returned the old lady seemed so weak and shaken that Dr. Dalrymple advised her to be taken to bed. That was the beginning of a long illness, during which Ruth learnt to understand both Cissy and her grandmother better than she had previously done. At first, however, she was so indignant at the suspicions Lady Braybrooke had allowed herself to entertain concerning her father, that, had it not been for her illness and evident dependence upon her companionship, the girl would have left the house. What those suspicions were it must be left for another chapter to tell.

(To be concluded.)

VARIETIES.

THE FORCE OF CUSTOM.

"Does our talk disturb you?" asked one of a company of talkative ladies of an old gentleman sitting in a railway carriage the other afternoon.

"No, ma'am," was the naïve reply; "I've been married nigh on forty years."

HOW A LAWYER LOST HIS BRIDE.—A lawyer recently lost a bride in a peculiar way. He appeared at the wedding, but on being called to the ceremony, from sheer force of habit protested that he was not ready to proceed, and demanded delay. And so the bride got angry and would not have him.

MARRIAGE IN ARABIA.—These words, "I give myself to thee," uttered by an Arab woman to a man, even without the presence of witnesses, if they cannot be easily procured, render her his lawful wife, if he replies that he accepts her and gives her a dowry.—*Lane.*

A Scene of Changes.

The world's a scene of changes, and to be
Constant, in nature were inconstancy.
—*Cowley.*

Knowing too Much.—The mind may be as much cramped by too much knowledge as by too little.—*Layard.*

To the Discontented.—Murmur at nothing. If your ills are reparable it is ungrateful; if remediless it is vain.—*Colton.*

Light in Darkness.—There is in every woman's heart a spark of heavenly fire, which beams and blazes in the dark hour of adversity.—*Irving.*

Memories Compared.—Creditors have better memories than debtors.—*Franklin.*

Notes upon Coffee.—There is no doubt that if proper attention were bestowed upon the preparation of coffee, it would become a much more popular beverage in Great Britain than it now is; but to obtain it in perfection much greater care is requisite than in the case of tea. To obtain coffee with a full aroma, it must be prepared as an infusion with boiling water, or the water may simply be allowed to reach the boiling point after infusion, and nothing more. Dr. Parkes has, however, pointed out that by infusion alone much of the valuable soluble matter in ground coffee remains unextracted; and he recommends that the coffee which has already been used for infusion should be preserved and boiled, and that the liquor therefrom should be used for infusing a fresh supply. By this means the substance of the previously-infused coffee and the aroma of the new are obtained together.

THE ESSENCE OF FAMOUS BOOKS.

By James Mason.

III—Dante's "Divine Comedy."

There are not many people, even when their names are well enough known, whose eminence is unquestioned and unquestionable. The letter-writer of our last article, for instance, may be the subject of half-a-dozen opinions, some of them exalting her, and others holding her ladyship of very little account.

We make a great stride when we pass to the first of the poets of Italy. About Dante's position in the world of letters there can be no dispute. Beside his gigantic and original genius, the abilities of most others are dwarfed into insignificance, and criticism grows humble in presence of his immortal poem, one of the most sublime productions of the human intellect.

"Dante," it has been well said by Carlyle, "speaks to the noble, the pure, and the great, in all times and places. He burns as a pure star, fixed there in the firmament, at which the great and the high of all ages kindle themselves: he is the possession of all the chosen of the world for uncounted time."

No poet ever had a more picturesque life; it was a remarkable, solitary, comfortless, tragic career, the story of which possesses a strange fascination. The hard studies of his youth, his love for Beatrice, his political sympathies and public employments; his banishment from Florence; his wanderings; his hopes and disappointments; his proving in his own person

"How salt a savour hath
The bread of others, and how hard a path
To climb and to descend the stranger's stairs;"

and his death at Ravenna, disheartened and broken in spirit—all these things we might dwell upon were it not that our business lies at present with the greatest of his works rather than with his life. As a man and as a poet he was equally remarkable.

After the night of the dark ages we find in him the first-fruits of reviving literature. The "Divine Comedy" was the first work of any uncommon value produced by the barbarians who had destroyed Roman civilisation, the first effort of the modern intellect to approach the high standard of the past. Dante stands quite alone. He is the first of the moderns to contest the supremacy of the ancients; he is the leader of modern thought.

The influence which he exercised on the as yet unformed language of his native country was immense. Of all the dialects of Italy that of Tuscany was then the best and most perfect. Dante employed it, and thus gave it a pre-eminence which it has ever since enjoyed.

His great work, as we all know, and that which forms the subject of this article, is the "Divine Comedy." It is the description of a vision in which the poet is led through the three kingdoms of the dead—Hell, Purgatory, and Paradise. He views the realm of eternal punishment, the scenes of expiation, and the abodes of bliss, and gains an insight thus into the secrets of the world beyond the grave.

The intense belief of Dante's time in these unseen regions, a belief mingled with much that to us appears grotesque, made this a popular topic. An author who could lift the veil, or, at least, profess to do so, and exhibit the dead—illustrious or infamous, beloved or hated—suffering or rejoicing in that far country for which we all are bound, was sure, at any rate, of a hearing.

Our use of the word "Comedy" is not such as would suggest a serious poem, and it is rather a pity that the translated title of Dante's work should suggest with us something light and amusing. The poet called it the "Commedia in the first place," says Mr. Cary, "because the style was of the middle kind; and in the next because the story (if story it may be called) ends happily." The epithet "Divina" was afterwards added by his admirers, and it is now always spoken of as the "Divine Comedy." Mr. Cary, in his well-known translation, calls it simply the "Vision," a title found in one or two Italian editions.

It is difficult to name the class to which the poem belongs: some call it an epic poem, and others a satire. But what does it matter? "It suffices that it seizes on the heart by its two great holds, terror and pity; detains the fancy by an accurate and lively delineation of the objects it represents; and displays throughout such an originality of conception as leaves to Homer and Shakespeare alone the power of challenging the pre-eminence or equality." These words of Mr. Cary convey a true notion of the position of this great poem in the literature of the world.

Shall we say that it is in every way perfect? No, that would be untrue. It has its faults of extravagance, and its faults of obscurity. But these are not worth mentioning when we think of its general strength and sublimity.

The "Divine Comedy" consists of a hundred cantos, each containing from a hundred and thirty to a hundred and forty verses. The first canto may be looked upon as introductory to the whole work, and following it come the three separate divisions of Hell, Purgatory, and Paradise, treated of each in thirty-three cantos.

The measure in which the poem is written has been called *terza rima*, and was probably invented by Dante himself. It consists of three verses, or lines, placed in such a manner that the middle line of each three rhymes with the first and third verses of the succeeding three. The order of the rhymes will be best seen if we give an example:—Feast *spray*, ceased; sway, *heart*, betray; start, *head*, part; led, claim, bred, &c.

From the way in which the lines are thus perpetually interwoven, the memory is greatly helped. Whatever three lines we may select will afford us, by means of two of its rhymes, a clue to what precedes, and by one of them we may discover what follows.

The date when the writing of the "Divine Comedy" was begun may be set down as shortly after 1300. The time of the action of the poem is confined to the end of March and beginning of April of that year. It took, we may be sure, a long time to compose, and the last cantos of the "Paradiso" were probably not finished till just before the poet died in 1321.

It is a work inseparably connected with the remembrance of a beloved woman, like many another of the great productions of genius. But for Beatrice, the object of Dante's lifelong and romantic attachment, it might never have been written. In the close of his "Vita Nuova," in which book he relates the story of his love, the poet gives a sonnet, telling how his mind has travelled into heaven, where love recognised his lady in one whom saints adore, and he then adds:—

"After writing this sonnet there appeared to me a wonderful vision, in which I beheld things that made me propose to say no more of this blessed one until I shall be able to treat of her more worthily. And to attain thereunto truly, I strive with all my power, as she knoweth; so that if it shall be the pleasure of Him, through whom all things live, that my life continue somewhat longer, I hope to say of her what never yet was said of any woman. And then may it please Him who is the Sire of courtesy, that my soul may depart to look upon the glory of its Lady—that is to say of the Blessed Beatrice, who in glory gazes upon Him *qui est per omnia sæcula benedictus.*"

In these words, concluding Dante's earliest work, we have the first suggestion of the "Divine Comedy," as it occurred to the mind of the poet.

These preliminary notes over, we arrive at the description of the poem itself. In Easter week Dante supposes himself to have wandered in a gloomy forest. "In the middle of the journey of our life," he says, "I found myself in a dark wood, for the straight way was lost." He reaches the foot of a mountain, and on beginning to ascend is hindered by three wild beasts—a leopard, a lion, and a wolf. Just then he is met by Virgil, the object of his incessant study and admiration. Virgil promises to guide him through forbidden regions, show him the punishments of Hell and afterwards of Purgatory, and engages that he shall then be conducted by Beatrice into Paradise.

Dante follows the Roman bard, and the two arrive at a gate on which are inscribed these ominous words:—

"Through me you pass into the city of woe;
Through me you pass into eternal pain;
Through me among the people lost for aye.
Justice, the founder of my fabric moved;
To rear me was the task of power divine,
Supremest wisdom, and primeval love.
Before me things create were none, save
things
Eternal, and eternal I endure.
All hope abandon, ye who enter here."

Through this gate, by permission of the Most High, they go, and come to the river Acheron, where they find the old ferryman, Charon, by whom spirits are transported to eternal darkness on the opposite shore. As soon as Dante reaches the other side, terror seizes him; he falls into a trance, and when

aroused by a peal of thunder, finds himself on the brink of the yawning pit.

The Inferno of the poet is a vast inverted cone or pit penetrating to the centre of the earth, and divided into nine concentric circles. The lower the circle the greater the guilt of those by whom it is peopled, and the more terrible the punishments. In the lowest of all, at the centre of the earth, is the station of Lucifer, the ruler of these realms of pain. He is there discovered half submerged in a sea of ice, over which he waves six gigantic wings, vainly trying to escape from eternal misery.

From circle to circle Dante is conducted by his companion, descending gradually to the ninth or frozen circle. He sees the punishments inflicted on those who left this life guilty and unforgiven. They are tossed about in the dark air by furious winds; they lie deep in mire under ceaseless showers of hail and snow; they are rent piecemeal by Cerberus; they roll heavy weights against each other with mutual upbraidings. Some are punished in tombs burning with intense fire; some are plunged in pools of blood; others are chased and torn by mastiffs, and not a few gnaw and devour each other. Then there are sinners eternally tormented by showers of flakes of fire; by the scourging of demons; by immersion in a lake of boiling pitch, and by being chained to ever-enduring icebergs. It is a region of the monstrous, mystic, and horrible. The air is filled with sounds of wailing, accents of alarm, and dreadful shrieks and groans.

In the different circles Dante recognises many whom he had known upon earth—some friends and others foes. They recognise his Tuscan speech, ask for news of the world of sun and moon, and tell for what wickedness they now suffer without hope.

A foreign critic points out that as the "Divine Comedy" does not possess any regular action, and derives no support from the enthusiasm of human passion, we cannot take a very lively interest in the hero of the story, if, indeed, Dante is not to be looked on rather as the mere spectator of scenes and incidents conjured up by his imagination than as the hero of his own tale.

"It cannot, however, be said that the poem is altogether divested of dramatic interest. Unassisted and alone, we see Dante advance into the midst of demons and condemned souls. The Divine will has, it is true, opened to him the gates of hell; and Virgil, who bears the mandate of Omnipotence, attends his steps. But the demons are not the less active in opposing, with their utmost malignity, the superior decrees of fate. At one time they violently close the gates of hell upon him; at another they rush towards him with the design of tearing him to pieces. They deceive him with false information, and endeavour to lead him astray in the infernal labyrinth. We are sufficiently absorbed in his narrative to feel interested in the dangers to which he is perpetually exposed; and the truth of his descriptions, added to the deep horror inspired by the objects which he depicts, seldom fails to make a strong and painful impression on the mind."

The most striking episode in the "Inferno" is that in the fifth canto, recording Dante's meeting with Francesca di Rimini, the unhappy relative – some say the daughter—of one of his friends. It is a passage which has been made familiar in every language and been dealt with by many a painter and many another poet.

Another well-known incident is Dante's discovery of Count Ugolino among the lost in the region of ice. The Count is seen gnawing, as if from hunger or rage, the body of his enemy and destroyer, Ubaldini, who had walled him up, together with his three sons, in a tower, and left them there to starve.

A third familiar episode is Dante's meeting, in the seventh circle, the home of suicides, with Piero delle Vigne in the form of a knotted tree. The poet and Virgil had entered on a forest

"Where no track
Of steps had worn a way. Not verdant there
The foliage, but of dusky hue; not light
The boughs and tapering, but with knares deformed
And matted thick: fruits there were none, but thorns
Instead, with venom filled."

From every side came the sound of sad complaints, but no one could be seen by whom these might be uttered. Dante was astonished. His companion to'd him to lop off a twig. "Thereat," says the poet—

"A little stretching forth my hand,
From a great wilding gathered I a branch,
And straight the trunk exclaimed: "Why pluck'st thou me?"
Then as the dark blood trickled down its side,
These words it added: "Wherefore tear'st me thus?
Is there no touch of mercy in thy breast?
Men once were we, that now are rooted here.
Thy hand might well have spared us, had we been
The souls of serpents." As a brand yet green
That, burning at one end, from the other sends
A groaning sound, and hisses with the wind
That forces out its way; so burst at once
Forth from the broken splinter words and blood."

The tree proved to be Piero delle Vigne, Chancellor of the Emperor Frederick the Second, who had committed suicide—driven to it he explains, by envy and slander, but otherwise above reproach. He is assured that Dante, on returning to the world, will make known his self-vindication. In answer to a question from Virgil, he then tells that he, and those who have sinned like him, will go for their bodies at the Resurrection, but that they will not be again clothed with them: "For it is not just that a man should have what he takes from himself." Their final punishment will be that throughout the dismal forest each body shall be suspended on the tree in which is found its wretched spirit.

From the Infernal regions the poet passes by a long cavern to the light of day, and reaches the base of a mountain on the opposite hemisphere of the globe. In shape this mountain is exactly the reverse of the Infernal regions; it is a huge cone, divided into distinct compartments, forming the temporary abode of those souls who are undergoing the judgments of Purgatory.

After remaining for some time with those condemned to linger in the outer region as a punishment for having deferred, during life, the period of their conversion, Dante and Virgil—for the Roman poet never leaves him—are admitted at the gate of Purgatory. They pass slowly up the spiral ascent, seeing the souls of the elect chastened by severe sufferings. The proud bend beneath the weight of heavy stones; the envious are clothed in sackcloth, and have their eyes sewed up with an iron thread; those who have given way to anger are suffocated with clouds of smoke; the indolent are compelled to run without ceasing; and gluttons are tormented with the cravings of appetite.

Suffering, however, as they are, these souls are filled with joy, knowing themselves destined at last to reach the delights of heaven. Of this fact they are continually reminded by the angels who guard the place or who visit it as messengers of the Supreme will. Their torments, they are assured, may well be endured with patience, because they are a preparation for eternal happiness. The avenues of Purgatory are watched by angels, and whenever they permit a purified soul to ascend into heaven, all who remain behind fill the air with joyous thanksgivings.

The "Purgatorio" is not so vigorous a work as the "Inferno;" it has not the same fascination of the horrible. The poet is out of danger, and the scenes and sufferings he views appear tame compared with those of the awful regions he has just quitted. Many philosophical and theological disquisitions are also introduced by Dante, and these, it has been truly said, "are always at variance with true poetry, and weary the reader by interrupting the progress of the action."

Arrived at the summit of Purgatory, Virgil resigns his office as guide and follows our poet into the flowery plains of the Terrestrial Paradise which forms the connecting link between heaven and earth. Dante's description of this region, over which sin and sorrow hold no sway, is full of beauty. Here Beatrice, the object of his earliest attachment, descends from Heaven to meet him, and Virgil, on her arrival, disappears. "Beatrice comes," says M. de Sismondi, "as the minister of grace and the organ of Divine wisdom, and the passion which Dante entertains for her exists only in the noblest sentiments and in the most elevated feelings. It is only as a manifestation of the goodness of God that she presents herself to his thoughts after her translation to the skies. In this view she occupies the first place in his poem. From her Virgil received his orders to escort the bard on his journey; by her influence the gates of Hell were opened before him; her care removed every obstacle which opposed his progress; and her mandates are implicitly obeyed throughout the three kingdoms of the dead."

The celestial region into which Dante now passes with Beatrice ascends in spiral rings from sphere to sphere to the throne of the Almighty. The poet rises amidst scenes of endless happiness and the songs of innumerable rejoicing spirits. He sees those who have passed their lives in holy retirement and contemplation reaping their great reward; men and women who have suffered martyrdom clothed in robes of triumph; and the humble and neglected of earth now raised above kings and princes. He meets the holy band of the Apostles, and is examined by St. Peter on Faith, by St. James on Hope, and by St. John on Charity, receiving from all three testimonials of their approbation.

At last, in the highest sphere, he is permitted to contemplate the brightness of the Divine Majesty, and is admitted to a glimpse of the great mystery—the Trinity, and the union of Man with God. And so the work comes to a close with the glory of the Ruler of the universe—a startling contrast to the impotence and degradation of Lucifer, whom we have seen in the Inferno, flapping his wings over the frozen sea.

The "Paradiso" is generally acknowledged to be the least readable of the three divisions of the "Divine Comedy." Much of it is beyond ordinary comprehension, and the interest of most people will flag before they reach the last canto. "When Dante," says M. de Sismondi, "issues from Purgatory and enters into Heaven, he presents us with supernatural appearances like those of our wildest dreams. He supposes the existence of faculties with which we have no acquaintance. He neither awakens our associations nor revives our habits. We never thoroughly understand him, and the perpetual state of astonishment in which we are placed tends only to fatigue us."

The frequent theological disquisitions we feel are out of place, and the bliss enjoyed by the inhabitants of the celestial regions being entirely of a contemplative character, fails to secure our sympathies, and leaves us cold and

indifferent. All will find intellectual enjoyment in reading the "Inferno;" a great many also will take delight in the "Purgatorio;" but strong literary appetite will be required thoroughly to peruse the "Paradiso."

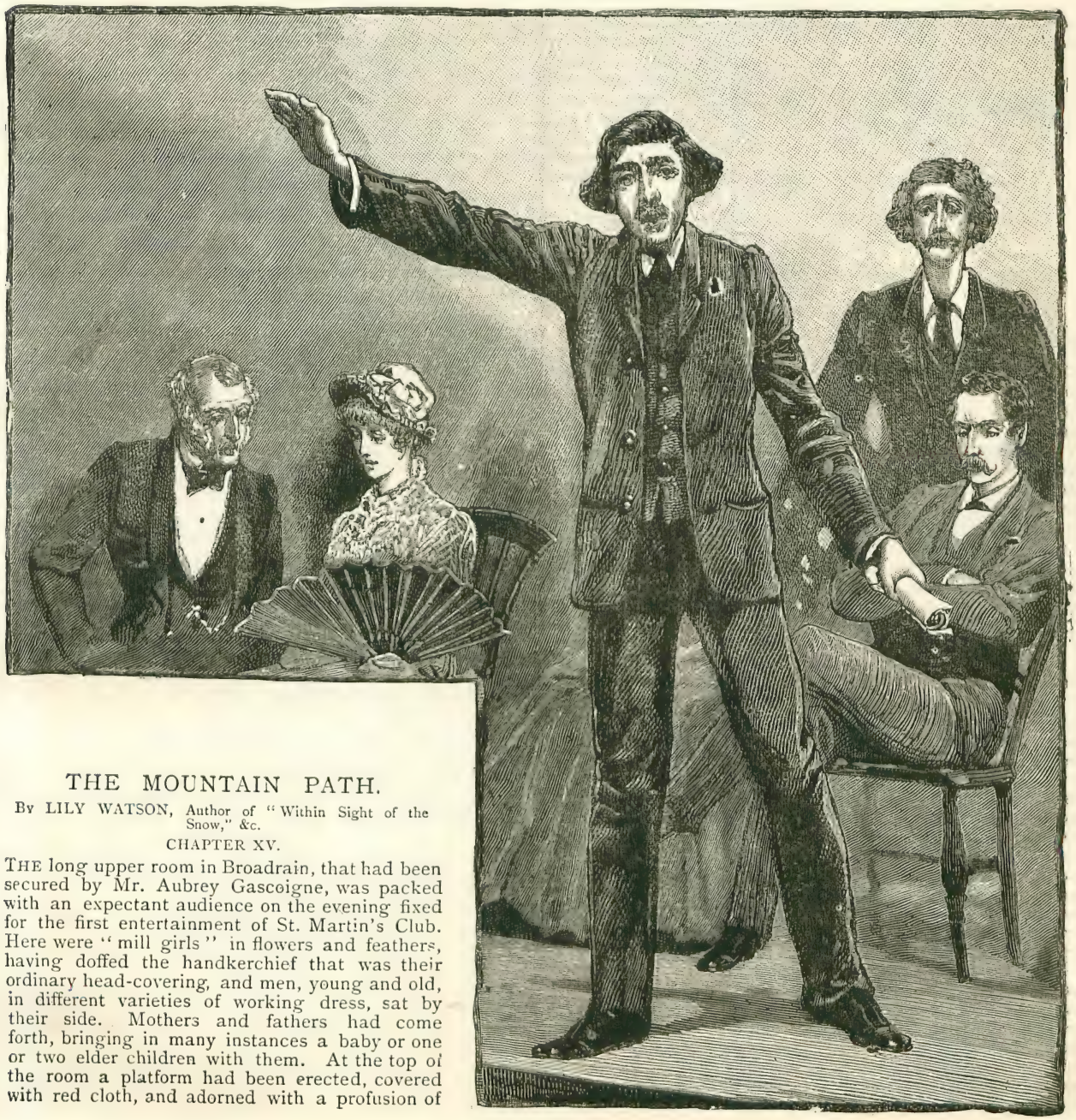
No poem ever rose so suddenly into notice after the death of its author, or took stronger hold on the public attention than the "Divine Comedy." "This," Mr. Cary very sensibly observes, "cannot be attributed solely to its intrinsic excellence. The freedom with which the writer has treated the most distinguished characters of his time, gave it a further and stronger hold on the curiosity of the age; many saw in it their acquaintances, kinsmen, and friends; or, what scarcely touched them less nearly, their enemies, either consigned to infamy or recorded with honour, and represented in another world as tasting

'Of heaven's sweet cup, or poisonous drug of hell.'

So that not a page could be opened without exciting the strongest personal feelings in the mind of the reader."

Copies were quickly multiplied, and commentaries were written for the illustration of obscure passages. In 1373 a professorship was established at Florence for the sole purpose of explaining Dante to the public. The first person who filled the chair was Boccaccio, the greatest of Italian prose writers. The example of Florence was quickly followed by several other cities. Between the invention of printing and the year 1500 more than twenty editions were published in Italy. During the sixteenth century there were forty editions; during the seventeenth, a period in Italy when literature was at a low ebb, only three; during the eighteenth thirty-four; and during the first half of the nineteenth at least eighty.

There are several English translations of the "Divine Comedy." The best-known and the most pleasant to read is that of the Rev. Henry Francis Cary, the merits of which were perceived and brought to public notice by Coleridge. There is another admirable translation by Longfellow, the notes to which are of great interest and value. Dr. Carlyle, brother of the more famous Thomas Carlyle, published a striking literal prose translation of the "Inferno." The "Shadow of Dante," by Maria Rossetti, ought also to be mentioned: it is the best possible book for all who wish to have a fuller idea of the poem than our space has permitted us to give here.



THE MOUNTAIN PATH.

By LILY WATSON, Author of "Within Sight of the Snow," &c.

CHAPTER XV.

THE long upper room in Broadrain, that had been secured by Mr. Aubrey Gascoigne, was packed with an expectant audience on the evening fixed for the first entertainment of St. Martin's Club. Here were "mill girls" in flowers and feathers, having doffed the handkerchief that was their ordinary head-covering, and men, young and old, in different varieties of working dress, sat by their side. Mothers and fathers had come forth, bringing in many instances a baby or one or two elder children with them. At the top of the room a platform had been erected, covered with red cloth, and adorned with a profusion of

flowers, that provoked in many quarters the exclamation, "Eh! look at yon!" The grand piano was by Broadwood, and all the preparations told of care and forethought. Many of the ladies and gentlemen of the neighbourhood were present; they were regarded with no reverential awe, but evoked such remarks as "There's t'owd Miss Gascoigne," "Yon's owd Dick Thorne," and so on.

Helen, in glancing over the audience from the room where the performers were assembled at the back of the platform, could not help being struck by the absence among them of the pinched, careworn features that would have been visible in a like gathering in London. Almost all the faces belonged to people who were evidently well nourished, and exempt from grinding anxiety. Many of them, especially the young men, had an air of extreme coarseness and ignorance, but there was a strength in their appearance that showed there was fine stuff in these Yorkshiremen. Mr. Aubrey Gascoigne, who was also regarding them from the ante-room, heaved a deep sigh.

"Ah, the pity of it!" he murmured, under his breath.

"What distresses you?" inquired Oswald.

"That men and women should be content with such brutal surroundings and sordid lives."

"Well, let them hear one or two of your lectures, and all that will be put a stop to at once," retorted Oswald. "Hark, they are beginning to stamp. It's time we began operations."

The first item on the programme was a speech by young Mr. Thorne, which Helen had with much trouble induced him to deliver. Adela, who was sitting in the front row, looking ravishingly pretty, but a little disdainful, in a dull blue cashmere evening dress with an Eastern scarf round her shoulders, could not help admiring her lover, as he came forward, and, with a manly, good-humoured simplicity, told the people that this club was formed to provide entertainments for the autumn and winter evenings, and that he hoped it might be the beginning of a large undertaking. A noisy burst of clapping followed the oration.

"Eh, he's a raight good sort, is young Oswald," was the general verdict, to which some added, "a sight better nor owd Dick."

"Owd Dick," otherwise Mr. Richard Thorne, senior, had condescended to grace the entertainment by his presence, and sat, looking very weary and old, in a chair next to Adela. His future daughter-in-law was trying her best to amuse him by whispered criticisms on the people, gentle and simple, but he only smiled languidly at her, and relapsed into a dull melancholy.

It would be tedious to describe in detail every item in the programme, which consisted chiefly of music. Helen and her helpers had been very careful to have everything good of its kind, and the applause with which glees and songs by one and another amateur were greeted told of the appreciation of the audience. When Oswald came forward to sing his old but favourite ditty: "To Anthea, who may command him anything," Adela cast down her eyes with a conscious blush, and as the words rang out, sweet and penetrating, in his fine tenor voice—

"Thou art my life, my love, my heart,"

she felt that it was "all for her," and that she was the inspiration of the song. She would scarcely have liked it had she known that he used to sing it before he knew her.

Lilian's part in the performance came next. The piano had been so arranged that she was hardly seen by the people, and her appearance therefore attracted little attention. She had chosen two of Mendelssohn's "Songs without Words," because of their exquisite sweetness and also because of their brevity; the ears of her listeners should not be strained by the unaccustomed task so as to lose delight in weariness.

First came No. 1, Bk. 1. How the melody sings! while the undercurrent of accompaniment flows steadily and rhythmically on from her delicate but unwavering touch. It seems like a simple tale of human trust and love, with no perplexing strife or jarring discord, but a sweet idyll with a background of homely life. There is a touch of questioning sadness, but it is soon lulled into peace again, and the wordless song ends in rest.

The mill-hands listened attentively, and beat palms and feet in riotous satisfaction at the close.

The next was very different. Insistence on strong repeated chords, with a wailing echo, told of the approach of a funeral procession; then there was a pause.

It is coming! The mourners tramp past in steady array, while the riderless charger led beside the bier, shows that a hero is being laid to his long rest. Mournful and solemn, yet not without a steady composure, are the chords that rehearse the story. He has died, they seem to say, nobly, as he has lived; fallen in the forefront of battle while fighting for his country. Honour is more than life; death is not the end of all. So the funeral procession marches on, and the chords die away in stately sadness, not unmixed with hope.

"Your sister can certainly translate Mendelssohn in a manner that is precious and inspiring," Mr. Gascoigne was saying in the background to Maggie, as Oswald led Lilian off, amid the hearty applause of the people.

"They thoroughly appreciate her playing, it seems."

"Yes, and if they can do that they should have capacity for enjoyment of much of the beauty of life."

Mr. Gascoigne could not continue his exordium, for the next item on the programme was a reading by himself. When he appeared before the people, with his mass of fair hair and the sensitive outline of his poetic face thrown into relief by the severe simplicity of evening dress, a eucharis flower alone adorning his coat in starry delicate whiteness, he produced an evident effect by his unusual aspect and demeanour. Some would have laughed, but there was an amount of dignity about the young man, in spite of his eccentricity, that checked any open mirth.

The poem he had chosen to read was Wordsworth's "Nutting." He rendered it with exquisite elocution and sympathy, so that his hearers were, if not deeply interested, pleased and conscious that this approached, in some remote manner, to experiences they had had in their childhood, when they were "half-timers," in the woods of the neighbourhood, only there never had been any "fairy waterbreaks" for them; the refuse woollen dye had changed all that.

But to think that a grown man should want to write a poem about it! That was funny, indeed, and set some of the more thoughtful ones puzzling.

"I wish to enlighten them as to the delight that lies hid in the simpler elemental affections and duties, which, as Matthew Arnold says, Wordsworth revealed," observed Aubrey afterwards. "By degrees I shall admit them to more subjective poetry, and initiate them into the master's higher efforts."

"Here is someone who wants to speak to you," said Helen, opening the door of the ante-room to a nervous-looking youth with lank black hair and an elongated face. Aubrey and Oswald recognised him as Mr. Yeames, the son of a well-to-do weaver in the neighbourhood; a young man who worked fitfully at his loom, had acquired a little education, and had great ideas of self-improvement, which were unfortunately all coloured by a vast and boundless self-conceit.

"Excuse me," he said, pulling out a roll of paper, tied by pink ribbon, "but I've thrown off a little thing of my own during the last week or two, and as I'm sure it would be interesting to the audience and pleasant to the fair ladies"—here he bowed comprehensively—"I thought, if your programme wasn't *too* long, I'd offer to read it."

He looked pleadingly at Aubrey, who in his turn glanced doubtfully round at his coadjutors, and proceeded to hold a whispered colloquy with Oswald.

"Oh, let him by all means," advised the latter. "We must get the help of the οἱ πολλοι if we want to succeed. The people will like to hear one of their own number; and we have plenty of time before the last glee."

"It will be interesting to trace the strivings of untutored genius—doubtless some aspiring village bard," agreed his friend, and Mr. Yeames was told he might go upon the platform with his manuscript, while the ladies and gentlemen followed, and took chairs in the background.

His appearance was not welcomed quite as Oswald had expected, for outcries of a familiar nature greeted him. "Hollo, Jim!" "Who set you up there?" showed the lack of respect entertained by the people of Broadrain for their gifted townsman; but he only smiled and bowed, and said, unfolding his paper—

"My friends, when I tell you my poem refers to real life, and has specially

to do with those to whom we owe this most pleasant and elegant entertainment, I know you will listen in silence."

He then began in a loud and theatrical tone, pointing upwards to a supposed orb:—

"'Twas evening, and the silver Moon
Poured forth her radiant beam,
While Greylands Priory was lone,
Beside the rushing stream."

"Greylands Priory! What on earth is the fellow driving at?" whispered Oswald, in irritation, to Helen, who sat beside him.

"We shall soon see; never mind," she replied. But the bard went on in deeper and more thrilling tones:

"A cheerful band not long ago
Had roamed the precincts round;
But now their hearts were filled with woe,
For *one* could not be found.
And she, the fairest of them all——"

Oswald half rose from his seat, but Helen whispered—

"Do sit still; the poor fellow has turned your adventure into a tragic poem. It will soon be over—you can do nothing."

It was too true that Mr. Yeames, thinking to please, had woven the tale of Adela's rescue, in its commonly accepted form, into a ballad of great length, and he now went solemnly through verse after verse, dashing his arms about to make the agony more thrilling, and describing Adela as sighing in a deep dungeon, into which Oswald valiantly descended, single-handed, and at the peril of his neck. Helen glanced at the heroine of the tale, fearing she would be disconcerted at this public recital of her (supposed) adventures. Not at all; she was sitting with a pleased and tolerant look on her face, while the eyes of all the guests were turned upon her. Her lover was vainly fuming in the background, and the whole scene was so ridiculous—the heroine smiling with gratified vanity in front, the hero frowning behind, and the impassioned poet between them reciting his doggerel—that Helen, who had a keen sense of the ludicrous, could scarcely restrain an outburst of laughter, and was glad of a fan to hide her smile.

The poetry grew worse as the story drew to a conclusion:

"'Then,' quoth she to the hero brave
Who dared for her his life:
'Since me from death you thus did save,
I'll be your future wife.'"

But the audience, who recognised the tale of Oswald and Adela, applauded vociferously, and as Mr. Yeames bowed and withdrew, he felt that for once his merits had earned due recognition.

After this the performers—*i.e.*, Oswald, his sisters, Helen, and a few other young people—made haste to sing Macfarren's glee to Lilian's accompaniment: "Sleep while the soft evening breezes blowing," which ends with "Good-night! good-night." They had taken pains to practise beforehand, and rendered the sweet rippling music in strict rhythm and with due regard to expression; therefore it won a large measure of applause, and the audience broke up in high good humour.

This state of mind was not shared by at least one of the performers, as Helen found a little while later. Adela had invited all who had helped in the entertainment to supper at Hill Crest, and as the number of carriages was limited, it fell to Helen's lot to walk, under Oswald's escort. The moon was climbing a cloudless sky, and cast her beneficent splendour on the unlovely roads and grimy barn-houses of Broad-rain, silvering them into beauty; the air was crisp though chilly, and Helen drew her cloak about her as she stepped out into the night from the hat-room. Adela had driven away with Mr. and Mrs. Thorne and Lilian Brooke; Mr. Gascoigne was startling the common-sense of Maggie as they walked together in front, and the two friends were alone. Oswald was obliged to see after the locking up of the rooms, and to make various final arrangements, before he was ready to start, and thus Helen could discover from his quick tread and silence that he was very much out of temper. She did not offer any remark at first, but after she had hurried along for some time by his side she ventured to observe—

"Our first evening has certainly been a success."

"Yes, if it hadn't been for that idiot Yeames."

"Oh, what does that signify? He derived a great deal of enjoyment from reciting his poem; the people were amused; it did nobody any harm."

"I hate to be made ridiculous before such a number of people."

"It didn't make you ridiculous in the very least. No one would be inclined to smile at anyone concerned, excepting at the poet himself. All your friends who were there could grasp the situation at once."

There was silence for some minutes, during which Oswald seemed to be deriving comfort from Helen's way of putting the matter, for when he resumed it was in a much more equable tone.

"I wonder what on earth put it into the fellow's head?"

"Well, you know, the adventure has of course been noised abroad throughout the neighbourhood. You and Adela are very important people."

"I suppose we are, but he exaggerated somewhat."

Helen reflected: dared she say what had been on her mind for some little time? Yes, Oswald had calmed down from his temporary fit of irritation, and would be likely to listen to her.

"He only gave the view of the matter which is popularly accepted, after all."

"What do you mean?" inquired he, sharply.

"Adela herself always declared you had risked your life to save hers. I have heard her put that view of the case twenty times; so have you."

"Well, it is very charming of her to be so unnecessarily grateful."

"Yes, but——" (the next words were hard to say) "I think you might have contradicted her, Oswald."

"It's rude to contradict; were you not taught that in your infancy?"

"It's worse to let an incorrect version pass undisputed, and never to tell the story of the facts as they really happened."

"Perhaps you will kindly inform me what really did happen? You seem particularly *au fait* in all the circumstances."

Oswald's tone was dangerously polite, but Helen went on:

"I started in search of Adela, and meeting her brother, found he had the key; we went towards the entrance to the crypt, and met you; Mr. Gascoigne contrived to unlock the door, while you stood by, and you and he went down together and found her. You had a third part in the adventure; not the whole of its credit, as is always assumed."

"I see," returned Oswald. "You do not like your own share in it omitted. Well, it is natural enough, and I am a selfish fellow to take all the praise. I will take care from this time forth that you have a full proportion of it—as for Aubrey, I don't suppose he cares."

"You know it is nothing of the sort!" cried Helen, thoroughly roused. "I don't want any praise; I did what any person of common sense would have done. What I want is, that you shouldn't allow a—I mean, Adela, to delude herself and everybody into a view that isn't correct, just because you do not care to take a little trouble to put things on their right footing. It is nothing to me; I only want you to have your share of moral courage and straightforwardness."

"I am much obliged to you for implying that I am a moral coward, simply because I don't care to worry and annoy Adela by contradicting her, and making a fuss about nothing," retorted Oswald. "The fact is, Helen, you are too censorious; you ought to judge more charitably; this habit of fault-finding will grow on you if you don't take care."

"I only wanted—" began poor Helen, but Oswald felt angry, because he knew perfectly well he had been to blame in accepting the romantic credit thrust upon him by Adela, and he saw in the absurd incident of the evening a kind of Nemesis. Therefore he proceeded to vent his irritation by lecturing his companion, who sought her own room on their arrival at Hill Crest, in much distress of mind.

"I wish I had said nothing about it," she reflected; and she found it hard work to smooth all the lines of vexation out of her face, and to descend smiling and ready to the brilliantly-lighted dining-room, where supper was spread in much profusion and splendour. Aunt Maria had stayed at home to superintend the preparations, and was hovering about the table—if anything so substantial can be said to hover.

"Well, my dear! I hear you've had a pleasant time, and there's been a grand piece of poetry recited by a young man all about Adela and Oswald. She's rarely pleased at it."

Helen told Miss Gascoigne as much

as she could about the performance. Supper was an animated and merry meal, and the talk was almost all of Mr. Yeames and his poetic effort.

"I should scarcely have recognised the adventure, I confess," observed Mr. Aubrey Gascoigne to the lady on his left. "But it is the privilege of epic bards to cast a halo of romance around the events they celebrate."

"Not recognise it? why not?" inquired one and another, and the inquiry was taken up till it became general.

"You did rescue Miss Adela in that heroic way, eh, Oswald?" asked his father, bending his bushy eyebrows.

"Of course he did!" cried Adela.

Helen was feeling desperately uncomfortable, when Oswald, who was near the top of the table, suddenly broke forth, speaking very fast and frowning—

"The fact is, there is a great deal of absurd exaggeration abroad about the affair. Miss Brooke first hit on the plan of searching in the crypt; I only went with Gascoigne here; there was no risking of my life, and I wasn't alone. A ridiculous fuss has been made, and a good deal of nonsense talked, which is my fault for not explaining things more clearly. I should have been glad and willing enough to risk my life, only I didn't, because there was no need for it—that's all."

This speech, which was distinctly audible down the table, surprised everybody, and created a general impression that it was wise to change the subject. Helen was amazed, and after Oswald's recent irritation she could scarcely believe what she heard.

Was he carrying out his threat of attributing more praise to her? or was he really wishful to set things on their right footing? The latter conclusion was the true one, for Helen's remonstrance had helped the voice of conscience, and forced Oswald to recognise the degrading absurdity of being exalted as a hero, when he had done nothing heroic. It had been delicious to be extolled by Adela as her deliverer! In a sense it was true, and all the exaggerations were so pleasant and soothing to *amour propre* that they were accepted one by one. But when, instead of the voice of his liege lady, the tongue of Mr. Yeames sounded forth his praises, the absurdity became patent. Helen clinched the matter, and the pseudo-hero resolved that he would e'en have no more of the false renown.

(To be continued.)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ART.

DOROTHY.—Coil you hair on the top of the head at night, but leave it in a soft roll. Sponge the leaves of your indiarubber plant, water it once a week, and keep it free from draught in as sunny a window as you may have for it. If you find it does not thrive, consult a florist, telling him under what conditions it is kept.

M. A. COYLE.—We do not insert letters into THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, and regret to disoblige you. We congratulate "E. M." on her success in drying and arranging flowers on cards, and are glad that "15 sick people" obtained the benefit of them. It is quite possible for two people to dry flowers after the same method without having borrowed the idea from one another, so that one has an equal right to claim originality as the other. There should be no rivalry nor jealousy between persons engaged in charitable works.

TOWER HOUSE GIRLS.—No such rule is required by good breeding. Continue the meal without waiting to receive the re-filled cup; circumstances may delay its return, and if everyone similarly waiting were to cease eating it would be distressing to the lady presiding, and thus uncourteous to her. Issa, Jessie, and Edith write the best hands.

HOUSEKEEPING.

ZULU (Hobart, Tasmania).—All white furs may be cleaned with hot sand, flour, or bran, well rubbed in.

IOLANTHE.—We hope this misfortune will be a lesson to you always to finish what you are about. We do not know if a paste made of washing soda, whitening, and rotten-stone, all finely powdered and mixed with water, put on the marble when wet, and left a day and night, will remove the stain you have made, but you might try it; if not, you must have the marble repolished.

STELLA.—You should rub the stained knives with a raw potato, or stick them once or twice into the ground before cleaning them.

TY-DERLWYN.—Crickets generally come in search of warmth and food, and so they favour the kitchen hearth. The putting in of your new kitchen range has probably opened some hole for them to creep in, and some fresh source of warmth. The rind of a cucumber is said to drive them away, as they dislike the strong smell. We think that you need not worry

about superstitious reasons when such a natural explanation can be found.

THE LAMBKIN.—You do not say what the black spots on your silver are caused by. Try a little plate powder or rouge. If that is not successful, cover them with whitening wet with vinegar, and leave it to dry before the fire, then rub off and polish with dry bran.

MISCELLANEOUS.

IONA.—We have experienced no inconvenience from the use of asbestos gas-fires. If placed well back in the chimney, so as to be under the full influence of the draught up it, and there be a ventilator somewhere near the ceiling, there is nothing to be apprehended. Nothing will prevent bone knife handles from becoming discoloured and shabby after a certain amount of use. We are glad you find our paper of use to you.

GERTRUDE ADAIR "has waited for an answer this last four months, and is getting quite discouraged" at not hearing "if water melons are fattening!" Poor little Gertrude! we are so sorry that we have so greatly troubled you, but assure you most sincerely that it was either through oversight or in consequence of the multitude of other letters in company with yours, that this important communication was not answered. Melons are not enumerated amongst the "fat creating foods," but they may be classed amongst those that are "filling at the price." On due consideration, we should also be disposed to say that they contain a good deal of liquid; but, then, our "perceptive faculties" may be very highly developed. You write a pretty hand.

A MARTYR.—Play no such tricks with your tooth, unless you feel it incumbent on you to make yourself a subject of ignorant experiment. Go to a dentist, and either get it stopped or let it be extracted.

A SCOTCHMAN'S DAUGHTER has our warmest sympathy in her sad bereavement, and we are glad to see she knows the true Giver of comfort, to whom she may turn in her trouble. Alas! as regards money-making home work, we can only say it is almost impossible to get, and can only be obtained by personal exertion. Needlework and teaching seem the only things that offer, and these our young friend must find for herself.

JILL JASON.—Of course, you must pay the debt if you owe it honestly.

NELLIE.—The only way to soothe the bitter feelings your self-will has raised is to acknowledge your fault and endeavour to improve yourself when you have gained forgiveness, so as to offend your friend no more.

VIO.—Many thanks for your kind and very neatly-written letter of praise.

MRS. G. kindly writes to say she has found a clove much superior to saffron to place in the water of a bird's cage. It must be changed every other day. Mrs. G. also says that stoppers may be removed from bottles, however tightly fixed, by placing them in a saucepan of cold water up to the neck and letting it boil gradually. If a smelling bottle, the stopper will fly as the salts are warmed.

QUEENIE. — Judging from a recent letter from the Canadian Commissioner in England, we should not advise your emigrating to Canada, there being no openings; but you might write to the Women's Emigration Society, Carteret-street, Queen Anne's-gate, S.W.

IVY LEAF, TEACHER CONSTANCE.—The saltness of the sea is explained by many to be caused as follows.—"Rivers which are constantly flowing into the ocean contain salts varying from ten to fifty, or even a hundred grains per gallon. They are chiefly common salt, sulphate and carbonate of lime, magnesia, soda, potash, and iron. These are the distinguishing characteristics of sea water. The water which evaporates from the sea in the form of rain is nearly pure, and falling upon the land it washes the soil, and percolates through the rocky layers, until, charged again with saline matter, it returns to the sea. It is the chloride of magnesium which gives that damp, sticky feeling to clothes that are washed or wetted with sea water. The deeper the shade of blue the salter the water, and when the colour is green, the water is much fresher.

M. W. A.—Sea water does not evaporate so readily as fresh water from the skin, and even when the body is dried, particles of saline matter will still adhere and keep up a glow, long after the bath is over. This is the probable explanation of the fact that persons do not take cold so readily after being wetted to the skin with sea water as they do with fresh. The pungent action of the salt stimulates the cutaneous circulation.

CELIA.—Boils are usually a sign of poorness of blood; sometimes also of malaria having been taken into the system. We do not know of any such books.

POOR PUSSY.—We sympathise much with you in your sufferings; but yours is a case for a doctor, and we can only advise you to see one at once. As you are twenty-five, you have no need to consult anyone; but you must find out the usual fee and take it from your own pocket-money, and write to make an appointment to see any medical man you choose.

GLADYS ROSAMINE.—To make pot-pourri, lay in a large china jar the petals of two pecks of Damask roses, including buds; of violets, orange flowers, jasmine, a handful of each; orris root sliced, benjamin and storax, two ounces each; of musk, a quarter of an ounce; angelica-root, sliced, a quarter of a pound; clove gillyflowers, one quart; lavender flowers, two handfuls; rosemary flowers, half a handful; bay and laurel flowers, half a handful; three Seville oranges, stuck full of cloves, dried, and pounded; knotted marjoram, half a handful; and of dried balm of Gilead, two handfuls. Lay all these ingredients in layers, strewing bay-salt between each, and then cover the jar. You had better read our article on roses, and Rivers' "Rose Guide."

NELLIE, IDA, and RUBY.—We must refer you to our article on "Girl's Own Pets," page 775, vol. iii.

IMOGEN'S writing is too careless.

ROBIN.—1. The day was a Monday. 2. No, your quotation is from some obscure hymn.

GLADYS and MURIEL.—The 6th May, 1791, was a Friday; the 17th June, 1868, was a Wednesday; September 21st, 1869, a Tuesday; September 3rd, 1866, a Monday. Wash with *eau de Cologne* and soap; then dry and brush. The quotation is probably taken from Roy's satire upon Wolsey.

A SUFFERER.—We have ceased to give recipes in reply to queries about the complexion; but as you seem much troubled and a new one has been given us, we can only say, try it if you please, on your own responsibility. Take one dessert-spoonful of brewer's yeast in half a tumbler of cold water before breakfast, to remove spots in the face.

PATIENTLY WAITING. — If you cannot clean them thoroughly inside and out with prepared charcoal, you had better get them put in good order by a dentist, and then it will be easy to keep them as they should be. Prepared chalk in the morning and some unscented soap at night (such as "Castile") would then suffice.

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

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SEVEN YEARS FOR RACHEL:

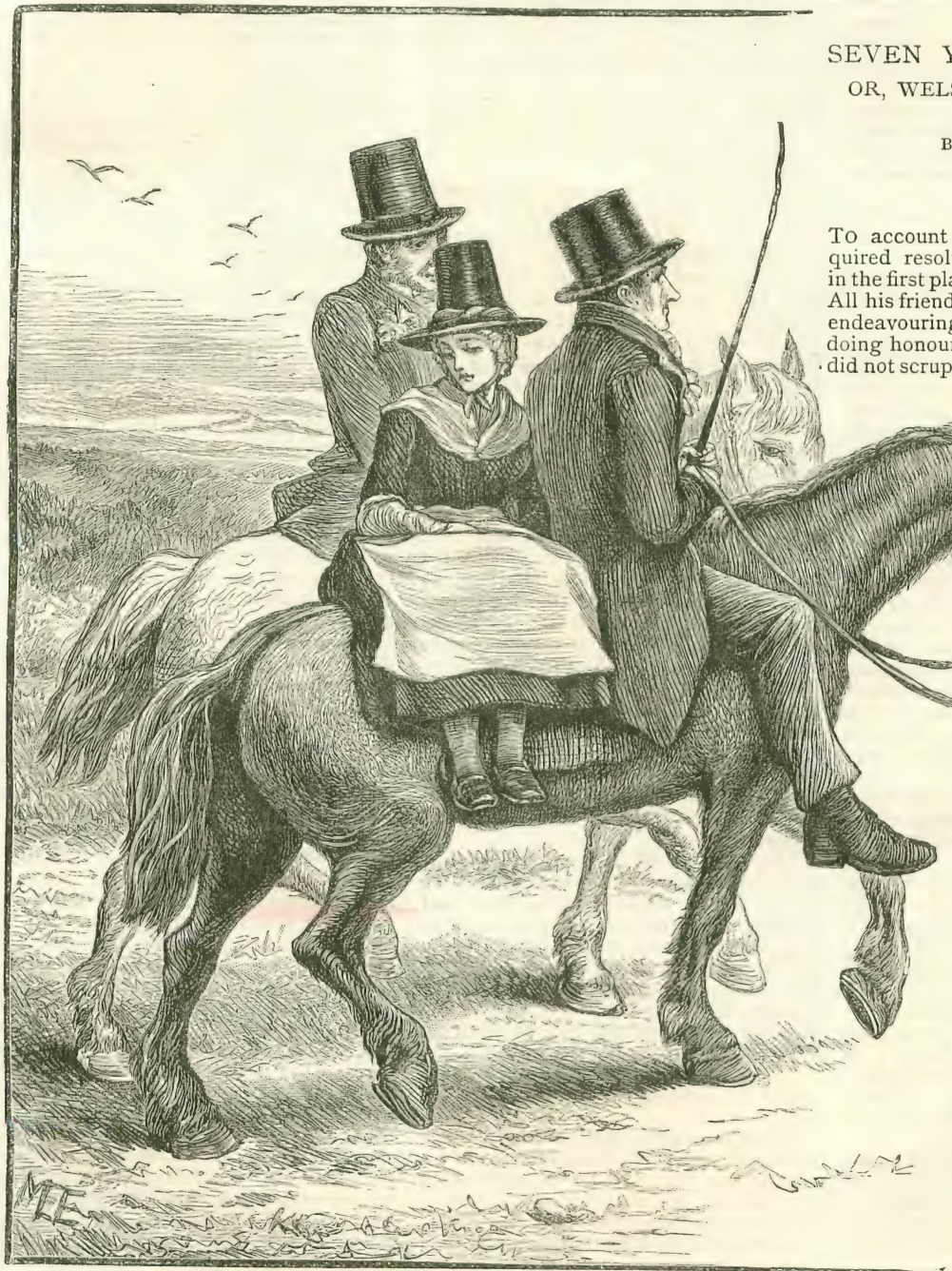
OR, WELSH PICTURES SKETCHED FROM LIFE.

BY ANNE BEALE.

CHAPTER XV.

THE ELECTION.

To account for Mr. Shenkin's newly-acquired resolution, it must be remembered, in the first place, that he was a Conservative. All his friends knew this, and had been long endeavouring to secure him to join them in doing honour to their representatives. They did not scruple to hint that he was too much under petticoat government to venture to the election, and this supposition wounded his pride, for how decidedly soever a man may be ruled by his wife, he does not like to be reminded of it. Mr. Shenkin was as universally liked as Mrs. Shenkin was disliked. Mr. Thomas and Mr. James formed a plan of carrying off the former *vi et armis*, and thereby annoying the latter. By frequent little manœuvres they so far worked upon Mr. Shenkin's self-esteem as to induce him to say boldly that "he thought he should go to the election after all, as the hay was likely to be in." They then made him promise to join a party of Reds at Mr. James's, the night preceding the election, which, as has been seen, he contrived to do; and when there, the rest of their scheme was easily accomplished. As they feared the powers of female eloquence upon his yielding mind, they proposed accompanying him home, under pretext of begging Mrs. Shenkin



All rights reserved.] "RACHEL ALONE WAS SAD AND SILENT."

to join their party. This he knew was a useless mark of civility, but he was only too happy to take refuge under the powerful protection of Mr. Thomas, Glanmere, for whom, he knew, his wife entertained great veneration. Mr. Shenkin's courage had slept during the last five years, but being aroused by his friends, he resolved to fight his own battles. It is no wonder that after so long lying dormant it should quail a little at sight of the enemy; nevertheless, it did not succumb, but finally prevailed.

At five o'clock all were astir as usual at the farm. Mrs. Shenkin sent Sally to summon her master upstairs, as he had remained with his friends during the time that intervened since their last interview.

"Please, master, you're wanted a minute out here," said Sally, as she beckoned Mr. Shenkin outside the house. "Please, sir, there's the cow as just wants looking after before you go, and that sick sheep. Mistress sent me to tell you she wants to see you upstairs, but I'll say you're about the farm, for I dare say there's no hurry—and, master, if you could just manage to take Rachel along, I'll do all the work."

"Tell her to get ready," said Mr. Shenkin, as he walked off to the cow and the sick sheep.

Sally proceeded to her mistress, and informed her "that master was nowhere to be found, but that Tom said he was gone up the hill to the cow," at which Mrs. Shenkin looked incredulous. She then went to Rachel, and bade her "put on her best gown immediately, and keep out of mistress's sight, for master would surely take her."

Rachel was sitting on the side of her bed, half dressed, not knowing what to do. On any other occasion she would not have quitted the house without her mistress's full consent; but now she felt inclined to run any risk to see her father, who, for aught she knew, might be dying. She took up her common dress, intending to put it on, when Sally ran to the chest, and produced her best Sunday flannel one, saying that, "since master gave her leave to go, and was so civil as to take her with him, she ought to dress smart and proper—that was nothing but respectful."

Mrs. Shenkin was obliged to go down stairs to make breakfast, during which proceeding Mr. Shenkin entered, affecting great unconcern.

"Well, my dear," he said, "we're off, you see. I told Rachel she might take a turn to see her father, as this is a sort of a holiday, and Betty Morris is coming in to help instead. I knew you would have no objections."

"Upon my word, Mr. Shenkin," exclaimed the annoyed wife, "you take great liberties with my servants. I've something else for Rachel to do than to go flaunting about at the election; and what's more, I can't possibly let her go."

"Oh! but my dear, Betty will do just as well for once in a way. Oh! here she comes. I told her to be up early.—Come in, Betty. As I was saying, my dear, Rachel can go as far as the turning to Jackey Bach's behind me, which will be a great help to her, for old Bob will carry double as well as any horse in the country. Sally, go you quick, and tell Rachel to get ready, for we shall be off directly."

Mr. Shenkin was resolved, by a grand effort, to prove to his friends that he could drive, when he chose to take the reins in his own hands, and he therefore assumed an air and tone of decision so unlike his usual submissive manner, that he produced the desired effect upon his wife, who was, for once, silenced from pure astonishment. She looked at her husband, who, with his hands in his pockets, steadily returned her gaze, saying as he did so, "I'm so sorry you won't come, my dear—but, Mr. Thomas, she's got such an odd dislike to us Reds, that there's no conquering it; and ladies are obstinate in such matters sometimes you know—indeed, I always say they are the hottest politicians after all. I must just go and see to the horses—do you begin breakfast, and I'll be back directly." And off walked Mr. Shenkin, with a step worthy of an Alexander, and a *veni, vidi, vici* sort of glance at his delighted friends.

Mrs. Shenkin felt herself boiling with passion, but still pride kept her from boiling over. She would not abandon all self-control before Mr. Thomas, Glanmere, and Mr. James, Llandewy. She was, in truth, afraid lest Mr. Shenkin's audacity should prevail, and she become a laughing-stock. In short, she was, for the first time during her wedded life, conquered by her husband.

The breakfast over, the horses were brought to the door, and Rachel made her appearance. She did not dare to look at her mistress, who told her, in a tone that she could not misunderstand, "that she had best be back early." Mr. Shenkin mounted his horse, and the young Mr. James gallantly helped Rachel up behind him. The portly Mr. Thomas and Mr. James followed their example. They wished Mrs. Shenkin good morning, but that lady did not condescend to appear at the door. With a rosette of red ribbon each in their coats, and smiles on their faces, they set off for the scene of action, leaving Sally, the baby, Betty Morris, Tom, and Bill grinning at one another, and staring at them by turns until they were out of sight.—"I wish I was going too," said Sally, with a dejected air.

The party had a merry ride, Mr Shenkin having determined to leave care behind him. Rachel alone was sad and silent, for though all were kind to her, and attentive to her comfort, she felt unhappy and ill at ease. When they reached the turning to her native village, her master asked her if she would like to go on and see the chairing first, and then return to her father.

"Oh no, thank you, sir; I would rather go straight home," was the reply.

"You're a good girl, Rachel, a very good girl, and I'll come and fetch you to-night, that you may lose no time with your father, and then I can just look in upon my old friend Jackey."

Rachel thanked her master, and with a modest courtesy took leave of her companions, who all wished her a very kind "good-day," and hoped she would find her father better. They trotted on to town, which they reached in great spirits, for they were proud of the success of their party.

But, alas for the electioneerers! at nine o'clock it was raining a thick, drizzling rain. What pen shall paint the disappointment of the inhabitants of our town, as they gazed from their windows upon hills disappearing in the mist, and a heavily clouded sky? The houses, too, looked as dismal as brick and mortar could look. Even the carriages appeared sulky, despite their red ribbons; and, unless long faces, miserable attempts at a laugh, and closely-buttoned surtouts are indications of pleasure, their inmates were anything but pleased. The members, also, notwithstanding the good hearty breakfast with which they were fortifying themselves, were doubtless looking forward with melancholy forebodings to their approaching procession. The ladies, always compassionate, and careful of the health of all creatures, whether bipeds or quadrupeds, were lamenting the catarrhs and coughs which must descend upon their hapless bare heads, as they passed through their constituents; and nothing but "dear me — how provoking—how tiresome—and how disagreeable," were heard on all sides. Everybody, and everything in the town, wore a gloomy air. Liberals predominated amongst the inhabitants, and it may be easily imagined that the return of two Conservative members did not excite universal mirth. It is true the adverse party did endeavour to look unconcerned, and did amuse themselves by pulling their opponents' persons and politics to pieces; still a defeated party cannot be quite as much at ease as a successful one. There had been no contest, consequently the passions had not been brought out, and excitement was wanting. All was dull and quiet. The very bells seemed to be rheumatic, and would not ring out a merry peal, but after several attempts gradually subsided into a drowsy chime.

An election, however, always collects a great number of people; and despite the cheerless aspect of the morning, all orders in the neighbourhood flock in to see the show. Every vehicle, from a carriage and four to a market cart, is out; and every horse, from the prancing steed to the plodding carter, is on duty. From nine till eleven nothing but rain and expectation—but at eleven the sun gravely and slowly reveals its face. The clouds disperse, and countenances clear up with the weather. The procession begins to wind through the park, and very gay the line of carriages and horses, with flags and ribbons, look under the oaks and along the green fields. But hark! fits of music come on the breeze, and horns and fifes are distinctly heard. 'Tis "The March of the Men of Harlech," in enthusiastic vigour; and now a full cheer hails the members from the townsfolk. From the schoolhouse to the market-place are suspended garlands of evergreens and flowers adorned with endless bows of red and

orange ribbon. The members in a carriage and four, attended by their friends and supporters, pass under the floral arch, and bow until their necks must ache. A short street brings them to the Town Hall, where they are to be proposed and accepted as honourable members for the county.

What a sale of red ribbons Mr. Lewis, "the shop," must have enjoyed, for red bows, of every variety of size and shape, appear on all sides. Nothing but red is to be seen. Red gowns, red trimmings, red roses, red faces. Even Betty Tock is attired in the prevailing colour, and with a red handkerchief over her head, upon which her best hat is placed in the most becoming taste, manifests herself Conservative to the tail of her red jacket, which she reserves for elections, an especial gift of "The Ladies." By her side are two little maidens, who have adorned their Conservative red hair with bunches of red ribbons; and not far off is her friend Mary Patch, with a twenty year-old red bow upon her very ancient short flannel gown. But who is this walking with so much dignity down the street, at whom everyone gazes? It is no less a personage than Mad Moll, followed by a troop of children. Though they torment her without mercy, she seems to enjoy the sport, and retorts upon them with a good-nature equal to their mischief. She is, however, soon left alone and at peace, for, at the sound of a drum, little boys, as well as big men and women, take to their heels.

"Hurrah! hurrah! they're coming, they're coming," is the cry. Every window is crowded with spectators. The members are leaving the hall; but, oh, dire disappointment! there is no chairing. The beautiful machine which used to appear, hoisted upon men's shoulders, covered with flowers and evergreens, satins, and gauzes, has given place to two handsome horses, upon which the members are mounted. The expectant crowd look crestfallen and dolorous. "God save the Queen" is played—the red flags are visible. "Here are the members—here they are—hurrah! hurrah!" is shouted by the men and little boys. The two handsome horses do their duty, and walk slowly and demurely on, giving their riders time and opportunity to bend gracefully, smile sweetly, and wave their hands with dignity to their fair constituents who grace the surrounding windows. What a display of red bows and white pocket-handkerchiefs from the ladies! How supremely pleased they look! There is not one amongst them who is not convinced that she has been honoured by an especial salutation, whilst the hapless, bare-headed objects of their admiration know not whether they are saluting ladies or wig-blocks, but are inwardly thinking that they never before knew the full value of a hat and an easy chair.

The members pass on—the gentlemen follow, and a long train of tenants and would-be voters close the procession. Mr. Shenkin is among them, and a very pompous man he looks between Mr. Thomas, Glanmere, and Mr. James, Llandewy. How consequentially he talks, now addressing one, now the other. He has not felt himself so much a man for the last five years. I wonder if he thinks of his wife? but I trow not. If he does, it is certainly in no cowardly spirit, for who could be a coward in a victory? If a thought of the reception he may meet on his return home cross his mind, he banishes it, and determines to let the present swallow up the future. By looking narrowly amongst the crowd, we discover other familiar faces; but those of Jackey Bach, William, Rachel, and Pally are not there. Cotton Ball robs half an hour from her rounds to see the chairing, as it is still called, and stands on the pavement yonder by the side of her upright soldier-husband. Old Mary Patch rests on her broom at the door of her wretched hovel, to watch the members pass by, and anticipates a troublesome "sweeping" to-morrow. The corporal stalks after the procession, declaring to everyone he meets that they ought to go elsewhere for elections. "'Tis a shame to see such a poor show: pretty Tories too!" he says with a sneer—"Why, half a dozen English Blues would give heartier cheers than all us Welshmen here put together. I should like you to hear the thunder of voices I have heard at elections; it would do your hearts good." The corporal is not far from the truth; the people evidently require a Chartist meeting to arouse their energies.

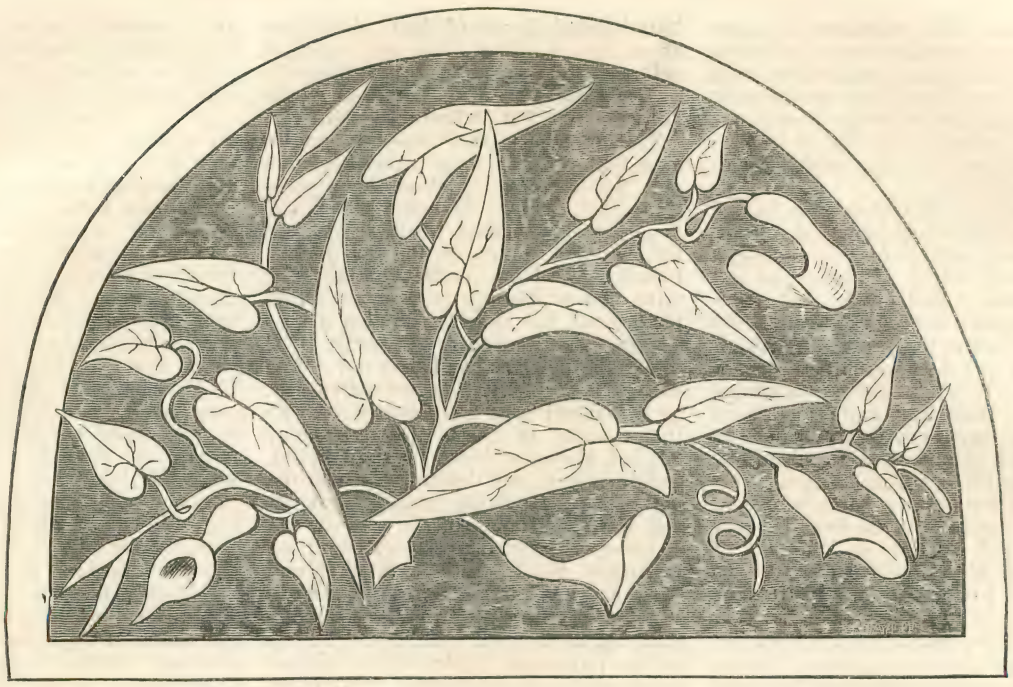
The procession having made its way through all the streets of our large provincial town, the different individuals who compose it disperse. The gentlemen adjourn to a luncheon at the school-houses, where Conservatives of both sexes may eat and drink as much as they like. The voters make their way to the different ale-houses, where they follow the good example of their superiors. After allowing a sufficient time to elapse for digestion, dinner parties assemble at the different inns, where meat and drink, those alternate rousers and calmers of John Bull's excitable feelings, are again the order of the day. Speeches are either made or spoilt in the making—healths drunk, and jollity kept up. All are as merry as a successful party can make them. The members are praised and flattered, and are, consequently, in good-humour with themselves and those around them.

Whilst these proceedings are going on within doors, a very different scene is enacting without. More cheers are audible than have been heard during the whole day before, and a considerable crowd is assembled. The erudite Chartist is addressing the late Conservative populace, and eliciting marks of approbation from the loyal Reds as well as from the discomfited Blues. He is dressed in a fustian jacket, in which figures a very large bow of dirty blue ribbon; a sailor's hat slouches over one side of his head, and a blue neck-kerchief encircles his neck; he stands on the churchyard wall and waves his hand and hat to the admiration of the bystanders. After addressing his new friends for some time, the stranger, for he is no inmate of our town, descends amidst enthusiastic cheers, and gives place to another of his clique. The latter, however, elicits no particular symptoms of approbation, and his predecessor again "takes the wall." Cheers greet his return; and "that's it—very true, indeed—'tis a burning shame—right enough—too bad"—and the like interjectional phrases are heard from the crowd. His admiring auditors are so charmed with his eloquence, that a chair is procured, into which the new member complacently seats himself, and is borne by four of his principal constituents triumphantly round the town. Never did king on his coronation-day bend and smile more sublimely than does our friend of the blue bow on the present occasion. Tottering on the shoulders of his supporters, he is conscious of nothing but of acquired dignity. Short-lived, however, is his triumph. An hour or two passes, and he is seen walking alone and crestfallen through the streets that had witnessed his elevation. An occasional glance from beneath his slouched hat tells that he is still looking for followers and applause; but his late admirers have found a pleasing variety in the ale-house, and he is left alone. The corporal approaches him with a sneer:—

"I hope you liked your chairing! Very fine thing to be member for a mob, ain't it? You looked uncommon grand in the chair, too; d'ye think they'll vote for you at the next election?"

The man looks very morose, and the corporal walks homeward, whither it may not be amiss to accompany him, in order to discover what has become of Rachel.

(To be continued.)



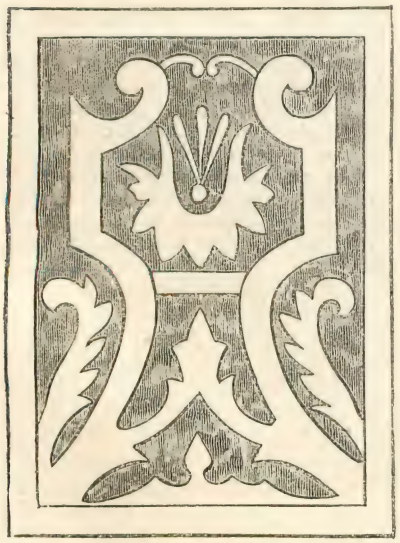
WALL LETTER RACK.

REPOUSSÉ BRASS WORK.

PART II.

IN our last article we enumerated the various implements used in repoussé; in this we propose to take the design for a door-plate there given to illustrate our instructions in the art, it being easier to learn from directions applied to an actual and visible pattern than from general remarks.

Having procured sheet brass, pitch block, hammer and tools, commence by transferring the pattern to the brass. There are three ways of doing this: the simplest, if the worker is a draughtsman, is to pencil the outlines very carefully on to the material, but as this plan is one that can only be carried out by accurate drawers, the other methods are chiefly used.

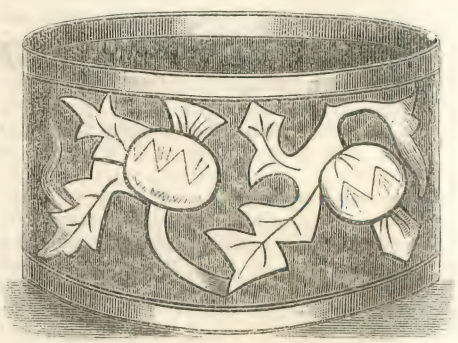


SIDE OF MATCH BOX HOLDER.

For the first, cut out the printed design from the paper, and with a pin prick through every line, making holes an eighth of an inch apart, and following every stroke, lay the pricked pattern upon the brass, and pounce through the holes charcoal dust or crayon dust. Lift off the design with great care, and with a pencil trace the pattern on the brass, carrying the pencil lines from one clot of charcoal to the other. The third plan is, trace over the pattern with ink upon a sheet of thin tissue paper, and gum this to the brass, so that it lies flat and straight upon it. The drawback to this way is, that the paper remains on the brass during the working, is rather liable to come off when the brass is heated with contact with the hot pitch, and the blows upon the background parts cannot be seen until the worker pulls off the paper laid over the places, otherwise this last plan is the one most in favour with amateurs.

The pattern secured, cut the piece of brass round with a pair of metal-worker's scissors; leave a margin of half an inch round the door-plate beyond the design, and indent this with the file, turning it slightly inwards, and then oil the brass at the back. To make the brass plate adhere to the pitch the latter requires to be warmed. This is best accomplished by an indiarubber gas tube, with a flattened jet affixed to any gas jet in the room. When lighted, pass the flame of gas rapidly backwards and forwards over the surface of the pitch, never allowing the flame to touch the pitch or to remain steadily on one spot, as, if the pitch becomes burned in the process of warming, it is hurt. The pitch will soon melt and begin to run; turn out the gas and lay the plate on the pitch, press it down hard, and use a damp towel while doing so, so as not to touch the brass with the fingers, and never touch the burning pitch.

Allow the brass to cool, and begin the work by tracing the outline of the design as a deep continuous line. The tracing tools are now required. The tracers have slightly curved points, and some of the points are broader



NAPKIN RING.

than the others. A beginner should take the broadest pointed instrument, as the fine tools are more likely to cut through the brass. Use the broad tool for all the widely-curved lines, and only take up the finer pointed ones when the sharp turns or curves will not allow of the broader tool being used. Tracing the outline is one of the most difficult parts of the work, and in badly-executed work this line is often omitted. In good work it is always done; and anyone wishing to learn repoussé thoroughly must do it.

The position of the fingers is very important when holding the tracer. Hold the tool in the left hand; put the little finger (slightly thrown out) upon the metal, the third finger round the tool, but a little behind the back part of the point (so as to guide it), and just touching the metal, the other two fingers round the tool, above the third finger, and the thumb grasping the tool. The tracer is held nearly, but not quite upright, with the back of the broad point touching the brass line to be made, and the front point a little elevated; the right hand holds the hammer, grasping it at the knob, so as to throw all the weight of the hammer into the blow given on the top of the tracer. Press the tracer evenly along the

line, working along the curves from left to right and inwards, and striking the head of the tracer as it moves with the hammer, so as to give out a sharp click—not a dull one. (By the sound made by the blow a workman can detect if the tool is being held correctly.) Keep the tracer moving, but very slowly, and be careful that the motion is steady, and not in jerks—a properly traced line will be of the same depth throughout, even if it is not very deep; a badly traced line will present the appearance of a number of half curves, will be deep where those curves commence, and but a scratch where they end; and a very badly traced line will be made by hammering the tracer hard at one spot, lifting it up and hammering it down again at the next, without the slightest guiding or continuous movement.

The traced line can be gone over several times if necessary, in order to deepen it, but it should not be considered finished until it is well driven in and broad. The advantage of the pitch block over the brass nailed down to the wooden one is very apparent in the tracing—the hammering is not such labour with the former, the lines helped by the pliable background are more easily shaped into curves, and the noise made by the hammering much lessened—the latter being an especial boon to those who must work at home and not at a factory.

Finish all the tracing, and form any sharp turns and twists or rounds with the aid of less broad tracers than the first one taken, and then proceed to beat in the background. For this purpose use the punches. These, like the tracers, are of many points, but they all have the same long iron handle. It is better to work with a square-ending punch at first, and until the handling of the tool is quite understood, as the sharper pointed punches are apt to indent too strongly in unskilful hands. The paper pattern can be washed off the brass as

BACK OF CANDLE BRACKET.

soon as the tracing is finished: it simply requires to be thoroughly wetted and taken off with a duster.

Hold the punch in the same manner as the tracer, but hold it over the centre part of any space to be beaten in, not near any of the deeply grooved-in lines; if the work was commenced at these places, and heavy blows struck there before the other parts of the brass had been flattened, the plate would split. However small the part to be hammered, always work from the centre towards the sides: thus, place the punch in the middle of the space, and slowly guide it towards the outer edge, beating it with the hammer the whole time; lift it when it reaches the edge, replace it in the centre, and guide it towards another part of the edge, and continue until every part is once gone over; then return to the first stroke, and recommence, being careful to flatten the whole space evenly before beating in one part to the required depth. The process of beating in the ground is a tedious one; the work does not require so much manual skill as tracing the outline, but the eye and the attention is concentrated so much when working at the latter upon the shape of the lines being formed, that the time passes more quickly than it seems to do when the tool is merely guided from the centre to an outside line. While the background is thus being beaten in, any defects in the deeply-traced lines can be smoothed over; this is accomplished by hammering close up to the traced lines and over any weak and imperfect strokes.

The deeper the background is beaten in and the longer time spent upon bringing it to perfection, the more raised and *repoussé* the design stands out; therefore, no amount of labour is thrown away when working at this part. Simply beating down the ground is enough for the first piece of work, but when backgrounds with patterns upon them are required, punches shaped like crescents at the point, or as circles, stars, crosses, will be required; these are used, not to flatten in the ground, but to embellish it after the ground has been sufficiently hammered down. These fancy punches can be bought at the metal-workers' shops for the same price as the plain ones, or for a very little more, and they are technically called "mats." When, however, the worker takes a fancy to using a device for the background that is out of the common run, it is not difficult to make, or to have made at an ironmonger's.

Steel rod or wire, an eighth of an inch square and of any length, can be procured. This is cut into four-inch lengths, one of the lengths taken and its upper end smoothed with a file until the edges are pared away, and it can be handled without discomfort. The lower end is then filed until it is slightly smaller than the upper, and on the point a small device shaped with the file. This end is then made quite hot and plunged into oil, by which means it is hardened, and works better and longer.

After the background is finished the very few chased lines shown on the design are indented with a chaser—a tool which resembles a fine chisel; but unless the worker feels confidence, and can draw a steady firm line, these lines had better be omitted at first, as a badly chased line is worse than none.

To take the plate off warm the pitch, pick up the plate with a pair of pinchers, oil its face, rewarm the pitch, and press it face downwards again upon the block. The background will now appear, as the raised part and the pattern will be depressed. To depress this more, and to obliterate any uneven hollows, take the punch known as a "flattener," and use it to press inwards the pattern and to smooth it over.

The "flattener" has a broad point, and is worked from the centre of the brass to the side, and struck lightly with the hammer. By rewarming the pitch when the design has been well gone over, the plate is removed. To make it up as a door-plate it is backed with a plain piece of metal; this is done at a shop; it is then polished, the brass being dull-looking when bought by the sheet. To polish, first wash the plate with a mixture of vinegar and salt, then apply a coating of cream of tartar; this is a powder, and is wetted and laid on as a thick layer; leave it until dry, brush it well off with a short-haired brush (an old plate-cleaning brush will do, but a rather harder brush is better).

The designs given this week work out in the same way as the door-plate. The match-box holder is useful for two sorts of holders, either the upright or as the top to a case for holding matches. The wall letter-racket is the first of the series of letter-holders in a wall racket; the other holders need not be so much worked, or may be left quite plain, as the letters hide them. The dinner ring make of thin brass, as a straight piece, and then solder its ends together. The back for candle bracket is the most ambitious of all the designs. When executed it requires an oval piece of plain metal affixed on to hold the candle, or a pair of candle arms at the side. It should be finished at a shop.

B. C. SAWARD.

THE DUTIES OF WIVES AND MOTHERS.

As so very large a proportion of women are destined to remain single, from the seclusion of their lives, the lack of sufficiency of means, the preponderance of the female over the male population, ill health, and the frequent selection of wives from widows, it is well to regard marriage as a mere possibility, rather than as a certainty. But, judging not alone from the revelations of our correspondence columns, but from personal observation, to marry seems the supreme end in life of a very considerable proportion of the population. This fact is more especially remarkable amongst the daughters of professional men and tradesmen, shop assistants, and domestic servants. To marry for mere bread-sake is, nevertheless, becoming a discarded idea of the past in the ranks of well educated women, and the desire to render themselves self-supporting is rapidly gaining ground.

I by no means underrate the happiness to be found in marriage; which, so far as possible, ought to be ensured before facing possible and unavoidable adverse contingencies. But I absolutely deny the truth of that mischievous assertion of Dr Johnson's, that "if matrimony has more cares, celibacy has no pleasures." The standpoint from which he viewed the relative advantages of the two conditions was false. Were the former what it was divinely designed to be, it would offer the most of happiness; but that "if" should bespeak extreme caution on the part of a woman of common sense, and preclude the possibility of her regarding it as the grand climax of her youthful ambition.

Banish the impression that a single woman need be a despised, aimless, joyless being, regarded as "superfluous" in society. Were all married, where would be the sisters and aunts that are so much in request, when ill-health, over-work, and poverty follow in the wake of large families? So much depends on their unselfish devotion; and, even if the duties be arduous, no truer happiness exists on earth than in filling the honoured place of a second mother.

Change the picture a little. What a privilege and satisfaction to be the stay and comfort of beloved parents, when the other children have dispersed and left them alone; and the daughter, vulgarly stigmatised as an "old maid," proves the support of their declining age!

It might naturally be supposed that mothers would know the special duties of their position by a natural instinct, without needing suggestions from others. They have, or ought to have, attained mature age, completed a fair education, and developed sufficient judgment to check the vagaries of the imagination; under such circumstances their children need no other monitor, nor lack that sympathy that should accommodate itself to the pleasures or troubles peculiar to the tenderest years or to riper age.

Surely I do not expect too much! If the judgment be not matured, the grave duties of the wife, and the still more absorbing and extensive ones of maternity, should not be undertaken: nor the mere scholar venture to assume the place of teacher and ruler of others.

In point of fact, what is the picture usually presented to us? A young fledgling leaving the parental nest, her studies of art, her lawn tennis, and garden parties, her rides, and boating, and evening entertainments, all enjoyed with the happy *insouciance* of a young daughter of the house—rushing into the unknown responsibilities of a matron, as often for the *prestige* of owning a house, as for the sake of one with whom she will be suitably and happily matched. As for the possibility of the step being taken "for worse," such a peradventure never shadows the brightness of her self-selected future prospects.

Lest the chances of happiness be against you, arm yourself at all points. The intending wife, and possibly future mother, has much to learn, and many aids and safeguards are within her reach. On returning home from school at eighteen, she should commence practical, as well as theoretical, studies of a perfectly new kind. These pursuits must, to a considerable extent, substitute those of art, science, and literature, which should hold a secondary place until this supplementary education be completed. They are by no means without interest, and some of them offer attractions that lighten the work of a learner. In any case, a well-regulated mind will find compensation for any dryness or difficulty experienced in the consciousness of advantage gained, if not by herself, at least by others.

Young girls fresh from school or college pride themselves on being "grown up," possibly distinguished for their scientific or literary attainments, and more or less free to choose their own course in life. They should then at once begin a judicious preparation for every contingency that may and will arise. In my article on the duties of children, entitled "Honour thy Father and thy Mother," I entered into the question of this supplementary education, viewed as of filial obligation. I now take a different standpoint; and treat this training in manual work, and this practical utilisation of intellectual culture, as duties to themselves; to render them eligible as wives, and possibly as mothers.

I have already observed that her first business should be to lift as much of the burden borne by her mother upon her own shoulders, while usurping none of her authority in the household. Quite apart from the filial element in this question, let us proceed to enter into an investigation of the several departments to engage her attention.

First of all I recommend my young friend to study the questions of general expenditure,

rent, living, wages, dress, taxes, fire and light, medical treatment, renewal of furniture and kitchen appliances, postage and stationery, and that too comprehensive item "sundries," in which both small charities and hire of conveyances may be included. Various calculations under different scales of income ought to be made, and a thorough understanding arrived at as to what sums may be allotted to each department; for, as a rule, girls rate the amount of income on which a marriage may be contemplated at far too low a standard, even remembering their position in the social scale. After the first year, they begin to find out the delusions under which they undertook its many responsibilities.

Her next duty should be to acquire a thorough acquaintance with the subject of food supply. I do not merely refer to theoretical nor practical general cookery. I maintain that she should know when all viands are respectively in season, and the normal prices of each, for it must be evident that ordering articles scarcely "in season" is an act of extravagance, and at times unsanitary, if not illegal; besides, this ignorance of what is in the market at fair prices deprives the family of a desirable change of food.

Under this head I must observe that the food of children before of an age to feed as grown up people, and invalid cookery with sick-room drinks and delicacies, must all be included, and likewise the art of carving at table in a refined and appetising, as well as economical manner, having always a view to other modes of redressing the remains of the several articles in more ways than one.

All hygienic principles, as to food, dress, or the general arrangements and guidance of the household, need very careful study, and that of nursing the sick constitutes a very important department under the same head. "Ambulance classes" are much to be recommended.

The intending mistress of a house should be thoroughly conversant with all the general rules of good breeding that should be observed in all classes of life; and perhaps with those of the etiquette which obtains in the upper ranks of society, should she belong to them, to enable her to fill her place as would become her own and her husband's position. This is due to her neighbours and acquaintances likewise, for she will know the right course to take under any circumstances, and thus avoid giving needless and unintentional offence.

An acquaintance with the several duties of domestic servants, also her own claims as well as obligations, and their legal rights, should be acquired, and under this head I include all questions relating to governesses. In reference to them a deplorable amount of ignorance, carelessness, and lack of kindly and generous feeling is perpetually exhibited.

The art of cutting-out, planning new articles of clothing from already used materials, the reduction of grown people's dress for the use of children, is a valuable acquirement in many, perhaps even in most, cases, as the poor, including persons of small means, so far outnumber the comparatively wealthy. In reference to needlework, I may also draw attention to the requirements of a "baby's basket" and its wardrobe in general, with which every girl should be acquainted, and all the little articles of clothing of less costly materials for the poor.

From the question of a "baby's basket," I may not unnaturally proceed to suggest the wisdom of studying the rarely well-acquired art of teaching. It is one so important, that it has been recognised, and made a special branch of training. With reference to this subject I refer the reader to the articles recently given in this magazine, entitled "The Duties of Governesses." Not merely is the method of giving instruction discussed in these articles, but suggestions and rules for the physical and moral training of children, suggestions equally valuable to the mother as to her assistant.

I have often heard it said that "young mothers very generally lose their first child," ignorance of the rules of hygiene in food, dress, doctoring, and general treatment being the cause; ignorance that is as morally culpable and inexcusable as deplorable in its results. If the Almighty has committed to your care an immortal being, enclosed in a very frail casket, which may suffer throughout life from carelessness or ignorance on your part, and become a burden, not only to himself but to others, reflect on your enormous responsibility and acquire the necessary knowledge, and earnestly strive to meet all difficulties relating to the early care and subsequent moral and religious training of the precious charge.

Let the young mother beware, then, of taking up fancies of her own in reference to the physical treatment of her children, especially on the subject of "hardening" by means of light clothing, a bare neck, arms, and legs, and by training them to live on a diet less generous than they allow themselves. Hereditary custom, an artificial mode of life, a method of rearing deeply affecting the constitution of the children, inherited from many successive generations of ancestors, cannot be arbitrarily set aside. Beware, then (if you belong to the upper classes of society) of making positively dangerous experiments. So much for the care of the little bodies committed to your hands.

As regards the moral training, the care of that far more precious gem within the little casket, I have some serious observations to make. I will not recapitulate suggestions already given to the governess, but referring the mother to the articles at pages 630—770, vol. v., pass on to one or two important points in which the mother's responsibilities must not be shifted to the shoulders of another.

Invite the free confidence of your children. Never let them fear your knowledge of what they may communicate, nor the exercise of that authority which they should nevertheless regard as supreme. Having instilled into their minds the conviction that God sees all they do, though unseen to you, and that they will be held accountable to Him, let your endeavours be directed to influence their conduct through gratitude to Him, and affection to you. Let the appeal ever be made to their hearts.

And now I have a very important consideration to lay before you. Boys pass out of their mother's hands sooner, and for longer intervals, than girls. Special care should be taken as to their training when very young. I address myself on this head, not merely to mothers of the upper classes of life, but especially to those amongst the so-called "working classes."

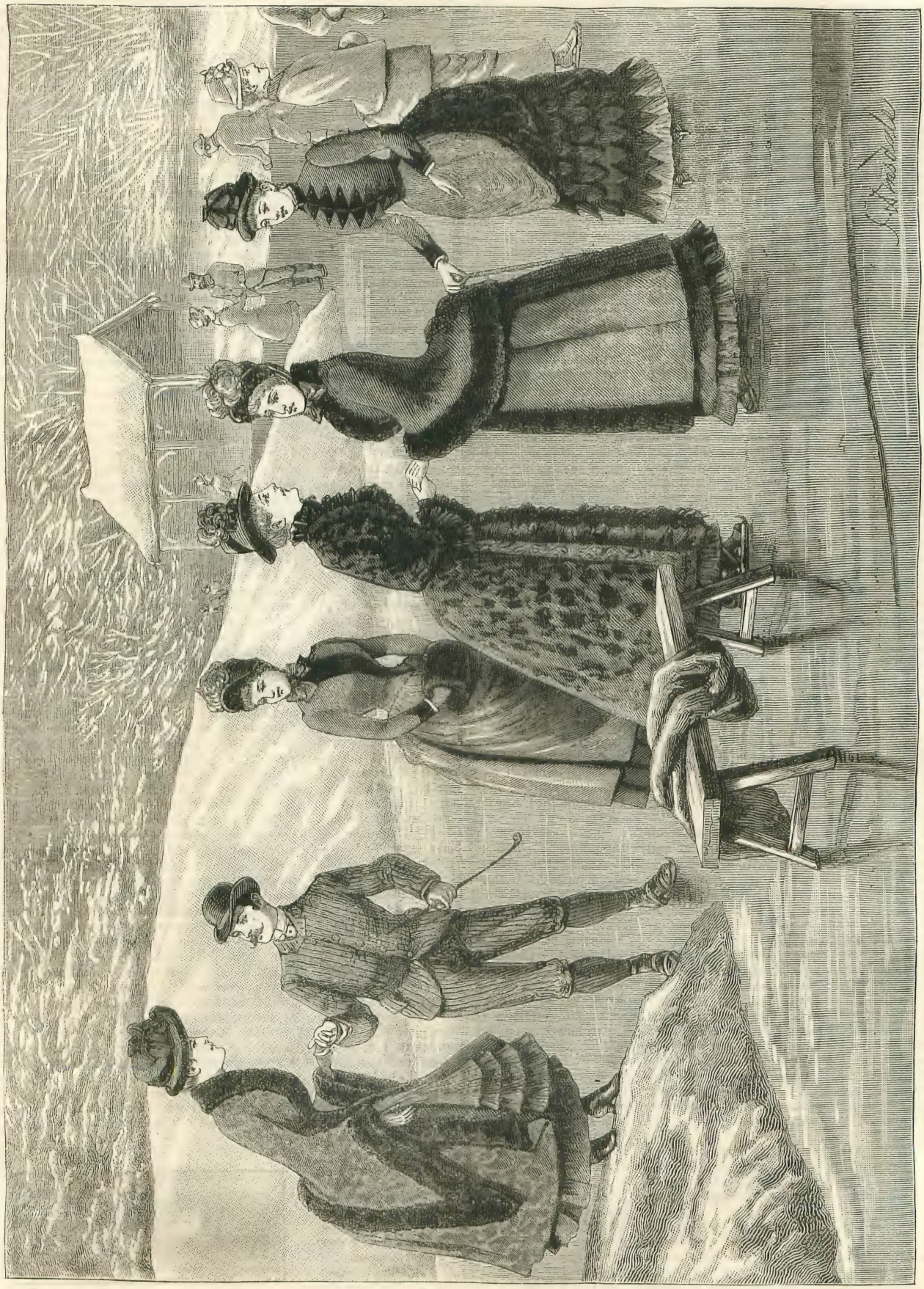
Begin from the time your boy can understand you, and lisps his earliest words, to make him obey you without one moment's hesitation. As he grows older, never permit him to argue with you, nor dare to "answer you back." Never let him snatch anything roughly, much less raise his hand to strike a brother or sister. Such an act should be punished on the spot, by a smart slap on his own hand. Avoid loud speaking at him, and the use of coarse rough words or threats. Be as gentle in manner as you are immovably firm and autocratic. He may become a worthy, religious man, but many such, alas! are very disagreeable, ill-mannered, and overbearing, much dross overlying the gold. Bear this in mind. Train your boy to take the part of the weakest amongst his fellows, and to recognise the special gentleness and respectful consideration due to a woman, beginning with yourself and his sisters. Why do I lay such stress on this point? Let me answer by a quotation from last year's statistics of crime:—"Dividing the criminals at large into males and females, it appears that 30,638 belong to the former, and 8,333 to the latter," and this although the males form the minority of the population. There is likewise a large preponderance of idle men in our workhouses, as well as criminals in our jails, in excess of the number of women.

Why should such a state of things exist? Why are men ignorant of the claims of the weaker sex on their feelings of chivalry (not to speak of Christian feeling) which Nature herself should implant? How dare your boys to contradict you?—to use rough words, if not guilty of rude actions? Why do they grow up to be wife-beaters, or drunkards, drinking away the bread from their children, and degrading themselves to a far lower level than that of the beasts? The blame, in most cases, lies at the door of the incompetent mother! It seems hard to say so, but it is no less the fact.

As to your girls, why do they take upon themselves to form their own acquaintances, and in some conditions of life to walk out with young men, and even become engaged to them, unknown to you, or against your wishes? Is it not traceable to a defective early training, for which you are primarily responsible? And you, mothers in a higher grade of life, why are your daughters so anxious to marry, or look for recreation outside their own home? Is it not that you have made that home so dull and "dead-alive," taking no interest in their pursuits, suggesting no pleasant varieties of occupation, providing no congenial society suitable for their age, giving no assistance in the pursuit of that supplementary education suggested, diversified by more recreative employments?

The duties you have taken on yourselves, young mothers, are indeed many and various, and the most important commence when your children are in their infancy or early childhood. Most of the difficulties presented when the child grows older may then be obviated. You cannot excuse yourselves on the ground of poverty for neglect in such training as this. It costs you an effort to be firm, while gentle and loving, and a patient and prayerful endeavour day by day; but it costs no money, nor does it demand any "book-learning" on your part. A poor woman may train her child in the fear of God, and in manly habits, quite as well as a rich one, and he need not turn out a selfish and cruel "bully."

With two more rules for the guidance of young wives and mothers I conclude. Take a frequent practical supervision of your nurseries, school, and play-rooms. However trustworthy the nurse and governess, you should let the weight of your influence be felt, and this without any betrayal of distrust, irritating interference in trifles, or the exhibition of a difference of opinion between you and them before the children. Any such should be settled in private. Above all, let none be ever apparent to the young people (or the servants) between you and your husband. Such disagreements tend to upset parental authority, diminish respect, and provoke the siding of children or servants with one head of the house against the other. By divine ordinance, it is a woman's duty to "guide the house"; if she do so faithfully, and in the fear of God, will "her children arise up and call her blessed." S. F. A. CAULFEILD.



HEALTHFUL EXERCISE.

DRESS: IN SEASON AND IN REASON.

By A LADY DRESSMAKER.

ALTHOUGH we illustrate a skating scene, one is never quite sure in England of enjoying that amusement at any time during the winter, especially when that season has become as warm as it has been during the last few years. Nothing in the way of a special costume is needed, now that everyone wears sensible serge or cloth dresses, and fur trimmings; and bands of all kinds are so much used, that any ordinary winter dress looks suitable for the use of skates. The "housemaid skirts," too, are very pretty, and look well on the ice from their absence of trimming, and their straight folds take graceful curves in the wind. When bordered with astrachan, a small jacket, also fur-trimmed, is worn with the dress, and may match it in material and colour. Cord is employed to loop across bodies, either with or without plastrons; and also on the sides of open tunics, to fasten them together. It is often knotted loosely, like a chain made in crochet. Wide braid is much used for trimming, put on in rows, or tucks divided by braid and embroidering, or braiding; or else rows of false tucks stitched on to the skirt. In the latter case the skirt is ungored, and hangs a little full. In some of the very new skirts they are put into three or four wide box-pleats at the front and sides, or have several single pleats on each side, turning towards the centre.

Braid, in fact, is more worn than any trimming, except fur. Astrachan is the special fur trimming of the winter, and the real and the imitation are used indiscriminately, and are distinguished into "astrachan fur" and "astrachan wool;" the former being the real and the latter the imitation curls. But when both are wool, though one has gone through a process of manufacture, it seems hardly needful to call one of them "imitation," as both are the product of lambs, though in widely separated countries. The difference, however, in the price is great; and, in consequence, the real is used in much less quantities than the imitation. With the fur astrachan also no trimming is used, while with the imitation a cord mixed with tinsel or steel threads often heads the band. The woollen astrachan is often employed as a wide band on the lower skirt, where the real would only be put on in rather narrow borders on the long tunic.

HOME AND SCHOOL DRESSES.

Black dresses trimmed with black astrachan are of either serge or vicuna, and are thoroughly useful and pretty for everyday wear. They can be most inexpensively got up too; old skirts can be used, and even old bodices, and particularly when children's dress is concerned, it is astonishing what may be done by a little contrivance to make old cloaks, capes, and frocks put on a new and fashionable air, and a certain quickness and cleverness in adopting and picking up all new ideas is worth pounds to a young girl, or a mother with a young family to clothe.

I notice too, with much pleasure, that dressmakers who go out to work at private houses are greatly on the increase, and I think this is one of the best openings for many girls who are not clever enough, or have not sufficient education to be clerks or book-keepers. They are well paid, and can earn from two and sixpence to three shillings a day, and are fed as well; so there is nothing but the lodging to be thought of. The connection is soon formed if a person once gets a good name as a fitter and a neat and quick needlewoman. If she has her own machine, so much the better. In many houses the lady of the house will also make room for the needlewoman to sleep, which is a great comfort to her, and saves much of the employer's time. Where the latter is not over well dowered with this world's goods, it is wise for her to assist herself in the sewing and to be prepared to plan with her worker, so as to make the best of everything. "Two heads," we know, "are better than one," and mutual companionship and mutual thought make the work and the hours fly—both are spurred on to do the very best that in them lies.

Tunics and overskirts are now (in the new dresses) so very long that they form virtually a second dress, but they are open quite up to the waist at the sides, or else in front. This new fashion has already caused a change in the making-up of skirts, for a lining of silk or alpaca is now considered sufficient for the underskirt, and is used to give less weight, the hem being faced with fur or flounced, just as far as it is likely to show under the long overskirt. Furs are used as a trimming on any coloured dresses, and the richer furs, like sable, on evening dresses. Black astrachan is used on dark blue, green, and crimson woollens, and grey astrachan on iron greys or slates, when it is to be generally seen as wide panels or waistcoats.

The use of fur, like astrachan, need not be feared as extravagant, or only suitable for the winter, for our English springs are so long and so uncertain, that dresses trimmed with it can be worn until May, and perhaps even June, and they do not look either heavy or wintry. Care should be taken to make the underskirt light. If it can be afforded I think silk is always the best, as it is so light, and one slips about in it so comfortably. Warmth must be given by the under-clothing, not by the dress, and by the outer mantle, when walking or driving.

There is but little change in the ordinary girl's frock as worn at home and at school. This will be seen from the illustration. In fact, the plainer and quieter they are, the more ladylike the wearer, as usual. In the dresses that are represented in the sketch, I have endeavoured to help those who have old ones to modify, more than those who have new dresses to make; and there is no end to the ways of freshening-up old dresses, if we know how to do it with taste and judgment. The figure on the extreme left shows one of the long straight tunics which I mentioned in the previous portion of my article. This has a folded fan-like short overskirt over it, but it may be made without it entirely if desired. The benefit of the very long overskirt is, that it will hide, if not conceal, the worn-out front of any dress. One last hint must be given to the home dressmaker, and that is, never attempt to drape any overskirt whatever, unless you have a proper "dress stand" to hang your skirt upon, or unless some good-natured soul will stand patiently while you drape it upon them, as a block.

On the figures in the skating scene a number of different costumes are shown. One figure especially deserves mention—*i.e.*, that with the underskirt trimmed with pointed velveteen trimmings, and an overskirt lined with velveteen, which would be an easy and simple style for the repairer of half-worn costumes. The points are cut out by a paper pattern, and lined with a black lining, such as leno—not a thick one, which would make the velveteen more heavy and cumbrous.

It will be seen in this illustration that both bonnets and hats are higher in the crown, and smoothly covered with velvet when the hat or bonnet is not of felt. Fur borders are in much favour, and so are brims covered with *bouillonnée* velvet. Felt hats and bonnets have the crowns figured over with stars and sprays of chenille embroidery, velvet, gold thread, and beads of black or colours, to match the foundation. These bonnets need nothing but half a yard or so of velvet to finish them, and a small tuft of feathers. The velvet is put on full in front, a plain band behind, and velvet strings. So here the home-milliner is quite at her ease, and can turn out a bonnet that may compare well with the best.

I have mentioned, I think, that the great taste of the day is for rough stuffs, coarse in texture but not thick—an unfortunate style for those who are stout, as these stuffs should always be avoided by them, as they increase the apparent size so much. For this reason they answer admirably for the very slim, slight figure that needs enlarging; in this case they are becoming and pretty. There is a rough woollen called "blanket cloth," which is much trimmed with woollen lace, and all the best serges are diagonally woven.

The appliqué trimmings used on woollen dress, made of velvet, cannot be much admired. When we come to anchors, horse-shoes, and other such incongruous designs for the ornamentation of our dresses, we are rather touching on the necromancers' dresses and robes of ancient times, which had many strange devices on them; and it is to be hoped that this fashion will disappear with the spring.

All silken materials must be repped, and thick-ribbed poplins and gros-grains are more liked than smooth ones, and are used for mixing with woollen dresses. There are some new silks which are extremely bright and shining in their appearance, giving one the idea that the reign of dull-faced silks is nearly over, and we shall soon, in all probability, go back to the charming old glacés, which were very becoming and wore so well.

Ribbon bows and ends are no longer used for dresses to be worn by day—indeed, if we go on as we are going at present, we shall soon do away with trimmings altogether, for the outlines of all our dresses are becoming so severe and plain, and in all the drapery used this season the length is more accentuated than the breadth, and the folds are made to fall in long lines, while the draperies of tunics and overskirts are longer and less full. I fear that this change may bring in longer skirts; but I trust, now we have once felt the comfort and real happiness of the short walking ones, we shall never give them up, however fashion may change.

I have had many queries on the subject of the under-dresses of which I spoke in one of my recent dress articles. The pattern used for them is the ordinary combination, which is used for cotton underclothing; only it must be high-necked and long-sleeved. The materials used may be flannel, stockingette, wincey, or even a serge or a cashmere; but it should either be double, or thick enough to answer without any second combination over or under it. If this be worn, it should be a tight-fitting woven combination of wool or merino. The patterns of the ordinary union dress, or combination, can generally be found in the American pattern shops. This pattern must be purchased to fit the wearer if possible, or must be enlarged to suit her—not a very difficult task. With regard to the question of wearing coloured underclothing, instead of white, I apprehend that that question must be settled by the individuals themselves. We have so long been used to white cotton and linen, that they have become a fixed rule, and we have never looked into the sanitary or scientific reasons for wearing them, nor anything else.

Gloves for the evening are very long, and fit the arm tightly. They are of silk, kid, or Swede, with an evening dress of black lace, on red satin or silk, the gloves would be of tan-colour or cream, and the shoes and stockings red or black. This rule is followed in all other costumes, the shoes and stockings being generally of one colour.

Palm-leaf fans are used in the evening, which form both fan and pocket for the handkerchief. The palm-leaf is covered with lace and satin to match the colour of the dress, and on one side springing from the handle-part is placed a tiny pocket, with elastic running round the edge, in which to keep the handkerchief. This fan is hung from the waist.

The very wide lace flouncings are much used by young girls—one deep flounce, or two wide ones—and the lace is so inexpensive that a pretty evening frock is easily obtained. The bodice may be of velvet of a different colour to the skirt. Thus a deep ruby-coloured bodice is seen with a maize, lemon, or cream underskirt. Fine muslin skirts, made in the "housemaid" style, are also worn by young girls, and lace insertion is used to trim them. Lace skirts have also satin bodices of colour; thus a black lace skirt may have a bodice of ruby satin, or the bodice may be covered with lace to match the skirt, and have ribbons of the same colour to trim it.

ORDER AND DISORDER.

By Louisa Twining.

Part II.

As regards the upper classes, I would say to all who wish to cultivate habits of order in children, encourage the taste and habit of collecting various objects of natural history; not only are such tastes the source of infinite pleasure at the time and in after years to themselves and to others, but there is no surer method of inculcating the order which is implied in classification.

The sorting and arranging of any natural objects, the seeking similar features in groups or families, is one of the best means of training the mind in orderly habits, and I can speak from experience of the great pleasure through life which comes from looking back upon these childish tastes and pursuits. In after years the habits of order and classification have known to be greatly strengthened by some literary and illustrated work which was based on a progressive and chronological arrangement of groups and subjects. If this mental habit of order is once acquired, I venture to say it becomes a source of positive pleasure which can be carried into even the trivial actions of daily life and beautify them.

How common it is for visitors to the poor to speak eloquently upon their untidy and slovenly or wasteful habits, but do such persons consider the circumstances of extreme difficulty in which they live? and do they ask

themselves what their homes would be if they consisted of one room for all the purposes of family life? The only matter for surprise must be when we see any degree of order and tidiness carried out, and not its absence. Perhaps if we were to look into the rooms of these very persons who complain of their poorer neighbours, we should find in many of them a state of things not very dissimilar.

As an eminently practical nation we might suppose that the English would be found to excel in the virtue of order, but we doubt if this is the case. I suppose there can be no question that in the matter of household cleanliness the Dutch would carry off the palm. Then for personal neatness and the art of putting on clothes to perfection, who can surpass or rival the Frenchwoman of every class? though there is no doubt a strange inconsistency between their appearance at different times of the day. Ladies *en déshabille* in Paris even would hardly be recognised if visited at their own homes in the morning hours and seen afterwards in the afternoon promenade. In speaking of the ways of foreign countries, I cannot help remarking that, after seeing many institutions at home and abroad, I have never anywhere found the perfection of neatness in the store and linen rooms and closets to equal those in France.

With regard to the order and cleanliness of our streets, which is a most important branch of the subject, there is no question that we are far surpassed in this respect by many foreign nations, *i.e.*, in the removal of dust from the houses and the streets.

The present assertion so frequently made by despairing mistresses, that the race of good servants is extinct, can only be a partial truth, the other part probably being that there are no good mistresses. It may be a very difficult task to train the grown-up servant, confirmed in slovenly habits, into a clean and tidy one: but there seems to be little effort made to secure such a result at the present time.

And the cause of this I believe to be that there are so few young women who have themselves any tidy habits, and therefore are quite unable to perceive the shortcomings of their maids. The servants' bedrooms are not the only ill-kept ones of the house, whether they be in basement or garret, and I suspect that few indeed would be found to bear inspection amongst the wardrobes or chests of drawers of young ladies' rooms. "Classification" may seem too grand a word to apply to such a subject, but the very idea must be wanting, when an entirely heterogeneous collection of articles is found in one drawer, comprising white satin shoes, lace, finery of all kinds, and linen. I remember well in my father's house a visit from an Indian couple, the lady being, I fear, but an average example of Indian habits of untidiness, which is encouraged no doubt by the indolent nature of the hot climate. A tidy housemaid remarked with astonishment one, at least, of the ways of this lady—that of throwing all the pins she took out upon the floor; a sample only, no doubt, of the condition of her room. The merest trifle this, of course, but do not such trifles speak volumes as to character, and would even such an insignificant act as that be possible to one of an orderly mind? These trifles are elevated into real importance, when we consider their influence upon households; for whatever maids may be, they are keen and sharp-sighted enough to discern and discuss the habits of their "superiors," and it is on this account that I am so anxious to impress on my younger readers the duty of cultivating habits of order, if not for their own lives, yet for the benefit and example of those whom they must influence in this matter.

The cost of constantly maintaining order and cleanliness and efficiency in a household may be urged, perhaps, as an objection or impediment, and in London, at least, there is some truth in this; but then, just as we are now told that some of the grandest mansions of Belgravia, nay even palaces, are as unhealthy as any of the dwellings of the poor, so I may observe that it is in the houses of the rich and well-to-do that disorder is found in the country as well as in London.

I have often been astonished to see torn and undarned linen, ragged carpets and footstools, and such like, in the homes of the rich. The first, of course, betokens the carelessness of maids, which ought to have been corrected by the mistresses; the latter shows a want of perception that is surprising, combined as it often is with a taste and feeling for art displayed on the walls of the rooms.

If the cost of keeping things fresh and clean in a house is a reason or excuse for neglect and untidiness, how much might be done by careful common sense in selecting a style of furniture which would not encourage dust and dirt. What can be so distasteful as a dirty old carpet in a sitting-room? yet what more frequent sight? Our winters are not colder than in Germany, therefore why not adopt the custom of laying down separate carpets and rugs, which would not only be less expensive, and therefore could be oftener renewed, but which also could be taken out and shaken, instead of the housemaid raising daily a cloud of dust which injures all pictures and valuable objects, besides loading the curtains and things out of reach also. Those who have not watched the cloud of dust rising from a carpet which has been nailed down for a few months only, can hardly believe what the accumulation is, though it might be imagined when we see the daily coating left by the fire-dust and use of everything on all that surrounds us in our rooms.

The connection between orderliness and a sanitary state of things in a household is so obvious, that it is important to urge it, if from this cause only. Yet the subject as a whole is little thought of, and attracts but little attention. Indeed, rather is it generally laughed or sneered at. A child who shows any disposition to be tidy, even in the nursery, is often called "a little old maid," instead of being encouraged in what is really a virtue. There is no question that more work can be done in a regular and orderly way than in a desultory and disorderly manner, and that valuable time is lost by what is known as a want of method. The wastefulness of servants is proverbial; much of this may, of course, be traced to their training, whether in careless, slovenly homes of their parents (probably trained like themselves), or, worse still, if brought up in one of the large public institutions, which certainly may be said to train to waste by the lavish use of everything on a large scale, and of which none of the inmates know the value or the cost. But besides this there can be no doubt that the example of careful or careless mistresses must have a large share in the conduct of those placed under them.

It is with a view to encourage young people of all classes, therefore, in this habit of order that I have written these pages. And may we not say, "Is there not a cause?" We cannot walk along the streets or enter a house without being struck by the want and absence of this quality. The poor, one might think, would be the most careful of clothing, and all articles which they can with such difficulty procure. Yet only look at the trailing dresses with ragged hems that sweep from the pavement as the wearers pass all the dust and dirt, not only to the utter destruction of clothing, but also to the houses and carpets to which they return. The folly and tyrannical power of fashion can hardly be better shown than in this one custom alone which outrages all ideas of fitness, use, and cleanliness, but because it is adopted by ladies who live in drawing-rooms and take exercise in carriages, it must be copied by everyone in whatever different circumstances they may live.

It is no doubt distressing to the orderly and sensitive mind to be keenly alive to all the habits I have been mentioning; but to acquiesce in evil because of the pain of noticing it will surely never be advocated. Rather let us all open our eyes to see it in its true form and ugliness, if we have never done so already, and then may we hope to see it remedied, by degrees at least attaining to the apostolic injunction, "Let all things be done decently and in order."

VARIETIES.

"ADAM'S APPLE" is the protuberance in the forepart of the throat, occasioned by the projection of the thyroid cartilage of the larynx. The name originated from a superstitious tradition that a piece of the forbidden fruit which Adam ate stuck in his throat and occasioned the swelling.

OPPRESSORS AND OPPRESSED.—Oppress not if thou have the power to do so; for oppression will eventually bring thee to repentance; thine eye will sleep while the oppressed, wakeful, will call for vengeance upon thee; and the eye of God sleepeth not.—*Arab Saying.*

THE MISTAKE OF COVETOUSNESS.—Covetousness, by a greed of getting more, deprives itself of the true end of getting—the enjoyment of what it has got.

FISH COOKERY IMPROVED.—A spoonful of vinegar in the water in which fish is boiled is scarcely sufficiently insisted upon in English cookery books.—*Quarterly Review.*

A SURE REWARD.

Blessings ever wait on virtuous deeds,
And though a late a sure reward succeeds.
Congreve.

WHAT IS GRAVITY?—Gravity is an arrant scoundrel of the most dangerous kind, because it is a sly one; it is no better, but often worse, than what a French wit has long since defined it—viz., a mysterious carriage of the body, to cover the defect of the mind.—*Sterne.*

IN PURSUIT OF LEARNING.—Desire of knowledge, like the thirst of riches, increases with the acquisition of it.

ANIMALS AND MUSIC.—Curious effects have been produced on animals by music. A dog is mentioned by Fétis which had such a dislike to the sound of a violin that he began to howl in anticipation as soon as he saw it touched. The same author gives an account of a lizard which would come out of an old wall, where he had established a domicile, on hearing the *adagio* to Mozart's Quartett in C, but would not pay the same compliment to any other piece. The pigeon that would fly from his dove-house and perch on the parlour-window to hear Handel's air of "Spera si, mio caro" is well known. Lenz, in his anecdotes of animals, relates one of an elephant who paid no attention to the performance of an orchestra in his vicinity until they played "Charmante Gabrielle," when he appeared much pleased, keeping time with his trunk, and was particularly attracted by the musician who played the horn.

A FOOL'S FAVOURITE.—Better be the jest of a fool than his favourite.—*Centlivre.*

HIS GOOD SISTER.

CHAPTER IV.

LADY BRAYBROOKE had always been a proud woman. When her sister's orphaned child was committed to her care she had set her heart upon a brilliant marriage for her niece; but she had declined to gratify her aunt's ambition, and had married Dr. Dalrymple—then a struggling young surgeon. After several attempts to obtain forgiveness for their offence, the young couple ceased writing, and eventually lost sight of their offended relative. When, therefore, by a second marriage she became Lady Braybrooke, they were ignorant of the fact. On the receipt of Ruth's answer to her advertisement the old lady had jumped to the opposite conclusion. It was a plot, she thought, to bring about a reconciliation between her comparatively needy relatives and herself. At first she believed Ruth to be a party to it. Why then had she engaged her? She could not have answered the question very clearly herself. She had been extremely fond of her niece, and was naturally curious to see her daughter. Ruth's honest face and frank, straightforward manner pleased her, and she began to think that perhaps the girl was an unwitting tool in the hands of her father and mother. As the weeks went on, and Ruth made no attempt to disclose the fact of their relationship, Lady Braybrooke settled in her own mind that she had come to a correct conclusion. Dr. Dalrymple's astonishment, however, at meeting her, and a conversation she afterwards held with him on the subject, convinced her at last that Ruth's presence in her house was the result of a happy coincidence. Both Ruth and her father had been so indignant at these suspicions that Lady Braybrooke had been obliged to beg them not to leave her in her weakness and loneliness.

Ruth had yielded to this request the more willingly, after her first indignation had evaporated, because she felt glad of an opportunity of showing her great-aunt how grateful she was for the kindness she had lately shown her.

Cissy had received the news with evident constraint. Mrs. Fortescue, to whom of course it soon became known, persuaded her that it was a deep-laid scheme to undermine her prospects of inheriting her grandmother's wealth. Under the influence of this belief she treated her with childish resentment.

At first she attempted to take a share in the nursing, but she soon found the gloom and monotony of the sick room intolerable, and was quite relieved when her grandmother told her that she was not to waste her roses and wear herself out over an irritable old invalid.

"It is no great hardship to Ruth to be with me," she said; "besides, as you say, she is paid for it. There is no need that my illness should interrupt your occupations and amusements."

"Very well, grandmamma," said Cissy; "I really think you are right. Ruth is so much stronger than I am; the confinement of a sick room always makes my head ache, and then I get so low spirited that I do more harm than good—at least, that is what the boys used to say. Now as to Ruth, ever since you have been ill I have never heard her complain of a headache, or seen her in low spirits once."

"No, Ruth never complains, and she is always cheerful," said the invalid, very emphatically.

"Of course she cannot feel like I do about you, granny dear. You are not so nearly related to her as to me, you know. Why, if I were to fancy you were a shade worse I should begin to fret directly. I could not help it," said Cissy, with a very sincere belief in her own tenderness of heart. But the sensitive feelings of which she was so proud did not prevent her from entering into any amusement that offered. She was sorry that her grandmother was ill, and hoped she would soon be better, but it was no use making herself miserable over it; so beyond a daily visit of inquiry to the sick room, the invalid saw very little of her. By-and-by even that was occasionally omitted, for Mrs. Fortescue was getting up some amateur theatricals, and wanted "her darling clever Cissy" to help her. Lady Braybrooke they knew disapproved of such things, so they determined not to ask her about it. Of course, if she had been well, Cissy would have argued and coaxed till she obtained her desire; as it was, she omitted what she considered a ceremony that was quite unnecessary, and would only have worried the invalid. Her absence did not remain unnoticed, as she had hoped, but Lady Braybrooke made no further remark when she knew its cause.

The next time that Cissy came to see her, however, she asked her quietly, "When does Mrs. Fortescue's entertainment come off?"

"On Tuesday week, grandmamma," replied Cissy, with a slight blush, wondering how much grandmother knew about it; "but of course unless you keep on improving I shall not go."

"Who would take your part, then?" asked her grandmother.

"Oh!" said Cissy, "José Elliott could do it; she's awfully clever. Of course the dress would have to be altered."

"That would be a pity," said her grandmother.

"Mrs. Fortescue wanted me to sleep there for two or three nights—at least, she thought it would be so much more convenient," said Cissy, tentatively, "but I did not like to leave home while you were ailing."

"Why not?" asked the invalid, with a curious glance at the fair face of her grandchild; "if you are so very anxious about me you could send a servant to inquire."

"So I could," said Cissy, musingly, "and it would be very convenient, and if you keep as well as you are now, I think that is what I shall do."

When Ruth heard of this arrangement she tried to persuade Cissy not to carry it out. "Aunt is really weaker than you think," she said, "and she might think it unfeeling of you, you know, Cissy, even though she said nothing to make you think so."

"Nonsense, Ruth; of course if she's worse I shall not go," said Cissy, pettishly. "I don't think grandmamma looks half so ill as you make out; you are always ready to look on the darker side of everything. But perhaps you want me to stay with her while Edward takes you out!"

"That is not my reason for asking you, Cissy," said Ruth, looking rather hurt. "I go out every day. I know I must if I am to keep well myself. Masters takes my place. Still, if you would do it, I am sure aunt would like your society best."

"I can't very well," said Cissy, impatiently. "Of course, if she really wanted me, it would be different. I would stay and give this up."

But when the day arrived Lady Braybrooke seemed rather better, and Cissy left her quite cheerfully, very much relieved to find that she could do so without experiencing any severe conscience prickings.

"Ruth, my child," said the old lady, when Cissy had gone, "I want to write a letter. Bring me my large desk. Don't trust anybody else to do it; get it yourself, my dear."

"Very well, and I will write the letter for you, shall I?" asked Ruth.

"No! no! it's private business. I must do it myself. Send Masters to sit with me, and go for a run in the fresh air. Perhaps you will find me up when you return. You are expecting Edward, are you not?" she asked, as the door bell rang. "Yes, that is he, very likely. Run away now, and tell him that if he cares to come in to-morrow evening, perhaps he will see me."

"Mistress Cissy does not seem to be very much cut up about her grandmamma's illness," remarked Edward, during their walk. "Why, Sinclair tells me she is to be at Mrs. Fortescue's on Tuesday. He is to be there too, and he says she is the life of the whole affair. How does the old lady like it?"

"I hardly know. She has made no remark about it to me. Cissy does not think there is much the matter, you know. She cannot stand a dull life. She seems made for pleasure and sunshine," said Ruth.

"Yes, like a butterfly," answered Ted, "and about as useful. Well, I suppose some day she will be rich, and she will marry somebody as rich or richer than herself, and a good thing too, for she would never do for a poor man's wife."

"I don't think she would," said Ruth, "but for all that, she is kind and generous; it is part of her nature to shrink from pain and sadness. It's a kind of selfishness, I know, but then she has always been so spoilt."

"I know who has not been spoilt, and who would take a great deal of spoiling, too," said Ted, affectionately. "It does seem a shame to me that those who only take life easily and enjoy themselves should get all the rewards. I really think that the old lady ought to remember you as well as Cissy. Perhaps she will be struck with the idea of doing it next time she alters her will."

"For shame, Ted!" replied Ruth, indignantly; "I do not want it. That is the only thing that has ever made me unhappy here. Cissy has sometimes hinted that I hoped for something of the kind, and even aunt suspected me at first. She knows me better now, I believe, for she never speaks about her will to me now."

"That makes me think that she does mean to leave you something," persisted Ted, "and after all it is only what she ought to do. I only wish I had half a chance of getting anything."

"It must be a happy state of things," said Ruth, indignantly, "to be rich and have relations almost wishing for your death on account of the paltry money they may get by it. I wonder how you can talk so, Ted!"

"Paltry money!" echoed Ted. "Don't call a good thing by a bad name, my dear. As to wishing the poor old lady dead, I am sure I do no such thing, but when she does die she cannot take her money with her, you know. I would just as soon have a present of a hundred pounds or so while she is living, and sooner, because I should not have to wait for it."

"You are in no particular need of money, are you?" asked Ruth, anxiously.

"No, not more than usual, little sister," he replied, lightly. "Good-bye. I shall come in to-morrow for a gossip with the old lady."

"Do; it will be a change for her to see someone fresh," said Ruth, and although next day Lady Braybrooke did not seem quite so well, she did not combat her determination to get up and come down to dinner. She was only tired, she believed, for she had spent part of the morning in business with her lawyer. They were sitting in the library when Ted arrived.

"AND THEN SLIPPED THE ATLAS BETWEEN THE BOOKS ON THE TOP SHELF."

Her thoughts seemed full of her morning's occupations, and almost directly she began to tell her visitor about them.

"I have made my will for the last time," she said. "I have just been reading it over again, and I think it a just will. I keep it in my own care. Simpson always wants to take it away with him, but I won't let him; I may want to add a codicil, though I shall never make any great alteration now. I have done it so often, I know how to go to work without asking anyone. Masters was one of the witnesses, and she was very curious; but nobody knows anything about it except my lawyer."

"Curiosity is woman's curse, you know," said Edward laughingly, and then tried to turn the conversation to other matters; but the old lady would revert to it again.

"I have thought it over," she said, "and though, I daresay, people will be surprised, I mean kindly even to those whose expectations are not fulfilled."

"You must not worry yourself about it any more," said Ruth, earnestly; "you look quite tired."

"Yes, yes; I am. I am quite thankful that it is all settled. I begin to feel that I am growing old, but

I am setting my house in order. I am very tired; I think I will go to bed. Ring for Masters, childie."

"I am afraid you have been doing too much," said Ruth, noticing with some anxiety the weary tones of the old lady's voice and the languor of her movements.

"Don't go, Mr. Edward," she said, as he rose to depart. "Ruth will be with you again in a few moments. Good-bye."

But Ruth did not return for quite half an hour, and then only for a few moments, to tell him that her aunt had scarcely reached her room before she fainted. "She says she feels quite well now, only very tired; and that I am not to send for the doctor. But I want you to call, on your way home, and ask him, at all events, to come in as early as possible to-morrow morning."

"He can do nothing," said Edward, gravely. "She's breaking up, Ruth."

"Yes, I fear so," replied Ruth, with a very troubled face; "but you do not think there is any immediate danger, I hope?"

"No; oh, no, she may last a long time yet. But, I think, if I were you I should give Mistress Cissy a hint; she'll be sorry when it's too late, if she neglects her now. I wonder how much she has left you. I feel sure she has left you something, and she seems half afraid you will not think it enough."

"I do not care to speculate on the matter," she replied; "and I do not see why you should be so curious about it."

"Curious! I might have found it out, if I had been so very curious," said Ted. "I really think she wanted to tell me about it. Even just now what was there to prevent me from carrying the desk away and examining its contents at my leisure. She made no secret of the fact that the important document was there. I wonder she did not have it taken upstairs with her, don't you?"

"Yes, indeed; but Ted," she said, in her anxiety, thinking very little of the desk, "I thought she did not seem at all herself to-night." You won't forget to call at Dr. Couldrey's. I could send, only you are passing."

"All right," he replied. "Good-bye! perhaps you won't see me for a week or so. I am going away for a few days, I'm thankful to say, where no dunning letters can reach me."

"Where are you going?" asked Ruth, in surprise.

"Sinclair's. Can't stop. Shall lose my train," he said, as he ran down the steps.

Ruth turned back into the hall again with fresh anxiety about her brother in her mind. Was it only his joking way, or was he really receiving dunning letters? She did not know how he could leave the hospital, but perhaps "Sinclair's" place was within a railway journey of it.

Turning these matters over in her mind, she went upstairs and was met at her aunt's door by Masters with her finger to her lip.

"She's sleeping beautifully, miss," she whispered. "I don't think anyone need sit up. I shall be in the dressing-room."

"Very well," said Ruth, who had been sitting up a great deal lately, and was very tired. "I shall be glad to go to bed in my own room again."

When she had half undressed, the thought came into her mind that she had not taken the desk upstairs. Slipping on her dressing-gown, she ran down again to the library. The gas was out, but there was enough light from the fire to show her where the desk stood. As she raised it from the table the lid lifted, showing that it had not been locked.

Ruth felt for the key, but it was not in the lock. After a little search, however, she found it on the rug, locked the desk, and was going to carry it up to her room.

"Perhaps I had better not, though," she thought; "if I had only known it before, but I am afraid of disturbing her if I take it to her room now."

So she put the key in her pocket and went to bed, thinking she would restore it to Lady Braybrooke in the morning. But for Lady Braybrooke that morning never dawned.

* * * *

"I will never believe it," said Dr. Couldrey. "I do not know anything about the missing will, but it is my belief that during the time that the desk was unlocked, someone — perhaps one of the servants—wanted to look at it, in hopes of a legacy perhaps, and then hearing Miss Dalrymple come out of her room, shut the desk in a fright, and escaped with the will, meaning no doubt to put it back, but Miss Dalrymple's locking the desk prevented that."

"That is a very ingenious theory, and may be the right one; but, as you know, strict search has been made, and you must own, doctor, that it is a very strange thing, and looks unpleasant for the young lady. She admits having had the key in her possession for two days; during that time the will disappears, and the only one to be found is one in which a sum of one thousand pounds is left to her. What do you think, Mr. Rosslyn?"

"I should be sorry to suspect her wrongly," replied that gentleman. "Yet her agitation and embarrassment were so evident, even her own father noticed it with doubt and alarm, I thought."

"That is certainly wonderful," said the doctor, "considering that the young lady in question is not quite an idiot, and possibly understood, in spite of your very guarded manner, what your suspicions were."

"Well, as far as I am concerned, I do not grudge the thousand pounds to Miss Dalrymple, and I am sure my daughter will not. If the existing will is acted upon, we shall not wish to dispute it," said Mr. Rosslyn.

"My partner, Mr. Simpson, is aware of the tenor of the latest will, but as he is unfortunately so dangerously ill, we cannot learn anything about it. Of course, if in it Miss Dalrymple is left the same sum as in this, there would be no inducement————"

"If nothing were left her I should think the same as I do now," said the doctor, warmly. No one shared this belief except her father, however, who, with Mr. and Mrs. Rosslyn, Dr. Couldrey, and the lawyer, had come to attend the deceased lady's funeral.

Poor Ruth had indeed betrayed agitation, embarrassment, even fear, when she first understood the terrible suspicion that rested upon her. For the only person who had been in the room during the time that the desk had been unlocked was her brother Ted. The good doctor's theory, with Ted for the culprit, and the half-hour that he was waiting for her for the time was so very probable. It was terrible to think so, but the conversation which had passed between them that evening, his need for money—which he knew she would willingly give him if she had it—his sudden announcement that he was going away—all, she thought, pointed to his guilt. Very probably a culpable curiosity had led him to examine the will, in the hope that Ruth's name would be in it; hearing her at the door, and feeling ashamed of what he was doing, he had thrust the document into his pocket. Perhaps the knowledge he had gained had disappointed him, and having the will in his possession, the difficulty of returning it, the probable acquaintance with the contents of the earlier one, had made the temptation to keep it too strong to be resisted. True he could not know that Lady Braybrooke was going to die so suddenly, and there was the risk that she would discover the loss, but when the act had been once committed there was risk anyway.

Dr. Dalrymple was puzzled by Ruth's conduct. He wanted to take her home, but she begged so to be allowed to stay that he unwillingly returned alone, deciding to come back and fetch her in a day or two. He could not help thinking she knew or suspected something that would clear up the mystery. All he could draw from her was an agonised entreaty that he would ask no questions about the matter.

"I think it a great pity you did not go home with your father, Miss Dalrymple," Mrs. Rosslyn said to her the day of his departure. "Neither Cissy nor myself would care to dispute the existing will, and I have no doubt the lawyers could be persuaded to agree with us."

"Indeed, I hope not. What! do you think I would ever accept the money? Never, unless of course my innocence is clearly proved," cried Ruth, hotly; "and as that seems quite impossible——"

"Yes, I am afraid so," said Mrs. Rosslyn, gravely. She was not willing to be unkind, but Cissy's jealousy and suspicions, recapitulated with so much apparent regret, left little room for doubt in her mind. Yet Ruth's evident suffering touched her so much that she would have been glad to find herself wrong, and sat late in her daughter's room talking the matter over with her, trying to find some explanation of the affair more compatible with her feelings. It was nearly midnight when she said good-night to her daughter. Cissy came to the door with her, which she had no sooner opened than she started back with an exclamation of surprise. A girlish figure, clad in a loose dressing-gown, was coming towards them. It was Ruth. She did not seem to see them, and, staring all the time straight before her, passed noiselessly downstairs.

"How strange she looked!" said Cissy, turning to her mother, and speaking in an awed whisper.

"Follow her quietly, Cissy; I believe she is asleep. I shall call your father. Make haste," said Mrs. Rosslyn.

Without waiting to hear more, Cissy flew lightly down stairs, and, guided by a stream of light issuing from the library door, entered, and saw Ruth standing on a chair in front of the bookcase, with a legal-looking document in her hand. On one of the lower bookshelves lay an atlas; taking it up, she opened it, put the will inside, and then slipped the atlas between the books on the top shelf, afterwards carefully replacing a little bust of Milton which usually stood in front of the row of books. Then, with a deep sigh, she stepped down from the chair, and taking up her candle, walked towards the door. By this time Mr. and Mrs. Rosslyn had joined Cissy. They drew back as Ruth passed them, without once glancing to right or left, watched her ascend the stairs, and heard her gently close the door of her room.

"Well!" said Mrs. Rosslyn, drawing a deep breath, "no wonder she cannot rest; she has evidently hidden the will there, and her mind is so disturbed that even in her sleep she is obliged to visit the hiding-place."

"Oh, papa! do get it at once; she might change the place," said Cissy, eagerly. "How can she be so wicked?"

"No," said Mr. Rosslyn, sternly. "I will make her produce it before her father and everybody. I will telegraph to him to-morrow. Go to bed now."

The next day Mr. Rosslyn sent for Ruth to the library as soon as her father arrived.

"Miss Dalrymple," he said, "I have an unpleasant task to perform. You unconsciously betrayed the place in which you have hidden the will; last night we saw you take it from an atlas that you well know is on the top shelf of the bookcase."

Ruth's look of astonishment, which Mr. Rosslyn of course believed to be assumed,

made him speak with additional sternness as he continued. "You must have some very great necessity for money, I am afraid, or surely a young girl like yourself would never have committed such a crime."

"I know nothing about it," cried Ruth, bursting into tears.

"Papa," said Cissy, "grandmamma told me that she felt sure Ruth was not spending her money on herself; she thought Edward had a good deal."

"Ruth, is this true?" asked her father, in a low, broken voice.

"No—that is—I——" began Ruth, thinking of the five pounds she had lent him.

"Well," said Dr. Couldrey, who was present, "let us at any rate see what is in this will, for I have an idea about it."

Mr. Rosslyn walked to the bookcase, took the will from its hiding-place, opened it, ran his eye over the page, exclaiming:—

"There is no need to wade through—ah! what is this?" he exclaimed, breaking off in the middle of the first sentence.

Dr. Couldrey looked over his shoulder at the document, then suddenly exclaimed:—

"Bravo, my dear child, this is better even than I thought," and Mr. Rosslyn turned round exclaiming:—

"Miss Dalrymple, we have been doing you a great wrong! Forgive me, my dear young lady. Mamma! Cissy! Whoever hid it—she did not, or if she did, it was done from most generous motives. Instead of inheriting nothing, by this will Ruth inherits five thousand."

"Oh, Ruth!" exclaimed Cissy, and with eyes full of tears and a bright blush she caught the astonished girl's hand.

Disappointment for herself, sorrow for her mistaken judgment, a desire to make up to Ruth for past unkindnesses, and a lingering feeling of jealousy were all struggling together in her mind.

"Who could have put it there?" cried Ruth. "I did not."

"My idea," said Dr. Couldrey, "is that on the night of Lady Braybrooke's death, feeling uneasy about the will, you came downstairs and hid it in your sleep."

"Thank God!" cried Ruth, "that it is found, and no one is guilty."

We, who know what her suspicion had been, can imagine how fervently that thanksgiving was uttered. When later she told her father and Ted of them, her brother would not allow her to reproach herself, saying that having once given cause for distrust, they were, under the circumstances, very excusable. Dr. Dalrymple reproached his children that they had concealed Ted's difficulties from him, and this was the beginning of a better understanding between father and son, owing entirely, as Ted always insisted, to his good sister. She paid his debts, but he would accept nothing more from her, and worked away so steadily that before long he proved that his painful experiences had not been suffered in vain.

At first Cissy was terribly disappointed to find that nothing had been left her but her grandmother's watch and chain. Mrs. Rosslyn received the five thousand pounds that Lady Braybrooke had intended for Cissy, for she thought it better that she should not have the control of so much money until she had learnt to be more unselfish and thoughtful.

Cissy took the lesson to heart, became Ruth's warmest friend, and is day by day striving to become more like her, and is thus gaining the love as well as the admiration of all around her.

RUTH MITCHELL.

[THE END.]

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MISCELLANEOUS.

DOLLY VARDEN.—The maxims or mottoes of "the seven wise men of Greece" are the following:—"Most men are bad" (Bias), "Know thyself" (Solon), "Consider the end" (Chilo), "Know thy opportunity" (Pittacos), "Avoid extremes" (Cleobulos), and "Nothing is impossible to industry" (Periander).

AN ATTENTIVE READER.—1. The so-called "rock lizards" are not lizards at all. It is only a nickname given to the children of English parents born at Gibraltar. In the same way, those of English settlers in Canada are called "Canucks." 2. Shakespeare died of a fever on his birthday, April 23rd, which was contracted at a "merry meeting" with Ben Jonson and Drayton, A.D. 1616, at Stratford-on-Avon, his birthplace. This statement rests on the authority of Mr. Ward's diary, the Vicar of Stratford.

ALICE WILLIAMSON.—Of course you cannot get last year's summer number now. Our extra numbers are never reprinted, so that it is necessary always to order them in advance.

LUCY.—Many clergymen are not gentlemen by birth, but they rank as such by right of their profession; so do their children. Being wealthy and having sufficient means to keep horses and carriages is no guarantee of being a gentleman or gentlewoman. But money gives influence, and this brings the possessor into the society of those really such, whether "gentle" by birth or profession; and so, by general consent, they assume that position amongst their associates.

MARY E. CÆSAR is thanked for her subscription to the Girl's Own Home. If the coats and vests be rubbed and shiny you can only turn them, as nothing will restore the nap that has been worn off. 2. Earwigs will always infest a house where roses and ivy are allowed to climb over the outside walls. We recommend you to strew "insecticide" over the window-sills.

LITTLE GWENNIE G.—1. The phrase, *Après moi le déluge*, is a French proverb, signifying "After me will come the deluge." It is used when the speaker wishes to intimate that they give themselves no trouble nor concern about what will occur after their decease. 2. Refer to our articles on "Girls' Christian Names."

JUSTICE.—You have, to the best of your ability, repaid what you owed. Let that now suffice. The sin has been repented of and confessed; be at peace now, and beware of any such temptations in the future.

"A WILLING DECIPLE" had better learn to spell before she thinks of going to any college. She talks of "scluding at home," and she "whould gladly be a studant," and wants to know where the "mistak is."

SCOTTIE.—The Administration known as "the Cabal" was so called from the initials of the principal persons composing it coinciding with that word.

ANTOINETTE.—Change the soil in your window-box twice in the year—early in the autumn and in the spring.

CASSEY.—See "The Fairy of the Family," "Spots and Stains, and How to Treat Them," page 807, vol. v.

NIL DESPERANDUM.—See "Duties of Servants," page 534, vol. ii.

ISSIE B.—*The Boy's Own Paper* would suit your brother. The volume commences in October.

HOPEFUL.—For information regarding the Zenana Mission Society, apply to Mrs. Stuart, Boxeth Lodge, Harrow.

FORGET-ME-NOT.—It is difficult to hazard any safe conjecture as to the value of the talents spoken of in Scripture. The talent is the largest Hebrew weight for metals, and talents of gold, silver, lead, brass, and iron are all mentioned in the Bible. Each of these had its own weight in shekels. The gold talent is supposed to have been worth £6,000, and the silver talent £400.

A NORTHERN GIRL.—You will find the information for which you ask in vol. iii., in a series of articles entitled "Girl's Own Pets." See index.

PUNCH.—Stings of wasps are usually left in the wounded part, and should be removed with tweezers or by the pressure of the barrel of a small key, enclosing it all round. Then either moisten the blue-bag and apply it to the place, rub in some moist snuff or tobacco, or apply some drops of a solution of potash. Should none of these be at hand, honey, treacle, or fresh butter may answer the same purpose. Should there be much inflammation, poultice it.

SEMPER FIDUM.—Probably you eat too fast, and go to your studies too soon after your meals. Slope your hand the right way.

S. M. BARNES.—Write to the rector of the parish in which the cemetery is situated. His permission would have to be obtained for the disinterment of any body in his own churchyard, and possibly in the one you name. He would also give you all necessary information as to the probable expenses of such a removal.

VOLVOX.—Your unmarried aunt, your father's sister, holds precedence next after his wife, and before her younger brothers and their wives, and likewise before her nieces. 2. Consult our indexes for all advice respecting the complexion and hair, as we cannot continue to repeat ourselves.

A SOLDIER'S DAUGHTER must wear flannel and dress warmly, take exercise and warming foods, and above all rub her hands well with flannel after washing them, to avoid chilblains.

HOUSEKEEPER, NURSE THYRSIS, had better both write to the secretary, "Princess Louise Home," Sackville-street, Piccadilly, London, who may be able to help them both.

EVA, AVONS, COW, A FOND MOTHER will find an account of cage birds in "Girl's Own Pets," pages 83, 274, 602, 731, vol. iv. The little letter does Eva credit.

COPPERNOB.—We do not think the exact locality of Heaven matters so much as our endeavours to go there. The idea given in the Scriptures is that it is "above" or away from the earth. The recognised presence of Christ with the enjoyment of His favour forms Heaven.

DAISY.—The language in which the Old Testament was written was Hebrew; the New Testament was written in Greek, called Hellenistic, or Hebrew Greek, because written by Hebrews who spoke Greek.

LASSIE, BLUNDERBUSS.—We can only advise you to consult the London Directory for hospitals for incurables. There are four in the metropolis for the benefit of sufferers from hip disease. Inquire at 18, Queen's-square, W.C., which has a branch at Bournemouth. "Lassie" will obtain more relief in a hospital than at home.

NIL DESPERANDUM.—The 20th of July, 1860, was a Friday.

FAERIE.—The 26th January, 1867, was a Saturday.

EDITH A. MCARTHUR had better try the plan on an old piece of black velvet. 2. She may quite rely on the prices given in the paper on "Girl's Allowances."

POLLY must be careful to avoid quacks, or she may have her hearing greatly injured. The story is not published as a book.

A LONDON SNOWDROP must consult a London Directory, under the heading of "Crèche."

ASPHODEL must write to 56, Paternoster-row, E.C. for vol. i. The 1st of August, 1866, was a Wednesday.

NYDIA had better consult either a magistrate or a lawyer. We imagine the family would be compelled to share the cost of maintenance between them.

KIAR.—The explanation of the two parables in St. Luke v. 39 is as follows. "At the setting up of a new institution (as was the case when Christianity superseded Judaism), nothing needlessly burdensome ought by any means to be imposed, the greatest gentleness and moderation should be observed, that men may, by degrees, be prevailed upon to change their customs and amend their lives." The bottles alluded to by our Lord as similes were probably skins or earthenware jars.

AN ANXIOUS INQUIRER will find the "Tables of Affinity" at the end of the "Book of Common Prayer." This is founded on the Bible prohibitions of such unions.

DAILY TROUBLED.—The fact that a multitude of saints specially pointed out to St. John in the mysterious visions vouchsafed to him were persons who, as martyrs, or from other dealings of God's Providence, had come out of great tribulation, and had had their faith and patience tried to the uttermost, does not by any means imply that there were no redeemed souls who had, by the same wise Providence, been granted a quiet and peaceful life. Sometimes the Christian may find it even more difficult to serve his Divine Master when all goes well with him, and thus it may demand a greater effort of faith and watchfulness to "fight the fight of faith." You have made unnecessary trouble for yourself in the view you have taken. Commit the keeping of your soul to Him, in well doing, and likewise all your friends—in temporal as well as spiritual things, and do not thus distrustfully take thought for the morrow. See 1st St. Peter v. 7.

"WORK FOR ALL."—Intellectual occupation, as a means of gaining a livelihood, is not within the reach of all women, even supposing them to be mentally or educationally eligible for it. We therefore recommend our readers to accept humbly and gratefully even such despised occupations as copying MS., cutting and sorting coupons, etc., should they need to supplement their private means, and the good Providence of God place such an opportunity in their way.

LA PSYCHE DE KOLINKA (Warsaw.)—We regret much that, from some mischance your previous letters were not acknowledged. To clean ivory fans you might employ more than one method. An American recipe is to rub gently with very fine glass-paper, and polish with finely powdered pumice-stone. But if the ivory be finely carved, so as to preclude such friction, try washing with a weak solution of chloride of lime, taking care not to warp the thin ivory. 2. We do not know of any particular origin for wearing either a belt or flowers in a button-hole. But while a woman can wear the latter in her hair as well as about the rest of her person, a man has nowhere else than in a button-hole to put them.

A DISAPPOINTED ONE does not repeat the question asked in some former letter. Had she done so she would have received her answer now. As it is, we do not know what she requires. She should write small round-hand copies, and observe how to spell "disappointed."

"CONSIDER THE LILIES."—Yours, having already been a surgical as well as medical case, and a very serious one to you, having to earn a living, we strongly advise you to go into a hospital, where you will obtain the good food you evidently require, as well as the nursing and treatment which you could get nowhere else.

LITTLE BEE should go to bed at the hour her mother thinks best. We could not approve of any appeal against her judgment. If we had the care of Little Bee we should send her to bed at half-past eight. We gave a recipe for pot-pourri in the number for May, 1880, page 335, vol. i.

ETNA.—Probably you have used soapy water or left the sponge wet. Sponge powder for cleaning them is sold at all chemists.

WELL WISHER.—It is pleasant to read such good sentiments, and to see such a hearty religious feeling expressed in the verses you enclose. But they are not poetry. You have our best wishes.

M. A. T.—See Prov. xxiv. 16, Eccl. vii. 20, St. Matt. xix. 17, Rom. vii. 18, and Phil. iii. 13. The standard set before us is a perfect one, and the chief desire of our hearts and effort of our whole energies should be towards that perfection which we see in our Divine Master and example. They that think they have attained to His standard of perfection give the flat refutation of their assertion, because they prove themselves puffed up with spiritual pride and self-righteousness. If we were perfect we should no longer need a Saviour, and Christ would be no longer precious. See Isa. lvii. 15, and cultivate the spirit in which that beautiful hymn was written—

"Just as I am, without one plea."

NELLIE B.—Your sister should make you turn round every time you speak in your sleep, and if that be not sufficient she should break you of the habit by awakening you.

NELLIE DOUBTFUL.—Do not call anyone a friend who could endeavour to upset your faith and undermine the foundation of your hope. Remember this: if the infidels were right, according to their notions, your being a Christian would not endanger your eternal happiness; but if Christianity be true, then if you reject it you will be lost. Paine's arguments have been refuted long ago; they are not worth a rush—nay, the book is so wicked and blasphemous it should be avoided. We recommend you to send for a publication of ours, entitled "Present Day Tracts." It is in five volumes, and by various writers. Each tract may be had separately at 4d. each; but you had better endeavour to buy them all. Write for them to Mr. Tarn, 56, Paternoster-row, E.C. The volumes bound are 2s. 6d. each, and form a valuable set. Learn to spell better. Your handwriting is neat.

ISABEL A. S. is one of those who write for information already given. Let her read "How to Wash and Iron," pages 18, 107, and 219, vol. ii.; and "The Fairy of the Family," a series commencing at page 278, vol. iv. All terra-cotta may be cleaned with turpentine and then a washing with soap and water.

A. P.—We have read your letter with much interest, but we do not enter into controversy in these columns. You would enjoy reading the series of "Present Day Tracts," issued from 56, Paternoster-row, E.C., by the Religious Tract Society.

ONE IN TROUBLE asks our opinion as to her forthcoming marriage, when she has already settled the question by having engaged to marry him. It is too late now to raise difficulties, as far as mere expediency is concerned. As to that of legality, they are nil, which she will discover by reading the table of degrees in the Book of Common Prayer. There is no legal bar to such a marriage, as she will perceive. Your respective parents consenting to the union was sufficient, and, being engaged, you have no right to break your pledge.

AMY.—Always look at the person who addresses you as a simple act of politeness, and do so especially when the speaker is lecturing or preaching, or your thoughts will wander away from his subject. Try to slope all your letters in the same uniform way, and do not employ a capital or Greek "e" for a small one.

E. S. D.—See "Dinners in Society," page 314, vol. ii. Do not spell "dining" "dinning," nor "obliged" "oblidged." Clean baths with whitening. Put some in a saucer and damp a piece of flannel with which to apply it. The use of soda or a scrubbing brush would remove the paint.

ANTIPODES.—Dinan might suit you. It is a picturesque town in Brittany (Côte du Nord), standing on a granite rock 200 feet high above the River Rance. It is eleven miles from St. Malo, and near Dinard, on the sea coast, which is not quite four miles from St. Malo. There are plenty of furnished villas and apartments to be had there; the climate is bracing, provisions cheap, and it has a small English church. A letter to the chaplain might obtain reliable information for you as to educational advantages. Dinard is situated at the mouth of the Rance, but is in the department of Ille et Vilaine. There is also an English church, provisions are plentiful, apartments to be had, and the climate is very healthful. As these towns are so near together you might visit both before deciding on either. There is an English doctor at Dinard (Dr. Kane), and his opinion and kind offices might be obtained.

LAURIE CLIFTON.—We have ceased to multiply answers to questions respecting the cleaning of the teeth, blemishes on the skin, and the care of the hair. Refer to our indexes.

MADELINE.—We cannot send you a collection of notes from which to select. Tell your friend that his kindness is most sincerely and warmly appreciated.

PALE SEVENTEEN.—The best method of breaking yourself of the habit of thinking of yourself is to think of others. Perhaps your extreme paleness is constitutional, or the result of an illness, or of the unwholesome locality in which you live. A medical man on the spot might be able to decide between these causes, and possibly might order you iron.

ROWENA.—Some of our nursery rhymes are of the greatest antiquity. That of the "Little Goat," in which there is so much repetition ("fire burn stick, stick beat dog," etc.), is an allegory translated from the ancient Chaldean, and has a very remarkable historical signification connected with the Israelitish people, too long for relation. Proverbs are also older than the most ancient books. The Spaniards date their "Sayings of Old Wives by their Firesides" to a period before the existence of any works in their language, being in the old romance or rudest vulgar idiom. The origin of multitudes of proverbs cannot be traced; but others we can trace back at least for many centuries, such as that so common in our copy-books, "Evil communications corrupt good manners," which was quoted by St. Paul from the poems of Menander, a Greek comic writer, born at Athens B.C. 342, who is supposed to have quoted it himself. The question is a very interesting one.

FROLICSOME MEG.—You should have added alum to the water when you prepared the skin. See page 368, vol. iii.

A WATER LILY had better take a handwriting she admires and copy it. April 22nd, 1868, was a Wednesday.

QUEEN MAB.—We could not possibly give the names of all the Arctic explorers, which begin with Sebastian Cabot in 1498, and embrace Barentz, Baffin, Behrings, Parry, Maclure, and Franklin, down to Nares and Greely.

LIZZIE MCMILLAN.—You should eat no heating foods, drink neither wine nor beer; should take plenty of exercise, and a tepid bath in the morning.

AN OLD WOMAN.—Many thanks for your note.

ELLIE and PHŒNIX.—"Though the mills of God grind slowly," is a line from a poem by Logan, 1655, translated by Longfellow. The poem is called "Retribution."

TEN CATS.—Did you take the description from a book? The 12th June, 1866, was a Tuesday.

M. T. would do well to consult a doctor.

NEMO, F. S. POPLAR.—The guardians may provide for any idiot or imbecile, being a pauper, by sending such a case to an institution or asylum, maintained out of the county rate or otherwise. The first step to take is to go to the relieving officer, who must in the first instance make application to the guardians. The Metropolitan Asylum Board makes special provision at Darenth for pauper adults and children who are imbecile.

NELLIE FLORENCE.—We should advise your uncle or mother to consult a good lawyer as to the ways of discovering your father's place of residence. If he have a banker or property in this country a clue might be obtained. You write well for your age. How can you feel so lonely when you have a kind mother, sister, brother, and uncle?

BLUEBELL.—We pity your mother in having a daughter of your description. You are by no means entitled to go out for a walk alone without having to take one of the children. You are an "infant" in the eyes of the law at sixteen, and until you attain the age of twenty-one. It is disgraceful in a little girl of your age to resist the wishes and authority of your mother and to dream of going out alone. Your reputation would not be worth much if you did so. An article has appeared in this paper on the subject of the duty of children. Read it carefully, and meantime submit to your mother's lawful authority.

LOUIE CONSTANCE.—It is impossible for us to tell you for what sort of work you are fitted, being weakly and little educated. Take your mother's advice.

H. A.—From what we hear, servants are well paid and well treated in Australia.

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

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THE MOUNTAIN PATH.

By LILY WATSON, Author of "Within Sight of the Snow," etc.

CHAPTER XVI.

WHEN Oswald first told Helen of his engagement to Adela Gascoigne, he begged her to consider herself as the sister of both of them, to which request Helen wisely made no direct reply. In fact, nothing could be much more unlike a footing of sisterly equality than the relation between the young mistress of Hill Crest and her companion,

All rights reserved.] "AND SURPRISED THE 'COMPANION' IN THE UNUSUAL INDULGENCE OF A FIT OF WEEPING ALONE."

and it was daily growing more full of petty annoyances for Helen.

Adela's was one of those natures which are sweetest on the outside. Her arch pretty ways, her clinging affectionateness, her frank sprightliness, always came forth instinctively when she made any new acquaintance. It was not with design that she thus displayed her most charming side to strangers, but the appearance of a fresh face, were it only that of a servant, instantly created within her the impulse to charm and attract. When she had known anyone for a little while, she grew tired of pleasing; hers was not the unselfishness that naturally radiates happiness, but the self-love that craves for fondness and approbation. These desirable possessions being once secured, as she considered, she was apt to weary of the task of being agreeable, and to display all her small peevish humours and whims.

There was no effort of self-control in repressing these in the first instance, for she liked fresh people, and was therefore animated and pleased in their society; when she had grown accustomed to them, she wearied, and showed her weariness. Aunt Maria had borne this a long time, and now Helen was passing through a like experience.

The morning after the Broadrain entertainment, the two girls were sitting in the study, and Helen was attempting to instruct Adela in an easy adaptation of the Italian legend of Cymon and Iphigenia. The story shows how the boorish, evil-disposed youth was transformed into a gallant courtly gentleman of honour and intelligence, and all through his love, at first sight, for a pure and beautiful maiden, whom he beheld sleeping in a field, and looked upon, not daring to awaken her, until the vision had passed into his mind and heart, to change it for ever.

"A stupid idea," said Adela, crossly, putting down the book and yawning; she had been in a particularly bad temper ever since breakfast. "How should the sight of a girl influence anybody like that? It is just one of those ridiculous old-fashioned notions that I have no patience with."

"It is meant as an allegory, I think," responded Helen, "and at any rate it is one. It shows what power women have over the men who care for them, and sets forth as an aim what any woman might think herself happy to achieve."

"I hate all that stuff about women improving men. A man ought to be what he should be when he is grown up, and not expect somebody to come and influence him. I should be ashamed, if I were a man, to owe anything to a girl; a man ought to be sufficient for himself, and not be like a child, waiting to be trained."

"I quite agree with you," said Helen, "but people are not all that they ought to be. Some men are all-sufficient, as you say; heroes that others look up to, and that women obey gladly. I think that is the ideal life for a woman if she can find such a hero, but in most cases men and women are both ordinary and faulty; then the woman has probably more time for outlook on the spiritual side of life than the man, and should try to elevate and ennoble his life, while he helps her in other ways."

"I shan't ever try to elevate or ennoble anybody," declared Adela, positively, "so they needn't expect it."

Helen was inclined to say, "I don't think they will," but she refrained, and went on—

"This ideal of woman is one that men themselves have preferred. Chivalry was largely based upon the worship of the knight for his liege lady. Think how much that is glorious in poetry and art the idealisation of woman has originated; think of Dante and Beatrice, Petrarch and Laura——"

"It's no use to tell me to think of people I know nothing at all about," declared Adela, petulantly, "and I know why you're harping upon this. You think I don't influence Oswald for good."

Helen was amazed, as she had been once or twice before, at the keen sharpness of Adela's eyes, which saw what they were not intended to see.

"And once for all I tell you," continued Adela, nodding her fairy head till the gold rings upon it twinkled in a pale gleam of autumn sunshine that pierced through the window, "I don't mean to attempt it. If Oswald isn't what he ought to be, so much the worse. He is quite old enough to have formed his character, and if he hasn't, I can't help it, and don't intend to try."

Helen still said nothing. What could she say? A feeling of dismay, mingled with an appreciation of the ludicrous side of the situation that made her fear to break out into laughter, singularly at variance with her real feeling of heart-sickness, kept her silent.

"You're different," continued Adela, with a tolerant air. "It's all in your line to go about trying to wake people up, like that really rather clever Amy Paget we all thought so stupid. And I know you preach to Oswald himself, for he tells me so. It amuses you, and it doesn't hurt him. But I am not of that sort, and shan't ever be if I live to be eighty."

"Do not you think that Oswald would be a better and a nobler man if he lived a different life in some respects?" Helen could not help saying this, but felt as she uttered the words they might as well have been addressed to a canary-bird for any good that they would do.

"I simply don't think about it," retorted Adela. "He suits me well enough as he is, and I am sure he is always civil enough to you. You might be satisfied with him, after all the kindness he has shown you."

Helen heaved an impatient sigh, and laid her smooth dark head against the cushion of her armchair.

"I am very much vexed with him today, however," continued her tormentor, with a pout. "I quarrelled with him last night, and I shan't make it up for ever so long. It was so detestable of him to make that cross-grained speech at supper."

"Why?"

"Why? You knew perfectly well how it would vex me, and that is, I believe, why you urged him to do it; you walked home with him, and of course it was you."

Helen sprang to her feet. "Adela, I beg you will be careful how you speak to me. You are talking of what you know nothing about. I did not urge Mr. Thorne to say anything at supper, and had no wish to vex you. If he chose at last to speak sober sense about the Greylands Abbey affair, it was not at my urging; but I should have thought you would be glad, not sorry, to hear him tell the truth."

Never had Helen spoken so sharply before to her young employer, but she felt she could no longer bear the irritating style of Adela's innuendoes and half accusations. She was intolerably amazed and wounded by the whole of the conversation.

Adela opened her blue eyes wider and wider, and watched Helen's indignant mien as she walked to the bookcase and tried, with trembling fingers, to put the Italian volume back into its place.

"How fearfully cross you are!" she said at last. "I don't know what is the matter with everybody, and of course it must needs all be visited upon me. Well" (with a resigned sigh), "I suppose I must bear it; but I shall let Oswald know what I think of him."

"Tell me," said Helen, suddenly facing round upon her, and standing with her back to the bookcase, gazing on the fair-haired sylph in green, coiled up in a wicker chair, "do you not know that Mr. Thorne spoke the truth when he said that it was not he alone who saved your life, and that he did nothing particularly brave?"

Adela seemed almost to quail before the direct lustre of Helen's clear blue eyes. She cast her own down, and her mouth worked as if she were going to cry.

"You are very unkind," she said.

"Answer me; yes or no," insisted Helen.

Adela felt under the spell of a power stronger than her own. She could not tell how it was, but the monosyllable "Yes" was wrung from her reluctant lips.

"I knew it," breathed Helen, "and I wish you would remember that half the truth, which you and he, too, have been setting abroad, is as bad as untruth. If you had really been mistaken I should have thought nothing of it, but you were not. I knew it all the time, and I am glad that Mr. Thorne at least has had the courage to avow it."

"I can't bear you," wept Adela, "and I won't speak to you again all day."

Helen had no resource but to leave the room, which she did, feeling victorious but extremely miserable. She went into the garden, where the autumn wind sighing among the branches and shaking down the yellow leaves seemed to accord with her own despair. Had she any right to scold Adela so?—her mistress, to whom she was bound by a salary! Would she be sent away? and if so, where should she find another situation? Was she not too bitter and harsh, and did she not expect too much from a

shallow nature? These reflections would have driven her indoors to beg Adela's pardon, and once she turned to go; then came the thought that it would bring about a triumph which would undo all the good that might have been wrought by her hard words. So, wretched and lost in thought, she paced down towards the now deserted tennis-lawn.

As she went, she descried a figure coming in the opposite direction, which she instantly recognised as Mr. Aubrey Gascoigne. There was never the very slightest possibility of mistaking him for anyone else, and he was now apparently reciting aloud.

He desisted on her approach, and raised his soft felt hat from his long fair hair. Helen would willingly have passed him with scarcely a word, but he accosted her.

"Are the studies over? and is the diminutive head of my fair sister filled with Italian lore?"

Helen replied as well as she could that Miss Gascoigne did not wish to study any more that morning.

"You are perturbed," continued Mr. Gascoigne, turning and walking beside her. "Can I help you? or is the sorrow better borne in solitude; if so, breathe but a word, and I vanish."

Helen was touched by this fresh exhibition of the kindness that she had often detected under his strange exterior, and as she felt a strong desire to speak to somebody, she broke forth.

"I am afraid I have been very rude to your sister, Mr. Gascoigne."

"I rejoice to hear it," he replied, tranquilly. "It were well if Adela had someone to be rude to her more frequently. May I inquire the subject of your attack?"

Helen related the story of the morning's incident, and as Aubrey had been the third personage in the crypt adventure, he had no difficulty in grasping the situation.

"I, too, have smiled often at the little maid's version of that incident," he observed, "and I thought Oswald gained his heroic reputation with ease. Yet it seemed to me not a subject worth contradiction."

"It is a small affair, certainly," agreed Helen, "but I could not bear to see Mr. Thorne pose as a hero when he had done nothing heroic, and I felt very glad to hear him speak out for once."

"Our friend Oswald has possibilities for good," observed Aubrey. "If he would but flee from these Philistines, there might be hope even yet; but I fear me they will trample upon him, and slay the nobler part before all be done."

Helen was astonished to hear the languid young gentleman express himself in this fashion; and he presently continued in a musing tone—

"What is the life before our friend? He marries my sister; he becomes a country gentleman of competence and ease. There are no tenants to visit, no large farm lands to inspect, for his wealth is not great enough to bring the responsibilities of a landed estate in its train. What then? He smokes more and more; he grows day by day more corpulent and lazy, he is far from the realm of books and art; he perchance may buy a picture, if he cares to exert himself to select it, which, alas! is very doubtful. He goes into Millstead by the train to while away a morning, and gossips in the stuffy first-class carriages with the elderly gentlemen; then he returns to doze and sleep away the afternoon, perchance dinner forms a break, then comes an evening of yawning in an easy chair, unless he consorts again with Philistines, under the guise of a heavy dinner party."

Helen could scarcely help laughing, though to her it was no laughing matter.

"What a dreadful picture."

"Dreadful I admit, but too true," observed Mr. Gascoigne with gloomy sternness.

"But I thought you disliked much activity," Helen could not help saying.

"I dislike feverish unrest, and I deprecate the spirit of fussing energy. But a life spent in unenlightened sloth is neither beautiful nor good. Were the leisure employed in reading or artistic pursuits, I would not cavil at it. But with our friend, who has no special vocation in literature or art, that is not likely to be the case."

"I am surprised, Mr. Gascoigne, that you should have noticed all this about Mr. Thorne. I did not imagine you would sympathise with me in my wish for him to live a different life."

"By different roads wayfarers come to meet," was the oracular response of Mr. Aubrey.

Then he resumed.

"You are disturbed; it is near the hour of luncheon. Go down to The Woodlands; spend an hour or two with your sisters, who depart on the morrow, and bid them farewell."

"Oh, I cannot! What would your sister think of me?"

"I will answer for all that," proclaimed Aubrey. "She will prefer not to meet you at luncheon, and you will prefer not to meet her. I will assume the entire responsibility. Farewell."

So Helen went, in much relief and gratitude, while Mr. Aubrey strolled on and resumed the occupation in which she had interrupted him, that of reciting aloud his forthcoming lecture for the Broadrain Institute, on "Spiders' Webs in Kings' Palaces."

Maggie and Lilian received their sister with great delight, and Mrs. Thorne at once invited her to stay as long as she could. Oswald was not at home, and Helen was not altogether sorry to be excused from meeting him, as she felt sure the episode of the preceding night would have put him into an exceedingly bad temper. His sisters confided to her that they were certain something was amiss, and that they hoped Adela had not been cross, on which point Helen could scarcely reassure them.

Cross she remained, after Helen returned in the evening, though not a word was spoken of the morning's conversation. Oswald came, and the lovers were alone together for some time, but the result of their interview seemed scarcely propitious, to judge by the cloud on the little lady's brow, and the unwonted manner in which Oswald departed, without speaking to anyone else in the house.

On the following day Helen would gladly have walked to the station to see Maggie, Lilian, and Amy start in the London express, but she dared not suggest it, although Adela shortly declined to read any Italian with her.

Aunt Maria happened to come into the morning room, and surprised the "companion" in the unusual indulgence of a fit of weeping alone.

"Why, my dear! whatever's amiss?" asked the good soul, sitting down beside her.

"I can hardly tell you, dear Miss Gascoigne; it is nothing. Adela is vexed with me because I spoke sharply to her yesterday, but I could not help it."

"Eh, my dear, Adela's very contrary. I could have told you that, and it's few can please her as you do. It's not worth tears; cheer up, and in an hour or two she'll have forgotten all about it. I've had a deal to bear myself from her," concluded poor Miss Gascoigne, with a sigh. "She must have got it from her mother, for my poor brother was a kind-hearted, good-tempered soul as ever lived, though a bit masterful at times, like all the men."

Mr. Aubrey Gascoigne was away, and luncheon and dinner with the pouting Adela were not occasions of unalloyed enjoyment that day. But an unexpected interruption was to break the uncomfortable constraint that reigned with the trio of ladies. They were sitting silently after dinner in the drawing-room while Aunt Maria dozed and pretended to knit, Helen read, and Adela alternately yawned and glanced at the pages of a magazine. Suddenly the sound of a horse's hoofs struck along the avenue, and roused Miss Gascoigne.

"Oswald ain't coming so late, is he, my dear?"

"I'm sure I don't know," retorted her niece.

A servant entered with a pale, scared countenance, and seemed to request, in a low voice, a conference with Aunt Maria, who hurriedly left the room. After a minute or two, the same messenger reappeared to summon Helen.

Miss Gascoigne was standing in the dining-room, looking startled and alarmed, and holding an open note in her hand, which Helen at a glance saw was in Oswald's writing.

"Oh, my dear, here's terrible news. You must break it to Adela. To think of the poor lady being a widow! and without a moment's warning, too! Dear, dear me."

"What is it?" But Helen scarcely needed to ask, nor to read the outstretched note. Mr. Thorne, senior, had died suddenly an hour ago.

(*To be continued.*)

IN MEMORIAM.

OUR readers, we feel sure, will be distressed to learn that one of our contributors, and the foremost of the women composers of our time, has been suddenly taken away from us by death. We speak of Mrs. Meadows White, who has published so much under this and her maiden name of Alice Mary Smith. It is remarkable that there have been so few women composers of any real importance, for one would think that, from their very nature, women could really rival men in certain styles of composition, as they certainly have done, although in limited numbers, in the writing of hymns.

Alice Mary Smith, daughter of the late Richard Smith, Esq., of Guildford Street and of Littlehampton, was born on May 19th, 1839. She studied music under Sir Sterndale Bennett and Sir George Macfarren, and first attracted attention as a composer by some songs published by the firm of Lamborn Cock in 1859. In 1861 she produced a pianoforte quartet at one of the trials of new compositions by the now defunct Musical Society of London, at whose meetings a string quartet from her pen was performed in the following year, and a Symphony in C minor in 1863. Two more quartets were produced at the *soirées* of the new Philharmonic Society. The Overture to *Endymion* (1864), and an Introduction and Allegro for piano and orchestra (1865), as well as a Pianoforte Trio (1862), were introduced by the Musical Society of London. The first work of hers which was heard at the Crystal Palace Concerts was the *Overture to Endymion*, which she had rewritten, and which was produced in 1871. Two other overtures were subsequently performed at Sydenham, that to Longfellow's *Masque of Pandora* in 1878, and that to *Jason; or, the Argonauts and Sirens*, in 1881. Both these works had been previously heard at the concerts of the New Philharmonic Society. More recently the composer turned her attention to vocal music with orchestra. Her first essay in this direction was the setting of Kingsley's *Ode to the North-East Wind*. This work was sung with pianoforte accompaniment at the Musical Artists' Society in 1878, but its first production with full orchestra was by the Borough of Hackney Choral Association in 1880. Her next important choral work was the *Ode to the Passions*, first given at the Hereford Festival in 1882, and subsequently performed at St. James's Hall and elsewhere with considerable success. Her latest published work is the "Song of the Little Baltung" (words by Kingsley), for male chorus and orchestra; but we learn that Messrs. Novello and Co. have now in the press another work of similar character, a setting of Kingsley's ballad, "The Red King." We have named only the more important of her published compositions; she has besides left in MS. a second symphony, the remaining music to *The Masque of Pandora*, completed with pianoforte accompaniment, but not orchestrated, and an unfinished cantata, *The Valley of Remorse*. In 1867 the composer married Mr. F. Meadows White, Q.C., Recorder of Canterbury, a brother of the Rev. Lewis Borrett White, D.D., Rector of St. Mary Aldermary, and Secretary of the Religious Tract Society.

Mrs. Meadows White's society was much courted by her friends on account of her great charm of manner and vivaciousness of disposition.

The *Athenæum* says that "Mrs. White's music is marked by elegance and grace rather than by any great individuality. That she was not deficient in power and energy is proved by portions of the *Ode to the North East Wind* and *The Passions*. Her forms were always clear and her ideas free from eccentricity; her sympathies were evidently with the classical rather than with the romantic school. Devoted to her art, Mrs. Smith was alike free from affectation and conceit; and in the roll of female musicians her name will hold an honourable place."

MRS. MEADOWS WHITE.

TWO CHAPTERS FOR THE LITTLE PEOPLE.

By RUTH LAMB.

CHAPTER I.

A MOUSE'S TALE.

I WAS sitting one day with a dear little girl on my knee, amusing her by telling her stories about the pictures in a book before us. They were of many kinds—kings, queens, and famous people, country scenes, and, not least, delightful pictures of animals, drawn by Mr. Harrison Weir, to illustrate anecdotes.

I took the pictures as they came, and the little one listened with great attention to my account of each and all. But after a while she turned her winsome little face, and said in the most polite way, "Please would you never mind telling me about the fine ladies and gentlemen, and tell me all about the doggies and things?"

Like every tender-hearted and right-minded wee maiden, she loved dumb animals, doggies being deservedly first favourites, and would rather hear about their wise-like doings than about all the royal finery in the world.

So we confined our attention to the "doggies and things," and were very happy until we came to the very tail end of our animal tales. Then my little maiden was distressed that there were no more; so I looked amongst some unprinted papers, and found two letters, written years ago to my own little folks, from Heidelberg, and in 1874. They were vastly delighted with them at the time, and my small friend opened her large eyes wider, and clapped her hands and laughed as I read them to her. This made me think perhaps some other quite small girls would like them too. That is, if there are any children left young enough! For, alas! the small people go to school so very soon, and learn so many "ologies," and talk so wisely themselves, that sometimes I feel ever so much younger than my own little friends. I cannot imagine them doing the foolish things that I did, as a child; with my garden for instance, I can remember sowing seeds and planting cuttings, and turning the ground over a couple of days afterwards, to see if the seeds were springing, or gently drawing up the cutting to see if there were signs of a root! How a child of the same age would curl her lips and turn up her bit of a nose now at the idea of my being such a simpleton! And, old as I am, how very small I should feel if she did so!

Well, in the hope that there are some children left young enough to laugh at a little true incident told in the shape of a nonsense story, I will write two such, and send them to THE GIRL'S OWN, for that is the paper read by all the nice young people, and all the still-young old ones.

The first will just be a copy of portions of those two letters—"A Mouse's Tale;" the other a proper "Doggie Story."

LETTER I.—LONG TAIL, ESQUIRE, IS INTRODUCED.

MY DARLING CHILDREN,—Once upon a time a gentleman mouse lived with Mrs. Mouse and a charming family of four small mice in this old city of Heidelberg, where we are now staying. He was a very good sort of fellow, only he was rather inclined to express a better opinion of his human neighbours than they deserved. This is not at all a common fault amongst human animals, for

they are apt to think and speak evil of their mouse neighbours, and to keep them at as great a distance as possible.

Mr. Mouse—or to give him his proper title, Long Tail, Esq.—was fond of rambling, and often nearly frightened his loving wife and family into fits by not making his appearance at meal-times. When he did drop in home, he would brush away Mrs. Long Tail's tears with the tips of his whiskers, and assure her that her fears on his account were perfectly absurd. "Had he dined or taken tea?" as the case might be. "Of course he had. That excellent giant, Mr. Smith, a near relative of John Bull, Esq., had laid a luxurious meal for him on his dining-room carpet. He only wished that domestic engagements had permitted his dear wife to accompany him, that she too might have shared the sumptuous provisions with him."

Seeing him safe and sound and in such high spirits, Mrs. Long Tail smiled cheerfully, and tried to make home as pleasant as possible, in order that her husband might be induced to stay there. She talked of the children's beauty, bade him notice what a fine curve the eldest boy-mouse's tail had, and how bright the baby's eyes were getting. But no matter what their wives do, some husbands will run and find amusement outside the domestic circle. Long Tail was most kind-hearted, and a devoted husband and father, but he liked to take frequent excursions in search of adventures.

One evening he told Mrs. Long Tail that he was "off for a stroll," and he said it in such a manner that she knew he meant, "You need not say a word against it, for go I shall."

The wife kissed him tenderly, and as she turned away to draw her paw across her eyes, she murmured in a broken voice, "You will not be late, dearest, will you?"

"Of course not. But do not sit up for me. Remember, you have lost a good deal of sleep since baby has been cutting her teeth. Take care of your health for my sake and the children's," and blowing kisses right and left to her and the little ones, away went Long Tail, looking his handsomest.

Poor Mrs. L. T.! In spite of the injunction she could not close her eyes, though like the obedient little wife she was, she went to lie down at the usual time. She heard all the large clocks in Heidelberg strike the hours and the quarters up to four in the morning, and then, feeling dreadfully alarmed at the continued absence of her spouse, she could lie still no longer. She managed to put baby down; for the dear little thing had been restless, upset, no doubt, as babies are apt to be, by their mamas' troubles, and listening with one ear lest it should wake again, she strained the other to catch the first sound of her husband's returning footsteps.

It was just half-past four when she discerned—O blessed sight!—her husband. He was alive, but how sadly different from the handsome, spruce Long Tail of a few hours before! He dragged himself wearily along, as if scarcely able to move. His coat bore marks of wet; his tail—the beauty and length of which had ever caused him to be distinguished above his fellows—was draggled, and there were traces of suffering in every feature.

Mrs. Long Tail rushed to meet and support him. She did not begin to ask questions before he had breath or strength to answer, or say, "Where have you been? Who have you been with?" or remark derisively, "A pretty pickle you are in! Nice company you must have chosen in place of me!" Like a dear, loving little wife as she was, Mrs. L. T. was so glad to see her husband back again that she quite forgot to scold him for being late, if she had ever intended to do so. And further, she was quite certain in her own mind that Long Tail's present hapless condition was his misfortune, and not the result of any fault on his part. All the gossips in Mouseland could not have induced her to listen to a word against her husband, and I should not have liked to be the one that made such an attempt.

So Mrs. L. T. brought out some tempting bits, put aside from supper, coaxed him to eat, and then insisted that he should lie down and rest, before he even explained the cause of his sad condition.

Was she not a model little wife?

Poor Long Tail! He was deeply touched by her patience and tenderness, and only too glad to follow her wise advice. He embraced her affectionately, then, still holding her paw in his, he sank into a deep sleep. So, as Mrs. L. T. must wait until her husband wakes for an account of his adventures, you, darlings, must wait for me to explain what this story means in my next letter.

LETTER II. (Written from Rorschach two days later.)

Did you not wonder, my darlings, what I meant by that last letter, with its tale and "Tail?"

Very early on Monday morning last, and before it was light, I was roused by hearing a queer sound like a little rushing noise, and then as if water were running down somewhere in the bedroom. Almost at the same moment I heard papa call out from his couch at the other side of the room, "What noise is that? Surely, water must be running in at the open window!"

I jumped out of bed and went to the window, but there was no sign of rain, and the floor underneath was quite dry. Then I obtained a light, and on looking towards the wash-stand I saw a small fellow sitting on his hind legs, and with his two forepaws held up in a beseeching fashion. His eyes were so bright, and he had such a frightened look, that I felt quite sorry for him.

Can you guess who he was, children? No other than that roving mouse, Long Tail, Esq., of whom I told you in my last letter. He had wandered into the Grand Hotel de l'Europe, in order to dine again at the expense of John Bull's relative, Mr. Smith. Having been startled by the entrance of a cat, he had rushed upstairs and concealed himself in our bedroom, of which the door happened to be open, for the chambermaid was arranging it for the night.

She closed the door after her, and Long Tail was safe from the cat. But he found no way of getting out, and was not a little concerned at the anxiety which his loving wife would suffer during his prolonged absence. When we came into the room matters were not improved, for we only opened the door to close it again immediately.

After all was still and the room dark, Long Tail began to run round in the hope of discovering some cranny by which he might escape. By some unfortunate mischance he slipped into the wash-basin when he only intended to drink, and the noise we heard was caused by his jumping wildly up the sides and then falling back again into the water. Of this there was enough to make him feel very wet and miserable, but not sufficient to drown him, so long as he propped his forepaws against the side of the basin.

Long Tail looked at me and I looked at him, feeling the while not a little puzzled what to do with this uninvited guest.

I told papa, and he first said, "Leave him where he is;" then, "Take him by the tail and drop him out of the window."

But when I saw his pitiful wee face I said "No" to both proposals for disposing of the hapless Long Tail.

There was a deep, smooth, white earthenware pail in the room, so taking hold of mousie I dropped him into it, thinking that he would be safe there until morning, when I would set him free in the garden. I gave him a piece of flannel for a bed, for he was wet, and the earthenware would be a cold couch for the shivering thing. Then, with a comfortable conscience, I put out the light and returned to my own resting-place.

In the morning I went to look for my captive, but Long Tail, Esq., was gone.

How he scaled the high smooth walls of his prison, how he found a way out, is more than I can tell. You know he did get out, and he did find his way, for we left him sleeping off his fatigues, watched by his loving wife, having arrived at home just after half-past four in the morning.

You would, of course, like to know what Long Tail said when he awoke refreshed after a sleep of many hours. With tears streaming from his eyes and running down to the tips of his whiskers, he told Mrs. L. T. that his roaming days and nights were over. He related all that had befallen him, and avowed his determination to act like a family mouse for the future.

To this day he delights the young people with stories of his adventures and escapes. He still alludes kindly to the two-legged giants called men and women, and believes in the good feelings of the latter towards him. But he objects to the male giants who wear hats, coats, and trousers, because it was a creature who called himself a man that would have had him left to drown, or thrown him out of the window at the risk of breaking his bones.

P.S.—It seems probable that Long Tail got out of his earthenware prison by means of the lace curtain which, in passing, I had swept, over the pail and left hanging inside. I had also opened the window wider to ascertain if rain were falling. Before I did so there was a mere crack. He descended to the ground by means of a spout, and was thus enabled to rejoin his family.

(To be concluded.)

FROM SCIENCE TO RELIGION;

OR,

A RECORD OF ELLEN WATSON.*

By SARSON C. J. INGHAM.

"Human life might be glorious and perfect if we were always true to our better nature. This blessedness may be far off, but it is not a mere dream. Even now there are men and women who seem to be very near it."—*Ellen Watson.*

"What have I done with this long life?
O, question so full of pain!
Ask of me rather what would I do
Could I live it o'er again."
Annie E. Courtenay.

HERE is the record of a life full of interest to earnest girls, especially so to scholarly ones, or to those who are conscious of high aspirations, whether those aspirations are permitted their full development in a kindly, genial atmosphere, or are discouraged by baffling limitations of opportunity and time.

Fifty or a hundred years ago, ardent women students—authors, scientists or artists—were conspicuous by their rarity; universal light did not obscure the stars. Domestic, home-loving women regarded their sisters of the brush and of the pen with awe, and made them pay a heavy tax on their imagined superiority, by attributing to them incompetence in the common duties of life, eccentricity and

* "A Record of Ellen Watson." Arranged and edited by Anna Buckland. London: Macmillan & Co.

slatternliness, if not coldness of heart and want of moral balance.

In these days of more diffused light and culture, it is not so easy to obtain an enviable or unenviable distincton. Paths of usefulness are opened to women which aforetime were closed against them by a university degree, and the necessity for acquirements not included in their circumscribed curriculum. The position was long accepted silently by the majority of those relegated to it; but a growing necessity for independence, the injustice of being disqualified by sex for any but overcrowded, underpaid employments — when a woman may have, as truly as a man, to be a bread-winner for others—increased desire for knowledge and for solid attainments in various departments of Science, Literature, and Art have led to an earnest struggle for extended privileges by what we may call an honourable minority. The subject of this memoir opened the way for women to be admitted to classes for mathematics and physics connected with University College. She obtained a place in the First Honours Class in the Cambridge Senior Local Examination of 1872, for which she had been prepared at the North London Collegiate School for Girls, and was rewarded by an exhibition at Bedford College, London. Subsequently, at the examination for women, held by the London University, her name was placed second in the Honours Division, and she was offered the Gilchrist Scholarship for Girton College, Cambridge.

In June of the year 1877, she passed her examination at University College as first mathematical student, and won the principal prize in applied mathematics and mechanics, together with the Meyer de Rothschild Exhibition of £50. In serving her own higher nature, quietly working her way out of certain restrictions, she unconsciously served others and made it easier for them to follow on the track which she had chosen. The love of science—the higher knowledge—was central with her, and she worked modestly and laboriously towards it; but she was no hysterical declaimer against women's wrongs, or fierce contender for intellectual equality between the sexes. Home duties were not regarded by her in the light of drudgery, the claims of younger brothers and sisters were to be considered and adjusted. She gave them their place, and by sacrificing the pleasant hours of evening to the necessity for rest, secured the fresh, quiet morning, when the whole household was asleep, for her own beloved toils. But she did not regard these claims as so many weights and hindrances that an elastic conscience might hurry through negligently, and dismiss as soon as possible with a petulant plaint over the valuable time that might have been devoted to higher (?) purposes. Her virtues, we are proud to think, are virtues that characterise largely the age of progress in which we live; but she had the faults allied to them, as is proved by the mistakes and errors that shadowed some passages of her brief but brilliant career. She did not escape the peculiar snares that beset a temperament like hers, or the wreckage of the old childlike habits of prayer and faith which too often attends upon the hero-worship of master minds who have succumbed to what St. Paul calls the oppositions of science, and whose moral perfections are not based upon faith in Him who alone can renew the heart and satisfy the nature.

The time came to Ellen Watson, however, as it has to many others of like tendencies, when she saw—because God gave her to see that—

> "Where reason fails with all her powers,
> There faith prevails and love adores."

When once the eyes of her understanding were opened, she applied her teachable heart with all earnestness to discern the knowledge and love of God. Her spiritual life grew with even more rapidity than her intellectual stature had done; but just as the lovely tree was putting forth abundantly of the fruits of the Spirit, the axe was laid to the root of it, and the ripening was reserved for heaven. This seems a great mystery to us, because we know so little of the life to come.

Browning says—"Things learned on earth we shall practise in heaven." So it may be that this ardent student was taken hence when her last great lesson was learned, because she had achieved a certain fitness for higher activities and a fuller scope. It is not the design of this paper to tell her story over again, but to give it in brief as it has been given *in extenso* elsewhere. We only want to ponder some of the suggestions of her twenty-four years' sojourn upon earth, and bring them home to the hearts of the girls, that they may follow an example so well worthy of imitation, and yet be warned to avoid the quicksands on which she foundered.

We see her in her father's house early assuming the responsibilities of an elder sister to the younger children, nursing and teaching, trying to be a veritable mother's help, and yet athirst for opportunity, hungering for knowledge of a solid, substantial kind. Her position gave her great advantages over many girls of inquiring minds; it also bound her to duties which prove insuperable hindrances to some. Her father, a schoolmaster at Reading, was no doubt able to advise and assist her in the culture of her powers. We can imagine him taking the same pride and pleasure in her that the learned Professor Morata, of Ferrara, took in his apt, poetic child, Olympia, whose pathetic story may be read amongst the annals of this illustrious woman who adorned the period of the Renaissance in Italy. But Ellen was ambitious for the little ones of her family as well as for herself, and in this she resembled Olympia.

She delighted to be their teacher; she saw that her affectionate, energetic mother needed her help, so her conscience would not allow her to absorb all her time in her own pursuits. Her father, conscious of her powers, would have early set her free for their cultivation; but she would not profit by the indulgence so early as she might have done; and when having fairly earned the exceptional advantages that were accorded to her, she left home and went to reside in London, she was anxious to defray the cost of this by teaching, that she might not be in any way a burden to her parents.

Her rare self-denial and her strong common sense are alike shown by the way in which she managed to balance rival claims. With some young people the most approved method has been to run up a long debt to Morpheus, and that during the very hours that vitality consumes the swiftest, and Nature is most liberally benefited by sweet and refreshing slumber.

They have burned the midnight oil and the lamp of life together; have sown grey hairs and wrinkles with a vengeance; have courted nervous diseases and consumption; and then, if spared to see thirty or forty years of age, have wondered to find their powers on the wane, when they had been fondly led to believe that they would be at their prime. Ellen Watson was too wise for such bad management. She was brave and self-denying enough to hit on a plan requiring some determination, but contributing largely to the resolution and enterprise which afterwards distinguished her.

She tore herself from the pleasant family circle when the toils of the day were over, that she might retire with the little ones, and having enjoyed the needed repose, resume her studies with a cool head and a steady pulse for hours before they should awake.

She rose at four, and was soon engaged in pondering problems, the solution of which must have been a keen delight to her according to the effort that they cost. When light falls upon what has been long obscure, and the mind toils painfully through a labyrinth of difficulties to the point that opens up the whole of the ground, and makes all plain, wha ta glad eureka must burst from the lips! People who cannot be persuaded that they have any part in the hard work of the world, and want all their thinking done for them, little know the pleasure that they miss in neglecting the exercise of the faculties that God has given them. The integral calculus and modern topics did not interfere with the common round and daily task that was waiting her when the household should be stirring. We cannot but think that the animation and readiness with which she fulfilled her part in the domestic routine helped to keep her intellect bright and clear, and preserve her from the fatigue of mind and body which is the sad lot of so many students. We are reminded of Garfield toiling at plane and hammer, who saw during so many hours of his work that he might earn money for his college course, and being repaid in splendid health with increased brain power, secured the necessary cash. How well it is to ponder over such examples while we are still young enough to accept from them guidance for ourselves, to shape ourselves by them, as it were, and to benefit by such patience, heroism, and fidelity in little things!

Though Miss Watson succumbed at the early age of twenty-four to an inherited tendency to decline, she had been able for five years to battle bravely against it. Her general health was stronger than is usual in consumptive patients, and one reason of this may be found in the variety of her employment and the wise regulation of herself, which a due appreciation of the advantages of physical well-being led her to maintain. In all this may be seen her splendid common-sense. What she thought of the importance of health to young women and girls is expressed in the very few extracts that are given from her writings. From "How ought Girls to be Educated?"—a contribution to the *South African Review*—we have the following pregnant sentences:—

"It is plain that no store of knowledge or gift of insight will avail to restore ruined health." "A boy or girl in vigorous health is better fitted . . . to take in knowledge and discipline than when the bodily powers are enfeebled by illness; the brain, like the other organs, can only do its work well when the whole frame is in good working order." "It follows that intellectual progress has its root in bodily health."

"Seeing, then, that the intellect, and, in some degree the morals, draw their forces from our bodily frame, there is no escape from the conclusion that our first aim should be to secure the body's health. We will go further, and assert that, taken on its own merits, health is to be preferred far above knowledge or mental culture. For the worth to ourselves of the greater part of our knowledge lies in the pleasurable activity which it makes on the mind, and in the fine flavour which it lends to our lighter pleasures. But ill-health makes all labour a weariness and turns amusement into a bore; while to look on the other side, the bounding pulse, the sense of vigour and fresh life are in themselves delights, and, taken alone, go far to make life worth living.

"This, indeed, is a point which hardly needs to be argued. Who would choose for his daughter the life of an invalid, however highly educated, whose bodily feebleness cuts her off from all active duties and pleasures? Who would not see a more enviable lot in that of the robust girl whose vigorous life overflows in smiles and energy, and in the beauty which

brilliant health gives; who enjoy to the full every out-of-door exercise, and, later on, discharges with ease the duties of wife and mother, but who cannot speak a word of French and would make a sorry figure at a Government examination?"

The free participation in home duties served to keep warm the affections of her loving heart. The first impressions given by her portrait is of her remarkable intellectual force. A girl with a brow so rounded, ample and lofty, might be suspected of being all run to brain, to speak of the human plant after a horticultural fashion; but there is warmth and softness in the earnest eyes, and real womanly tenderness in the firm yet sensitive mouth with lines, that tell unmistakably of sorrow and struggle.

Her letters show that she had a highly social nature, and the scope of her designs and aims included the hope of large, ultimate good to others. It is difficult to recognise such high conscientiousness and loveliness of moral character with the absence of religious conviction and the insensibility to spiritual influence which rendered her for some time wholly satisfied with the light of science and the acquisition of intellectual treasures. She seems to have been obedient to the light within, while she closed her eyes to the great Fountain of it, and sought from human oracles the illumination which only a Divine Teacher can bestow. Her revered master, Professor Clifford, satisfied her ideal of moral perfection. Science was to him as a religion, and he observed no other revelation. His pupil followed in his footsteps.

"I do not reject Christianity because it seems to me unlikely, or defective morally, or for any such reason," she said; "only I feel it is not what I need." The ennoblement of intellectual expansion and of the efforts to fulfil her duty to others contented her. In the spiritual world, however, sorrow fulfils purposes analagous to those of night in the material. 'Tis "Darkness shows us worlds of light we never saw by day."

With the premature removal of "the master" (Professor Clifford) from his place in the halls of learning fell on Ellen Watson's ardent spirit the darkness of death and bereavement. She was obliged to ask, Is this all? Why was he here, and why has he ceased to be?

She came, too, to the perception of an incompleteness in the unities of nature, if there was no Divine order, no spiritual world to fill and round out the material, no goal to press on towards after the things of sense had vanished. The arguments of positive science that had seemed so conclusive lost something of their certainty, when she reflected that the severest science of all, that of mathematics, "A law holds good only to a certain point, and there ceases from the breaking through of some higher law."

Even science, then, cannot subject law to itself or God to His own laws, for if He can break through their continuity in the natural world, how much more in the spiritual!

With the whole-heartedness of her fine character Ellen Watson did not resist conviction. If she did not struggle towards it she at least left herself open to it, and it seems as if God used His very gentlest methods with her; called her in her soul to behold the light and love around her, touched her with a hand that was warmer than the human. Surrendering herself to these Divine influences, she was soon completely flooded by them, and the yearning to live, not for herself but others, became a passion. The delicate state of her lungs obliged her to seek a field of labour in a sunnier clime than this, and she went out to Graham's Town, South Africa, as one of the teachers of the Diocesan Girls' School. She expected rare facilities for organising classes and imparting knowledge, but the wrench of leaving home, parting from old friends, English autumns, and all the old cherished associations cost her pangs that would have been all too keen were it not for the new beautiful emotions that were gaining life and strength within her. The sense of human need, the stretching out of the hands to God, now that father and mother were missed, became more real and earnest; and God did not hide Himself from her. Prayer became a habit, and the desire to know and love God—"have in this world knowledge of Thy truth, and in the world to come life everlasting"—grew even more intense and fervent than the erewhile girlish aspiration to become a great scholar.

Brought rapidly to the point of religious decision, she gave expression to it by presenting herself at Graham's Town for the rite of Confirmation, and subsequently partaking of the Communion as a Christian privilege and a means of drawing nigh to God, which she richly enjoyed.

If we study her writings we find frequent passages which assure us of her reliance on the atonement and of her love for Christ as her Saviour, but the love of God the Father seemed central with her; and in the account of her conversion, as given by her biographer, it might be thought that she laid too little stress on the need fallen man has of a mediator between himself and the Father and the way into the Holiest by the death of Jesus. But reading the beautiful lines traced by her pen as she glows under the inspiration of the Gospels and the Psalms, we need be under no apprehensions, and, when hæmorrhage set in and the end came suddenly upon her, there was no terror.

Sweetly and peacefully she passed away, the dews of death cold upon her brow, but the words of a living faith warm upon her lips. "O Lord, the only-begotten Son, Jesus Christ; O Lamb of God, Son of the Father, that taketh away the sins of the world, grant me Thy peace." And the prayer was received in Heaven. The benediction was spoken to her by her great High Priest, "entered within the veil."

"Lord show us the Father and it sufficeth us," said Philip in the human presence of Jesus. How often by spirits kindred to that which we have been contemplating are the same words said in His Divine one! How perpetual must be the showing, and how satisfying every bright revealing!

* * * *

While we muse upon the story of this seemingly uncompleted life, we think sadly of another gifted girl, who within the last few weeks has laid down the cross of suffering and gone home, leaving a widowed mother bereft of her chief earthly stay.

Annie E. Courtenay may be known to many of our readers as an industrious contributor to religious periodicals, and the writer of several attractive books for children, among which were "Kitty, or the Wonderful Love," "Forget-me-not," "Finer and Best," "Footsteps in the Snow," "Orphans of the Forest," and "Little Nan's Victory." Her first published book was "Little Eva's Wish," written between ten and sixteen years of age. Her sister says, "When only nine years old she began writing stories and poetry even then with much teaching in them; and showing forth God and His love was always her chief aim."

Annie E. Courtenay might not as a scholar and as a scientific thinker stand on the high intellectual place of Ellen Watson, but she was early called to battle with the world, and she behaved gallantly in the struggle. She was the daughter of an Independent minister, now deceased, and for some years was engaged in teaching. Ill-health at last obliged her to relinquish this vocation, and then as diligently as disease, which was fast gaining upon her, would allow, she laboured with her pen—by this means supporting herself and her mother.

She earnestly endeavoured to do good. What talents she had were from the first consecrated to the service of God. In Him was all her hope. Her gifts for usefulness were not confined to literature. She was visionary and bright, and had a happy way of bringing God's truths home to the hearts of others, so she entered every field for which she had time in which she could find acceptance. The poor women in mothers' meetings and in Bancroft Workhouse hung upon her lips, and little children felt that they had in her a friend as well as teacher.

One of the last poems—if not the last—was entitled "A Wasted Life." It is impossible to read it and not think that her life of doing and suffering was a blessed one.

It was perhaps rich in all that makes life really blessed—true religion, love, self-sacrifice, devotion to all that was good, and submission to the will of God. The last days were full of trial. She had left her home and entered a London hospital, in the hope that a severe ordeal prescribed, for her might be the means of procuring relief and lengthening her days. She was highly sanguine as to the result. Shall we say that it was unsuccessful? The road to heaven was already very rough, and the event shortened it. Life was asked for her and God gave her it. Yes, "length of days at His right hand, even for evermore." When she knew that she could not long remain, she became immediately resigned and said, "God's will be done." She sent word to some of her dear ones that "there was no happiness or joy in life without Christ, and her great grief was that she had not loved Him more," adding, with much earnestness, "but, oh, I do love Him now!" She asked that on her memorial stone should be inscribed the words—"She loved much, for she had much forgiven."

If our young readers will only learn from such as these to sanctify their ambitions, covet earnestly the best gifts, and choose God for the guide of their youth, they will never have in the eventide to bewail the past in the language of Annie Courtenay's "Wasted Life."

"Life with a wealth of unused time,
Its sands now almost run!
Its grandest end all unachieved,
Its noblest works undone.
It might have been a laurel-wreath
To keep my memory green,
It might have been so pure, so fair,
My life it might have been!

* * * * *

"O life! thou trust God given,
Thou hallowed, priceless dower,
So fleeting that 'tis counted sin
To waste e'en one brief hour.
O life! so full of blessing,
I lay me down unblest,
They will close the eyes, they will fold the hands
That have not earned their rest.

"No glad 'Well done,' to greet me
As I pass to the spirit-land!
No victor's spoil, no golden sheaves
To carry in my hand!
O must I go thus from the busy throng?
O God! for another life;
O God! for time and heart and strength
To join in the earnest strife.

"Hark! what is that? A low, sad voice,
And methinks I hear it say—
'Not many lives hath man to live,
One, only one brief day;
Fainter and fainter grows the light,
Never to brighten more.
Farewell! O wasted life! farewell!
Thy one brief day is o'er.'"

TWENTY-ONE.

By Mrs. G. LINNÆUS BANKS

Hush! 'tis a solemn hour,
The hour before the morning,
When girlhood flies for aye
At the first blush of dawning;
Flies with all girlish things,
Hopes and imaginings,
On fleet, retreating wings!

Flies, never to return,
Yet drops a tear in flying,
A benediction sweet
As blessing from the dying,
On the new woman made
In sunshine and in shade,
No duty to evade.

A woman free to act—
Thinking, willing, doing;
Living the lovely life
No other life is rueing:
A woman, with the might
Of gentleness bedight,
Love's sceptre, shield, and light.

Like to worn garments drop
Thy years of girlhood twenty;
The veil of twenty-one
Comes gemmed with promise plenty;
The pearls of hope and prayer,
For all things good and fair,
And life with little care.

Thou may'st not note the change
When girlhood spreads her pinions;
The frontier is unseen
Of womanhood's dominions;
But if thy girlhood brought
High act and noble thought,
Step forward—fear thou naught!

PLAIN NEEDLEWORK.

CHAPTER II.

The First Stitches.

I have already, in my introduction, mentioned the earliest and rudest form of needle—the thorn. The oldest manufactured needle of which we have any specimens left were made of bone; but it seems that the beautiful examples of Egyptian work which we possess were executed by means of bronze needles.

We learn from M. Laclet's paper "On the Employment of Sewing Needles in Ancient Times" that the earliest use of iron or steel needles in Europe of which he had been able to learn anything was in connection with the establishment of a manufactory of these needles in Nuremburg in the fourteenth century. They were used in France in 1540 and also in England a little later, where they were introduced by Catherine Howard, wife of Henry VIII., but they were not sold until the reign of Mary, in 1555. We shall now most likely never know when or how bronze needles went out of use, for the early history of this manufactory in England and elsewhere is wrapped in obscurity.

It must have been a very strange state of things when needles were so scarce in England that one was considered quite a household treasure, and cherished accordingly. This was the case in the year 1566, when a comedy called *Gammer Gurton's Needle* was performed at Christ's College, in Cambridge. The play was founded on the circumstance of an old woman having lost her needle, which threw a whole village into confusion. I should imagine by the commotion this caused it was the only needle of which the village could boast. A mischief-making wag spreads about the report that another old gossip, Dame Chat, has stolen it; and the contention thereupon waxes so hot that not only hard words are exchanged, but blows, and the curate, Dr. Rat, being called in, the needle is eventually found. It seems probable, from what I have said, that needles of steel or iron were not manufactured in England at that time, as it was little more than ten years since their introduction. This would account for their being so precious a commodity. However, a very short time afterwards Christopher Greening, with his three children, was settled at Long Crendon, in Buckinghamshire, by Mr. Damar, and there the manufactory was established and has been carried on even to the present day.

It is evident that the scarcity of needles did not affect the needlework that was executed in England, for the list of stitches given as being done at the time is a very long one; and many of them cannot be identified with any of those with which we are now acquainted.

We cannot, however, complain in this our own day of a scarcity of needles and other necessary implements; for, on the other hand, the fitting-up of our work-boxes is so easily performed, that we are in danger of being wasteful in the midst of such profusion. Nothing adds so much to our comfort in working as to be provided with everything we need; nor does anything tend so much to a proper performance of our tasks; so the first thing to consider, in our chat upon plain needlework, is the outfit required for it.

An essential requisite is the little box or bag to contain it, but we need not linger long over this item, since any amount of money might be spent upon it, from sixpence to many pounds. The principal object should be that the box should contain all that is wanted; that it be easy of carriage from place to place, and that its owner should always keep it in perfect order.

The contents should consist of a thimble, a pincushion, an emery-cushion, two bodkins (a small and a large one), two pairs of scissors, a pair for cutting button-holes, and an ordinary pair of medium size; a stiletto or piercer, a tape measure, a needle-book, containing needles of various sizes of both darning and worsted needles; four or six reels of cotton, from 24 to 50; a reel of red marking cotton, black and white linen thread, and tape buttons, and darning cotton, selected with especial reference to the kinds which the little learner will require for mending her own clothes. And here I insert the third schedule of the new code; for although these articles be not intended for the use of Board School teachers, who are already possessed of rather a wide range of literature, written to meet their own special needs, still as the needlework standard for the Government and National schools, it forms a safe and reliable reference. The standard of knowledge is usually far higher than that of the 4th, 5th, and 6th stages, in private families where the children are carefully taught; and in our own competitions we have had this proved over and over again.

Schedule III.

Girls' and Infants' Departments.

Needlework.

Below Standard I.—Age 3 to 5 and 5 to 7.

Needle drill.—Position drill.

Strips (18 inches by 2 inches) in simple hemming with coloured cotton, in the following order—viz.:—1. Black. 2. Red. 3. Blue.

Knitting-pin drill.

A strip knitted (15 inches by 3 inches) in cotton *or wool*.

Standard I.—7 to 8.

1. Hemming, seaming, felling. Any garment which can be completed by the above stitches—*e.g.*, child's pinafore, pillowcase, or pocket-handkerchief.

2. Knitting (two needles), plain—*e.g.*, a strip on which to teach darning in Girl's Upper Standards, or a comforter.

Standard II.—8 to 9.

1. The work of the previous standard with greater skill. Any garment or other useful article as above.

2. Knitting (two needles), plain and purled, *e.g.*, muffatees.

Standard III.—9 to 10.

1. The work of the previous standards, stitching and sewing on strings. Garment, pinafore, shift, or apron.

Herringbone stitch. The stitch only on canvas or flannel.

Darning simple. On canvas.

2. Knitting (four needles), plain and purled, *e.g.*, muffatees.

Standard IV.—10 to 11.

1. The work of the previous standards, gathering, setting in, button-hole, sewing on

TWENTY-ONE.

buttons. Garment—a plain night-shirt, night-gown, or petticoat.

2. Darning, plain (as for thin places), in stocking-web material.

3. Knitting (four needles), a man's sock.

4. Herring-bone. A patch (at least 3 inches square) on coarse flannel.

STANDARD V.—11 TO 12.

1. The work of the previous standards, the running of a tuck. Garment, as in Standard IV.

2. Knitting (four needles), a girl's sock or stocking, ribbed or plain.

3. Darning, simple, of a hole in stocking-web material.

4. Patching in calico and flannel.

5. Cutting out any garment such as is required in Standard III.

STANDARDS VI. AND VII.—12 TO 14.

1. The work of previous standards, whip-stitch and setting-on frill. Garment—baby's night-gown or child's frock.

2. Darning. Plain or coarse linen.

3. Patching in print.

4. Knitting (four needles), a long stocking with heel thickened.

5. Cutting out any under-garment for making up in Standard IV.

Notes.

I. Garments must be shown in each standard, but not necessarily those specified in this schedule, which are mentioned merely as examples. They must be presented in the same condition as when completed by the scholars.

II. At least half as many garments must be shown as there are girls examined in Standards I., II., III. Each garment must be entirely made by its own standard. In Standard IV. each girl must make a garment.

III. Managers should encourage girls to fix their own work. Those above Standard I. will be required to fix and cast on in the exercises performed before inspection.

PUPIL-TEACHERS (GIRLS).

First Year.

1. A garment in calico or print, showing all the stitches required in Standard IV.

2. A hole correctly mended in stocking material.

3. A patch, not less than 2in. square, on calico.

4. A sock.

Second Year.

1. A garment in long cloth, showing all the stitches required in Standard V.

2. Grafting and Swiss darning on stocking material.

3. A patch, not less than 2½in. square, in flannel.

4. A boy's knickerbocker stocking.

Third Year.

1. A garment in long cloth or print, showing all the stitches required in Standard VI.

2. A hole filled in with stocking-web stitch, on stocking material, not less than 1½in. square.

3. A patch on print.

4. A pair of knitted baby's boots.

Pattern of a shirt or night-dress (full size) drawn to scale (¼ size) on sectional paper; quantity and quality of materials to be stated.

Fourth Year.

1. To show a garment suited to Standard IV., cut out and neatly "fixed" or "tacked" together.

2. A three-cornered (or hedge-tear) darn, the tear not less than 1in. square, and a cross-cut-darn, on linen.

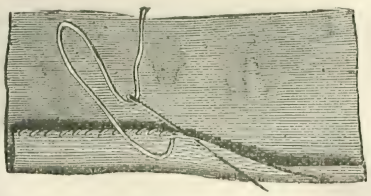
3. A roll or piece of sectional paper (¼in. scale) representing a piece of calico or Holland, 32in. wide by 3yds. long, on which patterns of garments suitable for children attending public elementary schools, are drawn, so arranged as to show the greatest economy of materials.

Notes.

1. In all cases the specimens, garments, and drawings shown to the inspector must be done without assistance and presented as they left the worker's hands. All garments must have been cut out by the makers.

2. No embroidery is to be used. The garments should be of plain simple patterns, showing intelligence and good workmanship, but without elaborate detail.

In home teaching, however, instruction in needlework is not always begun so young—*i.e.*, from three to five years old; nor are boys taken into consideration. I shall be only too glad if I can attract additional attention to both these points, on the part of mothers, sisters, teachers, and governesses. To my mind, and in the course of my experience, I have found the great advantage of teaching needlework in early youth, and also of instructing boys in the same art. It is an excellent method of passing away idle hours when they are tired of play, and have no better amusement than to teaze and worry everyone within reach. Many a happy hour was passed long ago in a certain household known to me, where the house mother, being an invalid, had taught her boys to love needlework, and to value the quiet and calm of her bright and



HEMMING.

cheerful room. One of the boys particularly distinguished himself in knitting and crochet, while another was addicted to hemming, and the manufacture of marvellous kettle and iron holders. Who can value the good obtained from those quiet seasons of companionship, with a well stored mind and a high principled and loving mother?—hours of which the girls have many, but the boys by the nature of things only a few.

There is one hint which I must give to the home-teacher on the instruction of boys, and that is, that they are always more anxious and impatient to see results than girls. Therefore, after a very small amount of instruction in turning down and hemming paper, I have always produced a coarse kitchen towel or duster, on which they were to make their first attempts. I found this plan an excellent one, as the towel was indeed a result to which they looked forward with eagerness, for they had something to show to every one; and upon it they made rapid and very satisfactory progress. The same article answered equally well for teaching seaming or over-sewing.

As we look back to early days, we find that our first piece of knowledge acquired in this art was how to thread a needle. This is the case with all little girls who have an elderly relative residing in the house, and who, in all probability, gives them their first introduction to the beauty of service—for then they find that their young eyes can see to perform this office for the older and wiser ones. The first instruction in threading needles is best given with a coarse darning-needle, or even a bodkin, which is not so trying to the sight as a small needle. The cotton should be held in the right hand, the needle in the left, and it should always be remembered that biting the cotton is an extremely vulgar trick as well as most ruinous to the teeth, so that it should not be allowed.

Although knots are only required for basting or tacking work, the method of making one may now be taught, and after that, provided with some long strips of paper, the lessons in the folding and turning-down of hems may begin. The paper should be quite even, and, for beginners, in the shape of a ribbon (the white edges of newspapers will be found suitable and straight enough for the purpose). A fold should be turned down on one side evenly, and then the same fold laid down a second time, of the same width as the first. This double fold forms what is called a hem, and the young learner must be kept at the work of folding hems until she can lay one down both quickly and neatly. The folding of corners should also be taught, so that they may lie flat and perfectly even. There are a number of other little things to be learnt, as the method of holding the needle in the right hand, the thimble on the second finger of the same, and the work laid over the first finger of the left hand; then the proper length of thread to be taken, which should be from three-quarters of a yard to a yard. The best cotton for a child's use in beginning is, I think, No. 40 with No. 8 needles. There is no advantage in using very coarse needles and thread—quite the contrary—and there is no need whatever for breaking needles; the coarse ones lead to untidy work, and the breakage of those that are fine may be prevented by care in tuition. The needle is driven through the material by means of the thimble with the assistance of the thumb and forefinger. Any endeavour to force it through by means of the thimble alone is sure to cause a breakage. The use of the emery cushion, too, should be more frequent than it generally is, as the needle becomes dull and blunted in its passage through the hot and nervous little fingers which hold it. It must never be left in the work, as serious accidents may result from such carelessness, but taken out and replaced in the needle-case.

To make the first stitch, point the needle from you, keeping the eye next the chest, and leaving out a small end of the thread, which must be carefully tucked in with the needle under the hem before taking the next stitch; which latter should be made, as well as every succeeding one, with the point directed towards the chest, not towards the left shoulder, as children so frequently point it. If our little learner be young, or more than usually unhandy, it will be best to allow her to tack the hems down on the paper before hemming, or to use two pins, one before the other. Thus far we have been working with paper strips, on which much can be taught and practised, which will make each succeeding stage the easier to the learner.

When the power of holding and guiding the needle has been fully acquired, strips of dark print may be used worked with white cotton; or the rule of the third schedule may be adopted—*i.e.*, to use strips of white calico, beginning by sewing with black cotton, and advancing to red and blue in succession, each change marking an advancement in the art of hemming. If alternate needlefuls of colours be used, the process of finishing off the old thread by leaving a short end and beginning the new in the way already explained, and tucking both neatly under the hem, will be clearly marked and neatly performed.

The faults in hemming are summed up by a recent writer of experience as follows:—"The upright stitches of a beginner caused by the needle being put in like a skewer, and pointed to the top edge of the hem, instead of to the left thumb, and also because the child inserts the needle just under where the cotton has been drawn out, instead of making a step forward. "Split hemming" is another fault—*i.e.*, where the needle is not made to shine clearly through on the right side, but is actually allowed to split the threads of the material, thus showing scarcely any stitches on the right side, and, of course, being most

AN ERRAND OF MERCY.

["*Lady Jane*," *page* 283.

insecure, unpractical work, which will soon wear out. "Straight hemming," showing a horizontal stitch on the right side, as in "running," is also a fault, and to be avoided for the same reason. What is called "single-thread hemming" is also much to be condemned. The correct shape of the stitch made may be exemplified by a row composed of the letter "V," half the "V" being on one side, and the other half on the opposite side of the material. Between the points of the "V" there ought to be four threads.

The use of knots is also a great defect in hemming, and they should be strictly prohibited. They may be easily discovered by passing the hem between the finger and the thumb, with the edge of the thumbnail against the hem. The joinings of the cotton should also be noticed carefully, as careless finishing will speedily show itself here, and the weak places will gape and open in the wearing and washing. Other points to be noticed are the finish and turning of the corners, matching the seams in the hem, and the careless puckering of the latter through over haste and pulling the thread tightly.

There are certain rules for the hemming employed on different materials, &c., which I must mention here, as well as the usual faults in performing the stitch. In hemming articles with four sides, make the hems on the opposite *sides* first, and then on the ends; the corners will thus be turned in pairs, or all alike. All articles to be hemmed should be, if possible, cut and turned to a thread. In hemming fine work with fine cotton, the thread should be pulled out very gently. In hemming angularly-cut articles, such as a half handkerchief, the thread should be drawn rather tightly in performing the work. It is not necessary to hem muslin so closely as cambric or linen. When the hem is intended to be narrow, as in fine work, both folds should be equal; but when a broad hem is required the second fold should be made broader than the first in all thick materials, to avoid all feeling of clumsiness. A broad hem in crape, fine gauze, grenadine, and muslin should have equal folds. Hemming on coloured materials should always be performed with silk or cotton of the same colour, the sole exception to this rule being observed when there is a superabundance of a white pattern over a coloured surface.

And now that we are upon the subject of rules for hemming, we shall do well to try and find out some commonsense rules to guide us in judging of work in general—in fact, some standard to work by. I think we shall find this in the best kind of work usually sold in shops. If work be good enough to sell, and wear fairly well, we may consider ourselves safe in believing it to be of the right standard of neatness, and we may teach it to our children. We will therefore take a nightdress of fair price, from 12s. 6d. to 15s.—well trimmed, hand-worked throughout, made at a first-rate City house, and of which thousands are sold in the course of the year—as our guide, and we will proceed to count the stitches in the inch, remembering that the person who made it was earning her living, and that the article produced was saleable, and in constant demand. The stitches run thus—

Hemming, from 9 to 10 stitches per inch.
Stitching, ,, 18 to 20 ,, ,,
Trimming, ,, 9 to 10 ,, ,,

Feather-stitching takes the place in a great measure of stitching; the embroidery being put on with it, and the seams throughout are "*run* and felled"—not "seam and felled"—and less attention is paid to either stitching or running by the thread than we have been accustomed to see. This, I think, is an accurate description of the saleable plain needlework in this reign of good Queen Victoria.

The number of stitches to the inch, as counted in the work and the samplers of the School Boards, are as follows:—

Hemming, from 20 to 30 stitches per inch.
Stitching, ,, 32 to 36 ,, ,,
Over-sewing ,, 30 to 36 ,, ,,

Judging from a little shirt that I once saw made by Queen Mary and "Good Queen Bess," for their infant brother, Edward VI., this about represents the standard of the needlework of that period; and we know that both these queens excelled in all kinds of needlework. But, of course, in these days it does not answer for us. It takes too much time and strength of sight; and we certainly could not do enough of it to make a living by it, even if we could sell it—which latter would not be of easy accomplishment.

Another thing which must be taught with the first lessons, is perfect cleanliness. So beautifully clean is the work done for sale at present, that washing it has been given up; and it is merely ironed very carefully, and packed into boxes ready for purchasers. The work is all cut out by a machine knife, which cuts hundreds of chemises or nightdresses at once, and saves every morsel of stuff in a marvellous manner. So there are no jagged ends nor false cuts; all is plain and straightforward.

The teaching of plain needlework in ladies' schools, as well as in private families, will be rendered easier by the adoption of a commonsense standard, such as I have recommended.

Those who are acquainted with the former requirements of Schedule III. will find, on reading it, that in the new one they are much altered and improved in many ways. "Counter-hemming," and the plaiting of material into a band (instead of properly gathering it) have been removed. "Swiss darning" and "grafting" have been placed in the pupil teacher's work. "Knotting" has been entirely taken out, as well as "feather" or "coral stitch." The latter is to be regretted, as it now takes the place of "stitching" in most ladies' underclothing.

In conclusion, I must remark that, whatever may be our ideas of orthodoxy in needlework, we must remember that that art, like all others, must improve and be modified with the progress of time and the wants and ideas of women.

LADY JANE.

By ISABELLA FYVIE MAYO.

FORTH in the morn rides Lady Jane;
She leaves her castle home behind,
And over moor and through the lane
Her steed goes lightly as the wind.
Surely her life is bright and glad,
Yet Lady Jane is grave and sad.

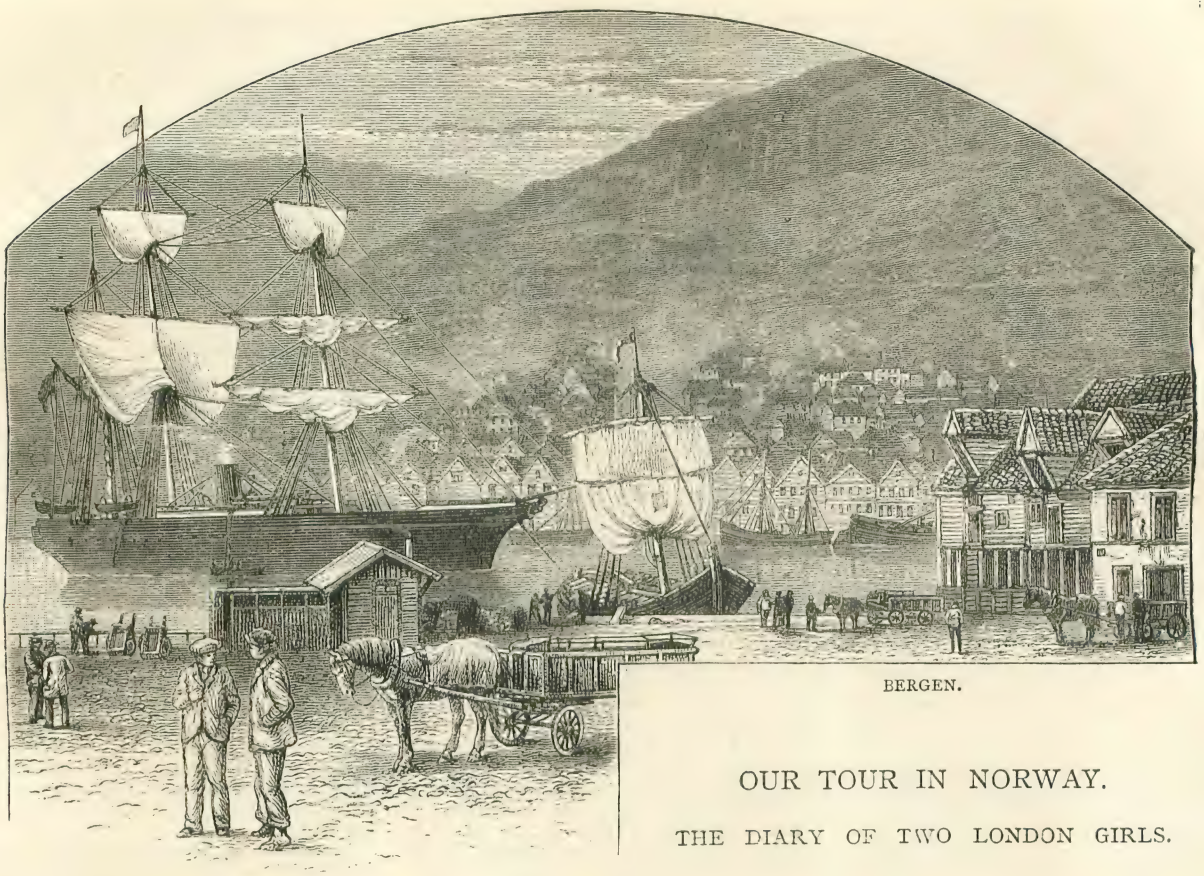
Sweetly she gives her greeting smile
To children on their way to school,
And even reins her horse awhile
To question them of stitch or rule.
But swift, pale gravity again
O'erspreads the face of Lady Jane.

She seeks the home where helpless age
Wears out its patient hours alone;
She softly turns the sacred page,
And reads in her low chastened tone.
"Where did she learn," the old folks ask,
"The thoughtful skill for such a task?"

The country lassie and her swain,
On errand bound to shop or mill,
Pause to look round on Lady Jane,
While envious thoughts their bosoms fill.
"Oh, well to be of high degree,
From toil and care and trouble free."

But where is he who used to ride
Laughing and proud by Lady Jane?
Where heroes for their country died,
And graves are thick 'mid Transvaal grain.
Duty and death are everywhere,
And Lady Jane accepts her share.

Oh, what to her are wealth and show?
And what to her is high degree?
Far dearer is her sacred woe—
Her memories of what used to be!
Life's sisterhood of Love and Pain
Is all that's left for Lady Jane!



BERGEN.

OUR TOUR IN NORWAY.

THE DIARY OF TWO LONDON GIRLS.

Tuesday, July 8, 1884,
Steamship "Domino."

WELL! we are off at last, and truly glad I am. Since Christmas I set my heart on seeing Norway. I read *Paul du Chaillu*'s work on "The Midnight Sun," a friend lent me "Bennett's Guide to Norway," and another friend, a sportsman who had been there, enlarged freely on its mountains, fjords, and forests, till my imagination was ablaze with desire and I could dream of little else night and day.

Kate said we should never get there, it would be too expensive, so we worried our little brains as to what we could do. What *can* women do? It is a terrible question to solve, but there is also another question—What is there that women cannot do? and the latter impressed us more.

So, in our feeble way, we painted glass, satin, etc., for sale, and I denied myself the various little articles of dress that are so conducive to the happiness of some. Kate had no necessity for this, for her mother supplied, unasked, her every need. So used mine, and I cannot tell you how heartily I wished I could confide all my aspirations to her.

My great longing is to be able to afford to travel, to see the wondrous things of earth, and Nature's magnificent beauties. It cannot be that we are all intended to dwell in one confined spot for three-score years and ten, and never try to behold the wonderful creations of God. I have been told that the ambition to travel is one among the many talents implanted by Him in the human breast—to be used and not abused, to fill us with gratitude and love. Therefore, I think we should cultivate it if we can satisfy our craving unselfishly, and without injury or hindrance to others.

The few in whom we confided our scheme of a Norway tour were puzzled as to why we should select so remote and inclement a country. But, deeming it less hackneyed and frequented than the sunny South, we thought there might be more originality in a diary, if we kept one; and if by any stroke of Fortune the tour could be supposed sufficiently interesting to publish, there might accrue certain advantages towards a future trip. This thought was hidden deep down in our hearts, nor on any consideration would we expose it, lest friends might laugh and damp our ardour. I was anxious to learn photography, so as to take views; but *tempus fugit*, and I was unable to indulge this notion.

A great disappointment we had—we painted a large mirror (we have never been favoured with half-an-hour's instruction) which we hoped would remunerate us. Certainly it was worth a few pounds if the amount of time and labour bestowed upon it denoted its value, but it was too late for admission to the "Healtheries," and no other way of disposal presented itself. Things were becoming serious. To go to the stern North or not, that was the question; and if we wished to witness "The Midnight Sun" at the North Cape, we must be there before the 30th of July.

We counted our money and counted the cost. Kate decided to tell her father and mother; I to tell my father, who at first was quite averse to the proposition that we girls should travel without a male escort, and suggested that we should change our minds, and content ourselves with England. But the bright visions I had fostered for months were not to be dispelled in a few hours; and, after awhile, he bade me go and enjoy my holiday, return safe and well, but he "would not *encourage* me." Another examination of our finances ensued, whereupon we resolved, with regret, to curtail the trip, simply to visit the North Cape, and leave the exploration of Norway to the future.

Kind friends had invited us to stay at Ranmoor, near Sheffield, and the idea dawned upon us that Hull was nearer Sheffield than London, and that the whole affair would be simplified by going at once to Sheffield. On Saturday, the 5th, Ranmoor received us with open arms, and this morning at twelve we left Sheffield for Hull.

Our berths were only written for on Saturday, so after calling at the office of Messrs. Wilson, and examining the "Domino," we could scarcely be surprised to find we were to share our cabin with two other ladies. The Wilberforce Café, in Hull, supplied us with a welcome luncheon of mutton chops, and about four o'clock we came on board to quiz the arriving passengers, and to endeavour to discover those who for the next two days were to be our companions "in sickness and in health." At six the "Domino," with forty-eight passengers and crew, steamed out of harbour, and we were soon at sea. At eight supper was announced, and everyone hastened to the saloon where the table, spread with cold viands, was a tempting sight to hungry mortals. In due course the ship began to roll, the wind arose, and Kate, with our two good-looking young friends, gradually showed signs of weariness, whereupon the stewardess soon tucked them in their little berths, and they are now fast asleep, "rocked in the cradle of the deep."

Expenses for two.

	£	s.	d.
Sheffield to Hull, 3rd Class ..	0	9	0
Hull to Bergen, with option to return from Christiania ..	12	0	0

"Domino," Wednesday, July 9.

A sudden movement. Four heads, three with very pale faces, arise from the bedclothes. "What time is it?" The energetic one looks at the watch. "Four o'clock." "Is that all? We will go to sleep again." A few faint laughs, a joke or two at the funny little cabin, and the crush it was for four, and we were again

in the arms of "Somnus" till six, when cheery Mrs. Cox entered, and said that if we required the cold bath we must seize an opportunity soon. I did so at once, but the indisposed trio were advised to rest till after breakfast. About twelve we succeeded in getting them on deck, where they had to lie all day, and I consoled myself by watching them and talking to the other folk. There is a nice elderly lady with her nephew Charlie; I have had a long chat with them; two stalwart brothers of the youthful invalids, who are very kind and attentive.

Three middle-aged ladies with a nephew and friend: the friend is most polite and generous, people pronounce the voyage somewhat monotonous (although I did not in the least suppose I should: I love the sea, and am a capital sailor), we have settled to travel inland.

Stewardess is very kind, and most amusing. She considers us quite under the shadow of her wing, and suggests with whom we may converse, and who it is better to leave outside the pale of our society. She told us "Mr. Shout" and the steward nearly had a fight, and that no one would be likely to pay much attention to "Mr. Shout" and his sister. "Mr. Shout" is certainly rough, and speaks to the attendants in a most impolite way. He tries to rule everyone.

young ladies to travel alone in Norway, and that we must be very plucky.

Smeby's Hotel, Bergen,
Thursday, July 10.

Considerable bustle on board this morning. Land was sighted at one a.m., when separated from it by thirty-five miles. About seven we reached Stavanger, which was reviving to the *malheureux*, and, while the ship was stationary, I proposed to them to dress and go on shore to see the cathedral, which I believe is well worth a visit. Being last to leave my crib, I was too late to go on shore, which I should regret, only it was the result of circum-

ODDE.

and lent us his guide-books all day (he has Bædeker and Bennett); for before we left home we had to return the copy of Bennett, and had not time to obtain another.

Then there are four fine men in knickerbockers, armed to the teeth with pickaxes, alpenstocks, and nailed boots; a "little Yankee" and his dame, who snugly recline in big American hammock chairs (the lady's diamond earrings are worthy of remark); a delicate-looking doctor and pleasant wife; "Paddy from Cork," a tall, shy man in a new blue serge suit; a clergyman, who shouts fearfully; his wife and sister; a stately naval commander, and others.

Hearing that much of the glory of the North Cape depends on the weather, and that some Kate's neck at the back is so sore. The sun has scorched it to-day. I was careful to wrap plenty around her to prevent her feeling the cold, but unconsciously left her neck between her hair and collar exposed to the sun, and it is likely to be painful for some time.

There has been plenty of space at table to-day. Several are looking dejected, and Kate has not eaten anything. The friend of the middle-aged ladies asked if Kate and I were travelling alone, and if we intended to keep a diary. I said I hoped so. He kindly suggested we should send it to some magazine—THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, for instance—because he thought it rather a novel idea for two stances, it being impossible for more than one to adorn at the same time. A big, happy family assembled at breakfast, the water being calm and still, and a lovely blue sky overhead. The countless fjords—those mysterious arms that wind deep into the land from their parent sea, decked and dotted with islands, rocks, and mountains—are most beautiful. We made friends with Captain Soulsby, who kindly took us on to his bridge and talked to us of sea and land. We passed the Island of Bomlo, where is a gold mine, for which an English company gave £36 000, and is now reported to be worth £60,000. The captain brought out a boiler last week, and the machinery for the mine is now in preparation. This trip is the best this year:

the fogs were so bad last week there was danger of an accident. Summer bursts forth very suddenly in these hyperborean latitudes, treading close upon the heels of winter, and being late this year, a heavy mantle of snow is still unfurled. All glasses were levied for a glimpse of the Folge-fond glacier, where snow and ice lie in continuous fields of undulating hill and valley. Numerous smiling hamlets, lighthouses, cultivated patches, white sails, and boats full of women with prettily-coloured kerchiefs on their heads, beguiled our attention, till nearing Bergen at five o'clock we were constrained to see after our luggage, pay our bill, say farewell, etc.

The stewardess could not conceive how we managed so far to ingratiate ourselves with the captain as to be allowed to pace his bridge, where she declares she has not seen a lady for ten years.

The Custom House officers (whom we dreaded) came on board, just opened some of the luggage and declared it all right. We thanked Captain Soulsby, steward and stewardess, for endless attentions, then, for one moment, felt the want of some knowledge of the language. But the stewardess, becoming cognisant of our slight embarrassment, delivered ourselves and our luggage into the hands of a young man, with directions to him to convey us to Smeby's Hotel, where we have capital quarters.

We are charmed with the situation of Bergen. It lies in a valley, backed by hills and embellished by water in all directions. The houses, built of wood, are mostly painted white, highly polished, and are very dazzling, especially in this fervid heat. Every window is open and prettily draped with white lace curtains. We have bought "Bennett's Guide," a map, post cards, and stamps. Our tea was most liberally provided. Certainly, there is no night here. Half-past ten now, still a lovely afterglow, and I write by the light of day.

	£	s.	d.
Meals for two on "Domino" .	1	8	0
Steward and stewardess . . .	0	4	0

Smeby's Hotel, Bergen.
Friday, July 11.

It is intensely hot, so hot that we have not cared to eat much to-day. For breakfast for us two there was a large provision of stewed steak, dried salmon or lax, sausage, four poached and four boiled eggs. We could hardly do it justice, and asked for marmalade, when we received strawberry jam.

Mr. Smeby speaks a little English, and from him we obtained directions to the postekoutor, telegraph office, and bank. The bank being only open from nine till twelve, we hastened thither and exchanged £23 into 414 kroner, 60 ore (mostly paper money), with a little silver. The Norwegian currency was changed on the 1st of January, 1877, from specie dollars, marks, and shillings, to crowns (kroner) and ore; 100 ore are equal to one kroner, 18 kroner to one pound English money. Gold is scarce. There are three gold coins. One piece, a little larger than a sovereign, 20 kroner; one, 10 kroner; and one, 5 kroner.

In the Exchange Building we wanted to telegraph to Odde for a bedroom for to-morrow night, but there is no telegraph station at Odde. At the cathedral we saw a Lutheran christening, and then pleasantly devoted two hours to the museum in company with the three middle-aged ladies, their nephew, and friend. In a small steam launch we crossed to Hangoland to explore. Here we rested in a hayfield, and admired the lovely views by which we were surrounded. Patches of grass had been mown, and sticks were placed in the ground at equal distances, to which were connected eight or nine rows of string; over these the hay was suspended to dry. Returning to our spacious bedroom, we indulged in "the cup that cheers, but not inebriates," and dissected our luggage, deeming it unwise to burden ourselves with flannels and wraps we had brought expressly for the North Cape. Mr. Smeby was most good-natured. He consented to take charge of one portmanteau and bundle of warm wraps, to forward them, if required, and to transmit our letters from England to any part of the country.

Having eased our minds, we trudged up the Drammens-vei to the flagstaff, stopping during the climb to drink some delicious milk. From the flagstaff the view of Bergen is most comprehensive. There we lounged in ecstasies, dreamily watching the glory of the setting sun, the distant calm blue sea, gigantic mountains, sparkling fjords, verdant islets, antique jagts, white sails floating in the breeze, and the busy little town below. About half-past nine we reluctantly returned to supper, and afterwards went to the quay close to our hotel to see the Lyderhorn, and arrange for going to Odde at seven to-morrow morning. We have asked to be called at five, and ordered coffee and kjœrks (cakes).

	Kr.	Ore.
Bill at Smeby's for two . ..	14	0

Hardanger Hotel, Odde.
Saturday, July 12.

Quite a family côterie on board, and a renewal of acquaintances made on the "Domino." We have been very merry, and thoroughly appreciated each changing scene. The chameleon hues of the water are wonderful and most fascinating—ultramarine, pale blue, deep chrome green, and emerald. Its transparency, too, is remarkable. We steamed a distance of 182 English miles amid glorious mountains, wild and severe, smiling and green, rising sheer from the fjords, and called at many alluring stations to take or leave passengers. There were several cosy and enticing nooks at which I thought I should like to stay a month to ruralise and live *dolce far niente*. Joudal was one, Nordheimsund another. A lady and gentleman, who had crossed to Bergen by the s.s. "Norge," from Newcastle, say it is extremely comfortable, and the fare excellent. They only pay £5 for return ticket, including everything. Constant showers frightened the folks off the upper deck, but Kate and I remained there, apparently unconscious of rain. There are four small tables with charts, which are most useful. At dinner we had black currant and gooseberry jam, with beef and chicken. Kate says Miss "Shout" swallowed potatoes as if they were little green peas. We made friends with two merry Norwegian girls who speak English fluently. They say the English will not trouble to learn Norske, so it is incumbent upon them to study English, and that our language is taught in all the schools. When I had broken the ice by speaking to them, nearly all the gentlemen joined us, and there was good fun. "Signe," the elder one, was very quick at repartee. She told us that Odde is a large town, which filled us with horror; we do not aspire to towns, we only want scenery and mountains. To dismay us still more she thinks that Eide (where we intended eventually to go) is a very lively place. I am afraid we have made a mistake after all. "Signe" and her friend left us at Lofthus, kindly expressing a wish for Kate and me to visit them if we return to Bergen. Utne looked extremely pretty with its one little modest hotel kept by Mo'er (Mother) Utne. I felt I should like to get out there, especially after Signe's description of Odde. Several of our passengers landed, and waved handkerchiefs till we were "lost to sight;" but we are anxious to visit the "Skjœggedalsfos" from Odde, and to attend church to-morrow. Peasants came on the various stations, generally carrying boxes, which I imagine contain their headgear for church. We have seen numerous flocks of eider ducks. About thirty of us were bound for Odde, and we despaired as to the chance of a bedroom, hearing that the hotels were full, so we communicated our fears to Captain Simonsen, who kindly volunteered to bespeak a bedroom for us. The evening was damp and chilly, and some began to weary of the long day when we reached the pier after 11 p.m. Then there was a rush, and great excitement.

Kate stood by our baggage (consisting of one portmanteau, a diminutive but most convenient picnic-basket, and one bundle of wraps) while I searched for a boy to convey it from the steamer to the hotel. To our surprise and delight two of the sturdy pedestrians in knickerbockers pounced upon our goods and carried them, begging us to follow without a moment's hesitation, and two met us on the road to this hotel to say they had engaged a room for us. Here was substantial kindness in the hour of need, and our hearts beat with genuine gratitude. We could scarcely express our thanks. We ran up to inspect the apartment, but were hastened down again to dispel the alarm of Captain Simonsen, who had also secured us a *chambre à coucher*, and was in great distress at not being able to find us.

We told him of our little snuggery upstairs, overlooking the Sor Fjord, and shook hands heartily. The hall had filled with people, and we laughed at the sensation we had unwittingly caused.

Lyderhorn—Bergen to Odde, for	Kr.	Ore.
two	21	0
Food	12	60
Luggage and steward	2	0

(*To be continued.*)

GIRLS' OWN HOME.

SUBSCRIPTION LIST.

Miss M. G. Crone, 7s.; Miss E. Grigor, 2s. 6d; Miss Dolton, 5s.; G. R. Wade, Esq., 10s.; R. Wade, Esq., 2s.; Linda, 3s.; Minda, 5s.; La Paquita, 5s.; E. M., W. N., and B. T. N., 5s.; Your grateful reader, 8d.; Nineteen Years, 6d.; Jawcums and Joylegs, 2s. 6d.; S. H., 1s. 6d.; S. E. F., 5s.; A Bournemouth Gipsy, 6d.; Collected by Miss A. McRobbie, £2 1s.; Collected by Miss H. M. Spencer, 7s. 6d.; Collected by Miss Lottie Wilkins, 5s. 2d.; Louie D., 2s. 6d.; Janet, 4s.; Miss A. Broadbent, 5s.; Collected by Miss H. E. Ward, £2. Total amount received to November 30th, 1884, £956 19s. 1d.

VARIETIES.

True Politeness.— Ceremonies are different in every country, but true politeness is everywhere the same. Ceremonies which take up so much of our attention are only artificial helps which ignorance assumes in order to imitate politeness, which is the result of good sense and good nature.—*Goldsmith.*

Wealth and Learning.

Much learning shows how little mortals know,
Much wealth how little worldlings can enjoy.
Young.

Guitars in Fashion.—The guitar was brought into fashion in England in 1662 by Francisco Corbeta, who "had a genius for music," says Count Grammont, "and was the only man who could make anything of it. . . . The king's relish for his compositions had brought the instrument so much into vogue, that every person played upon it, well or ill; and you were as sure to see a guitar on a lady's toilette as rouge or patches."

AN OLD OBSERVATION.—A lovely face is the most beautiful of all spectacles, and the sweetest harmony is the sound of the voice of those we love.

HUMBLE THOUGHTS.—All the world, all that we are and all that we have, our bodies and our souls, our actions and our sufferings, our conditions at home, our accidents abroad, our many sins, and our seldom virtues are so many arguments to make our souls dwell low in the valleys of humility.—*Bishop Taylor.*

HOW TO TREAT MALICE.

Some person reported to the amiable poet Tasso that a malicious enemy spoke ill of him to all the world.

"Let him persevere," said Tasso, "his rancour gives me no pain. How much better is it that he should speak ill of me to all the world than that all the world should speak ill of me to him?"

THE EFFECTS OF LOVE.—Love partakes so much of modesty, confidence, and fidelity that it awakens these virtues in the bosoms of those who were previously strangers to them.

WOMEN'S TONGUES.—Here is what General Gordon, in his "Reflections in Palestine," says of the tongue, and specially of the tongue of woman: "The tongue is glib, serpent-like, and it is odd that women have it in such perfection, which none have ever doubted. It is their defence. The woman ate first, and the tongue is her particular forte. Yet when women speak good, how well they speak it out! They are in this point the salt of the earth."

AN OLD MARRIAGE SETTLEMENT.

There is a story told of an attorney's clerk, who was so subjugated to the mere act of copying and legal form that his master told a friend he would draw up a marriage settlement between Adam and Eve, keeping the items such as would suit the condition of our first parents, and that the clerk would copy it out and detect nothing unusual in it.

The settlement was drawn up and handed to the clerk to copy. When the clerk was handing the clean draft back to his master, the latter said—

"John, did you notice anything peculiar in that settlement?"

"No," answered the clerk; "but that it seems very binding on the man's side."

IN TOO GREAT HASTE.—Deliberate workers are those who accomplish the most work in a given time, and are less tired at the end of the day than many who have not accomplished half as much. The hurried worker has often to do his work twice over, and even then it is seldom done in the best manner, either as to neatness or durability. It is the deliberate and measured expenditure of strength which invigorates the constitution and builds up the health.

TRUE DEVOTION.—"This is true religious devotion," says an inscription on a very ancient Buddhist pillar at Delhi; "this is the sum of religious instruction—namely, that it shall increase the mercy and charity, the truth and purity, the kindness and honesty of the world."

A LESSON IN CHARITY.

One day the late Peter Cooper, the New York philanthropist, stood watching the portrait class in an art school. To the number of thirty pupils they were drawing likenesses of the same model. One scholar made the face in profile; another had it turned a little into the shadow; a third saw more of the full face; while others worked still farther into or away from the light.

"Such a sight as this," said Mr. Cooper, "should be a lesson in charity, when we perceive how the same person may be so different, according to the way he is looked at by various people."

CHARADE.

Without me, woodman's axe and blade,
The barber's razor, gard'ner's spade,
And other implements, would fail,
Be useless and of no avail.
My second is of varied kind,
According to its place; we find,
In Birmingham 'tis hard and stout,
And bears with being knocked about;
In Worcester it is frail and fine,
Admired often, as we dine;
While Staffordshire doth most excel
In form and usefulness as well.
Join us; your wits no longer vex,
But search the map of Middlesex,
And, 'mid green lanes with hedges lin'd,
A well-known ancient town you'll find,
Where sturdy smith on anvil smote
With rhythm and cadence, note by note,
The melody that Handel wrote.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL

FORGET ME NOT, BUCHAN.—You will find an excellent "Concordance" by Eadie for 3s. 6d., also a commentary for the pocket, the Old Testament 2s. 6d. and the New 1s. 4d., for sale at the Religious Tract Society's depôts; or at 56, Paternoster-row, E.C.

ROSE BEAUCHAMPS.—You might learn Italian alone, but you would require someone to help you to read it correctly. Never mind being fat; with young people this trouble soon cures itself. Be patient with your teasing cousins. If you learn good temper and self-control, you will have cause to bless the trial.

AMBITIOUS.—You do not mention your place of residence—a foolish omission, as you wish for advice. An evening class for bookkeeping is held by the Society for Promoting the Employment of Women, at 22, Berners-street, Oxford-street, W.

LEO will find all information connected with medicine for women at page 119, vol. v., GIRL'S OWN PAPER. Degrees may be obtained in the University of London, the training taking five years.

PUPIL TEACHER, PEGGY.—An excellent shilling guide to female employment in Government Offices has just been published by Messrs. Cassell and Co., Ludgate-hill, which gives every possible information.

EMILY CLEMENTS will find a very good article at page 516, vol. v., and there is also a good manual to be obtained by inquiry of any bookseller on the subject of gymnastic exercises.

WORK.

ECONOMICAL ONE.—The two rows of braid would answer very well for your winter jacket if you cannot afford a cheap fur trimming or some of the new imitation astrakan bordering.

PIGOU.—An invalid child would feel much interest in making scrap-books on calico for children's hospitals; knitting and crochet and patchwork are also amusing But we think lessons ought not entirely to be abandoned, and might be contixued in reading, history, learning poetry, and reading travels, with geography to make both interesting. All play is not good.

PRACTICAL ECONOMY must have her black cloth jacket re-dyed. The mackintosh must be kept hanging up in a pretty warm cupboard.

FANNIE.—You must mount the perforated cardboard on some coloured material, such as red paper, and then make it up. Use very clean gum and great care.

ANNIE MAY.—If you have only ten shillings a month to find yourself in clothes you must make it answer. Read the papers on "Girls' Allowances" in last year's "G. O. P.," and begin at once to do your best.

EDITH.—The name of the inventor of knitting is lost in oblivion, but as the latest theory is, we believe, that Penelope's web was knitted, it is referred to very early days in the world's history. It is probable that all kinds of work were very early invented and practised as the need arose.

MISCELLANEOUS.

PERPLEXED.—If the esteem has become, as you say, "mutual," you have no right to trifle with it to please any friend, however dear. Such a course of conduct would be dishonest and cruel. Your friend should beware of giving her affections unasked and, apparently, unencouraged.

DOTTIE and KITTY.—The title of "majesty," which was first applied amongst the Romans to the dictators, consuls, and the senate, as representing the power of the people, was appropriated by the Emperor Tiberius A.D. 14-37. It was adopted by the German Emperors, and introduced in France by Louis XI., who assumed it officially. It was applied by Francis I. in 1520 to our Henry VIII. at the "Field of the Cloth of Gold," and he was the first English king who used it.

TIRZAH.—"In the midst of life we are in death" is not from the Bible. It will be found in the "Burial Service" in the Book of Common Prayer. It was originally taken from a Latin antiphon written by St. Notker, a monk of St. Gall, in 911. This monk was surnamed the "Stammerer," and was canonised as a saint for his extreme goodness. The antiphon was written while he was watching some workmen building a bridge at Martinsbrücke in peril of their lives.

ASPHODEL.—We have carefully read your letters, and we sympathise with you in the feelings of loneliness and repining, which are common to all of us at times. Happiness is only found in goodness. In purity of life and thought, in unselfish activity, and honesty of purpose, you will speedily find contentment and then happiness. No outside gifts can confer happiness on anyone if they have not the "root of the matter" within. God has given to us all the power of being happy—in being and doing good. With an invalid uncle and aunt, "Asphodel" seems to have her work ready for her at home.

CHRISTINE.—1. *Manu forti* means a brave or strong hand. 2. Pink cashmere would be a more ladylike dress, and not more expensive.

A LOVER OF THE "G. O. P."—Write to the secretary of the Society for Employment of Women, 22, Berners-street, Oxford-street, W., and ask for their report. We need not remind you to enclose a stamp for reply. All such work is obtained by personal exertion.

BUMP'S BROTHER.—Insect powder is the best thing, we are told, for killing crickets. You may obtain it of any chemist.

FATIMA.—We think meat three times a day quite unnecessary for anyone. Take it once (at dinner), eat wholemeal bread, take plenty of exercise, and a tepid bath, rubbing your body well afterwards with a rough towel.

CONSTANCE.—1. We have told our readers already the whole history of Gog and Magog. See page 543, vol. iii. 2. We cannot recommend advertising papers. We feel obliged by you saying that our magazine becomes more and more interesting every month.

J. VAUGHAN BRETTELL.—We feel obliged to you for the compliments you pay us in reference to our paper. We regret that we cannot give satisfaction to all our 5,000 competitors, whether by awarding prizes and certificates or by our plans of adjudication, or in any respects with reference to the competition. But we must be allowed to manage it in our own way, and to the best of our *judgment, sincerely regretting* the unavoidable disappointments that, under any administration, must accompany it.

K. H. P.—The first number of our paper was issued in January, 1880. The monthly parts may all be obtained from Mr. Tarn at our publishing office.

TWENTY-ONE.—Apply to the Women's Emigration Society, Carteret-street, Queen Anne's-gate, S.W. Address the hon. secretary, Thomas Tully, Esq., and you will obtain all the information and the advice and help you require. Read also our articles on the subject of "Our Australian Colonies and New Zealand," which series began in the number for July, and were concluded in that for September, 1883.

BESSIE.—Goats are not very particular about their food, and will eat grass and hay and some kinds of leaves. In Gibraltar they appear to enjoy brown paper extremely!

GERTRUDE M.—White Dorkings and black Spanish are good kinds to keep, but the latter are very savage.

GROSSMITH.—Feed the young pheasants with ants' eggs and chickens' soft-food.

A BLIGHTED LAUREL.—Use equal parts of borax and camphor, pour on them a quart of boiling water, and keep the mixture in a bottle, applying when needed to your hair. You had better have the floor uncarpeted and place rugs about the floor. The carpet may be made smaller for the centre of the room, so that it may be taken up and dried constantly. You may also place felt beneath it with advantage. The tiles will look very well at the edges.

B.—There is no doubt about the fact that toads have been found in stone, as we have recently stated. In one of Frank Buckland's books, we observe, he gives many instances within his own knowledge, and all his experiments to demonstrate the fact. He does not, however, agree as to the extreme age which used to be ascribed to them.

KATE.—We should certainly advise you to try to get your own living. You will probably feel happier for a little change, and may look on your home with different eyes.

TROUBLESOME FIFTEEN.—Both writings are mediocre.

CNOC NA SURAIDH.—We fear you will be disappointed when we say we cannot give such names and addresses as you require.

EGO.—The quotation is probably from a song.

WASHING DAY.

SUNSHINE.—Since the passing of the Married Woman's Property Act, what you have remains yours absolutely, and you need have no fear about it. You must only give notice to the Post Office that you are going to be married, and your new name and address.

UNE PARISIENNE.—Your English letter, which is well spelt and expressed, does you much credit. We suppose there is no paper on the Continent, either in German or French, which is like ours, as we have so many foreign subscribers and correspondents who, like yourself, claim to be "our girls."

MAYFLOWER.—Miss Florence Nightingale is still living. Many thanks for good wishes.

A CROW and JACK'S DARLING.—Both these letters seem to be from girls who have not yet grasped the serious aspect of life, nor thought of its duties towards God and man. "A Crow" inquires whether flirting is wrong; and "Jack's Darling" whether, at eighteen, she is old enough to know her own mind. Christ's law of kindness must guide us about flirting, and if we be like-minded with Him, we shall always know, and do what is right. Study the Sermon on the Mount, chapters v. vi. vii. of St. Matthew, very carefully, and make the rules of life contained in them your guide.

NELLIE.—The city of Norwich was separated from the county of Norfolk in 1403, and given the name of the city and county of Norwich. Its history is more interesting and eventful than that of any English city, we think. As you have a free library there, you will probably be able to obtain and read Bayne's "History of Norwich," written in 1877. Sir Burnard Burke gives it as his opinion that the Queen has no surname, and that, at any rate, it is not "Guelph." See his issue of last year.

J. C.—The first volume of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER and the monthly numbers can be obtained at 56, Paternoster-row, E.C.

J. T.—We could not give so long an answer as to explain twenty-four coins, and we think you must purchase a small manual on the subject, such as that published by L. Gill, 170, Strand.

UNE FILLE.—Unless we had a fuller description of the coin and of the date we could not tell its value. "'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view," is from Campbell's "Pleasures of Hope."

A. M. M. (Athens)—We are much obliged to you for the two recipes, and we are glad you are so pleased with THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER.

MARIE.—Your lines, containing an account of your embarrassing Continental experiences, are not quite up to our mark.

E. L. B. will do well to continue her education. Fifteen and a-half is too young to consider herself "finished."

FAN.—Hepworth Dixon's "Her Majesty's Tower" is probably the book you mean. The books by Macduff are excellent.

A GOLDEN HEART.—1. We suppose you have not read the part for May, 1884. You will find the answer to your question in our article on "Etiquette in Walking, Riding, and Driving," at page 474. 2. See our articles also on the signification of "Girls' Christian Names." You write well.

LILLIE HUMPHRY.—We recommend you to take a peerage, and look down the list of mottoes legally used by the nobility and gentry, and perhaps you may find one to suit your fancy, which you can employ as a fancy motto.

MARINA.—Varnish the leaves, or brush a solution of gum-arabic over them.

LIVELY OAK.—We do not see any reason for thinking that your sister has been infected with the disease you name, so far as your account can guide us to an opinion. She is probably much fatigued in body and depressed in mind, and may need a little careful attention for some time; a tonic (prescribed by a doctor), high living, and early retirement to bed at night. She would be the better of a little sea air, and to be much out of doors without fatigue. See "The Fairy of the Family," where all such questions are answered.

TODDLEKINS.—The word "Baubee" means, properly, a debased copper coin, equal in value to a halfpenny issued in the reign of James VI. of Scotland.

BERTHA ST. ORME.—You will find the article on "Bookbinding" on pages 342, 426, and 810 of vol. ii.

JACK.—We think you might get the magazine at any second-hand bookstall. The story you mention has been published separately, and may be procured through any bookseller.

KIRSTEN.—Look out the words in any good dictionary, and do not be lazy. Why should we do so for you?

CELIA.—You will find the fate of Balaam recorded in the thirteenth chapter of Joshua, twenty-second verse.

ACUSHLA and OCH HONE.—We should advise you to consult some good boat-builder as to price of the boat you require. Any proprietor of boats for hire could tell the annual cost of keeping one. Your handwriting is not good. Why not give up the habit of scribbling?

A SUBSCRIBER.—You will find instructions for leather work on page 261, vol. iii.

GALATEA.—For mange in cats a little of the ointment of green iodide of mercury should be used, but sparingly, or else the compound sulphur ointment, more liberally, or the following invaluable prescription:—Take of creosote two drachms, solution of potash half an ounce, and olive oil three ounces and a half. Mix the creosote in the oil, and then add the potash, and shake. Apply externally. Meanwhile give from one to three drops of Fowler's solution of arsenic, twice a day in milk. To clean steel, rub with rotten-stone and oil. This will also generally restore the polish.

OLD PRIM.—Most certainly it is the right thing to offer to repay the gentleman the money spent by him for tickets, etc., for taking you with your friend to places of amusement. By not doing so you place yourself under an obligation to a stranger, at all times an unpleasant position.

MAY WILLIAMS.—Even if the form of marriage you mention were legal, we should strongly advise that the ceremony be gone through again in the usual way. Let your parents or guardians act for you.

IVY C. and RUBY C.—We thank you for your kind letter, and for the interest you take in our paper. We shall be pleased to have the recipe you so kindly offer to send us.

A. L. B.—You have made a mistake, as Haddon Hall is in Derbyshire, and belongs to the Duke of Rutland. It is considered one of the most perfect ruins in England. An account of it may be found in any guide to Derbyshire and the Peak country.

E. V. S. (Sweden.)—We were much interested in your letter, which we think wonderfully well-written for one who has had so few lessons, and is learning by herself. Get a good English dictionary, and look for every word that you do not quite understand when reading, and read English *daily*. Also obtain a phrase book, and learn phrases in common use, by heart.

J. O. V.—We cannot understand your question, nor your difficulty with regard to the "lost tribes." The allusion is to the valley or plain of Jezreel, the scene of many battles, both in Jewish history and in the Crusades.

A GIRL IN PERPLEXITY must avoid making mountains out of molehills, or worrying herself about little things. Probably the parents of her future husband will be quite agreeable and pleasant when the marriage is fully decided upon. Be quite open and honest on all matters of business.

BETA.—Plenty of pretty aprons and pinafores can always be purchased ready-made, which you can copy. One should be always worn at school, and a muslin one will make her dress look smart in the evening.

TWO OWLS FROM THE OLD TOWERS OF CORABŒUF must explain the kind of English pudding they mean. If a plum pudding it is rather indigestible, certainly. Our English proverb says, "After dinner sit awhile, after supper walk a mile," so we do not agree with French ideas.

CHIPS.—The last person of Royal blood, though not legitimate, who passed through the Traitor's Gate, and who was executed on Tower Hill, was the Duke of Monmouth. On the 13th of July, 1685, at 8 p.m., he entered the Tower, and was executed on the 15th at 10 a.m.

HETTY.—Easter Day was ordained by the Council of Nice, 525, to fall on the Sunday following the 14th day of the Calendar moon, which happens upon, or next after, the 21st of March. Thus, it is movable, as it depends on the moon. Christmas day is only a festival commemorating the birth of our Lord, and ordained by the Pope Telesphorus. It was never supposed to be held upon the real anniversary of our Lord's Nativity.

MARY NEWLING.—By your own account, ladies are, as we said, employed at the Messrs. Barings' and the Messrs. Rothschilds'. We are sorry that no vacancies were open to you in the former, and that, not being a Jewess, you were ineligible in the office of the latter.

PUELLA.—It is *Ne plus ultra*, not *Non plus ultra*, and means "nothing further," "the uttermost point." 2. *Quicquid agunt homines nostri est farrago libelli*," is the right quotation, and is adapted from Juvenal. It means, "All that engrosses the attention of mankind is the heterogeneous compound of this book of mine." Your quotations were incorrect.

LUCY.—Your letter was very gratifying. We are glad that you can now work and make what, before reading our paper, you had to buy, and that you find so much information you require in our answers to other correspondents. August 29th, 1862, was a Friday.

MAYBLOSSOM.—"Alfred" means "good counsellor." It is from the old German. "May" might be an abbreviation of Mary or Mabel, or may be simply derived from the month May.

GRACE A. P.—Inquire of any good chemist.

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

VOL. VI.—NO. 267.] FEBRUARY 7, 1885. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

SEVEN YEARS FOR RACHEL;

OR, WELSH PICTURES SKETCHED FROM LIFE.

BY ANNE BEALE.

CHAPTER XVI.

JACKEY'S "COMING."

WE left Rachel on her way to her father. It was early when she parted from Mr. Shenkin, and she anticipated the happiness of a long day at home; but even in the moment of expectation and hope began the dread of the necessity of separation. Thus we frequently cast a shadow over our present happiness by thinking of its termination. How quickly did Rachel's heart beat as she approached the little village in which she had been born and bred, and where everybody loved her. How strangely she felt when she passed the corporal's house, and how earnestly she hoped she might just see William, to thank him for his kindness to her father. She peeped into Pally's cottage, but did not see her old friend. She reached the court before her own dear home; there were the chickens and ducks she used to feed,

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"SHE DID NOT SEE HER FATHER. WHERE WAS HE?"

pecking and dabbling as of old,—she could not resist calling them; and when she saw her tortoiseshell cat stretched upon the stone seat by the window, she stooped to stroke her, and the little creature purred as she did so. She peeped into the window at which her rose-tree stood covered with roses; she did not see her father—where was he? A joyful bark met her ear, and a dog jumped upon her; it was William's. "Poor Rover," she said, as he licked her hand. Her finger was on the latch of the door, and she felt it opening from within; she let go the latch, and stood upon the threshold, with one hand on the dog's head.

"Be quiet, Rover," said a voice, as the door half opened. "Rachel!" cried the voice, in a tone of delighted astonishment, and her hand was firmly clasped between both William's.

"My father?" said Rachel, inquiringly; but scarcely had the words escaped her lips when she heard his voice.

"Rachel! where is she?"

It proceeded from the bed; she rushed towards it.

"Here, father—dear, dear father," she exclaimed, as she leant over her parent and kissed him.

"Thank God!" he said, but with so feeble a tone that it startled her. He was overcome by her sudden arrival.

"Father, dear father, what is the matter?" she cried; "what have I done—speak: he is dead."

Here Pally, who had been at the other end of the room, stepped forward, and said, "Hush, Rachel! you've made him faint for joy; 'tis only weakness."

Pally poured a spoonful of medicine into some water and gave it to Jackey, who revived, asking, as he did so, for Rachel.

"Thank God!" he said again; "don't be frightened, Rachel, I'm better now. The sight of you was too much for me. There, sit down, child."

She sat by him, and was deeply grieved to behold the change that sickness had made in his ruddy face. She could not have believed that her father could have thus altered in so short a period. She questioned him concerning his illness, but he made light of it. His weak voice, short dry cough, and feeble appearance belied his words. She looked round to ask Pally or William what was the matter with him, but the latter, with true delicacy, had left the house and taken Pally with him.

"Where is William?" inquired Jackey.

"I believe he has left, father," replied Rachel, scarcely knowing whether to feel glad or sorry at his departure, but fearing that she might not be able to give him her treasured thanks.

By degrees she obtained from Jackey the account of his illness. He had taken a "chill," that universal name for every severe indisposition amongst the country people, but had continued to work as usual, till within the last week. Pally and William had entreated him to ask a doctor's advice, but he would not. He was suspicious of William, and repaid his constant kindness by repulsive and cold answers; whilst his contempt for women prevented his following Pally's advice. The corporal forgot his old animosity when he saw his friend looking ill, and begged him to get some "doctor's stuff;" but his interference rather did harm than good. In short, Jackey's obstinacy threw him into a very precarious state of health, and he was finally obliged to give up. Though ashamed to own it, even to himself, he had been pining for Rachel. The doctor ordered him to take care of himself, as he feared his symptoms were those of rheumatic fever. He complained of violent pains in his limbs, and could with difficulty move about. He told Rachel that Pally was very good to him, and that William was the best young man that ever lived.

"Before he goes to his work in the morning, Rachel," he said, "and when he comes home to dinner he looks in upon me, and sees to everything I want. He spends most of his evenings here, reading to me, or talking about you."

In short, William had gone far towards winning Jackey's heart as well as his daughter's, and Rachel's hopes unconsciously brightened. Pally came in the course of an hour to embrace Rachel, and to tell her that she looked so "hearty," as to appear a different creature from the pale girl she used to be. She placed her at the foot of her father's bed, and turned her round and round, with expressions of admiration, which were echoed by Jackey. He, poor man, was so exhausted by pleasure and pain as to be unable to rise; and Rachel had the sorrow of witnessing his sufferings, which, much as he attempted to conceal them, were but too apparent in his drawn face, and hard, painful breathing. When the doctor arrived, he told Rachel that he was glad to see her at home, as her father would require all her care and nursing. The words sounded bitterly on her ears; for she feared that no efforts of hers would induce Mrs. Shenkin to allow her to remain, even for a day. She followed the good-natured doctor into the little court, and begged him to tell her what he thought of her father. He assured her that he saw no dangerous symptoms, but that the disease had been so long neglected as to make violent remedies necessary. He rode off, and William made his appearance.

"I am sorry to meet you again this way, Rachel," he said, "but please God, your father will get better yet."

"Oh, William!" sobbed Rachel, "I wouldn't mind so much if I was sure of staying to nurse him, but perhaps Mrs. Shenkin will force me to go back."

"She wouldn't have the heart to do it, Rachel; no woman could."

"Indeed I don't know, William; Mrs. Shenkin doesn't like to be thwarted; but I am losing the time that——" here Rachel hesitated and blushed deeply, whilst he looked at her earnestly. "William," she resumed, "I cannot thank you as I ought, for all you have done for my poor father."

William would have answered, but he could not; he would have said that he should gladly have done more, a thousand times more, to receive the thanks he had just received; that for Rachel's father, or for anyone belonging to her, he would have gone through fire and water; but he only looked at her, and wished he could tell her all he felt. Rachel returned to the house, and he followed her. Jackey stretched out his hand towards the latter as he entered, and looking at Rachel, said, "He has done almost as much for me as you could have done, and you must thank him for it."

Towards evening Rachel began to dread the arrival of Mr. Shenkin, and sat looking alternately at her poor father and then at the clock, until about eight, when he arrived. The good man alighted from his horse, and went into the cottage to see Jackey.

"Bless my heart!" he exclaimed: "dear me! what's the matter, Jackey Bach? Why, Rachel, girl, what's the matter?"

"My father is very ill, sir," replied Rachel, "and I scarcely know how I can leave him; do you think my mistress could spare me for a few days? I am sure Sally would do everything she could for me, and Betty might help."

"To be sure, to be sure," said the still valiant Mr. Shenkin. "Mrs. Shenkin could have no objection, I am sure. Stay you to-night, Rachel, at least; and to-morrow we shall see."

"Thank you, sir," said Rachel, with grateful joy. "Please to tell my mistress I will make up for it any way I can. Oh! I am so much obliged to you."

"And so am I," murmured Jackey. "Nobody knows how good 'tis to have one's own child about one in sickness."

"Good-bye, now, Jackey," said Mr. Shenkin, shaking his friend somewhat roughly by the hand; "I hope you'll soon be better. Mr. James, Llandewy, and some other friends are waiting for me, and have promised to take a bit of supper with me on their way home."

He shuffled out of the house, leaving Rachel with feelings of great thankfulness, though not unmingled with regret, for she knew that, determined as her master now appeared, she should be the unwilling cause of much discomfort to him. She soon, however, forgot everything in her attendance upon her father, whose fever increased during the night. Morning brought Pally and William; the latter of whom set off to request the doctor to call and see Jackey during the morning. The former comforted Rachel by assuring her that there was no danger.

"He's 'coming' famous," she said, and the poor girl hoped he was.

The word "coming" in Wales, like "settling" in America, is one of universal acceptation, and does not alone mean the action of moving from place to place, for you may be *coming* without even the intention of motion. If you speak to a man of the state of his crops, his trees, his garden, he will tell you at once that they are *coming*. Cows, pigs, ducks, geese, and chickens all come, if they thrive at all; and as to men, women, and children, they are for ever *coming*. The consolation in cases of illness is always, "Never you mind, he'll come yet;" and when

you are creeping from one room to another for the first time after long and severe indisposition, you are told that you are "coming capital."

Poor Rachel is put almost out of her senses by this convenient word. After watching a whole night by her father's bedside, and feeling wretchedly uneasy about him, the neighbours throng in to visit them. They first of all remark upon her improved looks, and with genuine good-will and friendly feeling express their pleasure at seeing her again; then they turn to her father, and begin to condole with her upon his condition. One says, "Poor thing! he's uncommon long coming;" another, "Don't fret, Rachel fach, he'll come yet;" and so on.

These remarks were carried on in that half-whisper which is supposed to be inaudible to some certain member or members of the company, but which is really heard by all. Rachel became uncomfortable, and Jackey impatient. He began to mutter half sentences concerning "women's tongues," which Pally overheard, and politely hinted to the company that they were too numerous for the invalid. But what avail hints to a dozen good-natured women? They will be useful, and if their hands cannot be of service they make up for the deficiency by their tongues. Jackey was reduced to the necessity of yielding to women, and a dire one it was. He was too feeble to utter what was burning in his breast, but muttered some indistinct words; upon hearing which, his tormentors shook their heads, and predicted delirium. In vain Pally said, "There, go you, Nanny Corporal, just now, for 'tis time for the draught;" or "p'raps you'll look in again by-and-by, when he's quieter, Mary Davies." All her efforts but made them more anxious to be useful, and more profuse in their offers of assistance to Rachel.

In the midst of their condolences in came the doctor, and unceremoniously put an end to the strife of tongues by sending them all away excepting Pally. He looked very grave when he felt Jackey's pulse, and told Pally that decided danger existed, but that all might be well if he got over the night without any great increase of fever. He bade Rachel remain with her father at all risks, which she determined to do. She wrote a few lines of humble entreaty to Mrs. Shenkin, explained the reason of her prolonged absence, and declared her willingness to submit to any lengthened residence in her house, provided she might be permitted to stay with her father at the present time.

The question now was, how could she get her note conveyed? There had been for some time a noise in the little street, but Rachel had not heeded it. She now looked out of the door, and saw all the children of the village surrounding poor Mad Moll. She forgot everything else for the moment, in her eagerness to rescue her from her tormentors, and ran towards the children to tell them how wicked they were to tease an unfortunate mad creature.

"Ain't they wicked now?" demanded Moll, as the children shrunk away. "There's for you, you naughty boys," and with the greatest good-humour she took two or three half-rotten apples from her apron, and threw them after them, exclaiming, "I likes half-rotten apples, don't you, Miss Jones? There, John, there's more apples; take 'em do, they're very nice." I believe a love for rotten apples is peculiar to Mad Moll, as is her habit of addressing every strange man by the name of "John," and every strange woman by that of "Miss Jones."

A sudden thought struck Rachel, and she followed Mad Moll, saying—

"Moll, where are you going?"

"My name's Mary, Miss Jones: why do you call me Moll?" replied the poor creature, as, with a dignified swing, she advanced towards Rachel.

"Well, Mary, then, do you remember me? do you remember the bull, and Mrs. Shenkin, and this pincushion?" said Rachel, as she took from her pocket Moll's dirty present.

Moll looked at her for a moment, and then sprang towards her, and began to dance and sing with considerable glee. Rachel put her finger on her lips, and said, "Hush, Mary, my father is ill."

"She ceased instantly, saying, "Poor thing. I hope he'll come again soon. You're very good, not like the servant gals, they're wicked."

Although this charge is far from correct regarding the character of the really estimable Welsh servants, Rachel quickly asked:—

"Where are you going, Mary?"

"I don't know: I never know."

"Will you go somewhere for me?"

"Yes, sure, all over the world."

"Will you carry this note to Mrs. Shenkin, and give it her yourself?"

"Kitty Shenkin? What! scold—scold—scold."

"Yes; will you be sure to give it her? See, I kept the pincushion till you came again, because you wished it: I wonder whether you will do what I wish?"

Moll looked at Rachel with an expression of face almost tender, as she said, "Didn't you save me from the bull? and wouldn't I do anything you asked?" She took the note, and put it carefully in her bosom. "I'll go directly," she said; "good-bye, Miss Jones—no—what's your name?—never mind, good-bye," and off she walked.

When William returned from his day's work, he regretted that he had not been the bearer of the note, but there was not much time for vain regrets, for Jackey, who had been getting worse during the day, became alarmingly ill as the evening advanced. His fever increased: he was delirious, and talked wildly and incoherently. Pally had left him for a short space, to go home to her little grandchild, and William remained, not liking to leave Rachel alone with her father at such a crisis. The poor girl, who had been reading to him, and praying by his bedside, during his intervals of composure, now stood with her eyes either fixed upon him, or upturned, in inward supplication, to Heaven. Neither William nor herself spoke. The sufferer frequently mentioned their names in an incoherent manner, and appeared to be upbraiding himself for some act of cruelty of which he had been guilty. Rachel knelt by the bedside, and took his burning hand in hers, whilst William stood opposite. He grasped her hand, and the action seemed to recall for a moment his wandering senses. He recognised his child. With a hasty, searching glance, he looked round the room; his eyes finally rested on William. He stretched out his other hand towards him, which William took, and leant over the bed. The old man held both the hands in his for a few moments, and then appeared to wander again; but, as if suddenly recollecting himself, he slowly drew them towards each other, and pressing them together, murmured a few inaudible words. William sank upon his knees by the bedside, and firmly clasped the hand of Rachel. He looked at her, but her face was buried in the bed. She sobbed aloud. Not a word was spoken, but William, from the fulness of his heart, breathed a silent prayer for the sufferer, for themselves, for all. It was a solemn, though a mute, compact. The father looked upon them, and there was a temporary consciousness in his eye. He smiled, and again pressed their clasped hands within his own. Words were unnecessary; the heart of each was open to the other, and the wish of the suffering parent was understood alike by both. Inwardly and fervently did William promise to be everything to Rachel, but Rachel thought only of her father: her secretly-cherished hopes were forgotten; she thought only that he might die, and whilst she understood his desire for her happiness was herself miserable.

Pally came as night drew on, and William prepared to leave.

"May God Almighty bless you, Rachel, and save his life!" he said. "If the doctor—if anything is wanting, call me—send Pally for me."

The tears stood in his eyes as he held Rachel's hand: they were kindly, manly tears, and he was not ashamed of them. There was no allusion to the scene that had just passed; but they felt that they were bound to each other by a bond that could only be severed by death. Another fervent "God bless you, Rachel!" was all that was said, and the cottage door closed upon him, leaving Rachel a sad watcher by her father's bed.

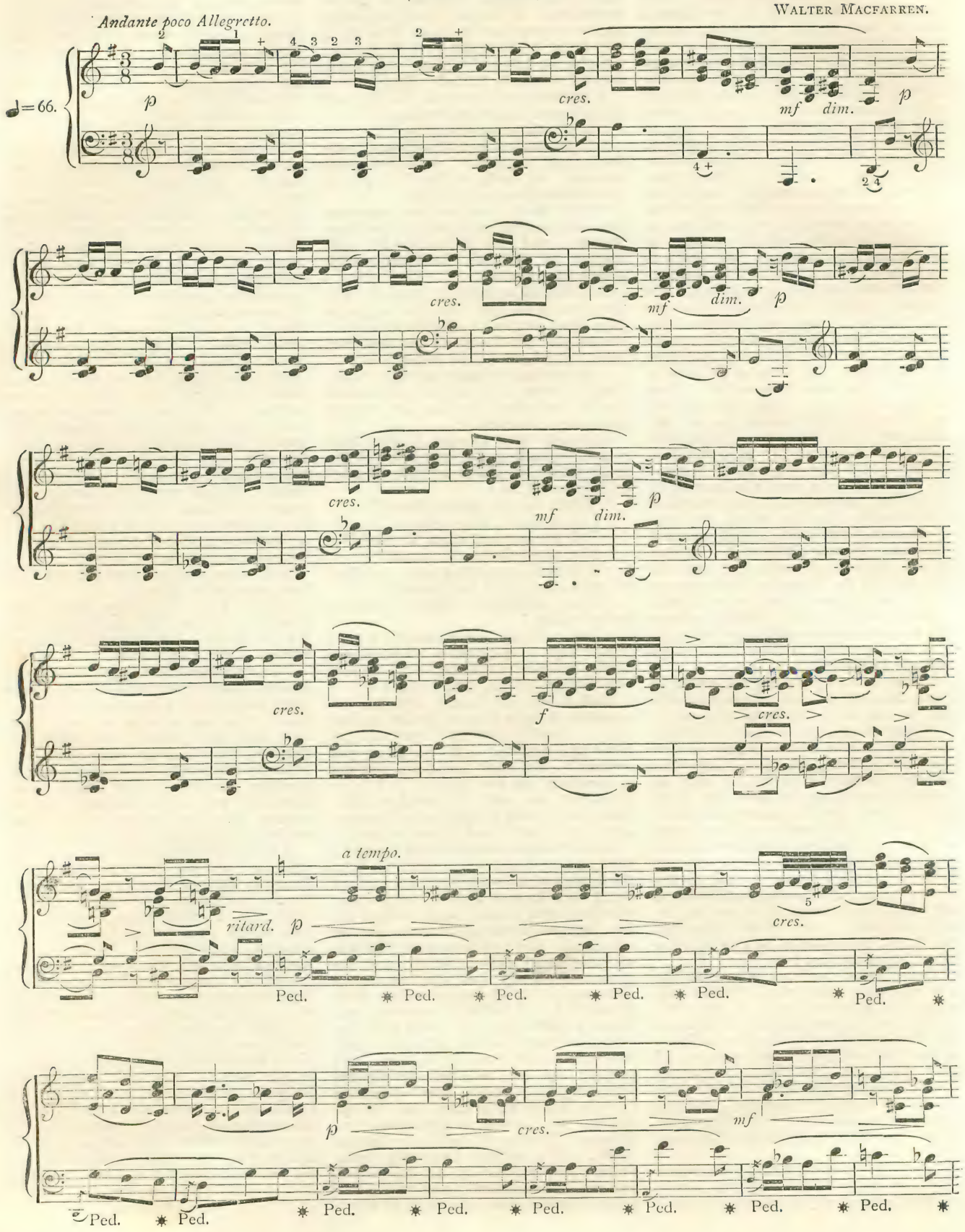
It was a dreadful night for her: Pally tried to comfort her, but in vain. Towards morning, however, her father became more composed, and by degrees sank into a more easy, though still interrupted slumber, which made the watchers hope that the violence of the fever was abating. When he awoke from it, Rachel administered a composing draught, which gradually soothed him into a profound sleep. How thankful she felt when she saw his eyes really close, and heard his rambling words cease. Not a sound—not a breath—was audible in the cottage. She had prevailed on Pally to go up to her little room and endeavour to obtain some rest, whilst she continued to watch her father's every movement. With what intense anxiety did she gaze upon him, as, unmindful of the waning rushlight and the dawning day, she sat by his bedside.

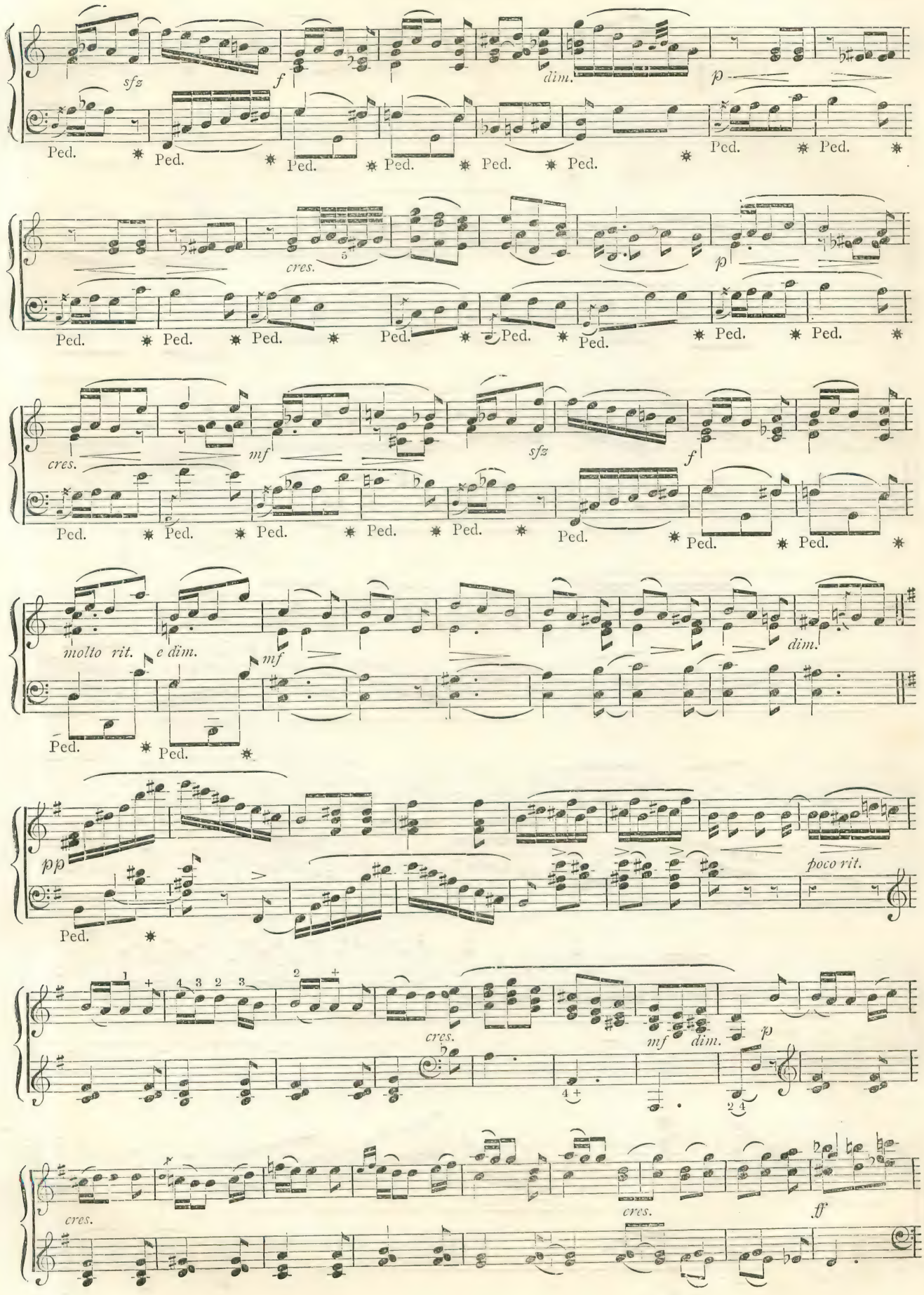
(*To be continued.*)

"TENDRESSE."

(ALBUM LEAF.)

WALTER MACFARREN.

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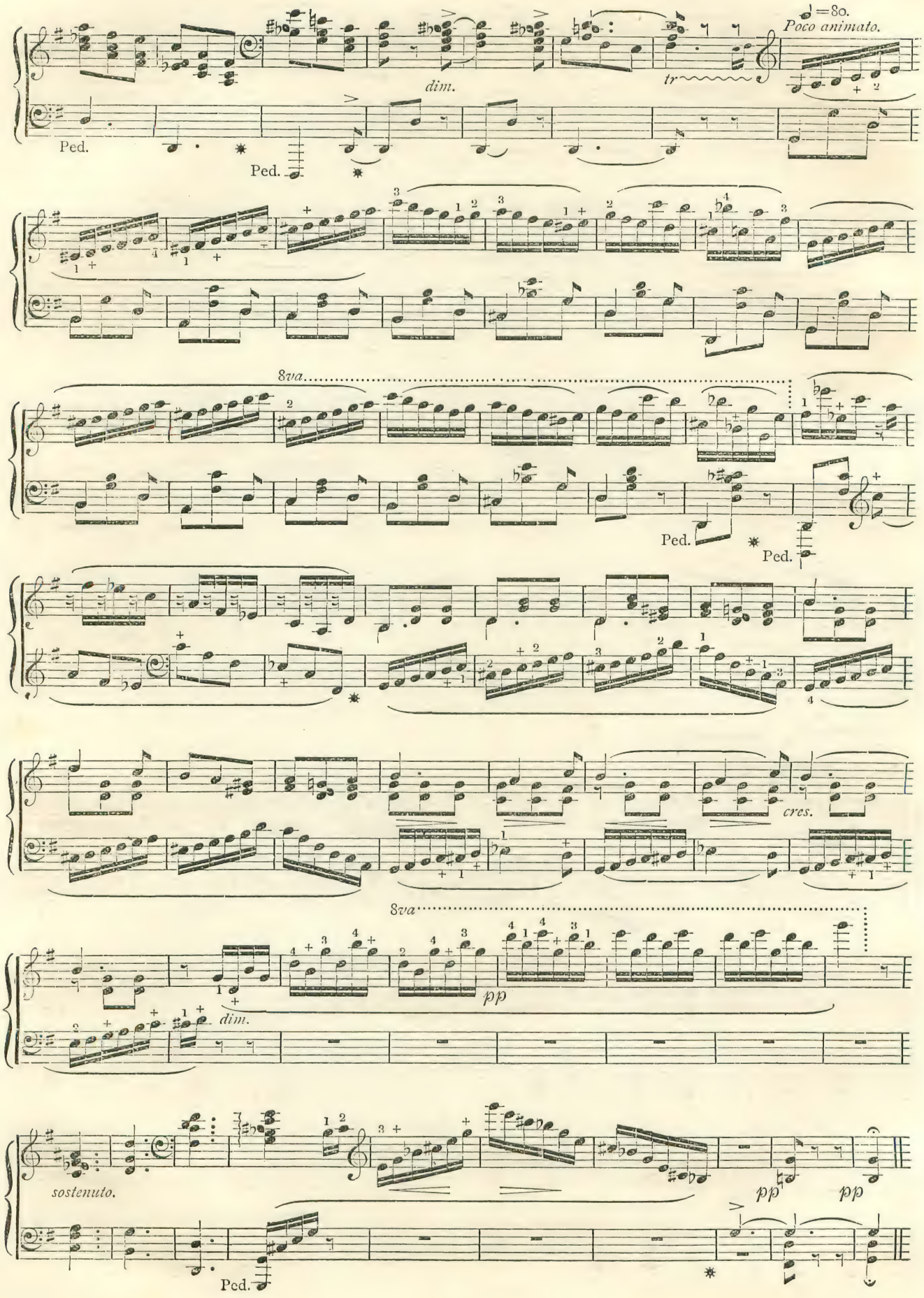
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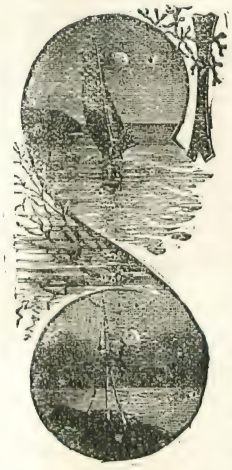
COMMON-SENSE ADVICE FOR WORKING GIRLS.

By MEDICUS.



I HAVE at least two classes of readers who peruse these papers of mine on health with more or less of interest; to one belongs the hard-working girl, the girl to whom every day brings its share of toil that must be tackled and of duties that must be performed, often, indeed, with little health and less heart; to the other class belong the delicate and the invalid girls, whose whole life is little save a weariness, not only of body but of mind likewise. I am desirous of doing my duty to both these, and speaking a word in season to each. The troubles of confirmed invalids would not, I feel sure, be so hard to bear if they had good advisers, who not only counselled them to submit to the inevitable but assisted them to do so. Their lives would then have more of rest and comfort in them, for the simple reason that they would not be constantly engaged in a struggle—which is of all struggles the most trying to the nerves—to get well, or to appear as others are who enjoy that greatest of earthly blessings, excellent health. I have in preparation a paper specially addressed to this class, in which I shall endeavour to prove that no one's life need be utterly dull and devoid of pleasure, if it be but rightly guided. Meanwhile, I wish to give a few words of well-considered advice to our girls who work; they deserve attention first merely from the fact that they are happily a thousand times more numerous than the others.

Well, if the strongest and most healthy girl that it is possible to imagine were now in my presence, I do not think I could refrain from reminding her that, after all, the very health and bounding life that she felt so proudly conscious of is not a limitless possession, that at any moment it may be taken from her, and that she may be laid on a sick bed to arise therefrom but the ghost of her former self. Probably I should not be thanked for my pains in vouchsafing so unpleasant a reminder, yet I should be doing so with good intent.

I wish to remind my readers that strength and the will and power to work should not be overtasked at any time, nor should they forget that the prevention of illness is always preferable to its cure. These are two truths that are very easily mastered, and there are others that, like these, are not difficult to carry about with one. For instance, that health and strength constitute a kind of capital—the only sort of capital, indeed, which millions of people possess—and, like money, it cannot be squandered without the certainty of ultimate poverty. Now poverty of wealth is bad enough, but poverty of health is infinitely worse. Some turn of the tide may regain for a person the wealth spent and squandered; but, alas! and alas! when health goes it is too often for ever and aye.

You are young and strong at present, the future of middle age seems a very very long distance off; you may not live to be middle-aged, perhaps you do not wish to. Ah! but then you may. There is the rub, and middle age with poverty of health, and a consequent difficulty in procuring the necessities of life, to say nothing of its comforts, is, to borrow a phrase from the homely Doric, "a weary bide."

And so I counsel our girls so to work and so to live now while still young, and still in robust health, as will be best for them when years have gone by.

I shall now mention a few of the mistakes that earnest hardworking girls are most likely to fall into, and which almost universally lead eventually to results which I can only term deplorable. The first of these is overwork. The temptation to do more work than accords with the strength is often very great. Perhaps the little labourer is not toiling for herself alone; she may have others depending on her exertions for the bread they eat. And many there are to whom hard work is a dire necessity, a terrible "must be" from which there is no apparent escape in life. But even this latter class may do a deal to lighten their labours by so living that the back becomes fitted to the burden. Indeed, it is a *sine quâ non* with such as these, that they live by rule until the good habits which guide their lives become second nature with them. If they do not, a break up sooner or later is inevitable. Digestion generally goes first, and after that anything may supervene; the blood becomes poor, and unable to properly nourish the body; the heart itself gets weak, the lungs and other vital organs degenerate, then the poor busy-bee finds herself in bed some day suffering from an ailment, to which the doctor gives a long name, because he is bound to call it something, but which is only, after all, hard work. She finds now, when probably too late, that she has been a spendthrift of the most foolish sort, that she has squandered her health-capital, and that if a continuance of life be granted to her she will have to depend, to some extent, on the generosity of friends. We all know what misery that means.

Another mistake working girls fall readily into is that of not properly timing their hours of labour, so as to have sufficient intervals of repose intervening with periods of recreation, without which all labour is worse than slavery.

Still another mistake they frequently make—and a grievous one it is—lies in not taking that kind of nourishment which is best suited for the labour to be performed, or in taking it in insufficient quantities; or the food may be all right, both as regards quality and also quantity, but the meal may be hurried over without observing those simple rules of diet that alone can insure healthy digestion. Nor are the majority of our girls so careful in the matter of clothing as they might be, nor about the air they breathe in their own apartments, nor about the position of body which they maintain during the time they are actually working.

It may be well here to mention a few of the signs and symptoms that ought to warn girls that there is danger ahead, and that they should pull up in time and commence to regulate their mode of life so as to prevent future illness. The very first of these is a general feeling of lassitude or weariness, a feeling of want of all pleasure in the work that used to be carried on without the slightest fatigue, and with the best of spirits. With this there will usually be some slight degree of indigestion; at all events, food will not now be partaken of with the same relish that it used to be. There may also be, sometimes, acidity of the stomach, with or without heart-burn. This last is a very dangerous symptom, much more so than it is generally considered. Next comes want of good, nerve-nourishing sleep; and even if the sleep may have been sufficient as regards time, it has not been refreshing, and the girl awakes in the morning feeling positively tired and weary, and looking forward to the day's work as to a penance. Affairs are bad enough when they have reached this pass. There may also be back-ache, either constant or coming on with the slightest exertion, and many other symptoms which need not be mentioned, only they all point in the same direction, and give proof that the body is badly nourished and the nerves overstrained. What is to be done in cases like these? What working girls usually do, is to fly for relief to the medicine bottle or some so-called infallible pill or other, a most unwise proceeding, because medicine has no effect on any ailment or trouble of any kind until the cause is removed. The cause here is overwork. Matters must be looked straight in the face. There can be no mincing them and no shirking them either. The sufferer must either lessen her hours of actual labour, or change it entirely for something more suitable, or make up her mind to troubles ahead. A change of the kind of work and a change of air is often most beneficial in such cases, and this is surely more easily obtained than is generally supposed. The same kind of work is carried on by the same kind of people in every town of the realm, and so, I say to those who have no home ties, "seek for change; it has saved many a life when nothing else could have done so."

On the other hand, I have to admit that however beneficial a change might prove, it is not often possible. Can I suggest another remedy more available? I can, and it lies in a complete alteration in the sufferer's mode of living.

I must, in the first instance, insist upon more time being spent in outdoor moderate exercise. Here I will be met with the objection that time spent in outdoor exercise means time deducted from hours of labour, which can neither be obtained, nor afforded if obtained. But I believe that this objection is seldom insuperable; and if you will consider the matter for a moment, I believe you will agree with me. Is it not the case, then, that most girls, let them be ever so industrious, spend a great many hours of each day in doing nothing, or worse than nothing, which might be passed far more profitably in honest healthful recreation or outdoor exercise? Oh! I am willing to make appeal to figures if you wish me to do so. There are twenty-four hours in each day, are there not? During eight, or for the sake of the argument I will even say ten, of these you are hard at work: well, fourteen remain, and, after deducting three hours for meals, and giving you seven in bed, or even eight, you have still three or four hours for exercise and recreation. Though I have said three hours for meals, I expect that dressing and healthful ablution will be included in that time. I will give no longer time for sleep than I have stated; it is no excuse that you are not sufficiently rested in that time, because you might remain a month in bed, and be no better at the end of it. What I maintain is, that if you get up at the proper time one morning, even although you may not have slept at all, you will be more likely to sleep well next night. I wish you to get into a habit of going to bed at the same hour every night, and getting up at the same time every morning. That is half the battle; because it gains you time, and time is a precious boon. Have then, I beseech you, if you value your health and your future welfare, three, four, or, if possible, five clear hours of every day that you can call your own. As much as possible of that time must be spent in outdoor exercise, and, mark this, it must be exercise that you really enjoy. No meaningless moving about is of any use; it should be exercise that lightens the mind; it must be taken regularly every day until it becomes a habit; it must never be overdone, nor taken spasmodically, as many girls take

their exercise. You are often so tired and weary after a day's work, that it is a positive pain to you to exert yourself. In this case, it is the fresh air more than active exercise that you want. Do not deprive yourself of that, at all events.

Be as regular in your meal hours as you are with your walks. *Take time to eat.* Eat only good wholesome food in moderation. Do not fill the stomach with liquid in the shape of either weak soup or tea, and imagine you are taking nourishment, for solid food alone is nourishment to a person in health. A working girl feels greatly refreshed after a cup of tea, and the temptation to partake of that "cup that cheers" is one which she too often falls into, to the great detriment of her health and happiness. Tea-drinking is to blame for about one half the number of cases of nervousness we find among the girls in this country. If, therefore, it cannot be taken with moderation it should be avoided entirely, and cocoa—not coffee—substituted.

I do not think that many working girls often err in the matter of over-eating. I need only say, therefore, that, if the stomach has to labour to get rid of a larger amount of food than is necessary for the support of the body, work of any kind, whether mental or physical, becomes a weariness, and is never more than half done. Drinking too much fluid is also very injurious to the constitution; it throws more work on important internal organs than they can easily or comfortably perform; the nerves are thus weakened, and the blood is rendered gross and impure. I have warned our girls against hurry in eating; let them also beware of eating while the body is fatigued. Try to so arrange matters that a quarter of an hour's rest is obtained not only after but also before meals.

Another thing that should be well studied by girls is the healthfulness and purity of the rooms in which they sleep. Either from want of time, from thoughtlessness or carelessness, this is almost constantly neglected, and ill-health is the inevitable consequence. I say that no girl can be in happy, robust health who neglects to keep her bedroom sweet, well aired, and perfectly clean. It should be remembered that about eight hours out of every twenty-four are spent in one's bedroom, and as fresh air is necessary to life—and the purer and fresher it is the better—we cannot be too careful in having that room well ventilated. Not only should fresh air be plentifully admitted—in summer the window should be left open all night unless the girl be very weakly indeed—but nothing that can in any degree contaminate the air should be left in the room a moment longer than is necessary. Girls often have flowers in their rooms; but these flowers should not be left until they begin to decay, and the water about them should be very frequently changed. Flowers are sometimes hurtful, but *green* plants in sunshine always purify the air. Dust in a bedroom is a great enemy to health, but this is seldom thought of, and even those girls who are careful to dust their rooms regularly, do so more for convenience's sake than anything else..

If a hardworking girl does not obtain enough refreshing sleep, she cannot long remain in good health, and she is bound to go on from bad to worse. We constantly hear of people who are what is called light sleepers, whom the slightest noise awakens or alarms.

Now these persons are really and truly in a bad state of health, and instead of looking about for all sorts of cures for sleeplessness, as they generally do, they should endeavour to rectify their mode of living, for, depend upon it, there is something very wrong somewhere.

A healthy girl should be able to sleep almost anywhere or under any circumstances, so long as she feels that she has well earned her night's repose; the bed itself may be as hard as a bag of flints, all the cocks in the neighbourhood may be crowing and all the dogs barking, but she will slumber quietly on till morning, and awake as fresh as a mountain daisy. Working girls will find great benefit to their health by studying how to dress in comfort: and in that word "comfort" the whole secret rests. The clothing should neither be too heavy nor too light; it should be warm but never hot, and accord with the kind of work to be done. Out of doors, inclemency of weather ought to be carefully guarded against, more particularly wet and extremes of heat and cold. Girls who use the morning cold or tepid bath hardly ever suffer from coughs or colds.

In every case, then, where a girl feels herself out of sorts, or tired and listless without being actually ill, she will be consulting her own interest if she at once proceeds to reform her general mode of life; she will be surprised at the change for the better that a few weeks of rational living and strict obedience to the simple laws of health will work on her, for she will be able once more to go about her duties with courage, and the labour that now seems so difficult to accomplish will become a pleasure to her, as honest labour should ever be to us all.

TAUGHT HIS WAY.

THE STORY OF A LIFE'S PURPOSE.

CHAPTER I.

"To obey is better than sacrifice."

A MERRY party of young girls are gathered round the dinner-table at Owlets Hall. Perhaps the merriest is Florence Hamilton, the only daughter of the house, a graceful, vivacious girl of some eighteen years. Though nearly the youngest of the little circle, she seems to be the very centre of its life and fun, and her father's eyes often wander to her sunny, smiling face with a look of fond admiration, and sometimes amused surprise when the ripple of her gay laugh, or her words of sparkling merriment fall on his ear. Florence lost her mother just when her dear, wise and loving control was most needed, and it is easy to see whose will now rules the household. The bright young girl is the delight of her father's heart, and he very seldom dreams of thwarting any of her wishes or plans. If it pleases "Flossy," and is not desperately unreasonable, why oppose it? As a child Florence was not easily spoiled, having a sweet temper and a warmly affectionate nature, which won the hearts of those about her; but, now that she is leaving childhood behind, her strong self-will, though it is neither imperious nor deliberately selfish, often grieves her father by its thoughtlessness of the desires and comfort of others, and even of his own commands, though he never has the heart to check or reprove his darling. Having no sisters, schoolmates and friends are invited for prolonged visits to the Hall, and it is of such companions that the merry circle is now composed. They have been discussing arrangements for the afternoon during the early dinner.

"Flossy," said Mr. Hamilton, as, the meal over, the girls were leaving the table, "you had better take Peggy if you drive into the village this afternoon. Vixen hasn't been out for a week, and is too fresh for you to drive. Besides, the basket chaise would be too small for a party."

Florence's brow clouded, as she replied, a little impatiently—

"Oh! Peggy is so slow, father, dear; we might almost as well walk;" adding further, with the most winsome promise in her pretty face, "We'll take care of ourselves, pater, dear, and Vixen too. If she's frisky, Withers shall take her for a run before we start."

Mr. Hamilton made no reply, and Florence, having won the day as usual, danced away up the broad oak staircase to prepare for her drive. But, as the girls chattered gaily as they dressed, plans underwent a sudden modification, and it was decided that an expedition be made to the wood in search of early primroses. Only one of the party, Phœbe Statham, was to drive into the village with Florence to execute the shopping commissions.

"Why, we are to have Vixen after all," exclaimed Phœbe, as she saw the pretty little dappled creature, fresh from the manger, and ready to jump out of her harness with fire and spirit, being led up the drive, drawing the little basket carriage.

"Oh, yes," returned Florence; "father only meant that Vixen's chaise would not take us all, but now that only you and I are going it would be absurd to have that other lumber-

"MR. HAMILTON'S FIGURE APPEARED ON THE LITTLE BRIDGE."

ing thing. Peggy is a very worthy animal," she added, with a merry laugh; "but she is so fat and old. I believe she takes a nap as she goes along, if you let her alone. I often drive Vixen, and father knows I take care. She goes like the wind, though she is so tiny."

Phœbe glanced rather doubtfully at the small Pegasus impatiently pawing the gravel while her young mistress delayed her start, and though, as a guest, she did not like to oppose Florence's wishes, suggested that the pony should have a run until they were ready.

"No, no," returned Florence, catching up her gloves, and some little parcels to go in the chaise. "There, I'm just ready," and in a few minutes the reins were in her hands, and the groom watched the little light carriage turn swiftly out of the open gates, and soon lost the quick patter of Vixen's feet in the distance.

"Hope Miss Florence will hold her in well," he observed to the stable-boy, as he turned back into the yard. "Vixen's like a parched pea this afternoon. Wonder the master didn't order Peggy. Likes her own way, she does," he concluded, this last remark being equally applicable to his pretty young mistress or his frisky charge.

Only half-an-hour later he led the little trembling pony back into the yard, released her from the broken shafts, and rubbed down the mud and foam from her panting sides, while her gay, wilful mistress lay, white and still, in her darkened room, and those who loved her well exchanged anxious inquiries in low and troubled tones. Phœbe Statham had escaped unhurt.

But the gravest fears for Florence were very speedily removed. Though stunned and shaken, she had sustained no serious injury, the worst result of the accident being a very severe sprain, which kind Dr. Leyton told the merry, active girl would keep her quite still for some little time, though he did not alarm her by stating the probable length of her tiresome confinement to her bed and couch.

A terrible dread removed from his loving heart, Mr. Hamilton could not find one word of reproof for his suffering daughter. Lessons, however, that Florence had never learnt from father's or mother's lips were taught in silent, secluded hours by the patient ministry of suffering. More tardy in recovery than a broken limb, her sprained leg kept her a close prisoner week after week.

Visitors could lengthen their stay no longer, and returned to their own homes, but Phœbe Statham, though no longer a guest at the Hall, lived but a short distance away, and was one of the invalid's most frequent visitors and most effectual comforters. Her aim was not so much to amuse the weary hours, or even to cheer her friend with the pleasant prospect of returning strength, as to help her to take her present condition just as it was, and make it bright and happy with contented submission.

Florence was by no means so thoughtless as her wild spirits and frolicsome ways might have indicated. Her father, though he had not, perhaps, ruled his daughter quite wisely, had ever striven to fill her soul with the highest and holiest aims, and to show her that no life is so nobly or happily spent as that which is given to God's service, and he had always found an attentive and earnest listener.

Florence's aims, like those of many girls, were a great deal higher and better than their practical result; but it was not until called apart from the joyous sparkle of sunlight into the shade of seclusion and pain, and given such a rich opportunity for review of the past and resolves for the future, that she discerned clearly her besetting sin, the indulgence of her own will—the reluctance to give up, readily and cheerfully, in small and great matters, to the wishes and needs of others. Of open rebellion she had never been guilty, for, when her father laid any distinct command upon her, Florence never resorted to deliberate disobedience.

But now, alone with God, she saw—so clearly—where her fault had lain, and, with very sincere intention and very earnest prayer, resolved to know *in future no will but His*, and to give her life and love very distinctly to His service. Very strong and brave Florence felt, but perhaps she was a little disposed to forget that this was the time for putting on the armour, and that many a hard struggle must be endured and many a mighty foe vanquished before that armour could be put off and the trophies laid at her King's feet.

The weary time of strict confinement and repose was at last over, and, with that exquisite sensation of freedom known only to those whom sickness has long detained in one familiar room, Florence was able to return to the cheerful drawing-room, and, after a while, to take short drives behind the despised Peggy.

One afternoon she was lying on the couch by the dining-room window, a half-closed book in her hand, and her eyes wandering anxiously to the gates just visible between the overhanging boughs of vivid spring green. Phœbe Statham was expected to take Florence for her first walk, by the help of a pair of crutches that lay in readiness, and Mr. Hamilton was trying to soothe his daughter's restless desire for her friend's arrival.

"Ah, there she is," exclaimed Florence, gladly, as at last she caught sight of her kind friend stepping briskly up the avenue. "Now, my crutches, father, please. Quick! I want to be on my own feet again to welcome Phœbe." And, before her friend had reached the door, Mr. Hamilton smilingly listened to the tap, tap of his daughter's crutches across the hall. It was very sweet to him to see her

bright face again about the house which had grown so dreary, especially as there was every reason to hope that perfect health and strength would speedily be restored.

"I shall come to meet you presently," he said, as he bid the girls good-bye on their way down the garden path. "Do not attempt to go very far this first time, my darling," he added, "or you will be over tired."

Florence and Phœbe passed down the broad, straight walk of the old-fashioned garden, between the trimly-cut, sombre yew trees and wide, tall box edgings, and passed through a gate at the end. Then, crossing by a narrow bridge a little rippling brook where the minnows darted in and out in the network of warm May sunshine, they reached a pleasant field, gay with buttercups and ox-eye daisies, and ringing with the merry song and ceaseless chirping of finches and sparrows intent on domestic anxieties.

The invalid soon found that she had not yet much strength to boast of, and Phœbe having spread a rug for her under the shade of a noble beech, she was glad to discard her crutches, and settle down for a cosy chat beside her friend.

"Phœbe, dear," she said, after a little desultory talk, "you cannot think how lovely it is to be out in the sunshine again, and to feel that I am really getting well fast, or how thankful I am to God that He is giving me back the health I threw away. I am so ashamed now of my naughty self-will. Father is so good, he hasn't a word to say about my disobedience; but I'm not going to grieve him again like that, Phœbe," and here Florence's voice dropped low, and she spoke very earnestly. "I've given up my will to God," she went on; "and I'm going to serve Him entirely."

"Why, Florrie dear," returned her companion, "that's the one thing I wanted for you. I was sure you were not satisfied with pleasing yourself, or enjoying for their own sakes all the beautiful things with which God fills your life. But this feeling is not all new and fresh, dear?" she continued, inquiringly.

"No, Phœbe," replied her young companion, "no, I've meant to live for God a long time, and I think I have tried a little to serve Him, but now I'm going to give the life and health He has given me back entirely to His service. Can you keep a little secret?" Florence added, under her breath, and with an eager glance in her eyes.

"A secret, dear? Yes, I suppose so," returned Phœbe, "if it ought to be kept, but I am not much of a believer in secrets."

"Oh, but this won't be a secret long," said Florence. "Only I wanted to tell *you* first of all. I've made up my mind, Phœbe, to go out as a missionary. There are hundreds of poor Indian women, shut up in zenanas, who have never even heard of God, and who welcome eagerly anyone to speak of Him in their sad monotonous lives, and English girls and women are trifling away their time and thoughts on worldly things—even those who profess to serve Him—and letting these poor degraded creatures die in darkness. Oh it is a grand thing" she added, with enthusiasm, "to give up one's home and country for Christ's sake, and to have a real purpose for one's life in such work as this."

Phœbe Statham watched the sparkling eyes and flushed face of her young companion, as she spoke, with genuine feeling and devotion, of her determination and, when she ceased, did not reply for a moment. Then she said, "But your father, Florence, think of him; he could not do without you."

"Ah, yes," returned the girl, decidedly, "you dear old matter-of-fact thing, I have thought of father. You know we expect Bertram home in the autumn or next spring. Many people do not even know I have a brother; he is so much older than I, and married, and went away so many years ago. He's been living in Australia, but now he's coming home with his wife and two little girls to live with us, and then I think father could spare me. I wouldn't leave him alone for anything, Phœbe; but Bertram's return seems just to make all right, and you know our Lord said, 'He that loveth father or mother more than Me is not worthy of Me.'"

There was silence for a few minutes. Only the tinkle of the little brook in the distance, or the plaintive bleat of a trembling lamb that missed its mother for a moment. Phœbe's eyes were on the far-away woods as she strove to think of just the right thing to say, and Florence did not look up from the daisy she was slowly stripping of its petals.

Presently Phœbe broke silence.

"No grander work could fire your ambition, Florence, darling," she said. "Would to God our English women would rise by hundreds, and go out to the great harvest field to win souls for Him; but, forgive me if I seem to discourage you. Don't you think God calls in a special manner to special work? We are not to choose our own work any more than our own trials, or our own life history, and should we not leave it to Him to show us the path to tread, not taking up of ourselves even the best or the holiest work?"

Phœbe spoke very gently, but she saw that her words had given pain.

Florence did not look vexed exactly, but the gay sparkle died out of her eyes.

"But this seems just the thing for me to do," she said. "I have not any duties at home, at least I shall not have when Bertram and Kate come back, and I always loved languages at school, and should learn them readily. Besides, there really isn't any real work to do here; the Sunday-school is much too far away, and there are hardly any poor people to look after, even if I liked poking into their dirty cottages, which I don't. You cannot say, Phœbe, that I should be neglecting home duties."

"No, dear," returned Phœbe, "I don't say that. I do not even say that you are not quite right in your desire to go out among the dark heathen women; only I want you to look for His guidance, Florrie—to wait for His call. He generally puts very distinctly, and sometimes very unexpectedly, into our hands the work He would have us do."

Florence did not reply, and before her friend had time to say more Mr. Hamilton's figure appeared on the little bridge, and the crutches were eagerly resumed, that father might see how quickly his daughter could pass through the crowd of nodding spring flowers thus aided, and after a turn or two beneath the blossoming limes, vocal with the hum of newly-awakened bees, they went in to tea.

After that Florence grew stronger day by day, and soon the friendly crutches were discarded and forgotten, and her springing step and happy laughter awoke once more the echoes in the sombre old house.

(To be continued.)

OYSTERS, AND WHAT TO DO WITH THEM

By Phillis Browne.

People who have lived fifty years in England have seen a good many changes with regard to oysters. Once they were to be had for fourpence or sixpence a score, and thirty years ago I knew an old Frenchman who told me that the day he landed in England his first meal consisted of half a hundred oysters, a pint of porter, and a loaf of bread, for all which he paid sixpence. This made him think, "Oh, what a happy land is England!" Usually, when food is to be bought cheap, it is not much esteemed, but this does not seem to have been the case with oysters. They were always appreciated, and people were so fond of them, and partook of them so freely, that the oyster-beds became partially exhausted, and then oysters rose very rapidly in price, and were out of reach of all but the wealthy. After this, various precautions were taken, and measures were adopted to cultivate the fish, and these efforts have been fairly successful. Oysters are now moderate in price. They are in full season, and will continue to be so, so long as there is an R in the name of the month. They are quite a delicacy. They are also, I believe, considered very wholesome, and I propose, therefore, that we turn our attention for a short time to oysters.

One reason why oysters have become cheaper than they were is that large quantities are now sent over alive from America. These oysters are generally known by the name of "blue points" and "east rivers," and they are very good indeed. They are not equal to English "natives," which are, I suppose, the best oysters in the world, but they are very good, notwithstanding; they are very cheap, too, varying in price from sixpence to tenpence or one shilling per dozen, and for cooking they are as satisfactory as if a high price were paid for them. There are a good many extravagant persons who do not believe in anything which is not costly. These persons would look with scorn upon the cheaper sorts of oysters, American, Spanish, and Portuguese. Their scorn would not, however, affect the quality of the shellfish, and, I daresay, when the oysters were not served raw, but dressed by a skilful cook, the fastidious individuals would not know one kind from another, if they were not told. For eating raw, the best natives are certainly to be preferred, but for stewing, scalloping, frying, making into patties, or sauce, the cheaper sorts answer very well.

It is rather curious that what are called "natives" are oysters which have been taken up from their native beds and raised in artificial ones. There are three or four sorts of "natives," and the best are generally understood to come from Milton, Colchester, and the neighbourhood. Other kinds of natives are, however, considered by good judges to be of nearly equal value. There are Whitstable natives, too, Anglo-Dutch and Medway natives, deep sea oysters, and other kinds, to say nothing of tinned oysters, which are so valuable for helping to flavour soup and sauce. So altogether there is no doubt that we have abundance of material at our disposal; what we have to do is to learn how to make the most of it.

Although there are so many different ways of dressing oysters, epicures are accustomed to say that they are never so delicious as when freshly opened and eaten raw without either pepper or vinegar. Yet this is not the usual way of serving them. As everyone knows, it is customary to send them to table on the flatter of the two shells, with black pepper or cayenne, vinegar or quarters of lemon, and brown bread and butter as accompaniments. On the Continent the oysters are always served in the deeper shells, and this seems to be more reasonable, because the "oyster broth" is full of flavour, and it is apt to be lost if the flat shell is employed. Whichever shell is used, the oysters should not be opened until just before they are to be eaten, and they should be laid in salt and water, made as nearly as possible like sea water, a few hours before they are opened. Some people are accustomed to put them in oatmeal and water, to fatten them, but this is quite a mistake. Oatmeal makes them look white and plump certainly, but it quite destroys their flavour.

Although I have made these remarks about the way of serving fresh oysters, I expect girls know nearly as much about them as I do, through having them at their own homes. Yet it is less likely that they will know the different ways of cooking oysters, because in England it is not very usual to cook the fish. Yet oysters cooked are something so different from oysters eaten raw, that if only for the sake of variety it is worth trying them. As is very often the case, the plainer methods are as satisfactory as the more elaborate ones. Thus, what are known as devilled oysters are very tasty morsels. Here the oysters are opened in the deep shell, seasoned with a small piece of butter, cayenne, salt, and lemon juice, then placed on a gridiron over a brisk fire, and broiled for about three minutes. Roast oysters are laid on the gridiron the deep side downwards, and are served with brown bread and butter, as soon as the shells open. I may add for the benefit of tender-hearted folks who may be disposed to pronounce this mode of preparing the fish cruel, that I have heard, on what I regard as reliable authority, that oysters feel *little* pain, because they are almost destitute of nerves. Fried oysters are also much approved. They should, after being opened, be put into a stewpan with their own liquor, with a little water added if necessary to cover them. Bring the water gently to the boil, and take it off the fire the moment it does so. This is called blanching the oysters, and it is done to make the outside firm, while retaining the flavour and juice inside. If, however, the oysters are allowed to remain boiling on the fire they will be quite spoilt. Drain and dry the oysters on a cloth, fasten them on a small skewer, and fry them in hot fat till they are lightly coloured. If liked, the oysters can be egged and breaded before being fried, but I question whether they are not then more trouble than they are worth. They can also be folded in caul, dipped in batter and fried, and then they become oyster Kromeskies, a recipe for preparing which I have already given.

Curried oysters make a favourite dish, and when they are liked it is not a bad plan to make a little curry sauce beforehand, and heat the oysters in this when wanted. The curry sauce may be made by thickening a little stock which has been flavoured with the oyster liquor, with curry paste and flour, then heating the oysters gently in it till they are hot through, without allowing them to boil. A little boiled milk or cream is often added, and rice boiled as for curries, that is boiled in plenty of salted water until the grains are tender, but still remain separate.

Oyster patties are very acceptable delicacies, and they make a good dish for a supper party at the festive season, as a change from sandwiches. They are expensive to buy, costing 4d. or 6d. each, and the worst of bought patties, or, at any rate, of all the bought patties which I ever tasted is, that there is so very much patty about them, and so little oyster. Now, the preparation of oyster is the *bonne bouche* of the whole affair, and to find oneself supplied with an abundance of unsatisfactory puff paste, when one is anticipating a tasty morsel of oyster, is rather disappointing. Yet a good many people buy oyster patties at the pastrycook's, simply because they do not care to give the necessary time and trouble to make the puff paste cases. Under circumstances like these, it is not a bad plan to buy the empty cases of the pastrycook, and to make the oyster preparation which is to fill them at home. Then a good spoonful of the sauce can be put into each patty, the pastry cover can be laid on the top, and the patties will be worth twice as much as those usually supplied. Of course the patty cases must be warmed in the oven before the warm mince is put into them.

To prepare the oysters for the cases, open the oysters, saving the liquor, and cut off the beards. Then put both oysters and liquor into a small stewpan, and let them remain till they are on the point of boiling. Instantly strain off the oysters, and put them aside. If left to boil they will be hard and leathery, instead of being full of gravy. Boil the beards for ten minutes in the liquor from a tin of oysters (or half the liquor, according to the number of patties which are to be made), which liquor is strongly flavoured with oysters. A gill of this liquor with the real oyster liquor will be enough for a dozen oysters. Strain off, and throw away the beards, add the real oyster liquor, and thicken by mixing smoothly in an even tablespoonful of flour for each gill of liquor. Stir the sauce over the fire till the flour is cooked, and the sauce very thick; then add gradually an equal measure of cream, and a little cayenne. Put in the oysters, and let them remain in the sauce off the fire till they are hot through; fill the warm patty, and the patties are ready. The number of oysters used will depend upon their size, as well as upon the number of patties which are required. Thus, eight large fat oysters, with their sauce, would go as far as a dozen small ones—that is, for a dozen patties—and the large ones might with advantage be cut into quarters. Some cooks would flavour the oyster patty preparation with a little grated nutmeg or a little lemon peel. Additions of this sort are, however, a matter of taste. By the majority of people the unadulterated oyster flavour would be preferred. This preparation might be used for a *vol-au-vent*—that is, a sort of enlarged patty, large enough to fill a dish by itself. A few drops of anchovy sauce will help to bring out the oyster flavour.

Scalloped oysters.—Prepare some oysters as for patties. Butter some scallop shells, or deep oyster shells, put a portion of the oyster mixture in each, and cover with bread-crumbs which have been flavoured lightly with cayenne and a suspicion of nutmeg; place little pieces of butter on the top, and make hot in the oven. Some cooks fill the scallop shells, or a shallow dish, with alternate layers of blanched oysters (that is, oysters which have been heated in their own liquor till on the point of boiling) and bread-crumbs, putting little pieces of butter over each layer, and arranging that bread-crumbs should form the uppermost layer. According to this method a larger number of oysters are needed. Another way of preparing this dish is to blanch the oysters with their liquor and an equal measure of milk, thicken the liquor till it is of the consistency of gruel, put bread-crumbs with it to make it firm, and lay portions in the scallop shells, covering the preparation with bread-crumbs, and making all hot in the oven.

Stuffed oysters.—This is a superlative recipe, and would be thought too rich by many. It is, however, very delicious, and is more troublesome to make than costly. Get a dozen firm, fat oysters—blue points will be too soft for the purpose. Take a gill of good white sauce, and put with it three shallots and four mushrooms which have been finely chopped and warmed in butter. Two truffles may also be added if they are obtainable, but they are not within the reach of all. Mix the yolk of an egg in the sauce, and stir it over the fire to thicken the sauce without letting it boil. Cut the thick part of the oyster, put in each a portion of the sauce. Beat an egg, dip the stuffed oysters into it one by one, then drop them into bread-crumbs, which are placed in a sheet of kitchen paper, and lift the paper first by one side and then by the other to roll the oysters in the crumbs, and so cover them entirely. Half fill an iron saucepan with clarified fat. Heat it until a blue smoke rises from it, then drop in the oysters, and let them remain until the crumbs are lightly browned. Put them on a clean sheet of paper for a minute to drain the fat from them, and serve on a dish covered with a heated napkin.

Oyster soup.—This soup is a great favourite, and it is astonishing how many ways there are of making it. The method chosen depends, of course, upon what the cook is willing to pay for it, for it may be made so that it will cost several shillings, or it may cost a reasonable price. In my humble opinion it will be almost as good when economically made as when extravagantly made, only it will not be so rich in the one case as in the other. The idea of oyster soup is easily understood; it is that good white stock, preferably fish stock, should be thickened with flour and butter flavoured with oyster liquor, and a little anchovy and cayenne, enriched with cream, and mixed with oysters which have been bearded and blanched. The variations in these recipes are caused by the differences in the number and quality of the oysters used. Of course, if we are going to make oyster soup at all, we might as well have the real thing. There is no satisfaction in making a pretence, and giving our friends a plateful of white sauce with one small oyster conspicuous in its solitude. And yet how many oysters are we to put in? I have one excellent recipe in which it is directed that a hundred oysters should be put into two quarts or a good tureenful of soup. A hundred oysters! The notion is appalling. Even with blue points at 1s. a dozen this would make more than eight shillings for oysters only, and I have no doubt those who made the soup would scorn blue points. Another recipe recommends that a quart of freshly-opened fine oysters be employed. Doubtless the soup made according to this method would be excellent and tasty, very tasty indeed; but could we enjoy it for thinking of our brothers and sisters outside in the cold who are hungering, and dying for want of bare necessaries, while we are feeding sumptuously thus? Whatever may be the capabilities of the girls of our class, I am sure that I could not. Indeed, one reason why we want to become skilful cooks is that we may practise economical methods, and show all who come within our influence that food may be both appetising and wholesome without either waste or extravagance when it is intelligently and carefully cooked.

The annoyance which is almost invariably associated with extravagance like that of using a hundred oysters for a dish of soup, is that unless very careful calculations as to quantities have been made, it is more than probable that a large portion of the soup thus expensively made would be sent out of the dining-room untouched. With regard to soup, it is very usual for inexperienced cooks to make more than is needed. This is unfortunate, because soup, especially oyster soup, is not improved by being warmed up, and servants very rarely care for it. Where economy is a consideration (and it ought always to be a consideration, because extravagance and waste are immoral), it is a great point to provide a little over what is wanted, and no more. It would not do for us to provide exactly what was likely to be required. There must be a certain margin, because it would be very unpleasant if our soup were to be unexpectedly appreciated, and we were to fall short. I have no doubt many persons will consider this a minor detail not worth thinking about; but they are mistaken, for attention to it will save pounds in a year. A clever cook, who is able to calculate requirements, not in a niggardly fashion, but in a reasonable fashion, would make her money go half as far again as would the cook who was in the habit of providing more than would be used.

In making soup, therefore, or in making anything, we first of all want to know how many guests are expected, and we must regu-

late our quantities by the answer. When soup is served at the commencement of dinner, and other dishes are to follow, a ladleful is generally supplied to each person. If we allow a gill for each ladleful, we find that a pint is sufficient for four persons, a quart for eight persons and as a rule this supply would be found ample. Yet as we should not wish to have the exact measure and no more, we may say that for a small family of four or six persons a quart of soup would be abundant. In the same way the number of oysters used must be determined by the number of guests expected. If we provide four oysters for each ladleful of soup, and there are five or six guests, we might buy two dozen oysters, and very good soup might then be made at a reasonable cost.

This is how I should proceed. Open two dozen oysters and preserve their liquor, then blanch them according to the method already described, beard them, and cut away the hard parts and put them aside. Dissolve a good slice of butter in a stewpan, and mix smoothly with it two ounces of flour. When the latter is well cooked, stir in a pint and a half of stock made up of the oyster broth (the liquor of a tin of oysters) if approved; this will increase the oyster flavour; fish stock or mutton stock and milk. Season with cayenne, half a teaspoonful of anchovy, and salt if required, and when pleasantly flavoured boil the soup gently for a few minutes, stirring it all the time; stir in half-a-pint of cream which has been boiled separately, put the oysters into a hot tureen, pour the soup upon them, and serve. Of course, if it is preferred, a smaller proportion of cream may be used, or milk may be substituted for it.

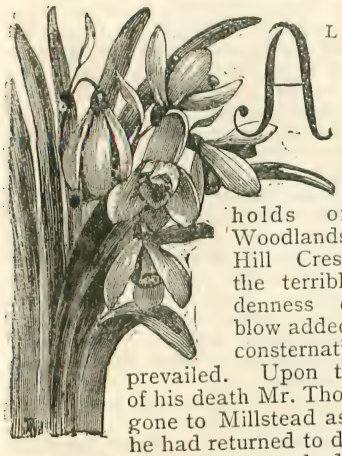
Oyster sauce is a sort of diminutive presentation of oysters, with the proportional quantity of oysters increased. Blanch the oysters and take away the beards and the hard part. Melt two ounces of butter, mix smoothly with it an ounce of flour, and add the oyster liquor with liquor from a tin of oysters and milk to make up half-a-pint. Stir the sauce till it boils, add cayenne and a tablespoonful of cream, and when off the fire a little lemon juice. Cut the oysters into halves, put them into the sauce, and serve.

One more recipe for a homely dish made with tinned oysters, and suitable for supper and luncheon. Melt two ounces of butter in a stewpan, and mix an ounce of flour smoothly with it. Add the oyster liquor and half-a-pint of milk, and flavour with cayenne and a little nutmeg. When the sauce is hot, stir in the oysters from the tin and serve with toasted fingers round the dish. In tinned oysters, the fish itself is hard and flavourless, but served thus they are often much enjoyed.

THE MOUNTAIN PATH.

By LILY WATSON, Author of "Within Sight of the Snow," etc.

CHAPTER XVII.



ALL was confusion and mourning in the two households of The Woodlands and Hill Crest, and the terrible suddenness of the blow added to the consternation that prevailed. Upon the day of his death Mr. Thorne had gone to Millstead as usual; he had returned to dinner in an especially genial humour, had spoken kindly and regretfully of the two departed visitors, and had in every way been like himself. A letter was brought to him by the evening's post as he sat in his drawing-room; he read it, and a minute or two afterwards he fell lifeless from his chair.

The cause of death was heart disease, which had been hitherto unsuspected, for although his grey ashen look at times had startled his friends, he always declared that nothing ailed him, and refused to see a doctor.

The poor widow was heartbroken, though quiet in her grief. It was indeed difficult to realise that the barrier of absolute silence was placed between her and her husband so suddenly.

What would he do in the other world, into which he had been swiftly called? His pursuits in this life had been all connected with business. The rise or fall of the markets would elate or depress him: he found his chiefest joy in travelling into Millstead, attending to his factory, talking with other business men like himself, and always on the same theme. Then at his home, a good dinner with choice wine and a nap in the evening constituted the staple of his enjoyment. Now all that was reft from him, and the spiritual life seemed strangely and curiously incongruous with his previous career. Would he be happy without the money article in the daily paper, his factory, and his dinner?

Helen could not help meditating on this point as she went to and fro between Hill Crest and the house of mourning, busy with one and another kind office, and soothing Mrs. Thorne, over whom her heart yearned with inexpressible sympathy. The widow clung to her, and the daughters liked to pour out their distress into her tender listening ear. Oswald and his brothers, men-like, said little of their grief, but appeared very busy and looked pale and stern. Helen observed that Oswald did not seem to turn to Adela for consolation, but was rather the one to comfort his betrothed, who seemed bewildered and frightened by all the sad commotion.

At last the funeral was over, the tide of sympathy and condolence had ebbed a little, and the mournful round of daily life was to begin again for the bereaved household.

"Is it your impression," Aubrey asked Helen, on finding himself alone with her for a minute or two, "that our friend has left a large fortune behind him?"

"Why, yes, I suppose so," said Helen, astounded. "I always understood Mr. Thorne was very rich; and they live in a beautiful place."

Aubrey tossed back his fair hair and slightly shook the wavy mass.

"Have you any reason for doubting it?" inquired Helen, anxiously.

"I have heard rumours. As I travel between Heatherbridge and Millstead, I cannot close my ears to the conversation of the worthy Philistines in the railway carriage. Of late, remarks concerning Mr. Thorne have forced themselves upon my unwilling notice. From my appearance," continued Aubrey, with a touch of pride, "I suspect these British merchants thought that their gossip fell all unheeded. Nor should I have attended, had I not caught the familiar name."

"What have they said?"

"The jargon of the Stock Exchange would be as unintelligible to you as it is odious to myself. But of late years I fear he has been speculating, and in matters of which he knows little."

"He has always boasted of his wealth."

"Yes, and men who do that, I have observed, are not the most secure. But let us cease to discuss the subject. It has no attraction for me; and before long we shall know all."

Helen was plunged by this conversation into much perplexity and distress of mind, and longed to know if there were any truth in so extraordinary a suggestion. If Mr. Thorne were not a very rich man, it seemed to the simple girl as though the foundations of the solid earth would be shaken. What trust could be put in appearances any more? Mr. Thorne! Why of course he must be rich. All her life she had heard of the wealthy marriage made by Mrs. Brooke's cousin. So she dismissed the idea, setting it down as one of Mr. Gascoigne's freaks.

A few days afterwards, Helen was sent by Adela with a message to the widow, and as she had abundance of time in which to do her errand, she chose a pleasant field-way by the river side. October was drawing to its close, and the path was thickly strewn with leaves, among which Helen liked to walk; their crackling rustle as she buried her feet in them was delightful. At her right hand brawled the rushing river, swollen from recent rain; the sun hung low in the west, and the sky was flushed with a pale radiance. A crisp touch was in the air, that spoke of coming frost, and ere long Helen knew these riverside fields would be haunted by glimmering white mist, rising in the twilight, and fleeting along the current of the stream like a phantom presence. As she walked, absorbed in her own thoughts, a quick step crushed on the

path behind her, and Oswald was by her side.

Was it the Oswald of a week or two ago—so blithe, debonnair, and careless, with mirth in his handsome brown eyes, and easy confidence in his bearing? Helen thought he had aged ten years in as many days. All the gladness was gone from his face, and his lips were set, his brow contracted, as though Care, for the first time, had whispered in his ear, "Thou art mine." He brightened for a brief instant at greeting her, and then relapsed into sternness.

"I am very glad I have met you. I wanted to speak to you. Where are you going?"

Helen explained.

"I am in great trouble. And you've always been like a sister to me. I want to tell you."

Helen's heart throbbed. Could he have fallen into any "scrape" that involved a loss of character? After this idea it was almost a relief to hear him say—

"You will be amazed, I know; but not more so than I was. My father's affairs have turned out very differently from what I expected."

He paused and cleared his voice, while Helen thought: "So Mr. Gascoigne was right after all." Then he went on—

"For the last year or two trade has not been good. My father has had heavy losses, and has been living at a higher rate than he ought to have lived. He sank an immense amount of capital building The Woodlands—far more than he intended or ought to have done—it came to more than he knew. Then he didn't retrench in his way of living at all, and feeling the need of making money faster, he began to speculate on the Stock Exchange.

"It was the very worst thing he could have done, because he didn't understand the thing he meddled with. Woollen he *did* understand, if he had kept to that. Poor father! I won't go into all the ins and outs of the hateful thing," concluded Oswald, irritably. "At first he succeeded; then he grew more and more involved, nobody knowing a word about it, and at last he embarked in a gigantic affair that was to retrieve all his losses. It has ruined him, and the news came the night he died."

"Ruined, Oswald?"

"Practically ruined. Our house must be sold; and the carriages and horses and the whole thing given up. My brothers will manage to carry on the old firm by borrowing and scraping and living very carefully for years. There is no bankruptcy, you know, no

"ABSORBED IN HER OWN THOUGHTS."

Gazette, or anything of that sort," condescendingly explained Oswald, to enlighten Helen's feminine ignorance. "The proceeds from the sale of the house and so on will satisfy all claims against my father's estate, and meet present needs. But the plain English is, we shall have no money when that is done.

"It's fearfully rough on my mother and the girls," continued the young man, with a weary look in his eyes that touched Helen inexpressibly. "People will make such a hubbub, that is the worst. It will be the talk of the neighbourhood."

"Oh, I am sorry for you," breathed Helen, turning her deep eyes upon him with a look of heartfelt pity in them, and taking his hand for a moment in hers. "I can understand all that it means for you. But after all, there is nothing to disgrace any one of you. Money is not everything; the loss of it will not affect the esteem of one of your real friends for you and yours."

Helen stopped suddenly. The thought flashed upon her, "Did Adela know?" but she dared not put the question into words after her last sentence.

Oswald repaid her by a look of gratitude for her sympathy and helpful tone; he seemed to divine her thoughts, for his next remark was—

"I have not told Adela yet."

He looked away as he said it, and switched a forlorn remaining leaf off a blackberry bramble with his umbrella.

"I have my own little fortune untouched, of course," was his next observation.

"Yes," cried Helen, fervently, "there can be no absolute poverty or need in the case while there is that."

"I am the only one of the family so provided for," he continued. "My mother's friends were poor; nothing was settled on her; my father never dreamt of any such necessity."

"Poor Mrs. Thorne," was all Helen could say, and tears rushed to her eyes at the thought of this cruel addition to the widow's grief.

"I am so astonished," Oswald went on, as though talking to himself, "I could never have believed it.

"Other men do these things and come to grief. But my own father! it's an incomprehensible thing. Do you know the feeling as if you were watching a drama acted by other people? That has been my case since the terrible evening when he died."

"When did you know all this?"

"Yesterday my father's man of business told me all about it—though, as he said, it mattered less to me than to my brothers."

"How do they bear it?"

"They are fearfully cut up; for you see it alters everything with regard to them. Now they will have a struggle to keep their heads above water. Instead of drawing handsome incomes and living in luxury, we shall have to club together to support my mother and the girls. Oh, it's frightful!" Oswald burst out, involuntarily quickening his pace. "Helen, I wonder if I dare tell you what a wretch I am! Although he is my own father, and is gone, I can scarcely feel towards him—as—as—a fellow *should* feel for his father who is just dead. I get mad about it sometimes. There was no need for this abominable speculation——"

"Hush, Oswald!" and a gentle hand was laid on his arm. "He is gone. Perhaps you can't help bitter feelings, but you will forget them after a little while, and you will never forgive yourself if you give them utterance. He was your father, and he must have suffered frightfully from anxiety. Don't speak harshly of him."

"You don't know all it means, but how should you?" broke out Oswald. "Look here, Helen! I am afraid Adela will be fearfully distressed about this."

"Of course she will!" cried Helen; "she must naturally feel anything that distresses you."

"That isn't it, quite." He was silent for awhile, and appeared as though trying to swallow a great lump in his throat; then the poor fellow burst forth, "I am afraid it will be a great mortification to her to have everyone pitying and talking about her future husband's friends. You know what a neighbourhood this is for gossip. Then my position won't be the same as before."

"What need that matter to her?" cried Helen. "She will surely cling all the more closely to you, and do everything she can to comfort your mother and sisters. She doesn't want your money, nor the glory of your being the son of a rich man. It is yourself she is supposed to care for. My advice is—tell her everything as soon as possible, before she can hear it from others."

"I'll do it to-morrow," said Oswald, gloomily, "and offer to release her if she wishes."

"Release her!" Helen broke out. "Why or how could she wish such a thing? You have done nothing wrong—and if you had, she wouldn't want to—— Well, I won't talk about it, for I can't understand such suppositions between people who care for one another."

They had left the turbid flow of the river, and were toiling up a stony path between hedges, which led from the meadows to the forest that enclosed The Woodlands. Helen was thoughtful and perplexed. She saw that Oswald, who was the only son able to do so, ought to devote some of his income to his mother's use, and that he would be in a very anomalous position as the poor husband of a rich wife. However, these questions were not for herself to settle. Once more the idea of the medical profession came into her mind. If Adela would allow it, he might still earn his livelihood in this way; but was it probable that she, who thought so much of her future husband being "a gentleman," would permit any such active exertion?

"I cannot tell you how sorry I am for you, Oswald," she said, with a gentle intonation in her voice. "But you can only do what is right. And after all, no sorrow can have the bitterest sting in it, unless it is caused by our own wrongdoing."

"The fact is," broke out Oswald, "I know I ought to devote all, or nearly all, my income to my mother and the girls; it will be little enough, after what they have been accustomed to, to support them in comfort. And I hate the thought of living only on Adela's money. I don't know what to do, and that's a fact."

"Speak to her frankly, first of all," urged Helen, "then things will shape themselves."

Oswald heaved an impatient, bitter sigh. How strange it seemed to his sister-friend to see him thus worried and perplexed! It was the first time since she had known him that the sad realities of life seemed to have forced themselves upon his gay, careless nature. Yet in all her grief there was one touch of pleasure: that he should thus decidedly speak of caring for his widowed mother. What should come next she must leave to the unfolding of events.

She went on to The Woodlands with him, trying by the way—and not in vain—to help and comfort him in every mode that delicate tact and sympathy could suggest. Then she saw poor Mrs. Thorne, who seemed too much stunned to understand or care greatly about the fresh blow that had been dealt her by the discovery of the change in her circumstances. The girls were scared and overwhelmed, and Helen did what she could to suggest consolation for all. It was dark that night before, with an aching heart for the troubles of her friends, she turned homeward.

"I would come with you," apologised Oswald, in providing her with the escort of a servant, "but I should have to see Adela—I must wait till I can tell her all."

"Why not tell her to-night?"

Oswald shook his head. He put off the painful task, with a touch of the old self-indulgent way, and a dislike of doing anything unpleasant.

"She might hear it from others," interposed Helen. "Do tell her to-night."

"She won't hear it unless you tell her," said Oswald.

"That you know very well I shan't do."

"Then it will be all right. Farewell, and thank you for trying to cheer us all."

Helen could not sleep; she was oppressed with an inexplicable sense of coming change and trouble. That old Mr. Thorne should have lost his money! She could not realise it; it was so strange and unexpected that she had repeatedly to assure herself the occurrences of the afternoon had not been a dream. Had she known a little more of life she might have added some sad reflections on the immorality of the wish to be rich without labour, and through the loss of other people! for that is the wish that animates gamblers on the Stock Exchange, and it can never bring peace or happiness in its train. But it only seemed to her that after this catastrophe the foundations of the earth were unstable, and no one could be safe from hour to hour from events that would defy all foresight, and put to flight the calculation of the most astute! So thought the inexperienced

girl, till strange dreams overtook her, and she cried aloud to see Oswald sinking in dark waters, while Adela gathered flowers on the brink.

(To be continued.)

VARIETIES.

USELESS LEARNING.—What can science do for him who has no sense of his own? What will a mirror do for one without eyes?

TASTE AND TRY.—"Taste and try" will alone ensure success in cookery, and a few years' experience is better than a whole volume on the art. A medical man once asked Ude why cooks do not habitually use weights and measures as apothecaries do: to which Ude replied, "Because we taste our recipes, whereas doctors seldom taste those they are mixing: therefore they must have exact measures. On first thoughts one would suppose that seasoning might be weighed out after the manner directed by physicians in their prescriptions, but the plan is too mechanical. The great thing is to taste and try."

LOOKING BACK IN HINDOOSTAN.—Mr. Roberts, in his curious "Oriental Illustrations," remarks that it is considered exceedingly unfortunate in Hindoostan for men or women to look back when they leave their house. Accordingly, if a man goes out, and leaves something behind him, which his wife knows he will want, she does not call him to turn or look back, but takes or sends it after him; and if some great emergency obliges him to look back, he will not then proceed on the business he was about to transact.

THE DOMAIN OF IGNORANCE.—Empty are all quarters of the world to the ignorant. —*Hindoo Proverb.*

COTTAGE ECONOMY.

Many lessons of good management may be learned from the cottagers of some of the rural districts of England. "One thoroughly good manager," says the Rev. J. C. Egerton, Rector of Burwash, in Sussex, "I prevailed upon some years ago to give me the details, as nearly as she could, of the weekly spending of a weekly income of 15s. 6d." It took the following form:—

Rent	2	0	
7 gallons of Flour	7	0	
2 lb. of Dutch Cheese ...	1	3	
1 lb. of Butter	1	4	
½ lb. of Soap	0	2	
Soda ½d., Blue ½d.... ...	0	1	
Salt and Pepper	0	0½	
1½ lb. of Candles	0	10½	
2 oz. of Tea...	0	4	
2 lb. of Sugar	0	7	
Schooling	0	7	
Cotton, 1d.; Mustard, &c., 2d. ...	0	3	
Milk per wk., viz. ¼ pint skim daily	0	3½	
Mangling	0	1	
Total ...	14	10½	

"Outgoings for wood, clothing, boots, shoes, and other items not included in the above, are defrayed from extra earnings by piece-work, wood-cutting, mowing, harvest, hopping, and hop-drying."

AT HOME.—To Adam Paradise was home. To the good among his descendants home is Paradise.

ANSWER TO CHARADE (p. 287).
EDGEWARE.

CHARADE.

1. A mighty river in a foreign land
   Which springs 'mid mountains, and which ends through sand;
   Five affluents a famous name bestow
   Upon the country where these rivers flow.
2. Remember it behoves you this to do
   Whene'er fresh undertakings you pursue;
   When difficulties rise and friends are few,
   Still more should you endeavour this to do.

The whole', a virtue in our duties shown;
To most familiar but to some unknown.
In striving after excellence, be sure
This quality will often most endure;
Let it precedence over talent take,
Both for your own good and for others' sake.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

HOUSEKEEPING.

A DOMESTIC, H. D.—If the grates be rusty, rub them well with a little grease to take off the rust, and let it remain on during the night; then clean with a paste made of one ounce of soft-soap and two ounces of emery powder, and rub very well to give a fine polish.

GRANDPAPA'S PET.—The spirits have probably dissolved the varnish on the mahogany. If so, the only remedy is repolishing.

M. M. S.—Good macramé lace should be sent to a cleaner. The stains of most things can be removed from the hands with the application of lemon-juice and rubbing with pumice-stone.

LIZZIE JONES.—We are quite sure there are many who keep house on £100 a year, but we must endeavour to help all in turn.

F. A. B.—Wash the little vests in tepid water, and wring thoroughly dry in a towel. Rinsing in salt and water will prevent the blue running.

I. F. S., MAGSIE, and Others.—We regret that we cannot help you, as we have made inquiries and find that nothing at present known takes out the stains of grease and mud from the new grey mackintoshes. Grey has always been a troublesome and delicate colour to clean.

WASTE NOT, WANT NOT.—When you begin to churn, lift the lid of the churn occasionally to let out the gas, which would prevent the particles of cream from uniting, and would make it frothy, when it would never churn. The churn being too full will also make the cream frothy. The cream should be of a temperate heat, not too cold.

WORK.

ANXIOUS ONE.—If your evenings be, as you say, "free," you may, of course, do any needlework on your own account that you please, and dispose of it, too.

S. E. L. W.—We are much obliged by your account of your method of making a scrap-book; but we fear that the painting of the backgrounds on which to gum the figures would need more art education than our child contributors could manage; but for those who paint well, the idea is excellent.

PENELOPE.—1. We should think you quite fit for a superior nursery governess. 2. We recommend either velveteen or some fancy material of the same colour with which to re-make your dress.

DULCE will find plenty of small manuals on crochet and knitting at any fancy needlework shop.

KEBIR.—The ribbons can be knitted together in plain knitting, with very coarse needles, similar to those used for the "Afghan-work."

GERTIE and MARY.—Rugs may be made from very small scraps of cloth by cutting them out into round pieces, taking a penny piece as a model. Then sew them on a foundation of coarse canvas, one overlapping the other, after the manner that fish scales lie on a fish. This will make pretty and well-wearing mats.

MUSIC.

E. M. HARCOURT.—The music of the "Mistletoe Bough" will be found in any old collection of ballads.

A CAT.—As you know how to make dresses, you had better use the knowledge as a means of making money enough to pay for your music lessons. Perhaps the lady who teaches you would be glad to take her payment in that way.

TEDDY'S OWN.—The voice is affected by the state of the general health. As you are now only seventeen, you probably began to sing when too young. Consult a doctor, and see whether a tonic would do good.

LEEDS, A. G.—A piano by a first-class maker, such as you mention, is preferable to any other. You should find out all about the piano named before buying, and should be sure of the people with whom you are dealing.

ILL SUNCE FOLLO MANSV.—Your informants are quite correct; you should proceed at once to learn the old notation, if you intend to be an organist.

NELLIE.—The specimen of your copied music is beautifully done, but the obtaining of such employment would depend on your own personal exertions with publishers and musicsellers.

A. S., A BEGINNER.—The tune in short metre appears correct, and does the young composer credit. But why ask us if he must continue studying music? He surely has both a mind and opinion of his own, and either loves music or not.

TENNIS BALL is a very poor hand at searching for what she requires in our magazines, for we have very many times recommended three of these musical practising societies. Address Miss McLandesborough, Lindum-terrace Manningham, Bradford, Yorkshire; or Miss M. L. Phillips, 6, Ashbrooke-terrace, Sunderland; or, thirdly, Miss Jennings, Dan-y-Bryn House, Newport, Monmouthshire.

URSIE.—If you have no talent at all for music, and are not improving, why waste your money and time in taking lessons? Find something else that you do like.

A LOVER OF THE "G. O. P."—A melodeon was a wind instrument, furnished with a keyboard and worked by means of a bellows, moved by pedals worked by the feet of the performer. It was generally portable.

LOVER OF MUSIC.—Write to the secretary, Charles Morley, Esq., Royal College of Music, Kensington Gore, S.W.

LOVER OF MUSIC (Birmingham).—Lay a thick wool rug under the piano, and stand the feet on glass insulators. We do not know what else you could do to deaden the sound, excepting to play very softly. Your handwriting is legible but stiff; it is not sufficiently free.

SUNFLOWER should write to the secretary of the Birbeck Institute for all such information as she requires. He will send her a prospectus. An hour's practice would be quite sufficient for you. Go to bed earlier. Better gain time in the morning if you do not thereby disturb others.

ART.

N. B.—We do not undertake to give addresses, and so advertise shops.

KETURAH.—Prepare the millboard by successive coats of oil-paint, flattened with turpentine and rubbed smooth with fine glass-paper. The process for an amateur is tedious, and the result not so good as Academy-board, and quite as expensive.

JUDITH JESSICA.—1. The rice-paper can be painted upon for Christmas cards, also for making rice-paper flowers. 2. Use Colman's coloured starch should you fail with the use of coffee; but the latter is generally successful. Hang the lace in the air until the smell has disappeared.

LUX, MATT, and TENNIS RACKET.—Wash the terra-cotta first with turpentine and then with soap.

E. M. R.—No preparation of the glass of a mirror is required before being painted in oils; but a special medium and fixative is essential.

BOSCAWEN.—We must refer you to our article upon "Skeletonising Leaves," in vol. i., page 582. We cannot consent to repeat our recipes and instructions so continually, especially such long ones. Pin down all the fir-fronds with baby-pins to the wood (of one fern), then scatter with a toothbrush on a fine comb, filled with liquid vandyke brown water-colour paint, in spots of colour over the whole surface, making some parts dark, others light; then add more ferns and leaves and successive spatterings of colour until the design be finished. Then remove the ferns. The surface under those first pinned down will be white, and the rest more or less shaded. Complete the work in one sitting.

C. A. O.—Refer to our indexes, and you will find the method employed by the School of Art, South Kensington.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ARRAN WARRIOR and ADA LOUISA.—Braces for the cure of round shoulders are sold in every ready-made clothing shop; but we prefer to depend on the determination of the persons who can overcome the tendency, by constantly remembering to stand firmly upright and sit straight in their chairs. Wear a face-board while at your lessons.

ANNIS.—In such biliary arrangements, more is done by very abstemious living than by physic. Fish, poultry, boiled mutton, vegetables; no beer, and very little claret. As regards the other question, we regret to say that many ladies do not seem to know how to treat their governesses, and forget every rule of good breeding and kindness in dealing with them. But for you, though unpleasant, the lesson will be valuable and blessed if you remember Him "Who took on Him the form of a servant" for love of a sinful world.

FEARFULLY SENSITIVE ONE.—(What an unhappy character.) We do not quite understand you. The guests at a wedding part y take leave after the breakfast is over and the bride and bridegroom have gone away. Cream-coloured nun's-cloth with cardinal would suit you.

SALLY.—Nettlerash may owe its origin to more than one cause. A chill on a disordered state of the stomach and digestion, acidity in the system, or a severe upset of the nervous system. You will be in a position to know yourself to what your own attack is probably due; if not, consult a doctor; he will give directions as to diet, and what you should take as medicine. Notation by nine digits and zero (Arabic figures) was known in Hindostan in the sixth century, was introduced from thence into Arabia in about the year 900 A.D., and from France into England in the fourteenth or fifteenth century. The earliest form of computation was by means of counters, which was practised by the Egyptians. Decimal notation, arising from the facility of counting on the fingers, was introduced into France by Gerbert, A.D. 991. Your writing is very bad; procure a good small round-hand copy-book, and correct your hand by careful observation aud daily practice.

E. K. (Epsom) will be much happier and better if she turn her attention to the practical part of the Christian life. Besides crying "Lord, Lord," she must do the will and work of God. She must learn what are her daily duties, and perform them as in God's sight, restraining her evil tempers and appetites, and never forgetting her profession as a soldier in Christ's army here. She seems in a nervous, excited state, in which active work will do her good.

PANSY.—The Mahomedans worship one god under the name of "Allah," and consider that Mahomet was his prophet.

PEGGY.—Your best plan is to go on taking no notice of a person who is so unmanly as to persecute an unprotected girl with unwelcome attentions.

A CHRISTMAS ROSE.—So many ladies use tricycles, single and double, that there is nothing remarkable about it.

ANNIE V.—Little Mabel's writing at four and a-half years is very good indeed. The others are fair, ordinary, children's writing, in round hand.

RUBY.—The opinions of even religious people differ so much, respectively, as to the books a young girl of fifteen might read, that we cannot lay down an arbitrary rule, excepting so far as this, that she should consult and be guided by her mother's opinion and wishes.

SOLDANELLE.—It is not any use to write to us for the Summer or Christmas Numbers. They are always sold out on the morning of publication, and are never reprinted. Your verses do credit to your acquaintance with English, and show much religious feeling. It is under consideration.

S. H. C.—"Consistency's a jewel" is a line from "Jolly Robyn Roughhead," published in Murtagh's "Collection of Scottish Ballads," 1754.

E. C.—Your questions are too extensive in their scope to be answered in these columns. Read our articles on the duties of children, "Honour thy Father and thy Mother" (No. for November, 1884), and likewise those forthcoming on the duties of "Wives and Mothers," which will describe the training of young girls on leaving school, for all possible contingencies, or that supplementary education to be carried on at home, over and above all acquirements in science, art, or knowledge of general literature, or of languages. 2. We never heard before that jealousy was an acquirement. No such feeling belongs to a single condition. You probably mean envy, and we advise you to search through the Epistles for all that is said about this most odious vice, and make it your special effort to pray and to strive against it.

BIRD FANCIER.—Swans, parrots, and eagles are amongst the most long-lived of birds. According to Willoughby, in his work on Ornithology, a certain swan was credited with having lived 300 years, and he speaks of parrots said to have attained from 100 to 150 years; also of birds of the eagle tribe known to have lived upwards of 100 years.

LORNA DOONE, CLEMATIS, R. B., L. W., LILLIE, MOTHER'S SECOND DAUGHTER, L. T. B., IPHIGENIA.—Consult the article on "Spots and Stains," page 807, vol. iv.

GRASSHOPPER.—The hair is now mostly worn coiled round and round in small plaits at the back of the head.

AN UNHAPPY ONE.—We are sure God answers prayer; but in the meanwhile, you must, in patience, "possess your soul." You seem inclined to be fretful, which will injure your mind and body.

SWEETBRIAR.—We are much obliged for your kind offer and the enclosed poem, of which we regret we cannot avail ourselves.

J. GREEVZ FISHER.—We are much obliged for your letter and the new calendar, which we regret we cannot make use of in any way.

LOUIE SIMPSON.—You can have the summer and winter numbers bound with the volume, if you wish; but you will do better to bind the first half-a-dozen together. We have just had half-a-dozen sets bound for office use, and copies of the numbers are so scarce that our Editor found much difficulty in collecting even so few together for binding. The first six Extra Numbers are "Christmas Roses," "Silver Sails," "The Christmas Carillon," "Summer Quiet," "Winter Leaves," and "Sunlight."

SALMON.—The disease comes from too much light, and from decaying vegetable matter being left in the fountain.

ANCIENT BRITON.—Wash the brooch with curd soap and *eau de cologne*, and dry it in a bag of fine box-wood sawdust. "Briton" is not spelt with two "t's."

MIGNONETTE.—If you procure our "Handbook to the Grammar of the New Testament" you will be able by its aid to study it (the latter) in the original. Write for it, if you please, to Mr. Tarn, at our publishing office.

C. K. L. O., CONFUSED ONE.—"Decima's Promise" appeared in vol. iii. The charge for an index is 1d., and for a back number of a monthly part 6d.; but the weekly numbers cannot be had.

ALICE DUSSAND.—There is no reason why your brother should not serve in the English army and rise in his profession. But if war broke out between this country and his he must either leave the army or fight against his own people.

NORSMAN.—You probably mean the Order of St. Katherine, instituted by Her Majesty the Queen. The St. John's House, 7, Norfolk-street, W., trains nurses for the poor and for private families of the upper classes. You appear to be qualified for a high-class situation as resident governess.

H. L.—See "Roses," vol. iii., page 548.

GRETA will find an article on the "Physical Education of Girls" at page 516, vol. v.

EVELYN A.—We are much obliged for your kind letter and invitation, and we read the account of your debating society with much interest. You had better have a course of celebrated historical characters, both foreign and English, which will be both interesting and instructive.

PROPHYLACTICS.—Nothing can be done to the spots on photographs, we fear, save to put a little sepia on them to restore the colour.

MAYFLOWER.—To get married on so small a yearly sum as £172 per annum, with four people to keep on it, does not seem very wise, unless you be prepared to do without servants—save the smallest of wee maids. Many people in London take in young men in business to live with them, who pay from 25s. to 35s. per week. The suburbs are generally chosen.

A BIRDFANCIER.—You need not be alarmed. Probably when the bird gets used to his new quarters he will take his bath.

RUBY MAY.—We do not understand your first query. Neither Beloochistan nor Afghanistan belong to Great Britain.

CHELSEA.—Use cold water bandages, or paint the enlarged joints with iodine.

EMILY ROSALIE.—We regret we cannot help you to get your skates by inserting your letter.

CATO.—We do not know that in the case named there would be any infringement of copyright. We can only say to you, as we do to all literary aspirants, try and try again, as most of our celebrated writers have done, and sooner or later found their reward, if what they wrote were worth reading.

KOLINKAU (Warsaw).—Ivory may be whitened by wetting it and putting it in the sun under glass. We do not know any origin for the custom; both would be natural things to do.

MARY LOUISA WALKER and others.—Write to the Woman's Emigration Society—secretary, Carteret-street, Queen Anne's-gate, S.W., and state your case. You will receive both help and advice.

L. A. SOUFLETTE.—The writing of verses often forms a safe outlet for the enthusiasm of youth, which ever has dreams and fancies for which they cannot find a confidant. Yours are of this class, and show a devout and prayerful spirit.

POST TENEBRAS LUX. — Doubts and fears are at times temptations. Do your very best, faithfully and in fear of God, and do not be troubled.

AN ANXIOUS SISTER.—You will find the doctor's advice the cheapest in the end, and had better obtain it soon.

ONE IN A FIX must act honourably, and have an explanation with her admirers, and return the presents of the one she rejects.

A MUCH-PERPLEXED ONE.—You could mix velveteen or cashmere of a darker shade, but the same colour, with your flowered material, using it for the overskirt and bodice. Remain a child as long as possible, and do not think you are grown up at fourteen!

CELIA.—The object of all stories, whether fiction or founded on fact, is to provide relaxation for the mind. As such they are useful, and necessary. "All work and no play," you know, would not answer for "Jack." Too much fiction is bad, however, especially when it makes us careless of our duties and discontented with our less exciting surroundings. We sympathise much with your sufferings, and trust you will find a blessing even in them if borne with patience and faith.

STEPHANOTIS.—Read the article by "Medicus" on Sleep, page 646, vol. iv.

MERRIE CARLISLE.—*Sombrero* is the Spanish for a hat. "Red gleamed the cross" refers to the victory of the Christians over the Turks, when the "crescent," their ensign, is said to have waned. We could not answer such a number of questions.

A MUSICIAN must consult a surgeon, and wear a bandage round her wrist.

JEANIE NIVEN.—Your canary appears to be moulting. He requires warmth and nourishing food. Give him saffron in his drinking-water.

TERPSICHORE.—The race of Undines, according to the beliefs in the Middle Ages, were the elemental spirits of the water. There is a story called "Undine" by La Motte Fouqué.

JEAN and ALLIE DARRACH.—"They sin who tell us love can die," is a line from Southey's "Curse of Kehama."

ADVOCATE for B. D.—It is well to remember that if trade be not encouraged, and dress-material of all kinds purchased, our poorer neighbours, who are workers, would be the greatest sufferers. God has made us all "members one of another," and if one suffer the whole body suffers too.

OLDHAM.—"Soldier, rest, thy warfare ended," is from Scott's "Lady of the Lake," canto i.

F. J. PLOWMAN.—We thank you for giving us the address of the Home for Teachers as well as members of the Young Women's Christian Association, at Victoria House, 4, Pavilion Buildings, Brighton, who need rest. The terms for board and lodging are from ten to twelve shillings a week. As you speak from experience of the comfort, as well as kindness, you have found in this Home, we are glad to give the information to the rest of our readers.

The Editor begs to thank the following girls for Christmas and New Year's Cards so kindly sent him:—A Scotch Lassie, Eila Y. Dale (New South Wales), An English Maiden, Clara Phipps, Brown Heifer, Bessie, Constant Reader, A. Rawlins, Rayonnette, Lady Hester Stanhope, Katie Buchanan, Emmie Buchanan, E. and A. Biggs, Minnie G., Guinivere, Christine R. (Tasmania), M. Tennant Latham, An Unsuccessful Competitor, Dolly, A Nervous One, Miserable Sally, A Wild Girl of the Woods, Reader of "G.O.P." (Norbiton), Una Toole, Manuka, Emmie, Holly, Annie Henderson, R. C. R. (for Dora Hope), R. C. R. (for Editor), Maud Dewar, Morgiana, Pup, Georgie (Jersey), One of the Old Girls, Gwendoline, Rose Clements, A Whitehaven Lassie, Jessie, A Heather Bell, G. A., no name (post mark, Penarth), B. Wills, N. B., Maude Standish, Mother's Violet, A Doctor's Sweetheart, Isabel Whitaker, Maud Lilly Littledale, Janie Copeland, Minnie Paterson, and one specially made of West Indian foliage, sent by H. A. W of Jamaica.

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

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SEVEN YEARS FOR RACHEL;

OR, WELSH PICTURES SKETCHED FROM LIFE.

BY ANNE BEALE.

CHAPTER XVII.

BACK TO GLYNHAFOD.

THE first bright rays of the sun pierced through the curtains and fell slanting across Jackey Bach's bed, casting a faint light upon his flushed face. The sudden change aroused her to thought, and she placed herself near the window, that she might prevent the entrance of any third person. William came, as usual, to pay his early visit of inquiry, but she made him understand by signs that her father slept, and he walked away. Her eyes were heavy, but she would not venture to sleep, continuing her silent watch for two or three hours. When she saw the doctor approaching, she gently and carefully opened the door. He entered, and having looked at Jackey, said that he hoped the worst was over, and that all was going on well. He ordered him to be kept perfectly quiet, and told Rachel that he had no doubt but that her good nursing would soon restore him.

He had just left, when the sound of a horse's hoofs in the little court made Rachel hasten to the door with the intention of begging the rider to remain in the road. Poor girl! she felt ready to sink into the ground, or to hide herself in any remote corner of the world: before her stood the grey mare, and on her back sat—Mrs. Shenkin! She was talking to the doctor.

"SHE SANG HIM ONE OF THE SWEET AIRS."

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"How is Jackey Bach, sir?" she asked.

"Better, I hope, and likely to get on; the worst is over," was the reply.

Rachel would gladly have closed the door to gain even a moment's time for thought, but the doctor had ordered quiet, and she dreaded Mrs. Shenkin's vituperation; so she walked towards her. One look was sufficient; she saw rage in every feature of her face. It would be needless and painful to detail the volume of abuse that greeted Rachel: suffice it to say, that Mrs. Shenkin gave her her choice between the farm and the house of correction. All Rachel's entreaties were of no avail. She must be ready in half an hour to return to Glynhafod, when Mrs. Shenkin would call for her, on her way from a friend's house, whither she was going. The neighbours, and William amongst them, were assembling, and the Corporal, more kind than wise, ventured to intercede. He only added fuel to the flame. William whispered to Rachel, "You must go, Rachel; we will take care of your father." Mrs. Shenkin again told Rachel to be ready in half an hour, and, with a look that spoke more forcibly than words, left the court.

Everyone present crowded round Rachel, and with affectionate eagerness proffered their services to her father. Her sobs forbade her replying to their kindness. She pressed the hands that were extended towards her, and re-entered the house. Her father slept still, and she was thankful for it. She knelt a few minutes by his bedside, and then went to Pally, and briefly narrated what had passed.

"Watch him, Pally," she said, "for my sake—*for his own. God* will reward you, though I cannot. Oh! what shall I do? He will awake and look for me, and wonder where I am gone. He will think me undutiful. Oh! tell him that I could not help it—that I will come again—but, no! I shan't be able—I know I shan't be able!"

Here poor Rachel wrung her hands with sorrow, and Pally uttered every reproach that she could summon to her aid against Mrs. Shenkin, whilst she put on Rachel's hat and shawl. They descended together. Rachel stood like a statue gazing upon her father. There was a slight tap at the door; it was William, and she went towards him. She feared to awake her father, and they stood outside the door. He promised to acquaint her constantly with her father's progress, and said he would himself visit her to tell her all particulars respecting him.

"William," said Rachel, earnestly, "will you beg Mr. Morris, the clergyman, to call, not as if he was sent for, but as if he came of his own accord?"

William promised. Rachel asked if there were any means of her getting off her year's engagement with Mrs. Shenkin. William said he feared there was none, unless Mrs. Shenkin would agree to it.

"Then," sighed Rachel, "it is hopeless."

A horse's hoofs were heard. Rachel returned to her father, leant over him, and pressed her lips on his forehead, shook hands with William and Pally, and with a bursting heart went to meet Mrs. Shenkin. She was soon mounted on the grey mare, behind that lady; and, whilst holding her head round to catch the last glimpse of her dear home, was hurried on her way back to the farm.

Mrs. Shenkin was greatly irritated against her. She would have set out in search of her the previous day upon receiving her note, had not Mad Moll hovered about the house, and, by sundry cunning manœuvres, prevented her. Mr. Shenkin was in great disgrace; but having once felt the importance of being a man, he put as bold a face as he could assume upon the matter, and determined to assert his own power in the future.

When Mrs. Shenkin and Rachel arrived at Glynhafod, after a weary ride of several miles, the former discovered, for her first misery, that the fat pig was loose. She called aloud, and the sound of her voice reached the kitchen before that of the horse's hoofs, and brought Mr. Shenkin to the door.

"This is how things always go on when I'm out of the way," began the amiable wife; but she was interrupted by her husband's saying, for the first time in his life—

"I am so glad you are come home—poor little Tommy's very bad indeed, and I can't tell what's the matter with him."

"Everything's bad, when I chance to go out," muttered Mrs. Shenkin, as she dismounted from her horse, and, followed by Rachel, entered the house.

They found little Tommy struggling and screaming upon Sally's lap, who was endeavouring to coax him into silence by a large lump of loaf sugar. Mrs. Shenkin espied the sugar even before she looked at the child, and at once declared it to have been purloined from her sugar basin, some time before, since she had the keys in her pocket; but the careful housekeeper yielded, for once, to the mother, and she forbore to scold and question Sally, but told her to "go and put the fat pig in the stye." She took the child, and recommended Rachel to "take off her smart clothes, and go about the work that had been waiting for her for the last two days."

Rachel cast a pitying look upon the screaming child, and followed Sally out of the room. Mrs. Shenkin did not think there was anything the matter with Tommy, but declared he was crying from passion. She tried the efficacy of a slight shaking, when a scream, evidently occasioned by pain, arrested her.

Now Mrs. Shenkin, violent as she was, was not without some of the feelings of a mother. I would not say that she possessed them as they exist in many a female breast, but she loved her child, and was grieved to perceive that he was suffering. She sat down, and placing him on her knees, tried to soothe him into composure. She looked into his face, and saw that it was flushed with a colour like crimson. His eyes were heavy and red with crying. She felt his hands; they were hot and feverish, whilst his whole frame trembled with agitation. He had never been seriously ill, though a sickly infant, and of late, thanks to Rachel, he had thriven wonderfully. She loved children, and was so gentle and kind to them, that they loved her in return. Tommy had not been slow to perceive where he was best treated, and always cried when he perceived Rachel, until she took compassion upon him.

"I think we had better send for a doctor," suggested Mr. Shenkin, "for I am afraid he is breeding a fever."

Here Rachel entered, pale as death, and with her eyes swollen and red. She had changed her dress, and, though half dead from fatigue, was preparing to set about her work. She came to look at little Tommy, and found him restless and moaning in his mother's arms. He recognised her, and stretched out his little hands towards her, whilst he uttered a faint cry.

"Oh dear! give him to Rachel," said Mr. Shenkin: "she's the best nurse, and Tommy's fondest of her."

"I'd rather keep him myself," returned the mother, pride struggling with her feelings for her child.

But Tommy screamed so violently that she was obliged to resign him to Rachel, who took him in her arms, and walked gently about with him. He gradually became more composed, and smiled as she sung him one of the sweet airs by which she usually quieted him.

"Don't you think you had better send for the doctor, ma'am?" she asked. "I'm afraid he is very ill."

Mrs. Shenkin assented: a man and horse were at once despatched; and, after waiting in much anxiety several hours, the same doctor arrived who had visited Jackey in the morning. When he saw the child, he asked immediately whether he had been vaccinated or inoculated. No—Mrs. Shenkin had disapproved of both these operations.

"Oh then," said the doctor, "I am afraid your little boy is breeding the small-pox." And so it proved.

Now Rachel was not one of those sentimental young people who think it a duty to dedicate themselves to grief when they feel oppressed by it. She was too actively benevolent to consider herself, when she could be of service to others. No one who knew her, indeed no one who looked at her, could doubt that her heart was heavy with sorrow. Her poor father was never from her thoughts, and she would have relinquished all earthly hope of the future to be with him, and to show him the depth of a daughter's love. She never felt such entire affection for him as she did when fear that he would not recover found its way into her mind. Her love seemed to have gained double power over her, when she remembered the thousand little deeds of parental kindness that had escaped from him in his rough way; and she felt as if she should never be happy again if he were taken from her. She could have sat down to weep in some remote corner of the house, where the sunbeams would not come to mock her affliction; but with a weary body and mind she proceeded to do her

duty. And what was that? To repay good for evil, and to devote herself to the suffering child of a woman who denied her the melancholy satisfaction of watching by the bedside of a parent whom she believed to be dying—to expose herself to a dreadful disease, which, if it left her with life, might be expected to deform and scar her young loveliness—in a word, to act a Christian's part in a Christian spirit. And Rachel did not think herself a heroine—she did not imagine that she was doing anything deserving even of praise; yet is there heroism in total forgetfulness of injuries, and self-sacrifice.

Sally entreated her to "leave the troublesome child to his mother, who was the best nurse for him;" adding, "that she wouldn't go to get the small-pox, though she wasn't half so good-looking as Rachel." To which Rachel merely replied, that since the child was happy with no one but herself, she could not leave him. It was true that Master Tommy would neither take food nor medicine from any hand but Rachel's. He was too restless and feverish to lie in bed, and Rachel was the only one who could soothe him into anything like rest. A fire was lighted in the best room, where she was established with her little charge, who was alarmingly ill, and became the following day much worse. Mr. and Mrs. Shenkin were almost frantic; and the mother broke forth in the latter, to the astonishment of those, even, who knew her best, for all the violence of her nature merged into maternal apprehension. The disease was of a very virulent kind, and the doctor despaired of the child's recovery. Night after night, and day after day, did Rachel attend him, in spite of the doctor's warnings that she would kill herself if she persisted. Her question always was—

"Can he recover, sir, if he doesn't take your medicines, and if all your orders are not attended to?"

"Certainly not, without a miracle," was the answer.

"Then, sir, I must nurse him."

The doctor brought her frequent accounts of her father, sometimes favourable, at others unfavourable. William also visited her once, but no sooner had they met and spoken than she was summoned upstairs by Mrs. Shenkin, who could do nothing with the child. She had only time to bid William a hasty farewell, who, shocked at her worn-out and haggard appearance, turned to Mr. Shenkin, and plainly told him that he thought they were sacrificing her life as well as her father's.

Mr. Shenkin cried like a child, and said, "My little boy will die without Rachel. I am sure he will die; and Mrs. Shenkin wouldn't hear of sparing her—you don't know what it is to be a father, young man."

"But Jackey Bach does, sir," replied William, with bitterness.

The evident sorrow of Mr. Shenkin, however, stopped his tongue, whilst his commendations of Rachel softened his heart.

"She is the best girl that ever lived," he said, "and my missus thinks so, by this time, I'm sure."

"A deal too good for her," muttered a voice in the corner of the room, which proved to be Sally's.

Here Mrs. Shenkin entered, and William spoke to her of Jackey. He said that he was very ill, and that it was doubtful whether he could ever recover; that on hearing of Rachel's departure, he had sunk into a kind of torpor, from which it was difficult to rouse him, and that the only hope of his getting better was in his having his daughter with him. All this Mrs. Shenkin had heard before from the doctor, and she turned a deaf ear to William's bold communications, for she was determined that, as long as her child continued ill, she would not allow Rachel to leave the house. William wisely thought that any remonstrance from him would but irritate Mrs. Shenkin without being of use to Rachel, and therefore took his leave.

Rachel could obtain no repose during the first nine or ten days of the child's illness. It was evident that if she left the room but for a moment, he was restless and unhappy. He would lisp her name, and moan till she returned to him. "Achel" was his constant cry, and she alone, by her low and sweet voice, could lull him into anything that resembled sleep. She nursed him—she talked to him—she sung to him—she prevailed on him to take the necessary medicines; in short, what no one else could do, she did; and the little sufferer seemed grateful for her care. He loved her entirely. He would hold up his mouth to kiss her—attempt to smile at her—stroke her cheek with his thin hand, nestle his head upon her bosom, and show her all those marks of childish affection that are generally lavished upon a mother. It must have been a harder heart than Rachel's that could resist these demonstrations of tenderness; indeed, few could be so callous as to look unmoved upon a suffering child, or refuse a return to his love.

At the crisis of the disease little Tommy was fearfully disfigured, and rendered temporarily blind. The doctor had little hope of his recovery; and Mrs. Shenkin, in her agony, told Rachel that she would give her all and everything she possessed, if she would save her child. Rachel calmly said that life and death were in the hands of a merciful God, and that to Him she must appeal to grant her child's life, not to a weak sinful mortal.

"What I can do," she said, "I will do, and with the Divine blessing he may yet recover; but if it please the Almighty to take him, he will be far happier in heaven than he could ever be here, where he must be subject to sickness and sorrow."

It was a hard task to watch the poor blind child. He was so fretful, and it was so difficult to keep his hands from tearing and irritating his face, and so painful to witness his severe sufferings; but Rachel submitted to it all, and was happily preserved from infection. The naturally good constitution of the child maintained a successful struggle with the disease, and finally overcame it. Their first hope of his recovery arose from his opening his eyes, after several days of blindness. His mother was sitting disconsolately by his side, watching him as he slept, whilst Rachel was lying on the bed, endeavouring to obtain a few moments' repose; a blessing which seldom visited her, for the unhappy rarely get good wholesome sleep, and she thought too constantly of her father to close her eyes, even when she could snatch a few minutes from her hours of watching. The voice of the child murmuring "Achel" now aroused her, and she started up and leant over him.

"Thank God," she exclaimed, "he sees! his eyes are open."

The mother arose, and in her joy ran off to tell her husband the happy news. Up he came crying and laughing by turns; and not knowing how better to express his delight, he threw his arms about Rachel, and told her she had saved "his dear, dear Tommy." When the doctor paid his next visit, he told Mrs. Shenkin that her child was out of danger, and that, under the Almighty, she owed his life to Rachel. Mrs. Shenkin was not quite pleased with the doctor's manner, but she said nothing.

From this time the little boy began gradually to recover, and Rachel continued her care and nursing until he was nearly well, his illness having lasted about a month. One day when he was dressed, and sitting in his chair, lisping all he could say to Rachel, who was alone with him, a vision of her father crossed her mind, and she burst into a flood of tears. The child put his little arms round her neck, and said, "Don't ky, Achel," whilst he began to cry himself. In walked Mrs. Shenkin. Rachel disengaged herself from Tommy, and endeavoured to conceal her tears, but "Mammy, Achel ky," from the child, immediately discovered them. Mrs. Shenkin was making a great inward effort; an effort she had never before made, that of self-conquest. She was trying to swallow certain feelings of pride which were struggling with certain good intentions, and she finally succeeded. She looked out of the window, and addressed Rachel.

"Hem, Rachel — hem — I think Tommy's coming."

"I hope so, ma'am," was Rachel's reply.

"Perhaps I can do with him now," resumed Mrs. Shenkin; "I daresay you'd like to go and see your father."

Rachel sat breathless, whilst Mrs. Shenkin paused, and violently rubbed the table.

"I've no objection," she continued, "to your going home for a time, if you'll promise to come back, supposing Tommy should be worse and want you."

Rachel was quite overcome, and could only sob out her promises and thanks. Mrs. Shenkin, having done as much as her nature would allow her, left the room, and was succeeded by her husband, who, with a joyous countenance, told Rachel to "take his missus whilst she was in the humour, and she should have the grey mare and one of the men directly,

if she liked." It was rather late in the day, and Rachel thought the next morning would be the better time, and so it was settled. Mr. Shenkin slipped a couple of pounds into her hand, saying, that he thought she might want her wages just then, and that Mrs. Shenkin had determined to give her that sum, because she had been so good to Tommy. Many may imagine that neither Mr. nor Mrs. Shenkin were very generous in their reward, but the first year's wages of a farm-servant, at the time of which we speak, were very low, and frequently the bare board and lodging were considered equivalents for the first year of initiation into household drudgery.

Rachel was well satisfied, as she had imagined that no wages would have been given her at all, no positive agreement having been entered into. Sally, who had kept aloof from Rachel during Tommy's illness, for fear she should lose her beauty, now ventured to approach her.

"Go you at once," she said. "Mistress will be sorry for giving you leave by to-morrow, when she has had a night upon it, take my word for it; but bless my heart, how ill you look, girl! Go you to bed directly, and I'll put up your things the while, that you may be off early to-morrow morning. Sure enough a night's rest will do you good, before you go to kill yourself outright by nursing your father."

Rachel took Sally's advice, and a long quiet night did much towards reviving her exhausted strength.

(To be continued.)

OUR FRATERNAL SOCIETY.

By Dora Hope.

The Toilet Table.

I chose looking-glasses as the subject for my contribution towards the study of the toilet-table because it seemed to me to be the most important article thereon, from most points of view; also because I am fond of history, and have always been interested to see how much looking-glasses have been mentioned from the very earliest times.

I suppose it was seeing their own reflection in water that first suggested the idea to our forefathers—(Tom rudely suggests that it was more likely to have been our foremothers)—but, at any rate, somebody had discovered at a very early date that they could see themselves reflected very well in a pool of water, and still better in a piece of polished metal. The Romans used mirrors of polished steel, brass, or silver; but long before their time we read that the Israelitish women gave Moses their brass *looking-glasses* to make the laver of the Tabernacle. I wonder how many women would be willing to give up all their looking-glasses nowadays! It is supposed by many people that some of the wonders performed by the Egyptian priests were managed with the aid of mirrors. It is certain that before the effects of reflection were so well understood as at present, they were much used by magicians and diviners.

Margaret reminded us that in the book of Job, which is probably still older than the time of Moses, the sky is said to be spread out like a molten looking-glass.

Tom, whose ideas of chronology are rather hazy, had also several quotations from his favourite book, "Sintram," in all of which the warriors are described as using their shields for mirrors. He is very fond of telling us that girls are so vain (I do not believe that they are any worse than boys), and, as an illustration of his theory, told us he had read of an old Swedish custom that on the death of an unmarried woman a small looking-glass was always placed in her coffin that she might arrange her toilet becomingly on the resurrection day.

Mr. Jowitt told us that a few years ago, when the Japanese to a great extent gave up their old idol worship, amongst other things which they cast out of their temples were immense numbers of small and elaborately ornamented bronze mirrors. At that time they had so little idea of the value of metal, that three tons of these curious looking-glasses were sent as ballast in a ship to Liverpool, where they were sold as old metal at a few pence per pound. Happily a few were rescued from destruction by some gentleman who chanced to see the ship unladed, and are now preserved as valuable relics of old Japan.

In England metal mirrors were still in common use in the fifteenth century. They were almost always round, and set in a frame with a handle, after the fashion of our modern back-glasses. For a hundred years after glass was used instead of metal, mirrors were still made very small, and either kept in boxes or hung from the girdle. The best were always made in Venice, and were so valuable that when the French minister Colbert died, in 1683, amongst the treasures he bequeathed to his friends was a Venetian looking-glass, which was valued at over 8,000 livres, nearly three times as much as a painting of Raphael's which was another of his legacies.

Modern quicksilver backs are made, not of silver at all, but of a thin sheet of tin foil, "quickened" by being rubbed briskly over with a small quantity of mercury. More mercury is then poured into a sort of stone tray till of sufficient depth to float the tin, which is pressed down into it by a heavy weight till nearly all the mercury is squeezed out and drained off; the tin is turned with the silvered side uppermost, and very slowly dried and hardened.

The use of quicksilver, however, has to a great extent given place to a more modern process by which the glass itself is coated with a solution of nitrate of silver. This has to be repeated several times, and when finally dried it is protected from injury by a covering of varnish, and afterwards of paint.

Margaret, my very practical sister, added the information for the benefit of us young ones, that the best way to clean mirrors and prevent them getting smeary, is to wash them with soap and water, and then polish them with a chamois leather and prepared chalk.

Mr. Jowitt gave us an interesting account of the manufacture of perfumes. He says they are not nearly as much used now as formerly, and not as much in England as in eastern countries, where the heat and the dirtiness of the towns make perfumes almost a necessity of life.

Enormous quantities of flowers are grown on purpose for scent. During the season, tons of them are sold daily at Cannes and Nice. It is found that those of warm climates have the strongest, but those of colder countries the sweetest, odours. London and Paris between them supply the whole world with perfumes; England excels in some, especially violet and lavender water, which are incomparably superior to any foreign manufacture, while others are made better in France. Eau-de-Cologne is one of the most difficult perfumes to make well, the different scents of which it is composed having to be so carefully combined that no one of them is prominent. It is a very volatile scent, too; the odour passes off sooner than that of almost any other.

Odours are extracted in several different ways. That of orange, lemon, and citron is obtained by expressing the oil. The peel is put into cloth bags and subjected to great pressure till a watery oil is squeezed out, which has to be carefully purified before using. For some kinds of flowers distillation is the most satisfactory process. The rose-leaves, or other flowers, are set over a slow fire in a vessel filled with water, or sometimes spirit. The steam, which carries with it the finest of the odour, is drawn off through a pipe into another vessel where it condenses into a colourless liquid. In yet another process fat is used; generally lard, or beef suet. The fat is melted into pans, and the flowers mixed with it and left for a day. It is then melted again, the flowers strained out, and fresh ones added; this is repeated from ten to fifteen times, until the fat is saturated with the scent. Fat retains odours in a most remarkable way. Perhaps this may be the reason why cream brings out the delicate aroma of tea. There is still one other way in which odours are collected; a cloth, soaked with olive oil, is stretched in an iron frame and a thin layer of flowers spread over it; these are renewed again and again till the oil is saturated with the sweet odour, and is then squeezed out of the cloth.

The far-famed attar, or otto, of rose is made on the immense rose farms of Turkey. The process is very simple, but slow. A cask is filled with water and rose leaves, set in the heat of the sun during the day, and closely covered at night. In a few days some small globules of yellow oil rise to the surface, and gradually collect into a scum, which is carefully collected on cotton wrapped round the end of a stick, and squeezed out again into the small phials in which we buy it. One cannot wonder that it is costly when we think of the great quantity of rose leaves, and the endless patience necessary to produce a few drops of the oil.

Mr. Jowitt says that with perfumes as with most other things, it is not economy to buy cheap and inferior qualities; these have been prepared with cheaper materials and less troublesome methods, but the result is a weaker and less durable perfume, so that it is necessary to use double the quantity, while the quality of the odour is generally very inferior.

Margaret gave us a list of some of the other requirements of a toilet table; amongst others, combs, which she says have been in common use very much longer than brushes. In fact, she says that amongst the poor at the present time, brushes are very little used; in a poor man's family there is sure to be at least one comb, but it is quite the exception to find a brush; and, strange to say, the hair seems to flourish under this treatment, for, as a rule, poor girls have much longer and thicker hair than young ladies.

On the vexed question of hard or soft brushes, Margaret says the general opinion of authorities seems to be that both should be used, a stiff one, wire if preferred, for brushing the skin of the head, which needs to be stimulated by friction; but for the hair itself the softer the brush the better; all that is necessary is to have one just sufficiently stiff to free the hair from dust. The summing up of Erasmus Wilson's advice on the subject is that "you cannot brush the head too much, nor the hair too little."

Another matter on which people disagree a good deal is the use of pomatum. There are oil glands on the scalp, but in many cases the supply is not sufficient to nourish the hair. The custom of oiling the hair is common amongst nearly all civilised nations as well as savage tribes, and perhaps its abundant use amongst the poor may be one reason for their thick hair. The question of the best kind of oil is very much a matter of taste, as the

varieties are chiefly in the scenting and minor details of preparation. That is, always supposing that it is a simple pomatum, and either home-made or prepared by a good hairdresser, for hair dyes and "regenerators" are almost invariably dangerous to use, not only injuring the skin, but often causing serious mischief to the brain. Margaret says she has heard of several doctors who have absolutely refused to prescribe for patients suffering from headache or brain affections till they promised to give up the use of hair restorers of all descriptions.

Mr. Danby, who never can resist a derivation, added that the origin of our word "pomade," or "pomatum," was that it used to be made by putting an over ripe apple into grease of some kind, and leaving it there till its supposed virtues were extracted.

Hair-dressing seems to have reached its greatest height in the reign of Queen Anne, when hairdressers were kept so busily employed that the ladies were sometimes obliged to have their hair powdered and piled up even two days before a "rout," and had to sit up all night in a chair with their heads propped up for fear of disarranging their coiffure; which reminds one of some of the South Sea Islanders, who make their hair into an imposing erection with the aid of palm oil and clay.

The use of false hair has been common in all ages. Amongst the Greeks and Romans both men and women wore it, changing from dark to light-coloured as the fashion varied, while those who had abundant hair of their own, dyed it to the prevailing colour. It is said that nearly a hundred tons of hair are now received annually in Paris, which is the great market of the world for this commodity. Climate seems to have a great effect on hair, the inhabitants of hot countries having as a rule dark hair, those of colder climates, lighter coloured; and it is always found to grow more quickly in the summer than in winter, and in the day than in the night. On a rough average, hair grows about half an inch in a month. The colour, again, has some connection with the texture; black hair is as a rule the coarsest of any, and flaxen the finest, while brown varies greatly. The average number of hairs on a tolerably well-covered head is computed at about 120,000.

There is still another class of articles which some ladies consider necessary to the toilet-table—cosmetics. Margaret did not enlarge much on the use of paint, as we had so often laughed at the absurdity of ladies who rouge their cheeks and paint their eyes, and actually imagine that people will think it is natural, that she thought it unnecessary to warn us against such a remarkable delusion. She says that in most savage tribes it is the men who paint themselves more than the women, sometimes with the idea of enhancing their beauty, but frequently also with a view to terrifying their enemies.

It used to be said that the dew that fell on May-day morning had a wonderful effect on the complexion, but those who wished to apply it must gather it themselves, and therefore be up betimes. Probably the virtue lay less in the dew than in the truth taught by the old adage, "Early to bed and early to rise makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise," and, if we add one more axiom, "Take plenty of outdoor exercise," no cosmetics are likely to be needed.

In the time of Mary Queen of Scots, baths of wine were recommended for old people, and of milk for young ones who wished to preserve their complexion; but doctors of the present day have a different opinion, and consider stimulants as bad for the complexions of young or old. It is useful to have a little glycerine, or something of that nature, on the toilet-table, for use when the skin gets chapped by cold winds; but girls in good health ought never to require anything else.

Our meeting closed with a suggestion from Margaret, the result of her own experience, that girls who are not so fortunate as to possess a proper dressing-case, would find it a great convenience to have a box made for their toilet-table with compartments for all the different kinds of pins—black and white, safety, black-headed, and hair pins. It adds very much to the tidiness of the toilet-table, and is a great comfort and convenience to the owner.

(*To be continued.*)

THE MUSICAL EVENING.

TAUGHT HIS WAY.

THE STORY OF A LIFE'S PURPOSE.

CHAPTER II.

"WHY, here's a letter, father, from poor Nellie Heywood," said Florence one morning, as the postman's packet was laid on the breakfast-table. "I wonder how she is getting on!" she added, breaking the seal of an envelope bordered with black. "Her last letter was such a sad one."

Nellie Heywood was an old schoolfellow, and the sudden loss of her mother some little time back had deeply awakened Florence's sympathy. Nellie had been travelling with her only brother for a month or two, so her friend had not known where to write.

"Have they come home?" inquired Mr. Hamilton, as Florence glanced over the letter.

"Oh, yes, father," she answered. "They

are in London for the season. Fancy that! I should have thought Nellie would far rather have spent the spring and summer quietly at Beechfield than in the excitement of London gaiety. And she asks me to come and see her," added Florence. "She has not heard of my accident. 'Do come for a few weeks,' she writes; 'father is out a great deal, and, except in the evenings, I am much alone.' What do you say, father, dear? Shall I go?"

"Yes, Flossy, if you would like it, most certainly. It will be just the thing for you. I had been pondering only yesterday where to send you for a little change of scene, as I cannot go with you myself just yet."

"Yes, I should like it," returned Florence, slowly. "It is long since I have seen Nellie, and we were such friends at school. I have never been in London, either, in the season, and I suppose the Heywoods go out a great deal. But I won't go just because I like, father, if you will get the least bit dull while I am gone."

"Nonsense, Flossy," returned her father, fondly. "What a conceited little daughter you are getting, and what a selfish old man you must think you have for a father, if he cannot spare his daughter for a little change after her long, long weeks of illness! Yes, go, by all means, and as soon as you like. Write to Nellie, and say I am delighted to send you, and then pack up your traps, or whatever you call the numerous impedimenta with which young ladies always encumber themselves. And, Flossy," he added, smilingly, as she wound her soft arms about his neck, and playfully kissed and thanked him, "you'll want some pretty new things to wear, I suppose; so I shan't be offended, mind, if you ask for a little extra cash."

Mr. Hamilton knew, when, in the study after breakfast, he put some crisp bits of paper into Florence's hands, that they would not be recklessly or selfishly spent. Though his daughter was no wiser than most girls of eighteen about the spending of money, and had not the faintest notion what a fortune the little roll in her hands would be to many girls of her age, or how far it could be made to go, yet she had no inclination to waste it in costly trifles, for personal vanity and thoughtless extravagance were not among Florence's failings. So her father's lavish liberality did not do her much harm beyond giving her rather a false idea of the value of money.

A new dress or two, a pretty summer hat, and a suitable though by no means unlimited supply of gloves and small adornments, were added to Florence's wardrobe, and, a week after, Vixen brought the little basket-chaise to the hall door once more to fetch her young mistress. But this time she felt Mr. Hamilton's firm hands on the reins, and behaved accordingly. At the little country station Florence parted from her father with many fond good-byes, and a few hours later greeted her old schoolmate once more in Russell Square, where the trees and shrubs were already beginning to lose their spring freshness, making the country-loving Florence wonder how society could ordain that the season when every lane, and copse, and field was teeming with flowers and song, should be spent in the dusty town amid a round of gaiety.

"There! you are a dear good girl to come and stop with me," was Nellie's welcome, as she took Florence's two hands in her own, and looked into her face. "Poor little dear! You have been ill, I can see. You have not quite won back your rosy roundness yet."

"Oh, I am quite well now," laughed Florence, "and I can walk as well as ever, only I suppose lying up so long has made me a little pale. And, Nellie dear, are you feeling better than when you wrote to me first?" she added, more seriously, slipping her arm within that o her friend, as they went upstairs together. "Father and I have been so sorry for you, and we wondered how you felt to come back to the old home. I should have written again, dear, if I had known you had come back."

Nellie did not reply for a moment, but, as she showed her friend into the spacious bedroom that had once been her mother's, she said—

"Oh, Florence, it was hard—harder than I thought, this coming home; but," she added, though her eyes filled, "I think I am getting a little braver now. It will do me ever so much good to see my dear friend in the room which has been silent and empty so many months."

But poor Nellie's tears almost belied her words, for they were flowing very fast now, and Florence felt sorry that she had alluded so hastily to the sorrow which, though not very recent, she now saw to be far more bitterly felt than she had supposed. But, as she tried to comfort her friend, Nellie replied—

"No, dear; I am glad you spoke of it at once. It must have cost me some tears at first, and now I shall be able to speak of dear mother more calmly, and to tell you how I am trying to carry out her last wishes."

"And how are Mr. Heywood and Ralph?" inquired Florence, as the girls returned to the drawing-room. "They leave you, I think you said, a good deal alone?"

"Yes, in the day," returned Nellie; "but though father is always so busy that I see little of him, Ralph comes home every evening at five, and I go out a good deal with him."

Nellie did not explain herself further, and Florence rather wondered that she could care to go so much into society, even though the conventional period of deep mourning might be long since past, for it was evident that the freshness of her grief had not died away, and Florence knew that her dear friend had never before been devoted to worldly amusements.

She had yet to learn that, for His faithful disciples, there are more ways than one of obeying their Lord's will.

During the next few weeks the two girls greatly enjoyed each other's society, having no interruption to their long days of walking, driving, and sight-seeing, for Nellie was anxious that her friend should not feel she had merely been asked to cheer her own solitude, but should have every opportunity of enjoying many pleasures which lay quite beyond her reach in her own secluded country home. Picture galleries formed a special attraction, though some of the marvels in outline and colour therein well nigh drove the young visitors to despair, both of them possessing enough practical acquaintance with art to know what they could *not* do—a knowledge, perhaps, more rare than is generally supposed. In the evenings they often went with Ralph to concerts and entertainments, and sometimes Florence wondered how Nellie could give up so much time to amusement. It was not very long before she unfolded to her friend the scheme which lay so near her heart, and which was taking a yet faster and more enduring hold upon her imagination, and, after talking it over, it acquired, too, that air of reality which no day-dream, however distinctly thought out, can possess, till it meets its first sympathising encouragement, or its first substantial fulfilment.

Nellie was delighted. She knew a great deal more of the foreign mission field than did Florence, having several relatives engaged in its work, and her description of their labours and success, and of the interest awakened in their own little working party for the zenana mission, made Florence's heart beat higher than ever at the idea of such whole-hearted consecration to the King's service.

"I am so glad," Nellie said, "that you are going to take up such glorious work, and that the way seems so clear for you. You always left us far behind, Florence, in French and German at school. While I was struggling with one refractory verb you would have mastered the whole exercise, so now these strange Indian or Chinese tongues will be no serious difficulty in your way. But what does Mr. Hamilton say?" she added; "has he really consented already?"

"Well, no," returned Florence, flushing, "I haven't really asked him yet. You see it would be some years before I can really go, but I mean to speak of it soon. Father never denied me anything yet on which I had really set my heart."

A few days after this conversation the zenana working-party was to meet, and the two girls had arranged to go. Florence had never seen such a gathering before, and felt a special interest in the occasion.

"Nell," said Ralph, the evening before, at tea-time, "have you answered that invitation of Lady MacIvor's for the fifteenth?"

"Yes," returned his sister, "I wrote some days ago."

"To accept, of course?" inquired Ralph.

"Yes, dear, for you and myself, if Florence will excuse me, but father, I am sure, wouldn't go. He hates musical evenings, you know."

"Oh, yes," returned the young man, shortly, "I knew the governor wouldn't go, of course, but Nell—I say—I don't believe you like musical evenings any better than he."

"Well, no, I can't say they are by any means a tempting form of entertainment to me," returned Nellie, smiling. "But I didn't think you would care to go alone."

"Of course I should not," replied her brother, "not when I've got a jolly sister like you; but now really, Nell, you are a regular brick (excuse unparliamentary language, Miss Hamilton), and having behaved in this charming and exemplary manner, you won't, of course, refuse your humble servant's further desires, namely, that you come with me to the Rose Show to-morrow afternoon. Look, here are cards of invitation which will include Miss Hamilton, who, I dare say, hasn't a notion with what floral wonders Paul of Cheshunt can astonish country-folk and Londoners alike."

Nellie looked a little perplexed and Florence decidedly disappointed at this proposal.

"There, now, don't say you've got to carry a gallon of gruel to some old woman with the finger-ache," went on Ralph, "or to attend a committee to send a recipe to the King of the Cannibal Islands how to make missionary-pie! I've got a holiday to-morrow, and I shan't go to the show without you, so if you can't go I'll have to run down and see Somers at Richmond."

Florence noticed that Nellie changed colour a little at her brother's last words.

"We had arranged to go to the working party to-morrow," she replied, "but I daresay Florence would like the Rose Show, and she must stay in London until our next meeting comes round if she submits to your highness's imperious dictates. You must ask Florence what she says to a change in our plans."

Florence quickly caught and understood a glance from her friend at this moment, and was ready at once to signify her perfect willingness to be present at the Horticultural Gardens in reply to Ralph's elaborate apologies for interfering with previous engagements, and his rather extravagant accounts of the superior delights of a rose show.

When the girls were alone in Florence's room at night, Nellie explained—

"Florrie," she said, "you must have thought me very rude to give up going to the meeting which we had promised ourselves for to-morrow afternoon; but, you know, I do so try never to disappoint Ralph when he wants

my company, and I would not have him go down to Richmond on any account. That young Somers was such a bad friend for him, and Ralph is so easily led. It was a great grief to dear mother that he had taken up so much with several young fellows who were always enticing him to billiards and gambling, and giving him theatre tickets, and I promised her solemnly the day before she died that I would take her place as far as possible. Ralph loved mother dearly, though he often grieved her, and I am sure her words often stand between him and temptation now, though he would not own it. I have found, Florence, that I cannot fulfil my promise unless I set it before everything else, and so that is the reason that sick-visiting and missionary work has to come second, and I am found at a concert or an entertainment much more frequently than in visiting the poor or at a week-night service. You see, father and Ralph do not get on quite well together, and if Ralph gets into any trouble father is so stern with him. But Florrie," she added, softly, "I have never felt so happy in any service. God knows I would be willing, did He appoint, to carry His gospel, as I am so thankful you will do, to the distant heathen; but there is room for an Andrew, too, among His disciples, who bring not three thousand strangers, but one brother to Jesus. And it isn't in vain," she went on, "that I have given up something for Ralph's sake. I am sure I have a great deal more of my brother's love than falls to the share of most sisters, and he doesn't like me to know now if he goes anywhere, or joins any companions which would grieve me. I am always at his disposal in the evenings, so he can't very well keep his whereabouts a secret, and so associations which have been the first steps in the ruin of so many are gradually losing their influence, and being broken off."

"I have noticed," Florence replied, "that Ralph is very fond of music, and how your voice has improved, Nellie. You never learnt singing at school, and your practising was always such a burden to you."

"You must thank Ralph for that," said Nellie. "For the fact is, I never did care for music a bit, and should have dropped it entirely when I left school if I had taken my way, for father doesn't know a dance from a dirge, and you know I never had any ambition to shine in society. So all my spare time was spent over my easel and brushes, and, until the last year, I scarcely touched the piano. But now I can't afford to set anything aside that will help me to please Ralph; and, after a few months of most distasteful drudgery, I found that my much-abused music-mistress having laid a good foundation, I really could play very fairly, and, moreover, a few singing lessons revealed the fact that I had quite a powerful voice; and, do you know, Florrie, instead of a task, singing is a positive delight now; and though I shall never, of course, play brilliantly, none of the accompaniments of Ralph's songs or my own have baffled my powers at present."

"No, indeed, Nellie, nor are they likely to," said Florence. "I was astonished when first I heard you play and sing."

"So you see that is part of my 'mission,'" returned her friend, "just as it is yours to unravel the mysteries of some strange language."

The two girls joined Ralph at the Rose Show the following day, and greatly they all enjoyed it, for Nellie threw her whole soul into the admiration of the exquisite display just as she would have done into the planning of a charity garment, or the reading of a missionary letter, and Florence forgot the zenana working-party altogether.

While Nellie and Ralph were gone to Lady MacIvor's 'musical evening' Florence had a nice quiet time for writing home-letters. She told Phœbe Statham something of her friend Nellie's patient self-denial and faithful fulfilment of her sacred promise to her dead mother. "Just the work you would approve, Phœbe," she wrote, "and very good and proper, of course; but I am glad I haven't a brother like that to keep me from higher and greater work, and tie me down to music and visiting on his account. Having no such claims as these is in itself a call for me to the wide missionary-field. Nellie is so pleased that I am going to give my life to it."

Wider, more conspicuous indeed, might be the work Florence had chosen, but whether really "higher and greater" must be decided only by Him who said alike to the traders with the five and with the two talents, "Well done, good and faithful servant."

(To be continued.)

NEW MUSIC.

PATEY AND WILLIS.

A Shadow. Words by Adelaide Procter. Music by Arthur Sullivan.—These genuinely poetical verses have been set in a sympathetic spirit; both melody and accompaniment are worthy of the gifted composer.

Pack, Clouds, Away! Words by Thomas Heywood. Music by Jessie Botterill.—A very pretty and agreeable song; there is an originality of style about the music which will greatly aid its successful performance.

On the River. Words and music by Michael Watson.

Dearer than Life. Words and music by the same composer.—This prolific writer well maintains his reputation in the two songs before us.

Vieni, che poi sereno. Cavatina per contralto dell' Opera, *Semiramis.* Chr. von Gluck.—We are very pleased to see an old favourite so ably arranged, and so well adapted to the capabilities of our young rising vocalists; we would like to have a few more come under our notice. We recommend this cavatina to our readers.

Sister Agnes. Words by Harold Wynn. Music by Louis Diehl.—This is worthy of recommendation.

Spagnoletta. By Herbert Sharpe.—A pleasing pianoforte piece of a Spanish character.

THE LONDON MUSIC PUBLISHING COMPANY.

The Fisher-girl's Song. Poetry by J. C. Wollaston. Music by John E. West.—A well-written and charming song; the *arpeggio* accompaniment and change of keys is most effective.

A Proverb Song. Written and composed by W. E. West.—A simple little song, with a bright refrain in six-eight time.

METZLER AND CO.

Three Drawing-room Pieces for Pianoforte. Composed by J. Hoffman.

No. 1. Gavotte.
No. 2. Love Song.
No. 3. The Amazon.

"The Amazon," which we have before us, is a very showy, taking little piece, short enough to be easily committed to memory, and certain of appreciation if proper attention be paid to the carefully-marked expressions and time.

If we may take "The Amazon" as a specimen of the "Gavotte and "Love Song," we can most confidently recommend these drawing-room pieces to our young friends.

C. B. TREE.

The Tyrolese Valse. By H. Davan Wetton.—A well-marked melody, with good introduction. There is no difficulty for a moderately advanced reader of changing keys.

Clewthorne. Gavotte in B flat. By the same composer.—This is a spirited, bright gavotte, suitable for a more advanced pupil with a wider span, the chords requiring firmness and decision. The fact that this gavotte is in its tenth edition proves it to be a favourite.

Capital Polka. By Nicoli.—A very easily-arranged polka, fully realising its title; it is written in one flat.

The Electric Light. Schottische. By Frederick Croft.—Short and easy; written in the key of C, and quickly learnt.

Fédora. Gavotte. Composed by A. H. Harvey.

Claire de Lune. Schottische. By the same composer.

Two pleasing, moderately difficult pieces, repaying the learner for the time used as a recreation from more severe musical studies.

The Greenwood. Valses. By J. W. Robinson.—Four good waltzes with finale; well marked, and easily learnt.

Leave it all with Jesus. A sacred song. Words by J. N. Selman. Music by T. T. Smith.—We have great satisfaction in recommending this sacred song to our friends with soprano or mezzo-soprano voices. The tone of the words, as well as the melody of the music, render "Leave it all with Jesus" a graceful addition to our library of "sacred songs."

EDWIN ASHDOWN.

Sonata in F. For the pianoforte. By Edwin M. Lott.—An excellent study for small hands (for which it is expressly written), varied in its arrangement; carefully fingered, and interesting. We recommend this sonata to the patient and steady practice of our young friends who desire to become good pianoforte players, rather than the scrambling performers to whom we are frequently doomed to listen.

Marjorie. Maypole Dance. For the piano. By Louis Diehl.—A bright, sparkling little drawing-room piece. If played with understanding and attention to the most clearly marked expressions and fingering, it cannot fail to gain pleased listeners.

Floating. Barcarolle. By Barry M. Gilholy.—A smooth, quiet, andante movement, soft and dreamy. Not at all difficult; just the music for twilight.

Venice. Waltz. By W. F. Taylor.—A good and quiet easy waltz, written with an introduction and finale.

The Gondolier. Written and composed by Frank Austin.—The idea of the gondolier's song mingling with the pealing of the vesper bell is worked out pleasingly, the accompaniment being suitable and easily played.

The Rovers. Words by Miss Sarah Doudney. Music by Seymour Smith.—The song is written for a contralto voice; a pathetic tale, told as Miss Doudney is so capable of writing. The melody is telling and well harmonised.

A Sea Song. Written and composed by Frank Austin.—Another sailor's song, written for a baritone. Very easy and unpretentious.

Why do I Love Thee? Words by Charles Mackey. Music by Cécile Hartog.—A nice little song for soprano voice, with easy but not commonplace accompaniment.

By Celia's Arbour. Words by Thomas Moore. Music by W. Monk Gould.—The well-known words by Thomas Moore have been smoothly and pleasingly set to music within a moderate compass, with a nicely-written accompaniment.

THE BUERBRÆ GLACIER.

OUR TOUR IN NORWAY.

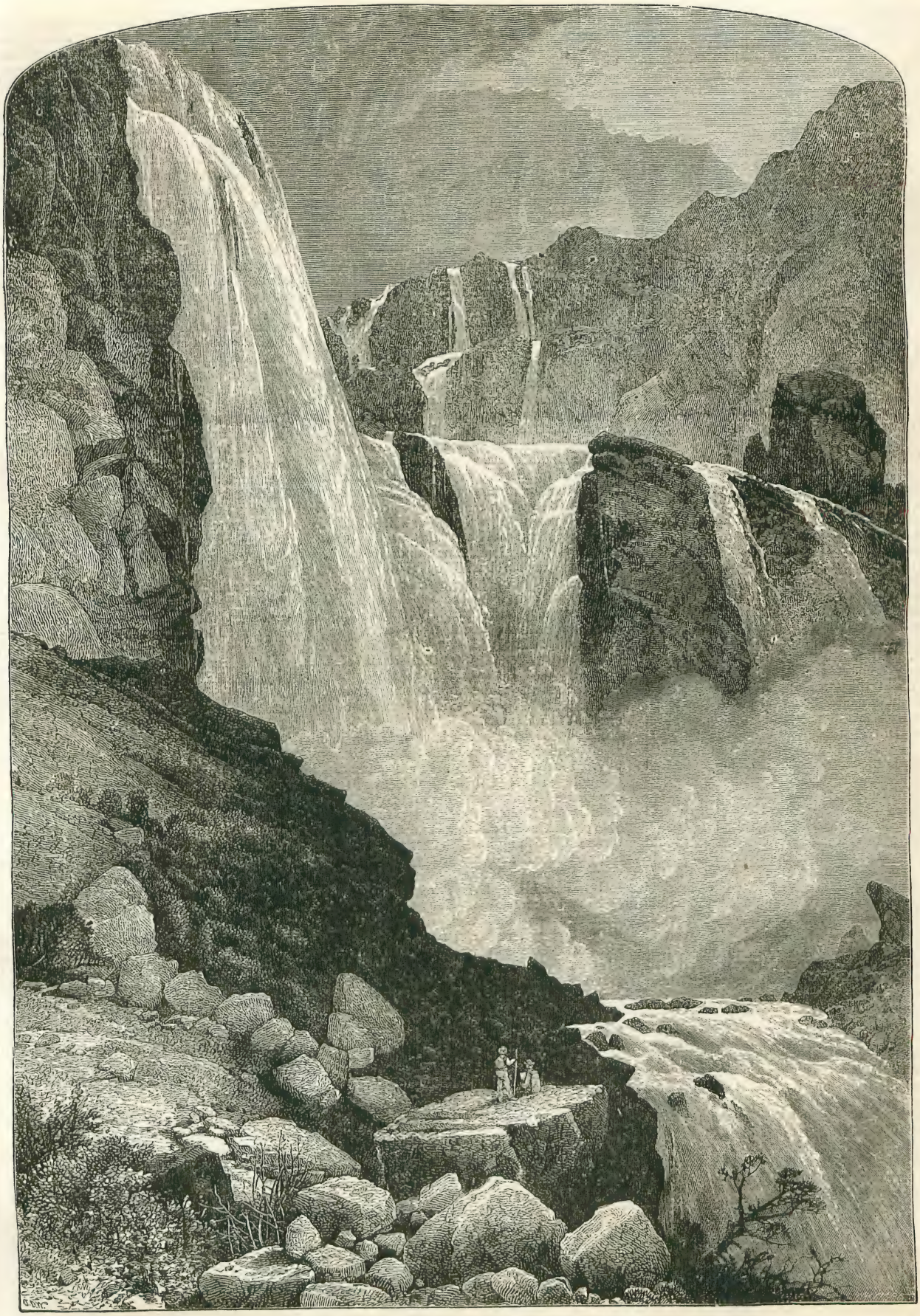
THE DIARY OF TWO LONDON GIRLS.

BUERBRÆ GLACIER, AND THE "RINGEDALSFOS" OR "SKJÆGGEDALSFOS."

Hardanger Hotel, Odde,
Sunday, July 13.

LOVELY and delightful day!

Awaking early, we walked to the pier, and the greensward beside the hotel, where the river dashes into the fjord, making melody sublime. We face the beautiful fjord, and the snow-tipped mountains rising from it on either side. Behind rise green hills. Nature is hushed. We indulge in silent rhapsody, and cull pansies, dog-daisies, harebells, forget-me-nots, and lovely grasses. Then breakfast in a cheerful room, where a long table groans with the weight of bread, biscuits, three kinds of cheese, dried lax, sardines, anchovies, and sausages. The maid offers fish, eggs, tea, and coffee. Not much time to waste after satisfying the cravings of hunger, for a charming and picturesque scene presents itself. Numberless boats full of peasants row up the fjord, and noble armies stream from the hills. There are matrons in their pure white, neatly crimped headgear, young girls fresh and buxom, with long plaits fastened with gay ribbons, in elaborate costumes. Scarlet bodices prevail, embroidered with gilt and coloured beads, and ingeniously wrought waist bands; white shirts and sleeves, and dark skirts trimmed with scarlet or gold braid. In church the



THE "SKJÆGGEDALSFOS" OR "RINGEDALSFOS."

women sit on one side, the old men and young boys on the other. They number about 500, many of whom have travelled twenty-five miles, and return the same distance. It is, indeed, a pleasant sight, which I think I shall never forget. Some are bowed with years, but they all come in humble piety and devotion to give glory to God. First, they assemble around the "high altar" (containing two huge candlesticks, a metallic receptacle for the host, and surmounted by a sort of painted shrine) to receive a preliminary blessing, or laying on of hands from their handsome, dignified, reverent priest, in his white surplice and Lutheran ruffle. A curious little man led the singing, which is not much beyond a weird-like monotone. He advanced to the chancel-steps, stood, drew himself up to his full height (which was not great), coughed, used his handkerchief, surveyed his congregation, and commenced. The ordinary Lutheran service followed, in which there is much singing, little reading of God's word, and little common prayer. Then followed a celebration of the "High Mass," when the auburn-haired and bearded priest wore a short crimson vestment embroidered with a large gold cross, and the congregation sang appropriate Psalms. Afterwards, the priest, without the vestment, went into the churchyard, and read in clear and solemn tones the burial service over a man who had been interred ten days. In the country there is never a second service, and the priest is only able to visit Odde once in three weeks.

The Lutheran Church retains much more both of the tenets and outward observances of the Romish Church than any other body of Protestants that separated from that communion. They have retained the vestments and a large portion of the ministerial authority, independently of the personal character of the priest. An English service was held in the drawing-room of this hotel, at which there were about thirty-six tourists. The knickerbockers and nailed boots sat just opposite us. The service was most solemn and impressive. Three clergymen who were on the "Lyderhorn" took an active part. All present joined heartily in the responses and singing, animated by an unanimous thrill of warmth and gratitude. My heart was full of conflicting emotions. How I yearned for mother and father with all those at home! I felt as if mother were really near. I hoped we should have a short sermon, and we did. The text was taken from the Psalms of the day, the seventeenth verse, "The chariots of God are twenty thousand, even thousands of angels: and the Lord is among them, as in the holy place of Sinai." These words seemed peculiarly significant, and in eloquent and poetical language the youthful preacher alluded to the beautiful and glorious scenes by which we were surrounded, and added that our thoughts should thankfully soar to God, "the giver of all good." That favourite hymn, "For those at Sea," concluded the service. The rushing water outside sang in unison with us, and all the earth gave praise. The peasants, during an interval in their own service, stood by the windows and listened attentively. We mingled with them again, talked to some, patted the children, and were much interested and amused. Many of the maidens and children were pretty, most of them very fair, with bright blue eyes. I think they all were good.

We dined at two, after which a walk was proposed. Arriving at the northern end of Sandven Vand we continued to Jordal, where a few peasants stood by the lake. From Jordal the road leads up Buerdalen, and most beautiful it is. Rocks and mountains on either side of a madly rushing stream, dashing against huge boulders or rippling sweetly on; blocks of granite clothed in moss and ferns; waterfalls, graceful trees, wild flowers, and ahead a greenish blue wall barring all further progress.

Kate had never seen a glacier, so I was glad of so golden an opportunity; the weather was perfect, and the colours of the ice truly gorgeous. Bennett says "the Buerbræ is the nearest to the sea of any in Norway, with the exception of the glacier of Jokelfjorden, and is advancing rapidly down the valley to the injury of the Buer Farm. Fifty years ago there was no glacier at this spot. It advanced ninety yards in 1870, and four yards during one week in the summer of 1871. The bottom of the glacier was in August, 1878, not much more than 1,000 feet above the level of the sea; in June, 1870, about 975 feet. In this month a tourist saw the end of this remarkable glacier visibly move, the rocks and earth at its base being pushed forward. At the same time there was a grinding noise, and a smell arising from the attrition of rocks. Attention has lately been drawn in *Nature* to the extreme scientific interest attaching to this glacier." The Rev. "Blossom" (this morning's preacher) walked with me, discoursing freely and enthusiastically of the blissful day we were having, and the lavish way in which Nature had regaled us. For some time we lingered on the rustic bridge, pensively admiring the beautiful scene, and enjoying the sweet twilight, wondering if in after years the twilight of our life would be gladdened and brightened by the remembrance of such delicious hours as these. I think it will. My heart constantly echoed the words of the Psalmist, "Oh, God! how wonderful are Thy works, in wisdom hast Thou made them all; the earth is full of Thy goodness." Most reluctantly did we leave the hallowed spot, and saunter gently and thoughtfully back to the hotel. As I was about to enter, a cheery voice greeted me, "I saw you cry in church this morning." It was the friend of the three ladies. I was rather ashamed, but it was useless to make any denial; thought-reader or not, he was evidently aware of my moment of weakness.

I feel so thankful we have arrived here in safety, and have passed our Sunday so happily. I trust God will guard and guide us all through. I cannot think what ideas of towns our little Norwegian friend, Signe, has. This is the simplest, quietest place imaginable; just three hotels, a church, and two or three small fishing huts. This hotel is charmingly situated, and has five pretty balconies wherein we can sit and overlook the fjord and mountains. Everything is particularly clean and comfortable. We have met a lady, with two sons and their friend, who have been staying here for a month, and are very satisfied. One is an artist, and he has painted a great deal, but says everything is on so grand a scale, he finds it very difficult to reproduce, and that the gloriously white foaming falls which are so magnificent in Nature would be too massive and stiff on canvas.

Monday, July 14.

A strong inclination this morning at our half-past six breakfast for mutton chops, but one egg each, with bread and nasty butter, had to suffice. I do not know what was up with "Paddy from Cork," but I met him scurrying downstairs clinging to a tin of sardines, and sundry hunks of bread. Kate and I wore our cotton frocks, as they are light and short, and do not impede locomotion like the blue serge dresses. We felt very excited, and were "well to the fore." We stood outside the hotel waiting for those who were to accompany us to the "Skedaddle-Fos," as some profanely termed it. The two guides, "Peter" and "Canute," were harnessed like beasts of burden with wraps, luncheon, and tea paraphernalia; the Rev. "Blossom" presented Kate and me each with stout sticks he had borrowed for us, and thus at half-past seven we left the shore in a big boat, a merry party of ten—Colonel and Mrs. Long, Mr. and Mrs. Cardiff, Mr. Temple, the Revs. "Blossom," Hulland, and Muggins, "Miss Blue Tam," and "Miss Red Tam" (our pseudonyms, we were told), "Peter" and "Canute." About one hour's row landed us at Tyssedal, and there we commenced to ascend.

How I wish I could convey the ever varying beauty and magnificence of that climb; rugged, severe, tranquil, grand; the rapid stream dashing, boiling, bubbling, savage with the massive and stupendous boulders that are in, but do not impede its course; broken and baffled, it angrily jostles by them, sweeps in foaming wrath scarcely a foot beneath the frail bridge that vibrates to its fury, and wildly bounding, roaring, casts its headlong waters into the seething cauldron below, where they boil up again in endless eddies, whirling round and round with them enormous trunks of trees unable to escape the perpetual torment; then, in some torpid lake, quiescent lie recruiting all their wasted strength, to frantically tumble and toss, fret and fume. Trees shorn of foliage, bold and ghastly; redolent fir and spruce; huge crests uprearing to heaven's vault; on we climbed, carefully assisted over treacherous and slippery slabs, ever and anon resting to revel in Nature's handiwork; and, unfortunately, to don mackintoshes for Plutus' baptism.

We were all drenched and ravenous when we reached the sœter at Skjœggedal. There were two wooden rooms, each containing a hay-bed. One room was used by the old woman and as a kitchen, the other was apparently kept for the reception of visitors. It contained the curious short wooden bedstead, a deal table, one chair, a bench, and the characteristic gaudily painted trunk embellished with names and dates, possibly the heirloom of centuries, and the receptacle of all the family relics. The good old hostess was much troubled by the sight of our wet garments, and enabled us to dry them by her stove.

Never did civilized beings partake of luncheon which had been carried for us by our guide in more unorthodox fashion. There was a strange medley on the table of roughly torn meat, (tinned), the inevitable sausage, lax, and brown goat cheese (which is sliced off like shavings of brown windsor soap), in sundry bundles of newspaper. Altogether not a very tempting repast this, prepared by Svend Tollefsen, so we banished the whole of it, and kept to our own small supply of tea, biscuits, Strasbourg meat, and tinned salmon. A richer feast in nobler state could not have pleased us half so well; all expressed themselves thoroughly satisfied and happy, and although we only first met on Saturday, we are on better terms than many who live close neighbours for three or four years. The idea of parting again is sad. Mrs. Cardiff was rather tired and hysterical; we were thankful we had our flask, its contents proving efficacious. We deemed the others thoughtless to go without. A row across a lake, into which poured some beautiful falls alone worth the journey, a walk of about half an hour, and we were on the gloomy Ringedalsvand, which is about 1,420 feet high.

Passing the graceful twin-falls of the Tyssestrœngene we approached with awe and wonder the transcendently magnificent Skjœggedalsfos, or more properly the Ringedalsfos. It is probably the grandest cataract in Europe, and some who have seen Niagara are of opinion that what the Ringedalsfos wants in volume of water, as compared with Niagara, it gains in the vast height of the Fos and the grandeur of the chasm into which it falls. Leaving the boat we clambered as closely as we could to the fall, and were deluged by the spray, which rises to a considerable height above the fall.

The wild flowers and ferns charmed us, and I mourned the absence of a blotting-pad. Our voices were scarcely audible in the thunderous roar of water. Gladly would I have lingered there, and I inwardly vowed that should an opportunity offer I would sleep one night at the sœter, and thus be able to devote hours to the admiration of this splendid Fos. As it was, time was on the wing, and we hurried back to the boats. Kate and the Rev. Muggins rowed on one bench, the Rev. Blossom and I on the other, singing lustily while the rain heavily descended. Mountains decked with snow which touched the black mysterious lake rose precipitous and wild.

More tea, and some good coffee roasted by our thoughtful and attentive hostess, regaled us at the farm, and with renewed energy we tripped homeward, giving vent to our exuberant feelings in snatches of song, "Long live the merry heart that laughs by night and day," and such like appropriate ditties. "Peter" was quite a "danger signal," and rapidly advanced at every slippery intricacy to give the ladies a helping hand.

There were a few tumbles, but luckily no one was hurt. We resolved another time to have our skirts much shorter; of course, our cambrics were soaked, but Mrs. Long, Kate, and I were thankful our garments were not heavy, while poor Mrs. Cardiff constantly bemoaned the weight of her thick serge.

The gentlemen could not understand that the backs of our skirts catching on projecting stones should propel us, till it was proved by practical demonstration. The happy day seemed of short duration, and yet, to our great surprise, it was ten o'clock before the boat at Tyssedal was reached.

"And from the silver lake,
Cradled in mountain-setting, echoing comes
With rippling music on the air, the splash
Of dipping oars; and voices deep and low,
Mingled with women's trebles, tuneful break
The evening silence!
Grand indeed it is
To be amid these mountain solitudes;
And yet there is a sense of rest and calm,
Soothing the spirit—stealing o'er the heart
Like the soft notes of an Æolian harp,
Falling like balm upon the troubled soul,
And making the most worldly man to feel
That there is over earth a higher heaven!"

Expenses to the Fos	kr.	ore.
Two sharing with six others.	5	40.

Odde, Tuesday, July 15.

Arose at six to go on the pier and bid adieu to Colonel and Mrs. Long. The stalwart pedestrians and Paddy from Cork were also on board; and a tinge of melancholy came over me as I stood on the pier and watched the steamer fade in the dim distance. We had been so happy yesterday; should I ever see them again? Kate rested till about ten, we were both tired and stiff, and the rain was an excuse to be lazy; so we sat in the top balcony and wrote home. Vain efforts to describe yesterday, but I knew how dear young Eleanor would appreciate everything, and wished heartily she could be with us. Flo, too, would like the fun could she ensure a "hansom" up to the Fos. After two o'clock luncheon we consulted Svend Tollefsen, who supplied us with a Stolkjœrre and Skydsgut.

The Stolkjœrre is a roughly constructed wooden conveyance for two, and the Skydsgut (or guide) was a bright looking boy about twelve, who either stood up at the back or ran alongside. Our "hest" (what we should designate a pony) was small and cream-coloured, with a tail that dragged the ground going down hill, and a hog-mane. At first the jolting was so terrific we thought of getting out, but it improved on acquaintance; although when we saw the condition of the road, and that to the Laathefos is only an easy walk of ten miles, we wished we had occupied a day in rambling. The road skirted the left bank of the Sandven Vand (sought by votaries of the gentle art), disclosing a fine view of the Folgefond Glacier, and the Hildalfos, a succession of falls about one thousand feet.

Amid gorgeous scenery are the beautiful Laathefos and Skarfos, and opposite them the Espelandfos. From some distance we beheld the spray wafting in the air, white and dazzling, then brilliant with various shades of lovely colour, a sweet relief to the sombre repose of the pine-clad hills. And in the valley, calm, clear lakes, with now and then a boiling, bubbling torrent, dashing and foaming, green and white.

We walked from the bridge, and arrived at the hotel in time for the seven o'clock dinner, at which there were forty people, principally English. One gentleman and two ladies had for two days waded knee-deep in snow. Another gentleman returned from the North Cape had taken photographs of "The Midnight Sun," just on the stroke of midnight, and expressed himself particularly gratified with the whole trip. The stewed reindeer was excellent, but the fish not fresh.

After dinner we repaired to the balcony, where the generous American, Mr. Forrest, ordered coffee for us all—his wife, Dr. and Mrs. Williams, Mr. Coalfield, Mr. White, and we two; and we sat there laughing till long after bedtime. Mr. Coalfield had some good jokes about "Paddy from Cork."

When "Paddy" reached Bergen, he was so pleased to find himself there, and almost fancied he must have dropped from the clouds. He had a heap of luggage, but neither map, guide book, nor the slightest notion of his whereabouts, so he simply joined the crowd, and came with us all to Odde. His one aim is to find a wife, as girls are so much nicer while travelling than they are at home. He admired a young lady on Sunday who left here yesterday, so he went away this morning to overtake her. Mr. Coalfield says "Paddy" will fall in love twenty times before he finds her. His luggage was very useful last night; four men had been drenched on their way from the Fos, and "Paddy" supplied each with a fresh suit of clothes, lamenting that not one of them had courage to wear his dress-suit. Mr. Coalfield explained the meeting I had with "Paddy" and the tin of sardines in this way. Four of them were getting into the boat preparatory to their visit to the Fos, and "Paddy" was seeing them off, when they asked him to join them, to which "Paddy" replied, "Shure, I should like to, but I've had no breakfast." They advised him to hurry and snatch something off the table, but they did not suggest to him to upset the oil over the boat and their trousers, which he ruthlessly did.

	kr.	ore.
Drive to Laathefos.....	5	0
„ Skydsgut		50

(To be continued.)

"AS EASY AS A B C;"

OR,

THE LETTERS OF THE ALPHABET.

When we desire to express the absence of all difficulty in a subject, the comparison which first comes into our minds as most convincing and unanswerable is that "it is as easy as A B C," yet it would be far more correct to say of a subject beset with difficulties, "it is as difficult as A B C."

Our alphabet, or A B C, is one of the many blessings used and enjoyed by us without our thinking to ask how it came into our possession, or how it sprang into existence; probably we have never pictured to ourselves the dilemma in which we should be placed without it. Still less have we considered the wonderful labour and intelligence of our forefathers which brought it to such perfection that we use it almost as naturally as we breathe.

Our lives with the alphabet and without it are two different conditions scarcely to be compared. Without it, how alone we should feel even in the midst of crowds, how difficult it would be to obtain knowledge and how impossible to express all our thoughts and desires!

The term A B C was first introduced by the Romans, whose schoolmasters taught the A B C, and not the *alpha beta*.

The word "alphabet" comes to us either from the Greek language, in which *alpha beta* are the first two letters, or from the Hebrew *aleph beth*, but the term embodies a number of symbols which convey to our eyes the sounds spoken by the people among whom we live.

Have you ever thought how wonderful it is that a few letters or characters should be sufficient for us to express all our needs, and even to understand the thoughts and aspirations of past generations? If so, you will readily understand how earnestly learned men of all ages and countries have striven to account for their origin. They are so marvellous in their power* that many consider them to be of Divine origin, and communicated by God Himself to Moses. Others, however, are of opinion that these symbols or characters were originally pictures or hieroglyphics, and in that form devised by Egyptians whose pictorial writing dates fully 3,000 years before Christ; and that the Phœnicians adopted these phonetic hieroglyphics, and improved upon them, though when and how this was done is difficult to determine; but we know, on good authority, that letters were used in Phœnicia 2,180 years B.C.

Again, it is an opinion firmly held, that the Greeks owe their alphabet to the Phœnicians, though there is no sign to indicate when they acquired this valuable gift.

It is interesting, in looking over the various hieroglyphical characters, to notice that the Egyptians wrote them in ink on papyrus with pen or pencil, while the Phœnicians traced them on thin tables of wood or bark of trees with a sharp pointed instrument.

A hieroglyphic is a pictorial representation of an object done in a rapid and easy manner; yet how difficult and complicated it would be for us to represent our ideas in this way! What time it would take, and how inadequate to represent the working of the mind!

Let us for a moment look into the method by which rude and uncivilised nations have striven to record their thoughts. It has been almost invariably by means of hieroglyphics or word-painting; but not until they have reached a certain point in civilisation have they even arrived at this. If they desired to represent a person weeping, they would give a rude outline of a human figure, an eye, and water. The sense of hearing would be described by a door and an ear; knowledge by a roll of papyrus; justice by an ostrich feather (the feathers of this bird being considered of equal length); force by an arm holding a stick. In dividing time, the moon represented a month; a palm leaf, a complete year, because the palm was thought to put forth invariably twelve leaves during the year. The soul was

* A great mathematician tells us that the various combinations of the twenty-four letters, without repetition, will amount to 620,448,401,733,239,439,360,000.

expressed by a heart, because that was considered the seat of life.

When Christianity was first introduced into Mexico the Lord's Prayer was reduced to hieroglyphics. The syllables forming the word "paternoster" were represented by a flag, a rock, and an Indian fig, the sounds for these coming nearest to the proper pronunciation of the word paternoster. The symbols, as you see, denoted sound, without regard to the original sense.

It is marvellous that hieroglyphics* in all their various stages, from rude outlines to elaborate representations, have been found in every part of the globe, thus showing that when a nation has reached a certain point in civilisation, it always attempts to record facts in a pictorial form rather than trust to memory.

Of course word-painting did not become perfect all at once, but gradually developed, according to the genius and improved civilisation of the nations who used it, for you will readily believe that where the object, the virtue, or desire had no existence among a people, there would be no representation of it; just as now, among some of the tribes of Africa, there is neither sound nor picture to represent goodness or kindness.

At first each figure meant exactly what it represented, whether it were of the sun, a lion, or a dog; but as men acquired knowledge, they tried to describe qualities, and then they used the figure of the sun to denote glory and warmth; that of the lion to express courage; and that of the dog, fidelity.

Of course, as knowledge increased, the pictures or signs would be so many as to prove unmanageable. Men then abridged the signs, using only so much of the figure as would express its species; for instance, a serpent would be delineated by a crooked line, like the letter S; and as ideas occurred for which it was difficult to conceive representations, it was found necessary to affix arbitrary signs.

An old writer says, "Men in their rude state had neither leisure, inclination, nor inducement to cultivate the powers of the mind to a degree sufficient for the formation of an alphabet; but when a people arrived at such a state of civilisation as required them to represent the conceptions of the mind which had no corporeal forms, 'necessity, the mother of invention,' would urge such a people to find out a more expeditious method of transacting their business and recording their events than by picture-writing, and would seek out some other that would be more comprehensive. These exertions would take place whenever a nation began to improve in arts, manufactures, commerce, and science, and the necessity arose of corresponding with people at a distance."

Now, however, comes the question of interest to us. How did we obtain the letters of the alphabet? What have they to do with hieroglyphics? How could one have produced the other?

It is quite certain that alphabetic systems grew out of pictorial ones, and probably in this way. We will suppose a language originally hieroglyphic, having certain characters, with definite meanings and sounds. In the course of time these characters would probably undergo so great a change that scarcely a trace of their original form would remain; they would most likely have become signs for certain sounds, first as syllables, then as letters; or it might have happened that a sign was found to represent the picture, and then this sign or abbreviation would supersede the picture itself.

For instance, suppose an eagle (*akhöm*) were taken to represent a certain sound, and the first sound of *akhöm* were *a*, then *a* and the bird would stand one for the other. Letters are, therefore, nothing more than marks for sounds, and it is their sounds and not their forms which give them importance. Formerly, every letter stood for a word, and as men's necessities and capacities grew, these underwent a change or modification, to suit the enlarged requirements. When the Greeks wanted a sign by which to express *psi*, they looked around them, and observing that the swift flight of an arrow produced the sound *ps* at the moment it sprang from the bow, they took the form of a bow and arrow for the sound modified into

The Greeks took a certain number of these abbreviations, expressing sounds, which were in use among their neighbours, and gave to them the term *Alpha Beta*.

This brings us to the fact that our letters are in reality the corrupted and abbreviated shapes of certain natural objects, however unlike they may seem to us.

It will not be necessary to give the whole alphabet, as a few examples will suffice to explain and give you an interest in our A B C, as well as prove to you that "Easy as A B C" is a phrase only.

A.

Egyptian hieroglyphic Hebrew

Hebrew *Aleph*, Phœnician and Greek *Alpha*. This letter is the first symbol of every European and Indian alphabet except one, and signifies an ox. It represents in its most ancient form the rude outline of the head of the ox, and was originally written with the top downwards, the cross being extended through the sides, and representing the ears, whilst the expanded part above the cross represented the horns. The ox with the ox-goad, that is, Al, signifies strength, beneficence, and fertility; and lastly, God, the object of worship.

B.

Egyptian hieroglyphic Hebrew

The signification of this letter in the most ancient languages is "house," and the form on the Phœnician monuments imitates rudely the figure of a "house." In the Æthiopic alphabet it resembles a tent that is propped up by one pole . In Syriac it looks like a modern Bedouin Arab's tent ; and in the Samaritan alphabet it is not unlike a rude outline of a house .

"And he (Jacob) called the name of that place '*Beth*-el,' that is the 'house' of God."

M

was originally formed rudely to represent the waves of the sea. It was apparently pronounced Moo, and in Phœnician this sound signified water. In ancient Greek *M* is thus formed . In ancient Hebrew thus .

In Phœnician it represents a trident . Thence may be inferred the origin of Neptune's emblem in heathen mythology as a trident.

In whatever language we find this letter it is evidently a sign signifying water.

G

is the distorted head of a camel, and

D

is that of an ancient door or entrance into a tent, and in like manner every letter has its history.

It may interest you to see how the word Klopatra was originally written. Begin at the top and omit the *e*, as the Egyptians did not use that letter.

The triangle, or kne	.. ..	K
The lion, or labo..	.. ..	L
The noose	.. .. ..	O
The mat, or pu	.. .. ..	P
Eagle, aköm	.. .. ..	A
Hand, tot..	.. .. ..	T
Mouth, rho	.. .. ..	R
Eagle, aköm	.. .. ..	A

The egg and semicircle merely show it is a woman's name, and the enclosure denotes royalty.

Should you desire to pursue this study, you could not do better than consult Humphrey, Astle, and Fick.

* The term *hieroglyphic* was first applied by the Greeks to the Egyptian mode of writing.

THE MOUNTAIN PATH.

By LILY WATSON, Author of "Within Sight of the Snow," &c.

CHAPTER XVIII.

"I AM perfectly furious!" declared Adela; "I never was so insulted in all my life before!"

The time was the afternoon succeeding Oswald's disclosure to Helen; the place was the morning room at Hill Crest, where Helen sat patiently arranging artificial chrysanthemums upon an evening dress belonging to Adela. That young lady had just entered, robed, out of compliment to the late Mr. Thorne, in a suit of delicate half-mourning grey, with feather trimming. Aunt Maria had been accompanying her upon one or two visits, *vice* Helen, who was busy on the gown, and the good lady's face, alarmed and round-eyed, framed in a bonnet of

portentous grandeur, appeared over her niece's shoulder.

"What is the matter?" inquired Helen, looking up from the chrysanthemums.

"Matter, indeed!" cried Adela, sinking into a chair, while Aunt Maria deposited her substantial form in another.

"We have been calling on the Travers Wilsons, those horrid people, where there are so many daughters, and the mother is so jealous of me; but I couldn't put off the visit any longer. Well, Mrs. Wilson said after a minute or two—

"'What terrible news this is about the poor Thornes! so unexpected, too. It must be a great shock to you.'

"I thought she meant Mr. Thorne's death, and replied accordingly, but at last she spoke plainly, and said that Mr. Thorne had died worth scarcely anything, because he had been speculating, and that they were almost reduced to beggary. She pretended she supposed I knew, or she wouldn't have mentioned it, and so forth. Of course I knew she had invented it, so I put on a very haughty air, and informed her she must be mistaken. She declared that everyone was talking about it; but I knew what her 'everyone' meant, and I requested her to contradict any such vulgar gossip if she heard it again. Then we came away."

"I was so uncomfortable," chimed in poor Aunt Maria, "it give me such a turn I didn't know what to do."

"You might have helped me to put her down," cried Adela; "that is what you ought to have done."

"I was so taken aback, my dear," pleaded Miss Gascoigne, "and she did seem so positive."

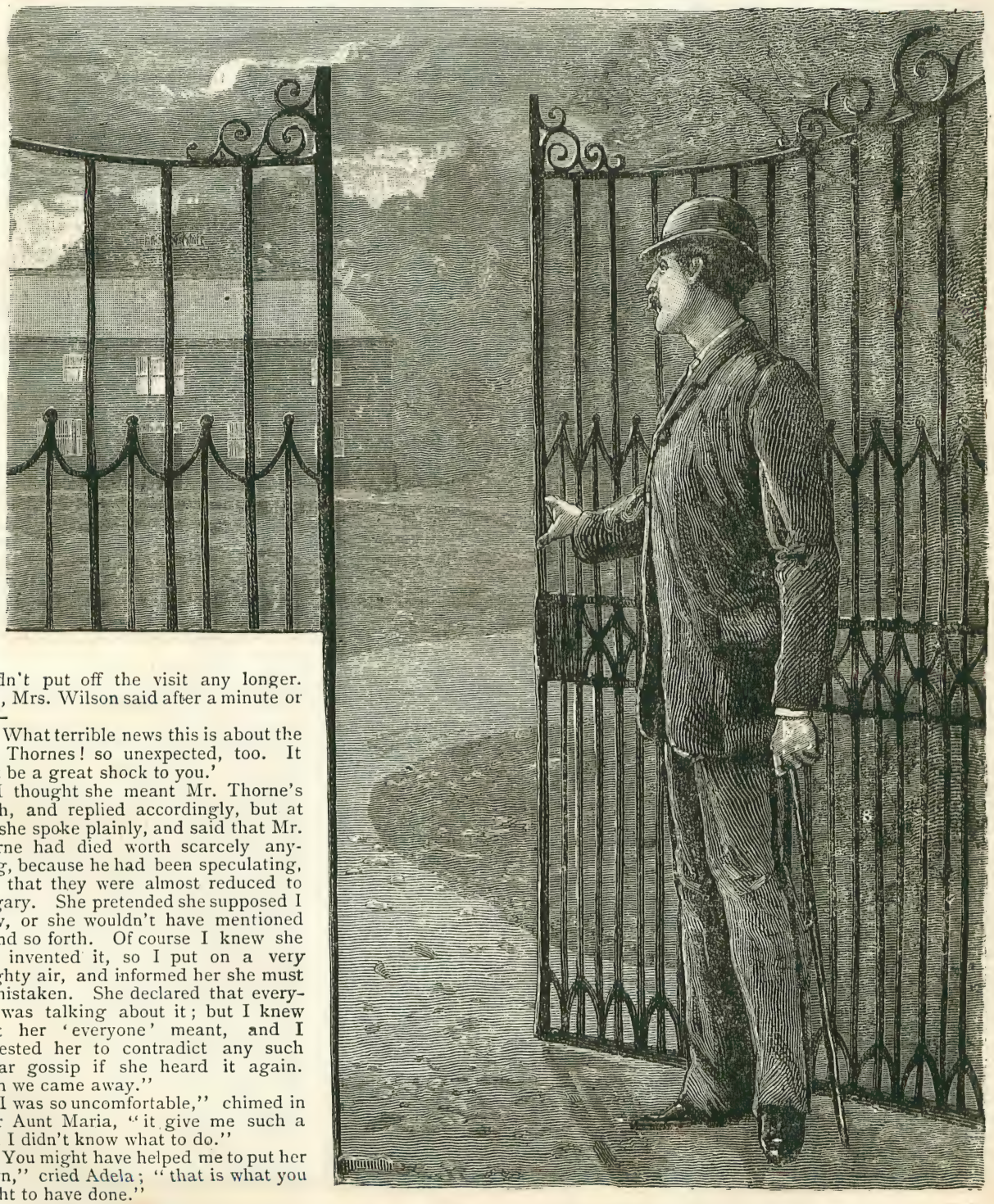
"Of course she did! those common people always do. I never heard such abominable effrontery."

Helen was in agonies. She dreaded lest she should be compelled to reveal the truth in answer to some direct question from Adela, and she dared hardly look up from the delicate fabric in her lap. But to her intense relief Adela talked on without expecting any reply, abusing Mrs. Travers Wilson to the full, and suddenly leaving the subject to inspect the way in which Helen was arranging the flowers.

"That large spray ought to be a little more to the left of the bodice," she declared, with her head poised on one side. "You have really very good taste. I suppose it is because you are so fond of drawing and that sort of thing."

Helen thought there might be some connection between the facts.

"Aubrey can't bear me to wear artificial flowers at all," continued Adela;



"AND PAUSED TO LOOK BACK."

"but he won't be here when I wear this dress, so it doesn't matter. Your artistic education is proving very useful."

"To have studied and practised drawing in order to help to dress you; a noble end, truly, of my work!" thought Helen, rebelliously, but she rebuked herself immediately afterwards for the unkind and satirical comment. Adela chattered on for a few minutes longer, and then quitted the room, leaving her companion much agitated, and looking forward expectantly, yet dreadingly, to the evening, when Oswald was to reveal his changed circumstances to his betrothed.

"What difference can it make to her?" she asked herself over and over again. And yet the conviction grew upon her that it would make a very great difference. Oswald Thorne, the son of the prosperous well-to-do manufacturer: Oswald Thorne, the son of the ruined speculator—these were two different personages, or were likely to prove so, in Adela's eyes.

The evening came; the well-known ring at the bell was heard, and Oswald was shut up with Adela. Helen could not rest, and wandered away into the garden with a warm Shetland shawl drawn over her head. A fresh gusty wind was blowing; clouds drifted swiftly over the great vault of heaven, and the moon appeared from time to time riding high in blue untroubled space behind the hurrying wrack. Helen courted the rough night wind; the trees lifted their bare arms like giant skeletons around her, and the dead leaves rustled under her feet. How different it was from the summer loveliness of the place as she had known it first! yet it accorded better with her mood to-night than if the softest zephyr had wooed the scent from countless roses, and sighed through luxuriant foliage. Change, distress, clouded her horizon. She lived much in the lives of others, and was strangely stirred by the events of the past few weeks. Yet what could she do to help or comfort her friends?

It grew late; Helen did not wish to excite remark or occasion inconvenience by lengthening her night ramble, yet she felt as if she could not enter the house till Oswald had left it. Had he gone yet? She had heard no footfall through the soughing of the wind, but she dared not delay longer. As she came in sight of the lighted house on the hill, the quick closing of a door struck upon her ear, and a rapid tread that she recognised crunched down the gravel. Helen had crossed the small park, and was near the drive that led to the gates. The moon was just then shining through a rift in the clouds, and she knew escape from a meeting with Oswald would be impossible; it would look absurd to turn and flee across the open grass, and she would go quickly on her way; he need not greet her by more than a word unless he chose. So with a beating heart she hurried on, and met him, as with hat pulled down over his eyes he strode along. She would have passed him with a mere "Good-night," but he started and stopped.

"Is that you, Helen?" Was it Oswald's voice; so strangely altered? "Stay a moment." And taking her hand he stepped aside from the gravel drive upon the grass.

"It is late; I must go in."

"You may as well give me a few minutes, for I shall never see you here again."

"Oswald! what do you mean?"

"It is all over, Helen. Adela has sent me away. I shall never, never see her any more."

"You cannot mean it—there is some misunderstanding——" Helen ejaculated. "She could not be so cruel."

"Cruel! no, there is no cruelty about it; all is perfectly sweet and decorous. For some little time she has felt that we were scarcely suited to one another; she does not think she is fitted to make me happy—and so on. What an idiot I have been to think she cared for me!" Oswald broke out, savagely. "I don't know the ways of women; I believed in her——"

"Don't judge all women by one," Helen's sweet, firm voice broke in upon his frenzy. "If it be indeed as you say, she is not worthy of your love, and it is better you should lose her. But are you sure she meant it—is it not only a whim, or done in pique? She was told of the change of affairs this afternoon by Mrs. Wilson, and would be angry to find she had put herself in the wrong by contradicting it so decidedly."

"Yes, I know all that!" cried Oswald, "it was one chance the more against me; but it didn't alter the result. To think of all I have believed——"

And Oswald broke into a wild outburst of disappointment, mortification, and bitterness, which it would not be profitable to write down, but which Helen listened to in silence. When a man has been deceived in the character of the woman he loves, his enlightenment is not a pleasant thing to see or to hear of. It is true the depths of Oswald's nature had never been stirred by Adela, yet her piquancy and prettiness had fascinated him; he was very fond of her, and the awakening from the dream was a bitter one.

Helen let him rave on without interruption, as she paced by his side.

"I shall never say a word of what I've said to you to-night, to anyone," he cried at last. "I shall tell them at home the thing is ended by mutual consent; and then I shall go."

"Go! where?"

"Oh, anywhere; I don't know. I think I shall go abroad for a year or two; do what I can with myself; go to the bad very likely."

"You will not!" cried Helen, with spirit. "That is a wretched thing to do or to say—to fling yourself away just because a woman has disappointed you! I know you are worth more than that."

"I can't stay here, at any rate; I shall go abroad," repeated Oswald.

"And what shall you do abroad?"

"Amuse myself," laughed he bitterly.

"Why don't you go up to town and work?" said Helen, courageously. "That is the sensible thing for you to do. Go back to London and work at your profession; get your diploma; that will take up your attention from the freaks of women, and make you of some use in the world."

Although Helen was terribly sorry for Oswald, she felt that it was not a bad thing for him to be roused, in his present desperate, bitter mood, even though it were by counter-irritation, and she dared not lose the opportunity of saying what she did.

He turned half-savagely upon her, and told her he believed women were all alike unfeeling; how could she speak so lightly?

"I don't speak lightly; I am more sorry for you than I can say. But out of this trouble great good may come. Don't stay any longer in the warm, indolent valleys, Oswald; take the Mountain Path, and breathe the fresh air of the heights; *that* will help you."

Before Oswald could reply she was gone; running swiftly towards the house, while he, poor fellow! infuriated, disappointed, bewildered by all that had happened, stood on the grass and watched the light figure vanish through the shrubs in the flower garden. The hall door opened, closed behind her, and all was still. With a deep sigh he strode away toward the gates of the avenue, and paused to look back at the dim low building with its lighted windows here and there, the dusky flower garden, the vague expanse of the park. "Must I leave thee, Paradise?" the words surged up in the poor fellow's heart as he looked at the place where he had enjoyed such intense delight for a little while. Now all was changed, and he was going forth, an outcast, into the dark, cold, bleak world: driven from his short dream of happiness. For a little while he stopped and gazed; then the gate clanged behind him, and with set teeth he marched away down the road, never again to enter the portals of Hill Crest.

Poor Oswald! abandoned, disappointed, mortified, his thoughts on that desolate autumn evening would have wrung pity from anyone who could have read them all plainly. To the young it always seems as if some strange thing has happened when trouble first comes to them. The order of the world is somehow altered; things can never be the same any more; the whole outlook upon existence is changed. So Oswald felt as he threaded the long downhill path to The Woodlands; yet in his misery he resolved he would not speak one harsh word of Adela to his mother or sisters, but would give them to understand the severing of the engagement was by mutual consent.

This indeed was true, in a sense. Even a girl so devoid of heart as Adela would scarcely have deliberately thrown aside her lover in the time of his bereavement and loss. But when Oswald told her the news, he marked her change of countenance; she could not reply with evident sincerity that it would "make no difference" to their relationship; the truth that she scarcely would have uttered he read upon her brow, on her faltering lips, and in her averted eyes; and when he declared that all was over between

them, she tried to justify the secret feeling of relief in her own heart by the platitude as to their mutual unfitness, which had so keenly exasperated Oswald.

To do her justice, it was not merely the news about Mr. Thorne's circumstances that had decided her; although to anyone so fond of social approval and admiration it would have been impossible to continue an engagement with a man who was the mark for pity and comment. Adela had already wearied a little of her engagement; it was very delightful while it was fresh, but now she wanted something new, and was growing slightly impatient because she fancied Oswald required qualities that she did not possess. So she felt it was "all for the best," and solaced herself with that view of the matter, in the midst of the regrets that chased one another across her volatile brain.

Aubrey had returned to town, of which she was extremely glad, for she felt instinctively he would be angry with her. Of Helen's disapproval she was also certain, and as she could not endure anything but approbation, tacit or outspoken, she resolved to go away for a few weeks and pay a long promised visit to an old schoolfellow in Scotland.

"Mr. Thorne and I have resolved to break off our engagement," announced Adela the next morning to Helen in a distant voice, as who should say: "You are not to intrude any comments or remarks of your own."

"I met him in the park, and he told me so."

"Oh! then I need not tell you that it is quite by mutual arrangement."

No answer.

"We have not got on at all well lately," said Adela, waxing more candid. "I do not think we are really suited for one another."

"I thought you considered he had saved your life," rose to Helen's lips, but the sentence was relegated to the lumber-room of sharp unspoken speeches that she kept in her brain—fortunately for their intended recipients.

"But it is extremely awkward for me to stay here. So I have written to my old schoolfellow, Miss Fairfax, in Edinburgh, offering to pay her my long-promised visit at once. If she consents, as of course she will, I shall go next week. I feel that I need rest and change," concluded Adela, with a martyred air, glancing in the mirror to see if she looked pale.

"I think you are very wise." Helen was considering that perhaps this would prevent Oswald from rushing away.

"And although of course you don't want a holiday yet—for you have only been with me four months—you can go home if you like," said Adela, graciously. "Aubrey will be coming down to give his ridiculous lecture at the Broadrain room, and Aunt Maria can invite some stupid old person to keep her company. So I think you had really better be away."

"Adela, will you tell me frankly: do you think I had better leave you altogether? I know sometimes I vex you, and perhaps you have found out that *we* are not suited for one another."

Helen was looking gravely and steadfastly at Adela, who opened her blue eyes with a stare.

"Leave me! certainly not. I could not spare you at all. You are such a help in teaching me Italian—and doing up my dresses—and arranging my flowers—and the drawing, too—oh no, you must not think of it. If it is a question of salary——"

But here Helen stopped her, declaring that it was a question of nothing of the sort.

"You are not meek, of course," naïvely continued Adela, "but I don't mind that. We don't always agree, as I said once before, but you suit me very well. I daresay you think I am a wretch about Oswald."

"Please don't talk about that," Helen interrupted. "You know he has been like a brother to us so long that I cannot discuss his affairs as if he were a stranger."

"Well, I could convince you that I am right," said Adela. "I wish Aunt Maria would not be so stupid. She has been crying about it all the morning till her face is perfectly disfigured. She might consider my feelings a little, I think. However, one makes mistakes sometimes, and this engagement of mine has been one. If I had had a mother, I daresay I should never have entered upon it."

The little creature sighed, and Helen felt moved, as she always did at once, when Adela referred to her motherless condition.

"So you will come back after your holiday, Helen? Remember I have no mother; don't desert me." And Helen, putting her arm round Adela's shoulder, promised to return.

But for all that, when she gained the quiet solitude of her own room at night some words rang in her ears from "Lady Geraldine's Courtship," and she felt Oswald might with truth have echoed them:

"'Tis a picture for remembrance.
And thus morning after morning
Did I follow as she drew me by
the spirit to her feet.
Why, her greyhound followed also!
dogs—we both were dogs for
scorning—
To be sent back when she pleased
it, and her path lay through the
wheat."

(To be continued.)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MISCELLANEOUS.

E. L. S.—"Dower'd with the hate of hate and the scorn of scorn," is from Alfred Tennyson's "Poet."

Annie S.—Of course, the injured eye must be taken out in order to put the glass eye in; but the glass eye does not, we believe, need taking out every day.

Semper Idem.—Your sister and yourself could go alone, of course, if your mother approved in both cases.

A Belfast Reader writes a dreadfully careless letter, and in reply we can only advise her to consult a doctor.

Madge Hall.—The climate of Winnipeg is extremely cold in winter, and hot during the summer months.

Aunt Angelina.—Of course, she and her children have a claim on their respective husband and father. She should consult the nearest magistrate how to proceed against him.

Ada.—The duties of a housekeeper are various, and differ respectively in many houses. Generally, however, she pays servants and engages them, pays accounts and orders stores, oversees the work of all the servants, and orders the meals. The salary, too, is varied from £30 to £50. Sometimes a sitting-room is provided for her, which is also the linen and preserve room. All arrangements should be carefully made before entering.

Industrious Girl.—Iron tramways owe their origin to an engineer named Outram. Towards the close of the eighteenth century he constructed such wheel-tracks in connection with mines and collieries in the North of England. But wooden lines were of still earlier origin, and were employed at Newcastle upwards of two centuries ago. These were improved upon about the year 1765, when cross-sleepers were laid under longitudinal lines of wooden planks, raised above the level of the road to enclose the wheels, the latter being furnished with a projecting rim. Two years later a cast-iron rail was substituted for the wooden way.

Rector's Daughter.—We thank you for the recipe which you found so efficient in stopping a severe bleeding from the nose:—"Take some cotton wool and steep it in tincture of arnica, and plug the nostrils with it," the result having been that in five minutes the bleeding ceased, which had defied all other means adopted during a period of two hours. It was prescribed by a doctor.

Interrogator.—Bear in mind that we are not saved by our works, by our love, nor by anything save the sacrifice of our Saviour. Accept your redemption and the forgiveness of all your sins on His terms. Your faith in Him may be small "as a grain of mustard-seed," your love like the "dull, cold smoking flax," your inconsistencies many, yet, casting yourself on your Saviour's mercy, recognising your own deficiencies, striving against them, and praying for His grace persistently day by day, be comforted, for you are in the right path. *His Spirit has led you* to desire to serve Him. As to the other minor matters concerning certain modes of recreation, etc., God-fearing people are divided in their opinion about them, and each must decide for herself.

Agnes Annie.—There is no legal claim you can bring against a young man, not of age, for declining to fulfil a promise of marrying you. He was not old enough to know his own mind, and the "Goosey goosy gander" came to his senses before it was too late. As girls are grown up sooner than boys, you, at least, ought to have known better, too young, as you are, to marry.

Sister Bessie's letter interested us greatly, and she and all her family have our sincere sympathy in the grievous affliction with which they have been visited. We reciprocate all your kind wishes most heartily, and rejoice to think that our paper has been of use, and in any degree a comfort to you all, from our reader of seven years old to the venerable grandmother of ninety!

M. B.—A sufferer from flat feet should stand as little as possible, and avoid walking so as to cause continued distress and pain. If there be inflammatory action, occasioning much aching, the feet require surgical treatment. Under other circumstances a course of regular exercises may improve them—such as standing on tip-toe, and allowing the heels to descend slowly, then rising slowly and descending again, while keeping the knees straight. This should be done till weary, several times daily. You should also walk about at home on tip-toe, with the knees straightened, whenever you can, and place a genuine steel spring in the instep of your shoes, to support the feet. A surgical instrument maker would supply you with one.

Minetta Rennie.—1. There is much of nutriment in sugar, yet it is more or less injurious to persons of certain habits of body and diseases. If you suffer from acidity in the blood, or of the stomach, sweet things should be avoided as much as possible. 2. We make no difference between the English and Scotch whatever, nor does it matter to us to what nationality our girls belong; we are equally interested in all.

Ivy.—You are suffering for your indiscretion and lack of filial respect and confidence. You ought to have obtained your parents' permission long ago to take walks with a man, however respectable. You had no right to "take French leave" in so serious a matter. Sheltered under their roof, and eating their bread day by day, so compromising a course of action should not have been concealed from them. Had they been aware of the intimacy and consented to it, it would have been their business, not yours, to inquire into the man's intentions. Now you will have to withdraw from his society and decline walking with him. Make excuses, and when asked for an explanation, say that you cannot continue to make yourself an object of remark, having no reasonable excuse to make for such an intimacy, and that you can no longer make any secret of it from your parents. He will then say what he means.

Hawthorn Blossoms.—We order articles and serial stories, when we require them, of our own staff of experienced writers. Amateur stories would not suit us, so we are not disposed to "buy tales," as you express it. The "Lady's Journey to Texas" began March 10, 1883.

VALENTINE'S DAY

By HELEN MARION BURNSIDE.

THE little birds, awaking
Amongst the ivy leaves,
Their nests are making, making,
Along the cosy eaves;
And in the tangled grasses
New buds and bells are born,
Meet gifts for lasses, lasses,
From true love's hands this morn.

True love, whose sweet beguiling
St. Valentine allows—
Oh, maidens, smiling, smiling,
O er lovers' gifts and vows,
May true love fail ye never;
For where its spell is flung
The heart for ever, ever,
Is strong, and glad, and young.

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

VOL. VI.—NO. 269. FEBRUARY 21, 1885. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

"'OH, MR. GASCOIGNE! I AM SO GLAD TO SEE YOU.'"

THE MOUNTAIN PATH.

By LILY WATSON, Author of "Within Sight of the Snow," &c.

CHAPTER XIX.

"IT is almost worth while to have been away, for the pleasure of coming home again!" Thus spoke Helen, as, with new delight in her deep blue eyes and a smile of gladness on her face, she sat in the drawing-room at St. Martin's Close. Her mother, father, and brothers were around her, and her sisters did not seem to enjoy the reunion any the less for the fact of having recently seen her at Heatherbridge.

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There was now another member of the family circle to welcome her; for Amy Paget was nestling beside her friend. Although the time was short since she left home, she was already very different from her former self. Her dull despondent mien was transformed into an air of bright, shy happiness; her nervous laugh was gone; her stooping shoulders were drawn upright, and the hideous purple merino gown was replaced by a pretty soft Indian silk, made with severe simplicity and falling in graceful folds. A spray of red berries and ivy at her throat showed a thoughtfulness for appearance that was a new feature in her case.

Yes, Amy was happy, because all her energies were employed in congenial labour. The small rooms formerly tenanted by Oswald were now hers, and she worked hard in the light, little study looking upon the Close when she was not in attendance at the School of Art, where she was making fair progress. Maggie had taken the girl under her special protection, and her wise counsel and care had already done wonders. Mrs. Brooke, too, felt very kindly disposed towards the shrinking gentle creature, and there was every reason to hope that the arrangement would prove satisfactory for all concerned in it.

Maggie took Amy to see "Bobby of the Polygon" and others of her poor friends, for she knew well that a self-centred life, even though it be a busy one, is not of the highest type. She, therefore, seized every possible opportunity of interesting Amy in the joys and sorrows of the humble folk around, and more than one home was brightened by the substantial help as well as the sympathy of the rich merchant's daughter. This kind of work had been almost unknown at Briarfield, because the people were too well off to need assistance or visiting; but here it was another matter, and the store of latent sympathy and kindness in Amy's heart was becoming developed by use. For in this sense it is most true that—

"To him that hath, shall be given."

Thus, on all sides, the girl's nature was finding needed breadth and expansion, and hers bade fair to be a very sweet character, not one of unusual strength or power, but of womanly gentleness and unselfish helpfulness. As she sat on this first evening beside Helen, the latter could not feel sufficiently thankful for the transformation that had begun.

"How will the Broadrain Institute—St. Martin's Club, I mean—get on without you?" inquired Lilian.

"Oh, it won't be for long, and Mr. Gascoigne's lecture is the next thing. There will be a great crowd to hear that."

"How curious he is!" said Maggie, musingly. "And yet he talks very good sense, sometimes."

"He is thoroughly kind, and beneath his affectation has a great deal of knowledge," replied Helen.

"I shall never forget how frightened I was when he looked at my drawings!" exclaimed Amy. "He did lecture me so! But I remember every word he said."

The evening passed on in pleasant chat, not worth recording, and towards its close Lilian and her brother played Gounod's "Meditation on Bach's Prelude," for piano and violin. It was a fitting strain for the evening hour, that lovely reverie with its legato accompaniment, and the sweet, pure melody appealing, as it seems, in prayer. It is arranged as an Ave Maria, but it is a fit vehicle for the devotion and soul-uplifting of worshippers of any creed.

"Let us have something, Lily, of the same kind before we say good-night," pleaded Helen. "Remember I have had scarcely any music for a long time."

"Why, you said Miss Gascoigne was musical!" cried Herbert.

Helen started. "Oh, yes, she has a very good voice, and has been well-taught in a certain school, but she sings nearly all Italian operatic music."

"Well, that is *music*," insisted he.

"Yes, of course, but it isn't my kind; it isn't what rests and helps me. That brilliant style never touches me."

"'Lascia ch'io pianga;' what do you say to that? *that* is Italian, and from an opera."

"Ah! but Handel is different; of course that air is sublime, but it is as far as possible removed from the usual character of Italian operatic music."

"I think you are getting rather mixed, and had better stop," said Herbert, mischievously.

Meanwhile Lilian had placed Beethoven's andante in A in front of her, and began. Soothing and enchanting is the beautiful theme with which it opens; it speaks of rest and hope, and subsides into comforting completeness.

Yet the sweet untroubled serenity does not last; there is a season of conflict and discord approaching; the lovely air seems lost in the crash of stern chords and the wail of a minor cadence.

But the resolution comes at last, and with a deeper beauty, born of suffering, the soul-entrancing melody recurs and the "andante" dies away in peace.

"That reminds me of what we were saying one summer evening," said Helen. "There is always this conflict in Beethoven's music. He does not take easy views of life."

"No, because life is not an easy thing to anyone who lives truly," said Maggie. Perhaps she had once passed through a storm of inward conflict; but if so, it was known only to herself.

"It is through suffering that the highest happiness can be gained, after all," said Helen. "The indolent, easy life misses a great deal."

Helen thought of Oswald as she spoke, and wondered sadly what he was doing at the time. Had he listened to her words about the "Mountain Path"?

Is the metaphor an obscure one? Listen—

The traveller in Switzerland knows well how easy it is to march along the valleys with the mountains stooping to his feet and sending their glaciers and cataracts down for his delight. But, when ascent begins of the mighty wall that bounds the vale, the task at times becomes almost repellent in its severity. The muscles are strained and weary; the feet grow tired; the heart in its impetuous beating throbs as though it would fly away from its prison, and as the rugged track is painfully trodden step by step, the summit of the mountain seems infinitely far, and never worth the pains.

Yet, when the toilsome steep has been ascended, how is it with the traveller then? New life is bounding through his brains, new rapture is in his eye. Before him stretch the white wonders of the everlasting hills; the valleys, slopes, and pinnacles of driven snow rising above the clinging forests and sending down those torrents that "fill the hills with hollow thunder and the vales with winding light." He sees "the valley and the mountain bend to each other like the trough of the sea; with the flank of the one swept in one surge into the height of heaven, until the pine forests lie on its immensity like the shadows of narrow clouds; and the hollow of the other laid league by league into the blue of the air until its white villages flash in the distance only like the fall of a sunbeam." Add to this supreme vision the glow of health that thrills along every nerve, making the very fact of existence an unspeakable joy, and who shall say that the Mountain Path is not the best?

So it is with life: the noblest delight of being, the highest views of the Divine, are not gained by the contented dweller in the lowlands of ease and self-indulgence, but by the traveller who takes the toilsome path that leads upward—upward ever.

The recollection of the troubles of her friends formed the only bitter drop in Helen's cup of happiness during her stay at home. Absence had made the dear place more dear and charming; it had softened down any little asperities that once caused friction, and showed them in their true infinitesimal proportion; while the habit of being constantly at the beck and call of one to whom she owed her time and attention, gave fresh delight to the sense of freedom.

Helen went on the second day of her holiday to see Bobby, and was delighted to find he remembered her. He welcomed her, indeed, with a decided unbending from his customary solemnity.

"Did you eat mine donkey?" he inquired.

"No, darling. I liked it too much to eat. I keep it as a treasure. If I ate it, it would be all gone."

Bobby pondered over this view of the case for some time, and finally nodded approval.

"Where's the doctor-man?" was his next question.

"Whom does he mean?" inquired Helen of Mrs. Wright.

"Oh, the kind young gentleman, miss, that you sent him."

"No, indeed, Mrs. Wright, I did not send him."

"Well, miss, the one that came, and gave us a sovereign after he had seen to Bobby's eyes at St. Jerome's Hospital.

Bobby never forgets him; he had a kind way, like, with children."

"Me wants to see him aden," proclaimed Bobby.

Helen was delighted at the evident improvement in the little fellow, and spent some time with him, trying to teach him his letters from a box of A B C bricks she had brought with her. The task was more successful than she dared hope, and as her pupil mastered each letter, she presented him with the gay wooden square bearing a picture on one side and the letter on the other. When she bade Bobby farewell, he was the proud possessor of four such bricks, and she promised to come again with the rest another day.

"If I can't finish teaching him his alphabet before my holiday ends, you must do it, Amy," she said. And Amy, who would have done anything to please Helen, eagerly promised that she would take up the work in her spare time.

But Helen's holiday was destined to be a longer one than she expected.

Week after week passed by, and no summons came to return to Heatherbridge. Neither was there any news from the Thorne family. There was no one who would be likely to feel it a special duty to write to Helen, yet she longed to hear and almost wished for Adela's summons, that she might know something of her Northern friends.

It was, therefore, a great relief to her mind when, one afternoon, Mr. Aubrey Gascoigne was announced. The three sisters were at work in the pleasant drawing-room, with the glow of the fire reflected in the brass handles of the cabinet, and on the polished side of the grand piano. The November wind moaned among the leafless branches of the sycamore on the damp lawn, but the cheerless scene without only intensified by contrast the cosiness within.

"Oh, Mr. Gascoigne, I am so glad to see you," cried Helen. "Now you will tell me all about everyone at Heatherbridge."

"I regret that the warmth of the greeting is suggested by an ulterior motive," he replied, looking kindly round on the pleasant faces, while he took a low chair at the corner of the hearth.

"Mr. Gascoigne knows we are glad to see him for his own sake," said Maggie, in a good-natured practical way.

"Thank you, I am ready to be questioned," he said, in a resigned voice. "Therefore begin at once."

"First of all," said Helen, taking him at his word, "when do you think your sister expects me back at Hill Crest? I have really had an exorbitant holiday."

"Has she not written from Edinburgh?"

"Not a word."

"That surprises me, or rather would surprise me if I were not acquainted with the customs of my little sister. Her friend's brother, Captain Fairfax, who is now at home, is an old acquaintance of Adela's, and you need not marvel if you hear that they are about to enter upon a closer relationship."

Helen was too startled to speak. Maggie broke out—

"So soon? Oh! Mr. Gascoigne, would you allow it?"

"My dear Miss Brooke," said Aubrey, laying his head back in the chair, and looking as if no power on earth could ever force him to active exertion, "I have long since resigned any semblance of authority over Adela. I have none in reality, and the recurrence of scenes and tears is in the last degree obnoxious to one of my temperament. I went down to Edinburgh a few days ago, and the man, though antipathetic to myself, is not actively objectionable. I therefore leave Adela to go her own way, merely offering advice, which is, I may say, usually disregarded. Life is too short for useless conflict. She will doubtless write to you," he said, turning to Helen, who was too much stunned at seeing her situation vanishing from a certainty into a mere possibility, to offer any remark. "Now let us quit the theme. The next subject?"

"How is the Broadrain Institute going on?" inquired Lilian, seeing her sister's trouble.

"Admirably. My lecture was thronged. Subscriptions are pouring in; a secretary and treasurer have been appointed, *vice* poor Oswald; the people of the neighbourhood, roused, I may say, by my words on 'Spiders' Webs in Kings' Palaces,' are taking the whole question of Broadrain in hand, and the first stone of a Working Men's Institute is to be laid in the coming spring."

This was good news indeed, and Helen brightened into interest. Aubrey added some information as to the names of the local people who were to bring the matter up.

"And Mrs. Thorne?" she asked, tremblingly.

"Poor lady! She and her daughters have just removed to a house at Craigenthorpe," replied Aubrey, naming a moorland village of popular resort in the summer, not very far from Greylands Abbey. "The Woodlands is sold, fortunately, with the furniture. The two young Thornes are bravely carrying on their father's business."

"And Oswald?" said Lilian, asking the question that was on Helen's lips, but that she could scarcely bear to frame.

Aubrey looked unwontedly grave. "Poor Oswald, I grieve to be, however remotely, connected with his trouble. I know not where he is at present, nor what he is doing. He is not at home; the gossip of the neighbourhood concerning his father's losses, and the other grief, affected him intolerably."

The girls would gladly have asked more, but remembering that Aubrey's sister had been the instrument of Oswald's disappointment, delicacy kept them silent.

After a little conversation on general subjects, Aubrey exclaimed—

"But where is our neophyte, the future artist?"

"She is at home, I think, drawing, up stairs," said Maggie, rising. "I will tell her you are here."

Helen was pleased at the glance of surprise Aubrey cast at Amy Paget when she entered the room; a transformed being indeed from the girl whose drawing he inspected at Hill Crest. She came forward to greet him with the healthful glow of employment on her cheek, and a sparkle in her eye that made her really pretty, while the shy deference of her greeting, mingled with a certain bright satisfaction in her new position, was very attractive.

He inquired after her progress, and actually roused her into animation by pretending to impugn in some trifling respect the system of teaching pursued at the school she attended.

Tea was brought in, and it was dusk before Mr. Gascoigne left the homely circle; neither would he go before Lilian had played to him the "Slumber Music" from the "Midsummer Night's Dream."

A few days after his visit, the long-expected letter from Adela came at last. It was in large handwriting, with a great many dashes under the words.

Edinburgh.

Dear Helen,—

You will think me a wretch for not writing, and will be perfectly amazed when I tell you that I am engaged to be married.

It is to a Captain Edward Fairfax, brother of my school friend, and an old acquaintance of mine. I cannot tell you how charming he is. I feel all my other fancies were quite a mistake. But as you seemed always a friend of poor Mr. Thorne, I won't dwell on that.

The part that affects you most is that I am going to be married very soon. There is no reason why we should wait, so of course the days of my needing a companion are over. I daresay you will be astonished at comparing all this with what I said about your returning to me, but I couldn't foretell the future, could I? I think I won't trouble you to come back at all to Heatherbridge, as the wedding will be directly after Christmas, and I shall stay here a little longer.

Aunt Maria will have to leave Hill Crest and will want a companion. If you care to live with her, you need not lose a situation, for she says she would like to have you. The terms will be the same. She does not mean to settle down for a long while, but will travel about from one dull watering-place to another, so you can meet her anywhere she fixes. She will write to you. I am so busy I can't write more, and so happy I don't know what to do. In great haste,

Yours, affectionately,
ADELA GASCOIGNE.

(*To be continued.*)

AT THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

THE LANDSCAPE PAINTERS.

ONE of the most striking differences between a collection of old masters and an exhibition of modern pictures is with regard to the landscapes; and perhaps no point better explains the difference of aim between ancient and modern art. It is not too much to say that in the early times there were no landscapes.

The object of the early painters was, as I have already stated, to instil the truths of religion into the minds of the illiterate people. The chief patrons of art were the clergy; the destination of the pictures was the church walls. When looking at pictures we should always ask ourselves the questions, "Where were these works intended to be placed, and What object were they intended to serve?" before we can fairly attempt to judge of their merits. The aims of art are so very different now from those of earlier times. To serve as ornaments to decorate the walls of our dining or drawing rooms; to please and amuse a comparatively educated public; at most, to raise the tone of daily life by the portrayal of the varied beauties of heaven and earth, or by depicting the admirable actions of the best of our fellow-creatures. Thus, the aim of the painters is different, and the destination of their works different, from that of their predecessors. We must, therefore, judge the works of the various ages by standards as different as their aims, and not look for beauties in either age which the artist of the time did not seek to portray.

The growth of landscape art has been slow and very gradual. In the early time, with the first rise of painting in Italy in the thirteenth century, the artists painted their sacred subjects on gilded backgrounds, in order to enhance in the popular mind the feeling of value in the subjects treated of; only in the next century did they begin to attempt to realise the scenes they depicted, as well as the actors therein. Very stiff and curious are those first attempts! The clouds on which the saints repose are more like badly stuffed cushions than the fleecy vapours of air; the trees, if a forest is supposed to be represented, bear a striking likeness to nothing better than broomsticks with tufts on the top; the rocks of the desert might be blocks of wood or lumps of mud, and would certainly bear no geological investigation. And this, long after art had progressed sufficiently for the human subject of the picture to fill us with the profoundest feelings! By the time, however, that we get to the great colourists of Venice (the Bellini and Titian) we find their figure subjects set off with richly wooded scenes, purple distances, and flowers under foot, daintily painted; or, perhaps, by magnificent and skilfully drawn perspective buildings. Still, these are always treated as backgrounds, as adjuncts only, and as secondary to the figures. I mean that the artists introduced these accessories as masses of colour to support or repeat the colours of the draperies of the figures, rather than with much care about truth to nature in the colour of skies or trees.

After the so-called "Grand Style" had reached its perfection in Italy with Michelangelo, Raphael, and Leonardo da Vinci, came a pause in the history of art, and for a time there seemed to be no longer either patronage for artists, nor artists that were worth patronising. After this interval appear the three Carracci (*circa* from 1555 to 1609), who began the plan of analysing the works of their great predecessors and deducing rules from them, whence the name of the school which they originated at Bologna — the Academical, or Eclectic; their object being to found a new style, which should combine the excellences of all previous styles.

In the next century after the Carracci do we find the first landscape painters proper: Nicolas and Gaspar Poussin and Claude Lorrain, Frenchmen; Canaletto and Guardi, Venetian; and the Vandeveldes, Cuyp, Ruysdael, Hobbima, and others, Dutchmen. The two Poussins and Claude, although Frenchmen born, studied and lived all their lives in Italy; the elder Poussin attended the academy of Domenichino, one of the most noted of the pupils of the Carracci, and thus the conventional rules of the academic school were from the first inherited by these pioneers of landscape art, and a certain artificial way of looking at nature was adopted from the commencement.

The works of Gaspar, the younger of the two Poussins, are very simple and large in treatment, and are evidently intended to inspire the mind of the beholder with a profound impression of the grander and more solemn aspects of nature. The tone of colour adopted by him was at all times dark and low, in accordance with the sentiment of his favourite subjects; and, owing to his habit of preparing his canvases with a dark tint, his pictures have darkened with age, and have thus acquired a still greater character of gloom even than was originally intended.

LAKE AVERNUS. (*After Turner.*)

VENICE. (*After Turner.*)

Claude Lorraine, born in 1600, was cotemporary with Gaspar Poussin. Unlike the two Poussins, who were noble by birth and classical scholars by education, he was of very poor parentage. His biographer naïvely informs us that, "as he showed no disposition to learn to read or write, he was placed with a baker and pastrycook." The cooks of Lorraine were celebrated in the time of Claude's youth, and the future painter travelled to Rome in the company of some of these cooks in order to seek employment there. He found it with one Agostini Tassi, a landscape painter, with whom he engaged himself as an ordinary servant. His duties were "to prepare his master's meals and to grind his colours for him." Such was the early life of Claude Gillée, the humble pastrycook of Lorraine, who is considered to hold the highest place in the dawn of landscape art. To imitate his style and to rival his ærial perspectives, his management of light and his tender grey distances, was the chief aim of our own first landscape painters. There are in our National Gallery, classed among the French school, many of those calm and fair and sunny scenes which Claude delighted to depict.

The feeling for the poetical aspects of nature came to these first landscape painters, like inspiration to the poet: but the power of observation is a quality of slower growth. Each generation profits by the advance made by the preceding one, taking a fresh start from the progress already made. These early masters, though their pictures may be by turns conventional and childish in treatment, yet touch us by their simple and grand renderings of the scenes that had evidently touched and impressed them. But, for careful truthfulness to all the rich and varied details of exhaustless nature, we must look, not to them, but rather to the work of our own times. For faithful rendering of cloud, and rock, and tree, of all the fair varieties of earth and air and sky, we, the moderns, who are the "heirs of all the ages," far exceed them. The reverence paid to their names has, however, proved a dead weight upon the efforts of our own first landscape painters; as it was the fashion with the *dilettanti* in the last century to admire blindly and indiscriminately their faults of ignorance pretty nearly as much as they did their beauties of sentiment. For instance, it was considered a canon of art that trees must always be painted brown, because Poussin, who knew no better, had painted them brown; an English landscape must be idealised, and made to look Italian and classical, because Claude and Poussin were Italian, and had classical scenes and old ruins constantly before them, so we, forsooth, must turn our English simple pastoral scenes into some kind of likeness to Italian ones.

Fortunately, our first great landscape painter, Gainsborough, was a thorough child of nature, and knew but little of his predecessors in art, nor did he trouble himself much about rule and precedent. Moreover, while he painted his portraits for profit, he painted his landscapes chiefly for his own pleasure.

Richard Wilson, his contemporary (born 1713), was his rival in landscape art, and contrasts with him in every respect. He was certainly his equal in talent, but he adhered to all the established conventional rules, and must be taken as an exampler of the old-mannered style. He early went to Italy to pursue his studies in that congenial field, looking always at Nature, as it were, through the eyes of Poussin and of Claude. We owe to him many fine poetical Italian landscapes, notably, in the National Gallery:—"The Destruction of Niobe's Children" (No. 110), "A wild rocky landscape; the avenging deities are seen in the clouds, discharging the fatal shafts; below crouch the terrified family of Niobe." The dark and savage forms of the landscape are finely in sympathy with the cruel subject. "The Ruins of the Villa of Mæcenus at Tivoli," seen by twilight (No. 108), is another admirable specimen, and there are several others. Wilson's pictures were but little appreciated in his own time, for he very nearly starved, until he fortunately obtained some inferior means of eking out a livelihood. Although thoroughly poetical in feeling, his work was somewhat too conventional to please the sturdy English taste. An ill-natured critic might say that Wilson's pictures remind him somewhat of Mr. Ruskin's satirical recipe for producing an old master:—"Take one-eighth light, three-eighths middle tint, four-eighths shadow; mix carefully, flavour with cochineal, cool with ultramarine, and serve with sentiment."

Certainly not Wilson, but Constable, born nearer our own times (in 1776), must be considered the inheritor of Gainsborough's place, a true follower of nature rather than of rule and precedent. The homely county of Suffolk had thus the honour of giving birth to two of England's best landscape painters; for Constable, like Gainsborough, was a Suffolk lad, and neighbouring and similar scenes provided subjects for both, which are generally very simple ones; for instance, "A Cornfield" (No. 130), "The Valley Farm" (No. 327), and others. Driving showers, clearing mists, dewy meadows occupy his brush. A true Englishman, he was especially partial to effects of rain, and it was a favourite joke of a fellow artist, Fuseli, when keeper of the Royal Academy, to shout to the porter, "Sam, bring me my umbrella, I am going to see Constable's pictures."

Constable came to reside near London in 1820, at Hampstead, then a pleasant, rustic village. He writes thus enthusiastically about its rural charms in a letter to a friend: "I love every stile and stump and lane in the village; as long as I am able to hold a brush I shall

never cease to paint them." Truly a loyal and a loving spirit in which to approach his work.

But the greatest landscape painter of either past or present times is universally admitted to be J. M. W. Turner, born on the 23rd of April, 1775, the son of a hairdresser in Maiden-lane, Covent-garden. He died in 1851, at the age of seventy-six, when his brilliant talents secured him a place among the honoured dead in St. Paul's Cathedral, by the side of Joshua Reynolds.

Mr. Ruskin, to whom we owe many discriminating and most eloquent books on the great and varied merits of his pictures, says, "to the poor barber's son of Maiden Lane do we owe our first understanding of the right way to look either at nature or art."

Turner is considered to have painted in three distinctly different styles. In the beginning of his career, that is "previously to 1802, he was more remarkable as a water-colour painter; his early drawings are conspicuous for their careful completion, subdued colour, and effective light and shade; his earliest oil pictures resemble those of Richard Wilson in style." That is to say, they are carefully composed and a little conventional. Very different is the perfect work of his middle life, when he had added the stores of incessant and ardent observation of the beauties of nature to a complete mastery over the resources of art. "In early life"—I quote from the authorised catalogue of the National Gallery—"he laboured as a student, imitating successively the works of the various masters who excelled in the qualities he desired to attain himself." A chameleon in art, he rivalled alternately every style. The grandeur and gloom of Gaspar Poussin, the polished composition of Wilson, the tender greys and infinitely receding distances of Claude—all were equalled and surpassed in the masterly compositions which he exhibited in his early manhood. The conventional criticism of the time upheld Claude as the great unsurpassable model to landscape painters, and Turner's first ambition appears to have been to show to the public that he knew more and could paint as well, nay better, in Claude's own style than Claude himself. Amongst the large collection of pictures by himself, which he left to the National Gallery, we may single out as imitative of Gaspar Poussin, No. 471, "Jason in Search of the Golden Fleece;" No. 477, "The Goddess of Discord Choosing the Apple of Contention in the Garden of the Hesperides;" while in No. 472, "Calais Pier," and in "The Shipwreck," we may clearly trace the influence of Vandevelde. These pictures are all grand and gloomy, far darker than nature would warrant, under the most stormy of skies, but rich in incident and movement, and splendidly composed. The two large pictures, "Dido and Æneas leaving Carthage on the Morning of the Chase," and "Apuleia in Search of Apuleius" are splendid imitations of all that is most lovely in Claude, for beauty of composition and aerial perspectives. The infinite distances and the grand lines of the city embosomed in stately trees, and encircled by its winding river, *may* have been like ancient Carthage, but *is* certainly like Rome, the Tiber, and the Campagna—like in the grandeur of its chief features, without being a portrait of any exact spot. The lovely upright landscape entitled "Crossing the Brook" (No. 487) would perhaps bear the palm with those lovers of art who are fain to divide their allegiance between the earlier and the later painters.

But in "Dido Building Carthage" (No. 498) Turner no longer sought to merely imitate Claude. He set himself in distinct rivalry. He was determined now to show that he had mastered his master. This picture and another ("The Sun Rising in a Mist") were bequeathed by him to the Gallery, on condition that they should be hung permanently between the two Claudes now placed by their side; two of the most beautiful and noted of the pictures by that master. The glow of sunlight pervading the picture, the ripple and movement of the flowing stream, the magnificence of the vast buildings on either side, the wonderful atmospheric effect pervading the whole, give to the spectator the feeling that he is looking through the gold frame, not upon canvas, but out upon open air; the eye is led on from distance to distance until the far-off horizon melts into clouds and infinite space. The picture of Claude beside it, "The Embarkation of the Queen of Sheba," with which it provokes comparison, by a certain intentional similarity in the arrangement, remains, by contrast, as Mr. Ruskin truly says, "like clear and hard paint, of a very pretty colour" certainly, but paint merely, not light and space, as Turner's picture actually appears to be.

Turner paid three visits to Italy. The first when he was about twenty-five. His first pictures of Venice are considered to be painted in the dry literal manner of Canaletto, the Venetian painter of the last century, who gave himself entirely to painting the canals, and bridges, and marble palaces of that queen of cities. It is curious to observe how a man of such original talent, and such powers of observation, commences every fresh departure with investigating the best of what has been previously achieved in his new walk, and with imitating it, even to rivalry, before striking out on a path of his own.

The copies of the two exquisite specimens which we give of the master's work show neither rivalry nor imitation of any previous artist, but are the matured and perfect work of his best time.

The first is entitled "Lake Avernus; or, the Fates and the Golden Bough" (No. 371). It represents a lovely Italian scene, gay and sunny, the mysterious Lake Avernus in the mid-distance, the Bay of Baiæ, and Mount Vesuvius beyond. In the foreground, the tall stone pines rear their heads, black against the pale sky; around the lake, the hills are "o'ersmoked by the faint grey olive trees," as Browning so aptly describes them, grey with the blinding heat and mists of the sleepy Italian summer. The place is as Turner himself, or you or I, might have seen it, and, sunny and dreamy as it is, hardly suggests the spot round which the dreary myths of the ancients cling—that Lake Avernus, the fabled entrance to the Infernal Regions, the overflowings of the dismal river, Acheron, on whose shore Old Charon was supposed to wait in his evil bark for the dead, whom he should convey to the gloomy shades below, the lake whose waters were fatal even to the birds which attempted to fly over it. The figure on the left is evidently meant to represent the Sibyl, for she holds in her hand the magic golden bough, which she waves towards Æneas, the bough that Virgil tells us (in the "Æneid") was to ensure for the bearers a safe return from that unknown realm at whose entrance we stand. Turner has placed a gay group of dancers on the sward, as if no thought was theirs of all the unknown horrors associated with the place.

Our other illustration is from a picture also painted when Turner was in his prime, when he had ceased to imitate his predecessors in art, when he felt that he had rivalled and excelled them, and while his powers of observation were still vigorous, and his health and eyesight as yet unimpaired.

The subject is "Venice." The Dogana on the right, and the church of San Giorgio Maggiore on the left, are seen over the dark green-blue limpid waters of the sea ("the sea that is the street in Venice"). "Dream-like and dim, but glorious, the unnumbered palaces lift their shafts out of the hollow sea . . . their sculptured arabesques and purple marble fading farther and fainter, league beyond league, lost in the light of distance. Detail after detail, you find and feel them through the radiant mystery, inexhaustible as indistinct, beautiful, but never all revealed; secret in fulness, confused in symmetry, as nature herself is to the bewildered and foiled glance, giving out of that indistinctness, and through that confusion, the perpetual newness of the infinite and the beautiful." This is, indeed, Venice, and this is the Venice that Turner shows us. I have quoted Mr. Ruskin's eloquent and burning epithets which in their vague suggestiveness aptly describe and suggest Turner's own style.

Many anecdotes are told among artists who knew him personally of the odd ways of this man of genius. For instance, here is one. He was generally very solitary in his habits, but on one rare occasion he joined some friends who were going out sketching together in Wales. At night each brought back some sketch-book or canvas well filled with evidence of the day's work. Turner brought only a few unintelligible pencil scratches of circles and semi-circles. "What had he been doing all day?" A country lad had seen him sitting by the side of a brook, dropping pebbles into the water! He had indeed spent the morning so, but he had been observing instead of drawing; he had set himself to learn the form of ripple and eddy that the flung stone makes in water, until he knew the law of it, and could reproduce it from memory. He has introduced the little incident into several pictures. Another anecdote of the great man. Once at a dinner party a young enthusiast, who sat next him, hoping to gain an insight into the difficulties of art, ventured to inquire of him "with what medium he *mixed* his colours in oil painting." Turner, who was not very mannerly in society, and who resented any idea of people making short cuts in art to save themselves trouble, gave a little grunt, and replied shortly, "With brains, sir."

For more than sixty years, with scarcely an intermission, the works of Turner attracted attentive gazers on the walls of the Royal Academy. But for the last ten years of his life his eyesight appears to have failed sadly, and his pictures become "both wild and obscure." Mr. Wornum, in his "Epochs of Painting," justly remarks that "his last productions are a calamity to his reputation." He lived a long, lonely life, devoted only to his art, and finally died unmarried, bequeathing the large fortune he had realised for the benefit of decayed painters, and a splendid collection of his own works to be added to the National Gallery.

Space fails me to speak in detail of his many cotemporaries, who deserve more than a passing word, or even to be overshadowed thus by the surpassing fame of Turner. But the fresh, breezy sea-views of Clarkson Stanfield, the rich architectures of Spain and Holland of David Roberts, the sunny atmospheric effects of Sir Augustus Callcott (called the English Claude), the golden glow of Linnell's autumn woods, and the rich depths of William Müller's Eastern scenes, can all be appreciated in a few choice specimens at the Gallery. Although Turner has in his long life excelled all his compeers, still each of these artists has his own merits, and may be preferred for his individual excellence. They have one and all brought a humble, loving spirit of study to the beauties of God's created works, "works which," to quote Mr. Ruskin's beautiful words, "it is the pride of angels to know, and their privilege to love." He continues (I quote from that storehouse of wealth of observation, the first volume of "Modern Painters"):—

"Modern landscape painters have looked at nature with totally different eyes" (from

the ancients); "they think only of conveying the impression of nature into the mind of the spectator, and chiefly of forcing upon his feelings those delicate and refined truths of specific form which are just what the careless eye can least enjoy, because they are intended by the Deity to be the constant objects of our investigation, that they may be the constant source of our pleasure."

E. F. Bridell-Fox.

ST. GEORGE'S HALL, EDINBURGH,

ART CORRESPONDENCE CLASSES.

In addition to their other classes in which instruction is given, oral or by correspondence, in all subjects included in the Edinburgh University Local Examinations and in the St. Andrew's University LL.A. examinations, the committee of the St. George's Hall Classes have for several sessions carried on with great success, as a separate branch, Art Correspondence Classes, practical and historical. These classes have been formed for the purpose of meeting the wants of students, especially of two kinds. First—Young students who are being taught at home, but who have got the length of requiring in drawing something beyond the general instruction of the schoolroom. It was feared at first that it would be useless for very young pupils to join a correspondence class, as personal superintendence was absolutely necessary to progress; and this is no doubt true as a general rule; but personal superintendence of a prescribed lesson is in most families possible, though time and ability to give the lesson are not to be had; and it has been found practically that with a very little care and attention on the part of an older head at home, most satisfactory progress can be made in a correspondence class by pupils of twelve or thirteen years old and upwards. Second—Older students who have left school, and are desirous of continuing their art studies began at school, or of beginning them, because in the press of other work they have been omitted from their school course. The history of art especially is a subject which is rarely, if ever, touched upon during school years, and many students return to their homes "finished," without knowing so much as the names of the great painters and sculptors of the world. For such students the History of Art Class proves a most helpful and interesting supplement to their education. It has also been found very useful as a preparation for foreign travel, as infinitely more benefit can be derived from a short visit to a great gallery if the visitor knows beforehand, from reading and from photographs, the subject and design of its great masterpieces.

By the practical students of art the study of its history ought to be regarded as a more essential branch of training than is the case at present. The technical difficulties of art are so great that they are apt, in many cases, to absorb the attention to the exclusion of the intellectual side; and when, after years of work, proficiency is attained in drawing from the antique and from life, the student is brought to a standstill by finding that now that the power of expression has been acquired there are no ideas to express, and that all the years of plodding toil at externals have stifled, instead of stimulated, the imagination. This sad contingency can best be avoided by greater attention to general culture, and especially by the study of the meaning and purpose of art, and of what can be done in it, and has been done in it, by the great painters of the past, of the circumstances in which they worked, and of the influences which guided their development.

A great obstacle is frequently thrown in the way even of students who are most anxious for instruction in such subjects by the fact that lectures and classes generally take place during the day, when it is impossible to spend precious daylight in attendance on them. This obstacle is completely removed by correspondence classes, as students in them have the work at their own taking, to do when they can best find leisure for it.

In the elementary drawing class some of Harding's lessons in drawing are used, and are found particularly useful in a class of this sort, where great attention has to be paid to bringing the pupil's mind to bear upon the lessons, and to the explanation of the principles on which they are founded, in order to counterbalance the loss of the hand-to-hand and eye-to-eye training of the ordinary drawing class. Free-hand copies are also given, and drawings of real objects, such as boxes, chairs and tables, and of flowers, are prescribed. In the more advanced classes some of Winsor and Newton's handbooks are used as text-books, and subjects are prescribed for original drawings by the students, in colour or black and white, of still life, landscapes, or figures. A very careful selection of copies has also been made. These include many of Messrs. Goupil's beautiful reproductions from charcoal drawings of landscapes by eminent artists, which can be copied by the students in charcoal or water-colour; outline and shaded drawings of the figure in various attitudes; animals, &c. Plaster casts are also supplied; bas-reliefs of flowers, groups of fruit, heads of animals, hands, feet, &c.; and a duplicate of each is kept by the tutor, from which to correct the student's drawing.

Great proficiency cannot, of course, be attained in a class of this sort in so difficult a subject as figure drawing, but a very good foundation may be laid for future study, or the student's powers may be tested in order to decide whether such future study is desirable, by thoroughly mastering the proportions of the figure in the lessons from the text-books, in drawing from the very excellent copies supplied, and then in drawing from nature figures or parts of figures set in the same positions as the copies. The chief difficulty in a correspondence class seems to be that from not seeing others at work each individual does not realise that the mistakes she makes are more or less common to all. Some are apt to expect that lessons will work a charm, and others that with text-books they can learn alone. Experience seems to show that regular criticism of the work done is in most cases the impetus required for steady progress, and that a little guidence will often suffice to keep the pupil in the straight road, when without it much time would have been wasted in the application of mistaken methods for the realisation of mistaken aims.

In the History of Art Class the text-books for next session are "Architecture: Gothic and Renaissance," by T. Roger Smith, and "Classic and Italian Painting," by E. J. Poynter, R.A., and Percy R. Head. General reading connected with the history of the time under consideration, the subjects of pictures, and the biographies of eminent painters, is also prescribed, for which students can be supplied with books out of the very excellent library of works on the history and theory of art, which has been formed in connection with the classes.

The classes are open to both male and female students, and as in many cases some guidance in drawing is desired during the holidays, arrangements have been made for giving practical instruction at all seasons.

All information may be had from the Hon. Secretary, Miss Houldsworth, Springfield House, Bolton, near Edinburgh.

NEW MUSIC.

Edwin Ashdown.

Old Sailors. Words by Claxson Bellamy. Music by Edwin M. Lott.—A regular "Jack Tar's" song, suitable for a tenor voice; very easy.

A Lullaby. Words and music by W. Monk Gould.—W. Monk Gould has also felicitously added another good tenor song for the lovers of smooth and graceful vocal music.

Dear Bird of Winter. Expressly composed for, and dedicated to, Mme. Adelina Patti. Words by Frederick Enoch. Music by Wilhelm Ganz.—This song is written in three keys, E flat, F, and in G. Although by no means a difficult composition for the voice or pianoforte, it requires a good singer if the cadenzas are to be attempted. These, however, may be omitted without destroying the smoothness of the melody.

With the Daisies at Her Feet. A love ditty. Written and composed by Frank Austin.—A very simple little song, which can be easily learnt by any of our young singers.

Metzler and Co.

Day-Break. Serenade. By Joseph Barnby. Words by Victor Hugo.—A very well-written song, in three keys, B, C, and D flat. The air is fresh and pleasing, and the accompaniment good.

Lessons Sweet of Spring Returning. Words by Keble. Music by Maria E. H. Stisted.—The music is expressive of the words, and the accompaniment very appropriate.

Robert Cocks.

Grandmother's Sweetheart. Words by Helen Marion Burnside. Music by Michael Watson. Written in the keys C and D.—A homelike little episode, prettily written and gracefully set to music. The accompaniment is simple.

J. B. Cramer.

The Early Leaflet. With French and English words. Music by G. Lefort.—An easy little song, for voices of small compass. The accompaniment is very easy.

Keppel and Co.

In After Years. Written and composed by Cotsford Dick.—An agreeable and pleasing song, words and music harmonising well together.

We've said Farewell. Words by Mme. Rosita Foli. Music by Tito Mattei.—A contralto song of more than ordinary merit, the accompaniment, rather intricate, requiring careful playing.

IN BERKELEY SQUARE.

By SARAH DOUDNEY.

THE lindens murmured in Berkeley-square
When summer was sweet and young
And, high at her window, a lady fair
Was touched by the song they sung.

"Oh, beauty, honour, and high estate,
Your triumph is swift and brief;
The sigh of the summer foretells your fate—
We all do fade as a leaf!

"A summer life is the life ye lead,
A season of smiles and flowers;
But the autumn comes to blossom and weed,
And your day shall end as ours."

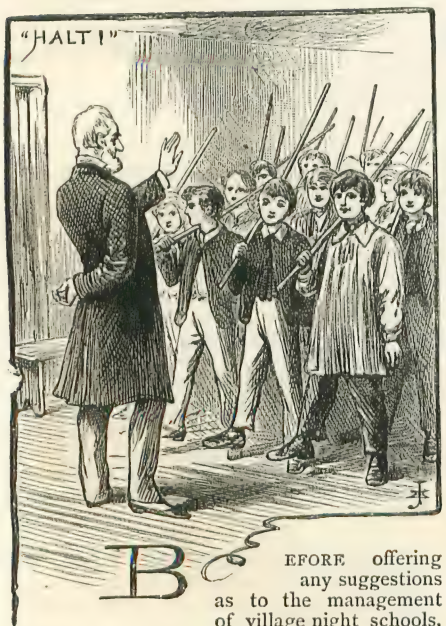
The lindens murmured in Berkeley-square
When summer was sweet and young;
And a working-girl, who was walking there,
Was cheered by the song they sung.

"Oh, truth, and patience, and trust in God,
Your triumph is sure, but slow!
If the roots strike deep in the trampled sod,
They spread, and flourish, and grow.

"Though the tree stands bare through winter days,
Does the sap forsake the bough?
The Father ye love is a God to praise
If He sends you winter now."

The lindens murmured in Berkeley-square,
And the maidens heard their song;
Then one girl's spirit grew heavy with care,
And the other brave and strong.

VILLAGE NIGHT SCHOOLS.



BEFORE offering any suggestions as to the management of village night schools, it may be as well to relate our own experience, and the circumstances which led us to begin one in our neighbourhood.

It is not at all an ideal village, a quiet peaceful spot, far removed from the living world, and inhabited by simple-minded and contented peasants; but a noisy little place, with several flourishing public-houses, and inhabited, a casual visitor might imagine, solely by a very rough and turbulent set of the youth of both sexes. There are older people, but they do not impress themselves upon the notice of strangers so forcibly as do their sons and daughters.

Every Thursday evening for some time past a cottage meeting had been held in the village, but every week the peace of the few devout souls who gathered there was disturbed by howlings as of creatures in great bodily pain, by the crowing of cocks, the note of the cuckoo, all the street songs of the day, ear-piercing whistles, and every other distracting noise in the power of youth to invent. The boys made the most noise, but we strongly suspected that they were incited thereto by the secret plaudits of admiring maidens. It was of no use for one of the congregation to creep quietly to the door, and try to open it noiselessly; for the more carefully the door was opened, the more it creaked, and by the time the well-meaning door-keeper had got outside, there was not a boy to be seen, or only one or two innocent looking lads engaged in a quiet talk. No sooner was the man seated again, however, than a derisive yell would sound close to the key-hole, and the uproar became worse than before; and the fact that the one policeman had been requested to come round that way as often as proper attention to his beat would allow, only added zest to the sport, as it infused the element of danger which boys find necessary to real enjoyment.

Something must be done, so we laid our heads together, and arranged to provide a counter attraction in the shape of a boys' club.

There was no room of any sort to be hired or borrowed in the village, except one small kitchen, so we had to take it, though it was not well suited to the purpose. Having invited the boys to meet us there, we only aimed at first at amusing them so as to let the elders enjoy their service in peace; but the club soon grew, and branched out in many directions, and in course of time we obtained the use of the barn, which we had cleaned out, and the walls adorned with a few coloured prints and large texts, and used it several evenings in the week for boys and girls alternately. But we did not attain to good behaviour and a well organised school all at once; we had a period of disorder and confusion at first which sorely tried our patience, and anyone who tries such work must be prepared for a good deal of disheartening experience at first.

How badly they *did* behave sometimes, especially when the kitchen was crowded to the very doors, and there was no possibility of keeping each boy in sight. We drew up a code of rules for behaviour, and elected a committee of the elder boys to help us arrange the room, and keep order. But sometimes an evil spirit seemed to enter into them all, committee included, and such a scene of uproar would ensue that the only thing to do was to dismiss the whole class, except the committee. When the noise of the departing throng had partially died away, the committee, deserted by their comrades, and a prey to remorse, became meek and abject, and, after listening humbly to a good scolding, promised amendment for themselves and the rest if we would try them once more.

We read all the literature we could hear of on the subject of managing boys, but finally fell back on our own experience. One good hint we did get, however. "Never wound the feelings of your scholars by sarcasm," said the tender-hearted author of one paper. We considered the subject, and at our next meeting reduced a hitherto incorrigible youth to silence and confusion by the use of this new and forbidden weapon. We found good-natured "chaff" invaluable with these stolid country lads, and in return did not mind an occasional honest laugh at our own expense.

At the first few meetings we only read tales

to the boys, and taught them a few good songs, chiefly of a martial order, which they much enjoyed, and which were a great improvement upon the perfectly meaningless, or sometimes really objectionable, songs they were accustomed to. As our numbers at this time were small, we found it sufficient to write the words of a new song as large as possible on several sheets of foolscap paper pasted together, and pinned up on the wall before them. Then we sang it to them, telling them (after we had sung it once right through) to join in as soon as they had caught the tune.

After a few weeks we began giving lectures, very short and simple, on all kinds of natural objects, and as these proved to be the great attraction of the club, and the starting point of many future developments, they deserve a little description. The first one was on the geological formation of that neighbourhood, and consisted of a very graphic description in most unscientific language of the rushing of water down the valleys the boys knew so well, leaving behind it the particular rocks they were so fond of scrambling over, with guesses at the origin of all the other well-known features of the district, illustrated by a few of the commonest and most unmistakable fossils.

This lecture was so entirely and unexpectedly successful that we were emboldened to continue the series, and went gradually through the formation of all the different strata, enlivening the lectures, of course, with all sorts of pictures and anecdotes, and thrilling accounts of the wild animals which ravaged the country at each particular epoch. Then we drew attention to the different kinds of stones to be met with actually inside our own village, the slates on the roofs, the bricks and stones in the walls, the paving stones of the side walks, and so on.

But though we began with geology, we did not by any means confine ourselves to that subject. Our aim was to "open another set of eyes" for the boys, by showing them how much there was to be seen all about them which they had hitherto passed unnoticed, as we were convinced that to have their minds occupied was a decided step towards resisting temptation to evil. If one may slightly alter Dr. Watts' lines, we get the very forcible truth that—

"Satan finds some mischief still
For idle *minds* to do."

We had, amongst other things, a series of what we called "object lessons," on what the boys could observe for themselves, such as the position of the feet and legs of horses in different paces. This lesson was illustrated by all the pictures of horses we could find, winding up with some of the prints which have appeared lately in various magazines, giving the actual position taken by horses, as obtained by instantaneous photography. Then we invited the boys to notice horses during the coming week, and promised to bring the pictures again the following week that they might report their observations, and say which they considered most correct.

We found a black board indispensable, as nothing could be made interesting without illustrations; it did not matter how rough these were, but we could not do without them. In addition to drawings on the black board, we sometimes made roughly coloured diagrams on paper.

Amongst other subjects, we took very elementary

botany, such as the unfolding of leaves and flowers; natural history, as illustrated by cats, dogs, the flight of different birds and their notes, bees, butterflies, and so on; portions of the human frame, such as the eye, ear, and hand; and any other subject which suggested itself as likely to interest and occupy the minds of our scholars.

Experience taught us several other expedients for gaining the interest of the boys. One most successful one was to ask the boys to bring to the class anything interesting they met with, such as curious stones, insects, or leaves. If the specimens they brought were really of any interest, we showed them to the whole audience, and pointed out their peculiarities, or promised a lecture on them the following week. As soon as we got our barn, we fitted up a cupboard in one corner, in which all these treasures were stored, and the boys' pride in their museum was most amusing. They brought a good deal of rubbish, but some good specimens. The boy who brought a curiosity was generally too bashful to mention it himself, but there were plenty of friends ready to do it for him.

"Please, miss, Jim Constable 'e 'ave brought such a rummy stone," was usually the kind of notice we received of it, and on asking to see it, after much giggling and nudging one another, the stone would be produced, and handed forward.

"This is really very curious, Jim, where did you get it?"

Chorus from all but Jim—

"'Is father works in the quarry, miss, and 'e gived it to 'im to bring."

Jim, meanwhile, would sit beaming and envied, while we gave an account of the formation of his treasure.

Of course, all this involved a good deal of study on our own part, but though we grumbled occasionally at the time it occupied, we were well repaid, even from a purely selfish point of view, as our own eyes were opened to many beauties round about us which we had never noticed before. Needless to say, we pointed out to the boys as we went on how all Nature is a revelation of God, and how the existence of one supreme Creator is proved, even apart from the Bible at all, by the wonderful adaptation of every part of Nature to every other part.

One other great attraction to the boys was the microscope. Naturally, only a few could look at this each evening, so, making a virtue of necessity, we reserved it as a reward of good conduct, and only those whose behaviour had been absolutely perfect were allowed to remain behind after school to look at it. So interested did they become in the study, that at the close of our first session we gave a good many of them pocket magnifying glasses as prizes.

During the winter, when natural history was the least attractive, we had a course of English history. This was not as successful as it is with town boys; we found that these country lads, very few of whom had been more than a few miles beyond their own village, could not in the least realise the existence of other nations, with different speech and customs, and it was only when we confined our narratives to their own land, and especially their own county, that they really became interested; but anything about their own district was thoroughly appreciated. As the anniversary of any event came round, which was celebrated in any way in the village, such as May-day, King Charles'-day, or Guy Fawkes'-day, we gave them an account of its origin, which proved to be a method of studying history they could understand and enjoy. It must always be remembered that country boys, though in many respects they compare favourably with their brethren of the towns, have not half the advantage of seeing new things, and sharpening their wits by contact with other people, and allowance must be made for their consequent slowness in grasping new ideas.

It is not necessary to tell in detail how in course of time, as our school increased, the boys were arranged in classes, and lessons given, to those who wished it, in reading, writing, and arithmetic; while some learnt drawing, others learnt poetry, to recite, a few musical ones had lessons on the flute, and, in fact, we tried to teach them anything they wished to learn. Once a week a short time was given in each class to needlework; sewing on buttons, knitting, netting, and patching. Of course we did not attempt fine patches, which would have been useless to them, but those of a coarse sort, suitable for far-worn coats—in fact, we generally experimented on old sacks. We often heard afterwards that this part of our instructions had proved very useful, but it was not easy work at the time, for anything more astonishingly clumsy than a farm boy's fingers it would indeed be difficult to find.

It may strike someone who wishes to start a village club that one must be a universal genius in order to teach so many subjects; but this is not at all the case. We had by no means a specially brilliant set of teachers, but one was musical, and undertook all that department; another volunteered to give all the lessons on natural sciences, but could not manage the diagrams, which were prepared under her superintendence by another teacher, and so on.

At the close of the school, ten minutes was spent on a religious address, preceded by a hymn, and followed by a prayer. No one was compelled to remain for this, but those who left before it lost their marks, and thereby all chance of a prize. It was a strict rule that the address should not exceed ten minutes, and we tried to make the boys feel that the subject was not only important, but at least not *less* interesting than the addresses we gave them on other matters. To further this end, we gave them as many pictures as we could get of Eastern nations, and ransacked our own and our friends' libraries for narratives of travel and descriptions of scenery in Palestine.

But our greatest success of all was the gymnasium. If we had not been fond of grand names, perhaps we should not have given it that title, as our building was the barn, and all that the boys knew for some time of gymnastic appliances was from our descriptions of what we should have liked to provide if we could have got them.

Our reason for beginning anything so ambitious was that a gentleman in the neighbourhood, a retired officer, was constantly lamenting over the slouching walk and round shoulders of most country boys, who look, as he expressed it, as though they have a heavy weight tied to each leg, so that it can only be moved by a heave of the whole body to the opposite side. We suggested that he might do something to remedy it, by giving them a few lessons in gymnastic exercises and drilling. We made the classes popular by offering them as a reward of good conduct. Only those who had behaved well were allowed to remain behind for them. They learnt exercises with the arms and legs, marking time and marching; a good many such exercises can be taught without any appliances if a gentleman can be found to help, and there are ample descriptions in any book on gymnastics. After a time the boys were advanced to the use of bean-bags and broom-handles, very amateur appliances truly, but quite sufficient for the purpose. The broom-handles must be smooth, or they hurt the hands. The boys who had been learning to play musical instruments acted as a band, and in course of time they were able to march really creditably.

At Christmas, preparatory to the distribution of prizes, we had an exhibition for the friends of our scholars of the boys' work—writing, knitting, netting, drawing, and everything else they had done, and, of course, the museum figured prominently in the show. Then followed recitations, singing, and instrumental music by the boys, to the unbounded delight of themselves and their admiring families.

These are a few suggestions, the result of our experience, we can offer to those who think of following our example. A gymnasium should be on the ground floor, and if it can be managed the floor should be stone or earth, though this is not essential, and plenty of room must be provided for the exercises, or it is impossible to keep order.

It is not advisable to mix boys of different ages. The elder ones do not like being classed with their younger brothers, and almost always cease coming if the little ones are admitted. The classes should be as small as circumstances will allow, so that each boy may be under the eye of the teacher. And lastly, do not be too severe on the noisy boys just at first. A teacher must learn to discriminate between mere high spirits and deliberate mischief. It is worth any amount of pains to win over a troublesome boy; once get him on your side, and he will have more influence over the others than any number of the good boys: but in order to do this one has to be occasionally deaf and blind, and appear unconscious of slight breaches of the peace. One must expect a few failures at first, but patience and good temper will certainly win success.

DORA HOPE.

TAUGHT HIS WAY.

THE STORY OF A LIFE'S PURPOSE.

CHAPTER III.

FLORENCE'S stay in town was prolonged to five or six weeks, and then she began to feel that, though her friend very kindly pressed her to remain yet a little longer, she must give a decided refusal. Father, she knew, was looking for her back, though his loving letters did not in the least urge her return. The friends were sorry to part, but when Florence was fairly in the train, thoughts of the sweet welcomes that would meet her at home, and the dear friends there surrounding her, made her heart swell with happy anticipation. Nor was she disappointed. Indeed, for the first few days after her return the sense of her father's gladness at seeing her bright face at his table again, and enjoying her cheerful companionship, almost made Florence doubt whether it could be right after all to leave him, even though her place might be supplied by Bertram and Kate. But her resolve was too firmly fixed to be easily shaken, and before she had been at home a fortnight Florence told her father all that was in her heart, and eagerly sought his consent to her plans.

"You know, father dear," she said, fondly, "I should not leave you for some years yet, and by that time Bertram and Kate will have been long settled with us, and you would have

a son and daughter both to love you instead of only one naughty little girl! You see, I shan't have any home duties at all when Kate comes home. I haven't many now, for I am sure Norris would keep house quite as well if I did not reign over the keys, or pretend to order dinner. And I don't want," she added, more seriously, "to trifle my life away when there is so much real work to be done."

Mr. Hamilton listened very quietly to all his daughter's appeal and arguments, but he refused to give her any decided answer at once.

"My darling," he said; "this proposal comes so suddenly to me, I had never thought of it. God forbid that I should keep you back if He is calling you, my child; but I cannot say 'Yes' or 'No' just yet, not till I have thought it well over."

So Florence had to curb her impatience, and give her father reasonable time to consider a plan of which he, naturally, saw all the surroundings much more fully than his enthusiastic daughter.

But she had little fear for the result. Her father had scarcely ever denied any of her requests, unless there existed some insuperable difficulty which she herself admitted to be a hopeless barrier. And this wish had, she was sure, no such barrier, and would, therefore, meet with no serious opposition from her indulgent father, who, though he would, of course, shrink from the separation, would eventually yield his consent. And Florence was not far wrong. Yielding, not only to the desire to gratify his child, but to the conviction that such a holy purpose ought not to be withstood by a Christian father because it cost him a severe personal sacrifice, Mr. Hamilton resolved to give his free consent. He was soothed, too, by the thought that no parting need take place for some time to come, or, possibly, not before his declining years might close.

They were turning homewards after a lengthened drive in the soft twilight of a summer evening when he returned to the subject, and told Florence of his resolve.

"My child," he said, "I cannot, I dare not say no, if it is really your wish to give your life to God's work in heathen lands. You tell me you have thought it over a long while, and I am quite sure, indeed, by the way you spoke of it, that it is no recent fancy. Christian women are sorely wanted for such work among degraded and ignorant millions in China and India, and I have no right selfishly to claim all the freshness and vigour of your early womanhood, even if, after that were past, you were still able and willing to undertake such a task. Yet, Flossy, it is a comfort to think you will not leave me just yet, not for some years; that you may, my pet, even lay your father's grey head by your mother's side before you leave home and country for your life-work."

"Oh, father dear, don't speak so," exclaimed Florence, impetuously. "Don't think of anything so dreadful. You will live long, long years yet, to see me come home and tell you so much, and to be very thankful you let me go so willingly."

"Well, darling," returned Mr. Hamilton, "if God permit, I hope it may be so; but it is early days to talk of coming home. If this is the call of God we can well leave all the future with Him; it is ours to obey and follow, either through life or death. If your desire remains the same, Flossy, in three years time, I shall put no obstacle in the way of your entering on missionary work. My little girl has shown her father that she can be much more obedient and thoughtful for others lately, and she 'that is faithful in that which is least, is faithful also in much.'"

"Father," said Florence, softly, "you are very, very good. I am so happy now, and, oh! it is so delightful to have chosen such a work, and to prepare for it."

"I don't know that I quite like that word 'chosen,'" returned her father; "I mean not when we are the choosers. Jesus says of His people, 'Ye have not chosen me, but I have chosen you' for discipleship, and surely the same must be said of service; it was the Lord Himself who specially ordained those who went forth so successfully to His work, and of whom it is written that the Lord was 'working with them, and confirming His word.'

> 'I dare not choose my lot,
> I would not if I might;
> Choose thou for me, my God,
> So shall I walk aright.'

Acceptable service is the result of choice in a certain sense, but it is the choice of obedience, not of selection."

"Yes, I think I see, father," returned Florence, thoughtfully. "But is not an earnest desire in itself a call?"

"Sometimes it is, Flossy," said Mr. Hamilton. "I do not say it is not so in this case, especially as there seem to be no outward circumstances to contradict it."

And then they fell into silence, and Vixen trotted home in very leisurely fashion in spite of two or three admonitory switches of the whip, for she had had a run long enough to sober her ladyship's high spirits, and her hurry was quite over.

The next morning a letter was laid on the table bearing the Australian post-mark.

"Ah! a letter from Bertram," exclaimed Florence, delightedly. "Now we shall know when to expect them home."

It was a long, newsy letter, and gave great pleasure to both father and daughter. There was much to tell of winding up affairs in the Australian home, of arrangements for the lengthy voyage, and of plans for the future.

"Bertram seems to have done well," remarked Mr. Hamilton. "I wonder he does not want to stay there till he has made his fortune."

"You see, Kate seems to pine after the old country," returned Florence, as she read out bits from the letter here and there, "and, in spite of its fine climate, the new world does not seem to suit her so well as the old. Then, too, she is anxious, Bertram says, for the children to have an English education now that they are getting old enough to feel the benefit of it."

"Well, I am very glad they are coming, anyway," returned her father. "The old house will be quite merry again. Not that it has ever been very dull to me while my Flossy was in it."

"There, father, dear," said Florence, playfully, "leave off paying me compliments, please, and attend to business. This is July, and the travellers will be here at the latest by the middle of September. We must think about what rooms they are to have, and if there is any painting and papering to do, it ought to be put in hand at once."

"Well, my practical little housekeeper," said Mr. Hamilton, smiling, "I shall trust you and Norris to arrange all that. I'll call and send Stevens the builder round when I'm in the village on Wednesday, and he can advise you about any little decorations that are wanted. He knows much better than I should."

And so, for the next few weeks, even the missionary plan went a little into the background, while Florence put all her wits to work to arrange for the new inmates of Owlet's Hall. The furniture and hangings of several disused bedrooms were getting ancient and dismal, and needed much renovation and many new additions. Especially was Florence determined that her little nieces should have everything around them very bright and cheerful, and many adornments for their bedroom were accomplished by her own nimble fingers.

Then the old oak dining-room really must be persuaded to put on a more inviting and hospitable air. Its present gloomy appearance was enough to ruin the best appetite that ever welcomed a meal, or to sour the sweetest-tempered individual who should venture to take a nap afterwards on one of its antique couches. It had been almost forsaken of late years, for Florence and her father always took their meals in the bright, cheerful little breakfast-room; but its one round table could scarcely be expected to accommodate a family dinner-party. It was quite wonderful what a change was wrought before the arrival of the long-expected travellers. By dint of some cheerful additions of bright pictures, mirrors, and warm, rich hangings and chair coverings, the frowning old dining-room looked quite amiable and inviting, and the old oak seemed to glow with promises of substantial hospitality. Upstairs, too, everything was in dainty readiness, and no little girls could possibly have desired a more cosy, convenient, and cheerful bedroom than was prepared for little Winny and Grace Hamilton. Bertram had directed, too, that a children's-maid should be engaged, and this responsibility had been quite a source of anxiety to Florence. However, with the help of Norris the housekeeper, a nice, pleasant, obliging girl had been found, and would, her young mistress devoutly hoped, be approved by Kate.

Mr. Hamilton had the warmest welcome in store for his two little granddaughters, for he was a great child-lover, and had none of that obstinate adherence to old habits and "ways" that so often prejudice those in advancing years against any changes that may interfere with their routine of domestic life.

But, alas! these happy anticipations, which were growing stronger and more vivid every day, were doomed to a sad and chilling disappointment. A few days before they could expect that, at the earliest, the Australian vessel might reach England, Mr. Hamilton received a letter directed in Bertram's hand, evidently posted at a port on the way home, and forwarded by an overland route.

"Oh, how good of Bertram to write again," exclaimed Florence, as she saw the handwriting. "I hardly expected we should hear more till they were really in England."

But her pleasure was soon over-clouded. The letter was short and sad, for it contained very heavy tidings. Kate had been taken seriously ill soon after they sailed, had become rapidly worse, and, in spite of all that could be done for her, had died, and Bertram was coming back to his own land quite heart-broken with his two little motherless girls.

"I can't tell you much now," he wrote. "I haven't realised yet that I have really lost her. We are making a very good passage, and shall reach the docks probably nearly as soon as you get this letter; but as far as I am concerned," he added, bitterly, "I should care little if we never entered port."

"Poor Bertie," said Florence, with tearful eyes; "what a dreadful blow for him. I can hardly wonder he feels so just at first. I have always thought that to leave a dear one under the restless, heaving waves must be so much sadder than to know just where they rest in some green spot in one's own churchyard. Of course, it doesn't really make any difference, but I'm sure it's harder to bear. What was Kate like, father?" she added; "I hardly remember her."

"I knew very little of her, dear, before Bertram's marriage," returned her father, "and they went to Australia immediately after. A little, gentle, lovable thing, I should say; but not, perhaps, with much strength of purpose

and will for such an undertaking, though Bertram has always spoken of her as adapting herself wonderfully well to her strange, new life. She was scarcely older than you, Flossy, when Bertram married her."

"I do wonder what my little nieces are like," went on Florence. "Poor little darlings! They have lost home and mother almost together."

And, a few days after this, the arrival which Florence had planned to be such a joyous occasion took place almost in silence, and not without many sad tears. Bertram seemed not only overwhelmed with grief, but almost forgetful that others were suffering keenly as well as himself, and that the most thoughtful and loving preparations had been made for his comfort and that of his children. Florence took the wearied little girls up to their room, removing their travelling wraps, and kindly introducing them to all their new surroundings. Their crimson dresses seemed strangely out of harmony with their recent loss.

"What a funny place!" exclaimed Winny, glancing discontentedly round the pretty bedroom, and eyeing the two snowy curtained beds with a doubtful expression. "I don't want to sleep here. It's so big, and I don't like to be in bed by myself."

"Grace can sleep with you if you like," returned her aunt, gently. "But I thought you would so like to have a bed to yourself, unless your little sister is used to sleeping with you. What does Gracie say?" added Florence, turning to the younger child.

But Grace looked cross and tired, and if she had objections to solitary slumbers was apparently too shy, or too much out of temper, to give them any expression.

Florence thought this was not a very promising beginning, but wisely did not press the subject further just then. Meanwhile the new children's maid was unpacking the small trunk they had brought with them, and producing various small garments which, for any appearance of neatness they presented, might have been put in with a pitchfork.

"You have no black frocks of any kind, I suppose, Winny?" inquired Florence, as she brushed the little girl's clustering curls.

"Yes, we have," returned the child; "but they're old ones trimmed with beads. I can't bear them. They're ugly. We'll keep these on."

"But, Winny dear, these are so bright," remonstrated Florence. "Any sort of black would be so much nicer now you have lost dear mother. You shall have new ones in a few days."

"No," returned the young lady, very decidedly, beginning to cry, whether in temper or at mention of her mother was impossible to decide. "No. We'll wear these. They're pretty. I don't like black. Mamma always let us wear what we liked. I think you're very unkind."

So Florence did not contend further, but tried to soothe her offended niece, and, having succeeded in thawing Grace's shyness a little, she took the two little crimson-clad mourners by the hand, and led them down to tea.

(*To be concluded.*)

SEVEN YEARS FOR RACHEL;

OR, WELSH PICTURES SKETCHED FROM LIFE.

By ANNE BEALE.

CHAPTER XVIII.

CHANGES.

MR. SHENKIN had ordered Bill to get old Grey ready, and Sally had prepared Rachel's bundle and breakfast. Mrs. Shenkin appeared kind, and even grateful, in her manner towards her, and shook her hand with some warmth before she departed. Rachel stole up stairs to kiss little Tommy's pale cheek as he slept, and felt grieved to leave him. He had obtained hold over her affections during his illness, which, under other circumstances, would have bound her to him as long as he remained weak and ailing, but her father was a prior duty. The kindly feeling evinced by the whole family towards her amply repaid her for the sacrifice she had made, and she was thankful that she had been able so to soften her mistress's heart as to secure a friend where she feared she had made her first enemy.

Seated behind Bill she set off for her home; and as he seconded her wishes by making the horse go a quick trot, they were not long in arriving there. She sent Pally's little grandchild into the house before she ventured in herself, to beg Pally, who was with her father, to prepare him for her arrival. Pally shortly afterwards made her appearance, and having first told Rachel that she was rejoiced to see her, though she did look like a ghost, said she might proceed to her father, but must expect to see a great alteration in him.

When Rachel entered the house, she was indeed shocked at her father's appearance. He had already risen; for, though very weak, he could not be prevailed upon to remain in bed, but sat up in his old arm-chair, supported by pillows. As Rachel advanced towards him he stretched out his hand to greet her, whilst tears sprang into his dim, grey eye. As he clasped his arms round her, he said, "I scarce thought to see you again, Rachel, but blessed be God, who has spared me till this day."

Rachel looked at him, and great was the change she saw. He was no longer the stout, ruddy, active Jackey Bach, whose caustic jests and ever-ready repartees were so well known and felt; but a thin, pale, white-haired old man, with a sober and somewhat melancholy countenance. She had left him very ill, but even in the height of his fever he did not look so different from his former self as he did now. The quick twinkle of his eye was gone, the satirical smile that had played about his mouth was no longer there, his eye had lost its lustre, and his lips their colour and fulness. He still suffered considerable pain. The rheumatism had clung to him, and he was constantly assailed by a short hard cough and difficulty of breathing. Everything that kindness and affection could do for him, Pally and William, and indeed all the neighbours, had done, but it seemed to have been of little service. The Corporal had forgotten old animosities, and paid him constant visits, until it was found necessary to limit them, Jackey being sometimes irritable, and the Corporal experiencing some difficulty in keeping off the debatable land.

But Jackey had longed for Rachel. When he found that she could not come to him, he spoke of no one else from morning till night—enlarged upon the cruelty of her mistress—the cowardice of Shenkin, and even reproached Rachel herself. All was, however, forgotten when she appeared, and told him that she hoped to be able to remain with him until he was better.

"Better," he said, "I am not likely to be, but I should like to have you to close these old eyes, and to be with me at the last."

Pally told Rachel that her father's mind had altered very much lately, particularly since the clergyman had visited him. "He is such a good gentleman," she said, "and tells him such comfortable things, it does one's heart good to hear him; and Jackey seems to be thinking now all day long, and does nothing but read his Bible, and talk about his end."

The clergyman came frequently to see Jackey, and, as Pally said, "spoke such comfortable things to him," that his whole soul seemed given to thoughts of eternity, and, until Rachel returned, no earthly object had appeared to interest him. When William came to pay his daily visits, his first request was that he would read to him some passages from the Bible, marked by the clergyman, and when William was necessarily absent, he read the sacred volume himself.

Rachel thus found her father with an enfeebled body, but with a strengthened and elevated mind. Humbly and

heartily did she return thanks to God that it was so, and fervently did she invoke blessings on the head of him who had been an instrument, in the hands of the Almighty, of thus softening her father's heart. With every expression that affectionate and grateful feeling could call forth, Rachel thanked Pally for her attention to her father, and begged her now to return to her long-deserted home, whilst she took upon herself the office of nurse. Happily, Jackey belonged to a club called the "Ivorites' Club," from which he received seven shillings a week, which sum prevented his feeling that clog of poverty so frequently the attendant of sickness amongst the poor.

He had always been an honest, saving man—owed no one a halfpenny, and was said to have a little sum in the Savings Bank, destined for Rachel. He bore a high character amongst persons of all ranks for uprightness and sobriety, and he now began to reap the fruits of it, in the consideration shown towards him by everyone. He received many little presents from "The House," and visits from its inmates; occasional gifts from the neighbouring farmers, and offers of assistance from all his friends. This was very pleasant both to Jackey and Rachel, as it always is to know oneself loved and respected.

As time passed on, and Rachel continued day after day to watch her father's health, she thought he became gradually, though almost imperceptibly, weaker. He still sat up; still saw his friends occasionally; still admitted Pally's and William's constant visits; and still talked to Rachel and made her read to him; yet she perceived a continual change. His voice grew weaker, his memory failed him, and his bodily strength was gone. Rachel nursed him as tenderly as a fond daughter could nurse a parent, and William was ever on the watch to discover what could give him pleasure and relieve the tedium of his long confinement. Jackey was very patient—for a man of his temperament remarkably so. He had never been ill before—had never been compelled to leave his work a day from indisposition, and many wondered that he was not more irritable: but Rachel and the good

"HE STRETCHED OUT HIS HAND TO GREET HER."

clergyman knew that his naturally excitable temper was calming beneath a power that was operating in his heart for his eternal good. He did not say much, indeed he never spoke of his feelings to anyone but to the clergyman and Rachel, and to them not frequently; but his whole manner and conduct were those of a person making earnest, though partly concealed, preparations for a journey towards that land where the beloved ones who surround the traveller before his departure lose sight of him for an uncertain period of time.

Poor Rachel! how many a sob did she smother, and how many a tear did she wipe away, when she turned aside from looking in her father's face, and thought how soon she might see it no more! How difficult did she find it to read with steady voice the beautiful prayers in the Office for the Sick which he so frequently made her read to him—and how impossible to sing the psalms and hymns that he would sometimes bid her sing! Oh! no one can tell, but those who have performed similar painful duties, how she felt or what she suffered—how the swelling of her throat choked her utterance when she was about to supplicate her God to take her father to Himself if it were His blessed will that he should die: or how the big tears rolled down her cheeks when she saw his eyes turned upwards, and heard his voice joining in prayers for pardon and peace; or how her heart beat when her own name mingled with his supplications, and she knew that he was imploring blessings upon his child.

Jackey sometimes spoke to William and Rachel of the past and present, and occasionally of the future. He lamented his own obstinacy and perverseness in sending Rachel from him, and said that he had never been happy since; that he had lost all interest in things which had, when she was with him, given him the greatest pleasure, and that his illness was a just punishment for subjecting her to so much undeserved hardship and privation. He expressed himself at peace with all the world, even with Nanny the Corporal and Mrs. Shenkin—said that nothing made him feel so happy as the prospect that William and Rachel might some day be united, though it would not be permitted to him to witness their union; and that he should die without a care for his child, since he saw her future happiness in perspective. He begged Rachel not to mourn too heavily for him; he could not wish her not to mourn at all, for he could not desire to pass away unlamented by a daughter he loved so well; he, like every other human being, hoping there might be some to lament his loss when the grave had closed over him.

Jackey was sitting one calm summer evening, with William and Rachel by his side, and the Bible open, as usual, upon a little table before him. He looked as if he were not long for this world, his cheeks were so thin and pale, and his eyes so hollow. Rachel, too, appeared nearly exhausted by long watching. The healthy colour she had gained at the farm was gone, and her cheek was white as the lily. She was so fearfully thin that William, as he looked anxiously at her, feared that if she continued much longer to nurse her poor father she would not survive him many months. Perfect stillness reigned in the little chamber, whilst a soft light from the setting sun rested upon its inmates. The door opened and the Corporal entered. He had not seen Jackey for some days, and seemed forcibly struck with the change in his appearance. He stalked up to him, and as his tall gaunt figure approached the table, he made a strange contrast to the emaciated and dying man whom he came to visit. He stretched out his long arm towards Jackey, and grasped the hand that was feebly extended towards him in return.

"Jackey, my old friend," he said, with an agitated voice, "I have very often said hard and wrong things to you, and picked quarrels with you for nothing but for the sake of disputing. I am sorry for it from the bottom of my heart, and I am come to ask your pardon."

The tears stood in the Corporal's eyes as he spoke, and he seemed much affected. Jackey looked at him and smiled, whilst a beam of light darted, for a moment, across his dim eye.

"We have both been wrong, and I was worse than you," he said. "It is very wicked to spend the few days God gives us here in quarrelling and disputing, and may He forgive us, as we forgive one another."

It was an affecting sight to see those two old men, with their hands tightly clasped, exchange heart-forgiveness, and remain looking at each other in silence. Jackey, with a feeble voice, spoke first. Pointing to Rachel, he said, "You will be kind to her, William?"

"As if she were my own daughter," replied the Corporal, solemnly.

Jackey looked grateful, and was about to speak, when a gentle tap at the door announced the welcome visit of the clergyman. The Corporal moved to go, but Jackey begged him to remain. "It will do us both good to hear the blessed Word, and to pray together," he said. The Corporal sat down again, and everyone present listened with breathless attention whilst the pastor read and commented on some of the most beautiful and comforting passages of Holy Writ.

This ended, they all kneel down. Slowly and solemnly he reads the Office for the Sick; Rachel kneels by her father's side; she feels his hand pressed upon her head. His voice sounds from time to time as it joins in the prayers: his "Amen" is united to that of his friends. The prayers continue—his soul is fervently recommended to the mercy of the Most High; imperceptibly his voice ceases—his response is no longer heard. The prayers are finished: each offers up a silent petition, and they rise from their knees. Rachel has already risen and is gazing on her father; all look at him in whose behalf they have been supplicating—his eyes are turned upwards as if in continued prayer—they pause—he does not speak or move—a scream from Rachel announces that all is over—Jackey Bach is dead!

(To be continued.)

VARIETIES.

ODD WAYS IN JAPAN.—The Japanese habit of reversing everything, if we may regard our own way of doing as the proper way, is curious, and in some of its details very interesting. Mr. Griffiths, in his work on Japan, discusses it thus:—"A man is planing. He pulls the plane towards him. I notice a blacksmith at work. He blows the bellows with his feet, while he is holding and hammering with both hands. He has several irons in the fire and keeps his dinner-pot boiling with the waste flame. His whole family, like the generations before them, seem to get their living in the hardware line. The cooper holds his tubs with his toes. All of them sit down while they work. Perhaps that is an important difference between a European and an Asiatic. One sits down to his work, the other stands up to it. Why do we do things contrariwise to the Japanese? Are we upside down, or they? The Japanese say that we are reversed. They call our penmanship 'crab-writing,' because, say they, it goes backward. The lines in our books cross the page like a crawfish, instead of going downward properly. In a Japanese stable we find the horse's flank where we look for his head. Japanese screws screw the other way. Their locks thrust to the left, ours to the right. The baby toys of the Aryan race squeak when they are squeezed, the Furnonian gimcracks emit noise when pulled apart. A Caucasian to injure his enemy kills him; a Japanese kills himself to spite his foe. Which race is left-handed? Which has the negative, which the positive of truth? What is truth? What *is* down? What is up?"

A CASTLE BUILT FOR FOURPENCE.—The Castle of Monkstown, near Cork, is reported by popular tradition to have been built in 1636 at the cost of only a groat. It happened in this way:—Anastatia Goold, who had become the wife of John Archdeken, determined while her husband was abroad, serving in the army of Philip of Spain, to give him evidence of her thrift on his return by surprising him with a noble residence which he could call his own. Her plan was to supply the workmen with provisions and other articles they required, for which she charged the ordinary price; but as she made her purchases wholesale, upon balancing her accounts it appeared that the retail profit had paid all the expenses of the structure except fourpence.

RATES OF SPEED.—The ordinary rate of a man walking, says a French scientific journal, is four feet per second; of a good horse in harness, twelve; of a reindeer in a sledge on the ice, twenty-six; of an English race-horse, forty-three; of a hare, eighty-eight; of a good sailing-ship, fourteen; of the wind, eighty-two.

IN COLD WEATHER.—Only fools and beggars suffer from cold; the latter not being able to procure sufficient clothes, the former not having the sense to wear them.—*Boerhaave.*

TASTE IN PERFUMERY.—What is fragrance to one person is sometimes abomination to another. Plutarch tells us that a Spartan lady paid a visit to Berenice, the wife of Dejotarus, but that one of them smelled so much of sweet ointment and the other of butter, neither of them could endure the other, and it is still the same even among the cultivated and refined.

CONVERSATION AND CONDUCT.—One sees everywhere women whose conversation is full of maxims, but whose conduct, for lack of the application of these maxims, is frivolous in the extreme.

VOICE CULTIVATION.—One of the most important precepts in the study of singing is, "Work for quality, and power will take care of itself."

OUR NOBLE SELVES.—What hypocrites we seem to be whenever we talk of ourselves! Our words sound so humble, while our hearts are so proud.

THE FIRST TEA PLANT.—The first use of tea dates from a mythical story. Darma, an Indian prince, visited China about the year of our Lord 510 on a mission of religion. In order to obtain greater influence over the people he devoted nights and days to prayer. After several years he fell asleep, overcome with fatigue. When he awoke he cut off his eyelashes and threw them on the ground, that he might the better remember to preserve his vow of vigilance. The following day he returned to the spot, and found that the eyelids had become a shrub before unknown. Some of the leaves of this he ate, and they quickened his spirits and restored his vigour. He recommended the plant to his disciples, and it became popular.

BURIED GEOGRAPHY.

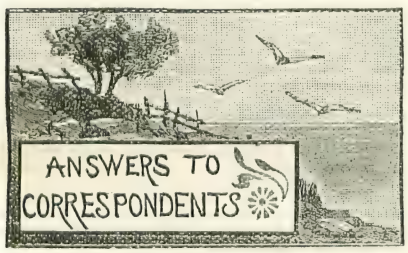
Oh! how thirsty I am! Eric, ask for a nectarine or a lemon ice for me. Thirst is worse than hunger, many a thinker, many an invalid says. Will you dine, or do you desire tea? I agree certainly to prefer rolls and jam to a fricandeau. Let us stay in the hay till tea-time, for the bon-fires on the moor shed a bad odour round them, and we did not leave Cormac on good terms with Paul, who accused us—we denied it—of telling tales of him. I dislike and contemn a tale-bearer, but we were conciliated by Cormac's mild urbanity. What flower have you found? Is it a lychnis or sage? No, a buttercup, which I propose now to put under your chin and see if you like butter. Will you not? Then, after your refusal, a man can only retire.

ANSWER TO CHARADE (p. 303).

INDUSTRY.*

* From the five tributaries of the Indus (the Sutlej, Jhelum, etc.) is derived the name of the Punjaub or "five rivers."

XIMENA.



EDUCATIONAL.

BELL.—You will have to wait until you are twenty to enter as a lady pupil at the North-Eastern Children's Hospital, Hackney-road, for which training, board, and lodging you will have to pay one guinea weekly. To enter that in Great Ormond-street you must be twenty-one years of age, the amount charged being the same. If, therefore, you desire to enter a children's or any hospital, you had better employ yourself meantime in the study of a small manual entitled "Sick Nursing at Home" (Upcott Gill, 170, Strand, W.C., price 1s. 3d.), and likewise join an ambulance class. Whether you become a nursing sister or not, your time and labour will be well spent.

LELIA.—We cannot possibly tell you whether your letters have been read or not, such multitudes of correspondents ask the same old questions that have been answered fully over and over again. If you wish to enter a hospital for training as a lady pupil, you will have to pay for it, and you should be, as a rule, from twenty-five to forty years of age. If you enter as a nurse only, you will be given a uniform, a small but rising salary, board, lodging, and washing, and you may be taken at an earlier age.

A SAILOR'S ORPHAN would not require a certificate, but she would do well to try and learn the Kindergarten method of teaching, which would make her services of more value and enable her to earn more money. There is a Kindergarten Practising School at 21, Stockwell-road, S.W.; secretary, Mr. Alfred Bourne, B.A.

PRIMROSE.—The only method of dealing with the difficulty is to draw out a regular time-table for every day in the week, showing the hours fixed. A glance at it while dressing yourself will show you the hours to spare each day. The 2nd November, 1844, was a Saturday.

LADY JANE GREY should try to improve herself by reading for a year, making notes, and learning dates; then she should join one of the correspondence classes mentioned in our columns.

ANXIOUS NORTHUMBRIAN.—There is no difficulty in learning any language by yourself if you have the needful determination to do so; but for the pronunciation you would certainly require a few lessons from a native, or one who not only understood but spoke it fluently.

COOKERY.

FUNNY GIRL (Australia).—We thank you for your recipe for making almond cake:—Take five or six bitter almonds, and pound them in a mortar with seven or eight lumps of white sugar; beat up the yolks of two eggs and the whites of three, the yolks and whites separately, and add them to the almonds and sugar with two dessertspoonfuls of cream made lukewarm; then pour the whole into a well-buttered mould, and steam for twenty minutes. You will find the following a good recipe for the hot-cross buns:—Put two and a half pounds of flour into a wooden bowl and set it before the fire to warm; add half a pound of sifted white sugar, some coriander-seed, cinnamon, and mace, pounded finely; melt half a pound of butter in half a pint of milk, and when it is as warm as you can bear to touch it with a finger, mix with it three tablespoonfuls of very thick yeast and a little salt, and mix all together into a paste and bake. You should write copies daily.

ERIN and ETHEL will find that several recipes for using dessicated cocoa are given on the covers of the tins which contain it.

A LITTLE SISTER.—We recommend "The Girl's Own Cookery Book," price 1s., to be had at our publishing office, 56, Paternoster-row, E.C.

DOROTHY.—The sweetmeats meant in your recipe for Yule cake are candied fruits. The number of eggs might be reduced by using baking powder.

MIA.—Stuffing made of sage and onions is made for a leg of pork. It is the custom at present to send the stuffing in separately from the joint on the dish, as so many people cannot take this stuffing and do not like the flavour.

MARION (Toronto).—We are much obliged for your letter and the recipe. Do not meddle with the troublesome hair.

J. P.—We are not at present acquainted with any evening cookery classes. Should any reader of this paper have the advantage of us so far, no doubt she will communicate the address sooner or later.

ART.

PHILIS.—Write for all such particulars to the secretary of the Royal Academy, at Burlington House, Piccadilly, W.

VARIEGATED IVY.—See our article on "Terra-cotta Painting," page 225, vol. ii.

A BROTHER AND SISTER.—The saw for fretwork carving, and other tools, are to be obtained at any cutler's shop, and the patterns and wood prepared for the work may often be found at an artist's colourman's or bazaar. Draw or paste a paper pattern upon the right side of the wood; drill an aperture in the latter, insert the saw, and then affix the handle, and make the first cuttings across the grain before cutting with it, whenever possible. There is very little to learn in this style of work; you only need experience. A sharp penknife will be required for trimming the rough edges. You will probably be able to learn from those who sell you the patterns or the prepared wood, whether there be any little manual published on the subject. Men may be seen engaged at work of this kind in the Crystal Palace, Sydenham.

HELEN LEE (Barbados).—The white spots of which you complain are not the result of your fault, but are owing to defects in the photographs used. You must use more of the mixture at the edges, and be careful in handling the glass. In order to keep the paints on your palette soft, you should put them carefully with the palette-knife on a clean plate, and cover them with clean water to keep them moist till you use them again, when you should pour off the water, and you will find them moist and uninjured.

PUG DOG.—Cards may be frosted with pounded glass. Beware how you leave it about, as it may be mistaken for sugar.

MAJOR DOMO.—We should not think it likely that such an art as wood engraving would ever be either superseded or grow out of fashion—at least, not at present. It is the only popular method of re-producing the works of great artists.

HELEN ADAIR.—Of course, you cannot sell your cards as original if you copy them.

MINNEHAHA would require to have the gilding burnt on her teapot, or else it would not wash nor wear at all.

L. A. P.—You would require a special knife to cut the picture mounts, and we doubt your attempt being satisfactory.

DOROTHY will find all information respecting wood carving at page 179, vol. v. The fee for instruction is about £5 per quarter. We could not say; it would depend on yourself.

ARTIST.—See page 66, vol. iv., for instructions on the art of painting on silk and satin.

G. E. THOMAS is referred to page 15, vol. iv., where she will find all necessary directions for painting on china. The gold can be obtained at any artist's colourman's.

A SAILOR'S DAUGHTER.—We thank you for the medium for oil painting which is employed at the South Kensington School of Art:—One part of copal varnish, one of turpentine, and two of linseed oil. You should write to some librarian for the information you desire, and show the book. So much depends on its condition, of which you only give a vague idea.

ANXIOUS ONE.—Your cards should be shown to the publishers of such things, and if possessing merit orders will be given. But they should have been sent in before, as the competition is immense, and known artists of merit are preferred. Write to the lady principal of the colleges you name for all particulars. We have so often given as many as space for answers to one correspondent will allow; we cannot give a longer list of particulars.

MISCELLANEOUS.

GANTHO.—Read "The Habits of Polite Society," page 162, vol. iii.; and "Good Breeding, Shown on Receiving Hospitality," page 363, vol. v. Only men give fees to butlers, excepting in special cases when extra services have been given by them; but the exception does not make the rule.

TEMPUS FUGIT and HOPEFUL.—The 26th January, 1873, was a Sunday. Nelson was greatest as a naval and Wellington as a military commander. They cannot be compared one against the other. Horatia and her husband are dead; their children are living. Private families cannot be subjects of remark in a public paper. It may be very long before our replies are printed, so small a space being reserved for the great accumulations of answers to letters. We nearly decided on giving none to your letter, on account of the impertinent question raised as to the genuine character of our correspondence, which you had the bad taste to repeat. "Hopeful's" letter is guilty of the same impertinence under a worse form. Her inquiries have been answered scores of times, and we decline to reply to rude letters. She is scarcely qualified for missionary work.

SOPHIE L.—One of the last prescriptions, perhaps, and little known as yet, for an application to a burn or scald, or to give relief from the pain of acute inflammation of any external spot, is to drop or shoot spray of essence of peppermint over it, continuing the operation during some twenty minutes or more, at intervals, so as to wet the place with it as fast as it dries Should there be any crack in the burnt or scalded place, touch it with a drop of glycerine. Take care to make no mistake—essence of peppermint, such as taken internally, is the thing prescribed. 2. We have ceased to give prescriptions for the hair when falling, but having a new and good one, also little known as yet, we give it. Use Condy's red fluid; one teaspoonful to a pint of water, and apply it to the roots of the hair with a small sponge.

E. H. J. L. M. inquires what it signifies when a gentleman winks at you? Perhaps he mistook your friend (who was favoured with the wink) for a blind horse, for whom it is said that a wink is as good as a nod. But joking apart, the man that presumed so to wink was not likely to have been a gentleman. It was little to her credit in any case, unless the man were her brother. A wink then might signify that there was some private understanding between you, and that your attention was directed to something just passing or remark just made. But under any other circumstances your demeanour should be too reserved and modest for treatment so familiar and disrespectful. 2. Wash your mouth well after taking iron, brushing your teeth on every occasion. You might take the iron through a straw or quill.

A. B. C.—You subjected yourself to the caprices of a stranger in a most reckless and undignified way. When that person presumed to address you, you should have taken no notice and walked on, and if there happened to be any natural reason to excuse such presumption on the part of a stranger you should have declined walking with him, unless on a proper introduction, as your family had not the pleasure of his acquaintance. We are shocked to hear that your family know nothing about it. You should never walk out with any man without the permission of your mother. It is a gross act of impropriety and ignoring of parental authority. If this man desired your acquaintance he should have set about it in the proper way, and obtained an introduction, acting openly, and not taking advantage of your ignorance of common propriety, and forcing his acquaintance on you clandestinely. Tell all to your mother, and if a suitable intimacy, she can obtain, perhaps, an introduction for him through mutual friends.

CHARLIE DANGERFIELD.—Avoid being alone with either of the young men you name. Be cheerful and good tempered with them, but always maintain a certain degree of reserve, so that they may see you do not permit their intimacy to pass certain limits.

DEVONSHIRE CREAM.—Our blessed Lord told His apostles that they should "sit on twelve thrones, judging the twelve tribes of Israel;" but He did not say that the Israelites should be "given a place nearer His throne" than any of His saints and martyrs of other nations. We wonder that your friend *could wish to be* a Jewess, rejecting as they do the true Messiah. It is prophesied that on seeing Him whom they had rejected at His second advent, and unable then to deny Him any longer, a sudden conversion of the whole nation alive on earth will take place. Yet what did our Lord say to St. Thomas—"Blessed are they that have not seen and yet have believed." Such as these are more approved of Him, who also has specially declared that "there is neither Jew nor Greek, but all are one in Christ Jesus."

MINNIE.—Refer to our indexes for recipes for cleaning marble. We have given many. Yours may have been scratched with long wear, and may need re-polishing.

LAWSON.—The intellectual capacity or moral attributes of an average man and woman do not bear the comparison you wish us to draw. They have each their own distinctive characteristics, and we cannot attempt so to appraise them one against the other, as the divine intention was that the one should supply what the other lacked. Men have produced the vast majority of all the scientific and literary works, musical compositions, and inventions; but then, women have never had any of those educational advantages that rendered such developments possible; besides which, they have been weighted with household duties and cares and personal maternal ills. The competitive examinations of the last few years have, nevertheless, demonstrated their intellectual ability to compete, and favourably, with men in every department of science and art, and to qualify with equal success for the so-called "liberal professions."

CONSTANT READER.—Acidity in the system, poverty of blood, and a damp house or locality all produce rheumatism, as well as a hereditary tendency. The general condition of health should therefore be attended to and certain foods and drinks avoided, and a change made to a dry climate and a gravelly or sandy soil; a warm dry house, with no great quantity of trees close to it. You should also wear flannel underclothing.

HIGGLESWAIT.—If MSS. be rejected that have a full address sent with them, as well as stamps for the return postage and a request to that effect, they will be returned. If the sum offered as their value to the publisher be insufficient to meet the author's wishes, they will be returned under the above-named conditions.

SARAH B.—The wood anemone or "wind flower" is called in Latin *Nemorosa*. If you ever have read our article on "The Art of Penmanship," or any of our answers to correspondence on the same subject, you would not now inquire about your own. Slope from right to left, and cross the "t's." Observe the right spelling of "anemone."

NORA.—Some people doubtless made pets of their dogs in the time of our Lord Jesus; and, owing to the heat of the climate in the Holy Land, they had some of their rooms open to the air, or had their meals outside, so that dogs could walk under the table without living inside the house, and strange dogs could pick up scraps also. 2. Some little girls of ten years old do not know any sums at all. There is no ought about the matter. Some are delicate, and should be kept back in their studies, and some cannot be given a governess. Little girls begin with learning the pence and shilling and multiplication tables.

A MOURNER (Ontario).—We are very glad that consolation offered to any other mourner gave you comfort in your bereavement. Our blessed Lord distinctly tells us that He had not yet ascended to His Father since His crucifixion and death (St. John xx. 17.) He went and preached to the spirits in prison, who, we are given to understand by St Peter (1st iii. 19, 20), were amongst those who were drowned in the flood. No further explanations are given; we can only draw certain inferences on what is actually revealed. Those who die in Christ we know rest in happy peace, but their bliss cannot reach its consummation until body and soul are reunited. If they were not to enjoy a higher, more perfect state of bliss after the resurrection, reunion would not be presented to us as affording so much consolation. The "many mansions" are referred to by St. Paul (1 Cor. xv. 41), and (2 Cor., xii. 2); also by our Lord in St. Matthew (xxv. 21, 23).

ONE IN TROUBLE.—We do not advertise the publications of other firms. Inquire at a librarian's. If you wish others to love you, make yourself lovable, and you will find that some, if not many, will appreciate you.

ISABEL (New Zealand).—The monthly numbers of our first volume are not out of print. Your local bookseller should make himself correctly informed before such statements. Bid him to apply to Mr. Tarn, 56, Paternoster-row, E.C., for the bound volume. There is probably an agent of the Religious Tract Society at Melbourne, if not in New Zealand. We thank you for your kind and grateful letter.

ONE IN TROUBLE.—We know of nothing else that you can do; but can, at least, advise you not to irritate your friend by perpetual remonstrances and entreaties to change his course of life, or you may defeat your purpose, and, like an ill-trained horse, he may take the bit between his teeth.

PUPIL TEACHER.—Write to our publishing office for covers, indexes, and coloured pictures (56, Paternoster-row, E.C.) The Editor has nothing to do with that department. Your handwriting is pretty.

"NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND" should wear a face-board secured in a belt, and read, write, work, draw, and play with it on. If she places a book on a stand, she can also wear a backboard while reading for an hour or more daily.

MAR YOEL.—Separate texts of Scripture may be wrongly interpreted if considered without reference to their context, or not in connection with others on the same subject, but expressed in other words, and thus explaining each one by the light thrown upon it by the others. You will continue to sin so long as you live on earth. "There is not a just man on earth that sinneth not."—Eccles. vii. 20. See what St. Paul says (Romans vii. 14-25). But "the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all sin," and "He will present us" as members of His Church hereafter "without spot." "If we shall ask anything according to His will, He heareth us."—1st St. John v. 14.

A. D. E. E. G.—Where is your own feminine reserve and dignity? Why do you not tell your friend to show a little more self-respect? It is the man that should seek her acquaintance—not she his? It is he who should be introduced to her—not she to him! She ought to be ashamed of herself for being so forward.

CHRISTINE R. (Tasmania).—We acknowledge your gratifying letter with our cordial thanks. The pencil drawing is very beautifully executed, and such a gift should be cultivated. Accept our best wishes in return for your own.

M. P.—The address of the Aged Governesses' Home is 47, Harley-street, W. Write to the secretary or obtain a personal interview. The correct name of the institution is the Governesses' Benevolent Institution. Annuities of £25 are given under certain conditions (possibly only to subscribers), and there is an asylum for the aged. There is also the Aged Pilgrim's Friend Society, 9, Finsbury-pavement, E.C.; secretary, J. E. Hazelton, Esq.; and the Aged Pilgrims' Asylums, Sedgmoor-place, Southampton-street, Camberwell, S.E., and Hornsey Rise, N.; secretary, William Jackson, 29, Marlborough-road, Upper Holloway, N.

E. SUTHERLAND.—The views you take on the subject of gentleness are very just, and we are glad that you give that Christian virtue its due importance, which so few God-fearing people apparently do, judging from the sad exhibitions daily presented to us of ill-controlled ill-temper; but you do not understand the rules of prosody and metrical composition to write verses—poetry quite apart from the question.

BROWN BESSIE.—"Doomsday Book" is a work consisting of two volumes, deriving its name, according to Stowe, from the part of Winchester Cathedral in which it was deposited, *Domus dei*. It is a survey of estates, giving their valuation—first, as in the time of the Confessor; secondly, when bestowed by the Conqueror; and, thirdly, at the time of the survey. It is inscribed on vellum, and the date is 1086.

LITTLE SNOWDROP.—We think that your mother is the right person to settle all such matters, in reference to the attentions of her servants to your father and his guest, not her little girl. If your father be in the room he can take care of you without the presence of the servant. Try and learn how to spell and to write.

HETTA.—The milk and sugar supply all the nutriment in the tea. If you suffer from acidity the sugar may be omitted; but, in any case, one ordinary lump in a teacup and two in a breakfastcup would be a reasonable quantity, and injure no one in good health.

UNSUCCESSFUL COMPETITOR.—The initials, "Q. E. D," stand for the Latin words, *Quad erat demonstrandum*, and signify "which was to be demonstrated."

DESPONDENT ONE.—Put a little glycerine over the backs of your hands while wet after washing them, and dry them thoroughly; wear gloves all day, and at night a pair with the palms cut out. This may heal them. A series of papers on plain needlework has been commenced, and "Swiss darning" will be included.

JUDITH B.—Were there no mysteries connected with our religion, and the Supreme God whom we worship where would there be any room for the exercise of faith, without which it is impossible to please God? But, as St. Patrick used the shamrock to serve as an emblem for the Divine Trinity in Unity, so we find in King Alfred's translation of Bede's "Eccles. History," an apt simile in reference to the second Person in the Trinity, "Fire begets of itself brightness, and the brightness is as old as the fire; not is that fire of the brightness, but the brightness is of the fire. That fire begets the brightness, but it not beeth never without the brightness. Now, thou hearest that the brightness is equally old as the fire of the which it cometh. Admit now for this, that God might get a son as old as Himself."

JANE W.—If your teeth be so tender that you can do little in the way of brushing, you might rinse your mouth with a solution of Condy's fluid (red) and tepid water. For cleaning an infant's feeding bottle, twenty drops of the same fluid to a pint of water is much to be recommended. Have it all ready in a basin so as to dip the whole bottle, pipe and end, into it on every occasion that you employ it.

E. R. C.—If you, for certain private reasons, be placed under the guardianship of elder sisters standing in your mother's place, your duty is to consult their wishes and be guided by their judgment in all such secondary matters, until you be of age. You are a minor, and cannot act independently; nor should you do as desired with a "bad grace." It is well to cherish a tender conscience ready to deny yourself for the benefit of others; but we think that in the case you name you over-strain the point.

LONELY WIDOW.—We cannot judge of your capabilities as a housekeeper, but in applying for a situation as such, we advise you to make a rough copy of your letter, and, looking out all the words in a dictionary, to correct the spelling before you write for it.

WARWICKSHIRE LASS.—We advise your asking permission to attend the practising class of the choir of the church you attend, or the singers of a chapel, if not of the Church of England. Have you named your wish to your mistress? She *might like to hear* where and how you spent your fortnightly evening out.

SUSAN NIPPER.—The initials, "D. O. M.," which frequently appear on tombstones in foreign countries, stand to represent the Latin words, *Datur omnibus mori*, and signify "It is allotted to all to die." You should be able to produce a certificate of your baptism, or a written declaration that it actually took place by witnesses. Of course, there should be no doubt of the fact of your having been baptised; whether or not you had God-parents is not essential. Consult your clergyman, and he will help you.

A. CUMMING.—Take your father's card and leave it with your own if the lady of the house be not at home. If admitted, make an apology for your father, and say that he is old or an invalid, or occupied at his business every day till too late to call, and leave his card on the hall table for the master of the house. You should not leave your own cards for the latter in any case. If not admitted, you may leave two of his, one being intended for the lady of the house also.

BERYL.—You should refer to the terms of your indentures. We believe that you are bound to keep the hours prescribed by your master or mistress, but we also believe that they have no authority over your religion. In any case, you should lay the matter before your parents or guardians, and let them interfere in your behalf.

TOPSY.—Get the decayed teeth extracted one at a time, as soon as the gums are healed on each occasion.

COUNTRY LASS.—We could not possibly form an opinion as to your qualifications as a child's nurse; but we can do so as to your absolute incapacity for teaching children, as your spelling, grammar, and pronunciation (shown by your spelling) are very bad.

BETH H.—You must obey your father.

LOUISA.—This little girl inquires "at what age you are at liberty to do exactly as you like," and proves by her next query how utterly incompetent she is herself to be her own guide and mistress. What shall I do, and how shall I act towards a young man whom I like very much, but who likes my sister best? At no age can we always do exactly as we like; circumstances often constrain us to give up our own wishes, and to serve or please others instead. If your sister be pleased with the attentions of the man who cares for her, and your mother approve of their intimacy, what can you do but feel glad, and beware of interfering between them? At the age of twenty-one you may witness a law-paper, or make a will; but if your mother have a power of appointment of money even settled upon you, she has the right to give you a shilling, and all the rest to the most dutiful child.

H. A. BATTY.—We feel much for you. Having left home, and having earned your own living so long, and being likewise of an age to use your own judgment in reference to your marriage and creed, and as you are actually engaged to the respectable young man, after an acquaintance of three years, we consider you fully justified in keeping your promise to him. It is most desirable that a wife should be in sympathy with her husband in matters of religion. We are very glad that you derive so much comfort from reading the Holy Scriptures, and advise you to read the Gospel according to St. John very carefully. Write to us again by all means.

A BAD WRITER.—A metallic hairbrush may be cleaned just as you should cleanse an ordinary one, with flour. Rub well with the latter, and when quite clean remove any remains of the flour with a towel. Bristles made soft by the use of water will thus preserve their elasticity, and the varnish on the backs and handles will remain.

STANLEY.—We thank you for your kind letter. Write to our publishing department for indexes and all else of that description—not to the editorial department. We have nothing to do with the sale of our publications.

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OUR LIFE IN A FLAT.

IT is more than a year ago since I said good-bye to Uncle Philip and Aunt Jane and came to London to take care of my sister Sarah till her husband should come back from the West of Africa, where his regiment is stationed. We were not very comfortable in furnished lodgings, and one day, when I had found the servant black-leading Sarah's new boots outside the drawing-room door, I made up my mind that this was the last straw, and that I could bear such a life no longer.

Sarah had got a headache, so I left her asleep on the sofa and went out, determined to find some other refuge for our heads. We might take a small house (perhaps Uncle Philip would lend us some furniture), or—like a flash of inspiration—it occurred to me that a flat would be the very place for two ladies who only desired to live economically and quietly and were not particular as to the size of their habitation. So I went to an agent and he sent me at once to Peterborough Dwellings, which he said were genteel residences, without being too fashionable. To tell the truth, as the cab drove up to the dwellings I felt certain that Sarah would say that they looked like workhouses or lunatic asylums. By-and-by, however, when I had talked to a pleasant gentleman in a cheerful office for five minutes, and had seen a ground-plan, beautified with stretches of trees that were to be planted next year, I recollected that you live inside your house, and not over the way, and prepared my mind to be enchanted with the suite of apartments which was to let. We went upstairs—a great many stairs—to the third floor, and I saw the flat. It had six rooms, some small, some very small. It had a street-door and a letter-box. The drawing-room window looked out upon

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MAKING THE PUDDING.

chimney-pots, as did all the others. It was light; it was comparatively cheap; it would be a home of our own, free from landladies! I lost my heart to the flat there and then, and I decided to take it on a short lease, provided that the references were satisfactory. This condition I flung in as an afterthought, remembering Uncle Philip's warning that I was to look before leaping.

When I got home and told Sarah what I had done, she threw her arm round my neck, and then clapped her hands with delight. "You dear, sensitive little thing!" she said; "I don't mind telling you now, Annie, that I believe another fortnight of this stuffy old lodging would be the death of me!"

After this, it was clear that we must set about furnishing, and move into our flat as soon as possible. "We can pic-nic, you know," Sarah said, "just till we get things straight; as long as we have a bed, and a few tables and chairs, it will be all right."

A week later saw us arrive at the flat, accompanied by Mrs. Tumber, an elderly charwoman, highly recommended by our late landlady. It took us nearly a month to arrange things to our mind, and long before that time we were grievously wearied of Mrs. Tumber. She was a thoroughly plain cook, and a hard worker in her way, but then it was such a casual and uncertain way. For instance, she had a rooted antipathy to cleaning paint or fenders, but the day I stained and varnished the drawing-room floor, she insisted upon polishing the stove with bath brick, and while I had gone to unpack the books, she "did round" the wainscot with a fluffy flannel, thereby ruining her apron and my handiwork for life. Yet Mrs. Tumber had strong conservative tendencies; she liked things done "as she had been accustomed." Hearthstone was one of her idols; she was never so happy as when on her knees with a pail of water and a large block of hearthstone (it would have been a real kindness to set her to work on Trafalgar Square), and as there were no steps at the flat, she was forced to devote her energies to the kitchen hearth, which by the time she left us was an inch and a-half higher than the boards—for she scorned to remove the traces of yesterday's labour. Her plan of cooking was comparatively simple. She liked "a roast to be a roast, and a biled a biled;" nevertheless, there was a third course open to her, against which (after one trial) we resolutely set our faces: "Get a onion, mum, and make a stew!"

Doubtless in the sanctity of home, Mrs. Tumber must have found some way of rectifying her mistakes, for she always thankfully carried away with her the tough mutton and blackened steaks that we could not eat, screwing them into unsightly bundles that she kept hidden under her shawl. She grew so amiable in the evening after the work was done, that it was quite difficult to get rid of her. Then, she made up for it by coming exceedingly late the next morning, and relating such ghastly tales concerning the illnesses of her husband, and all her sons and daughters, that Sarah's kind heart was wrung, and on the whole we found Mrs. Tumber a very expensive luxury.

Uncle Philip was deeply interested to hear of our new home; he sent us a cartload of furniture, and proposed that he and Aunt Jane should pay us a visit at the end of the month. We resolved that by that time everything should be in spick and span order. We were beginning to be proud of our flat; the drawing-room looked very pretty already, with its new carpet and curtains, and the kitchen was really like a room in a doll's house. It had a little kitchener, and an oven, and a larder (full in the glare of the western sun), and a dresser, and a dust-shoot, that communicated with the dustholes many feet below. It was delightful to hear the cinders rattle through the shaft, or to throw a piece of firewood down as if you were fathoming the depths of a well, and hear it bounce when it got to the bottom. But it was not quite so amusing when (in the stillness of the night) the people overhead sent their broken bottles and crockery down with a crash. We got accustomed to the noise after a time, as we did to the parrot that whistled above and the dog that barked below us, but our visitors never could. However, I would rather tell you about our presents first. Uncle Philip had a large, rambling house, and in the fondness of his heart he sent us all the furniture out of one of the spare rooms and a great many cooking utensils. Alas! what were we to do with a four-post bedstead that was seven feet long by six broad, a kitchen-table that reached from the window to the dresser (so that Mrs. Tumber must either crawl under or jump over it twenty times a day), a plate-warmer that was wider than the stove, and a mahogany hanging cupboard that was too high for the doors, and had to stand, like a sentry-box, in the passage.

"It is quite certain," said Sarah, who always had so many ideas, "that they cannot stay here."

"No, I'm afraid not."

"And it's still more certain that Uncle Philip's feelings mustn't be hurt."

"Oh, no!" I cried; "most decidedly not."

"We might," continued Sarah, "saw the table up for firewood, or have the things stored in the drawing-room and always sit in the kitchen ourselves, but I don't really think that it would be wise. Suppose we send them to a warehouse?"

"The very best plan possible," I said, eagerly, and sat down to write a note. The next day the man came and took kind Uncle Philip's presents away with him. It was rather a costly business, as we had had to pay for bringing them *up* stairs, but the flat looked so nice and roomy without them that we didn't mind.

It was a great comfort to see how much stronger Sarah was getting. She bustled about all day long, arranging and rearranging the tables and chairs, and she never complained of being tired. She had a happy letter from Jack, too, saying that he was sending her home a parrot by a friend, Tom Leigh.

"We shan't have to warehouse that, I hope, or to banish Tom Leigh," said Sarah; and she put away her letter, and hummed a little tune, and said she was sure that the air of the flat agreed with her. She felt so well that she would go into the kitchen and make a pudding.

We had dined early Mrs. Tumber had left us; there was cold meat for supper. A wholesome plain plum-pudding would be the very thing we could both fancy.

I had promised to spend the afternoon with a friend, so I left Sarah (in a huge brown-holland apron) quite happy with the cookery-book, the scales, and the whole contents of the store cupboard at her disposal. On my return I found the table laid and Sarah in the highest of spirits.

"I have made the most beautiful pudding," she said, "and used all Aunt Jane's new-laid eggs. I did just as the cook said, and after I had boiled it for two hours, I hung it up in the larder and went for a walk. Cooking is really very easy, if you put your mind to it."

"Are we to have cold pudding?" I asked.

"Oh no, dear! I put it back in the saucepan directly I came in, and made up a splendid fire. Since then I have had a nice rest over my book."

We enjoyed our cosy little meal, and when the time came for the pudding to appear I went with Sarah to see the final triumph of her skill.

"There's rather a curious smell, isn't there, darling?" she asked, a little anxiously.

"Never mind," I said, cheerfully, "let's dish it up."

Sarah took the lid off the saucepan, and immediately a thick smoke flew all over the kitchen, accompanied by a whiff of frizzled suet, which I feel unable to describe accurately.

"The horrid pudding has stuck to the saucepan and got burnt to a cinder," gasped poor Sarah.

"Wasn't there any water in the saucepan?" I inquired, with my handkerchief to my nose.

"It was quite full when I began to boil it," replied Sarah, laying an unsightly mass on the clean kitchen table, "and I never thought that it would boil away, and of course it did. Only look at the nice new cloth!"

I did look, and as I met Sarah's appealing glance I sank into the first chair and laughed till even she began to see the comic side of the question. We cut (what should have been) the pudding in two, and quite in the middle was a tiny place that had escaped destruction, enough to show us how good it would have been if the stupid cookery-book had given clearer directions.

"I'll write one myself," exclaimed Sarah, indignantly, "with a preface for idiots, and we shall see if the sale is not something enormous."

Our troubles were not yet over. What would Mrs. Tumber say, and how should we get rid of the pudding before she arrived to-morrow morning? It was against our principles to put anything of the kind down the dust-shoot, though we were positive that our charwoman had no such scruples; indeed, it was the delight of that large-minded female to make it a receptacle for cabbage-stalks and potato-peelings, and even, on one occasion, hot cinders, which, smouldering in the cellar, caused so much alarm in the lower flats that we were obliged to pay the porter five shillings to bring pails of water to extinguish the smoke After much consultation we determined upon a bold scheme It was now past 10 o'clock, and the street was comparatively deserted; like a couple of conspirators, we put out the lights, opened the window, and with quaking hearts hurled the pudding across the road. Then we burnt pastiles till a quarter to twelve, but the fragrance of Sarah's first failure remained in the flat for some hours longer.

One of Sarah's chief pleasures during our first few weeks at Peterborough Dwellings was the street door; it was something so new and gratifying to her, on hearing the ting-ting, of the bell, to fling down her book and run to answer the door. I never thoroughly sympathised with this taste, and after a time Sarah began to say that she thought a great many people must come up the stairs without any particular object in doing so, except, perhaps, to pull our bell. In the morning, besides the regular tradespeople, two or three boys with baskets would ring and inquire for somebody whose names we had never even heard of! For instance, it did annoy me when on answering a most peremptory summons, a very small boy (the smaller the boy the louder the ring) pushed a piece of gravy beef into my hands, and said "Bodgers." I suppose I wasted ten minutes arguing with him, and trying to convince him that he had come to the wrong flat. He went away at last, deeply injured, and I heard him ringing at every bell on his way downstairs.

In the afternoon we had callers of a better class, men in frock coats, with note books and pencils, who would be glad to know if we required fourteen tons of the best coal at a

reduced price; if we were contemplating laying in a stock of old port; or if they might be allowed to write us down for a copy of a new illustrated almanack, much patronised by the nobility and aristocracy. I just mention these little occurrences to show that though we were so happy in our flat it had its drawbacks. But the greatest drawback of all was the existence of a highly musical family immediately below us. They were remarkable people, possessing great individuality of character (or else, as Sarah said, they wouldn't have been living in our dwellings), which found vent in an enthusiastic love for music. One member of the family sang, a second played waltzes, and a third performed popular melodies on the piano, mostly with one finger. It is evident that the architect who designed the dwellings never meant to live in one of them himself, or else he would have taken some precautions for deadening the sound. Our neighbours' piano had a full, mellow tone, which penetrated the flooring, the carpet, and increasing in volume as it ascended, filled our drawing-room with vibrations. On one occasion, even Sarah's stout temper failed her; somebody below was rendering the "Holly Bush Polka," for the third time, when a piano organ in the street struck up "Nancy Lee." I put my fingers in my ears; never in my life had I heard so horrible a noise. Sarah rushed to the writing table, and snatching up a pen, began a furious letter of remonstrance to the landlord, threatening to leave the dwellings immediately unless this intolerable nuisance were put a stop to. However, as we had no stamps, we could not post the letter that night, and by the next morning we had become more tolerant in our views. Naturally, the poor things must practise, and it would be a great pity for us to leave the flat just as it was beginning to look so pretty. So Sarah wrote a polite note to the lady below us, instead of an angry one to the landlord; after that, the practising was conducted in a more rational style.

At last Aunt Jane wrote to say that, as Uncle Philip had business in London, she should avail herself of the opportunity and pay us a visit in our new abode. We were very busy that morning, arranging flowers and hanging pictures. Even Mrs. Tumber rose to the occasion; she anticipated Sarah's most cherished wish by proposing that we should have muffins for tea, and she swept the drawing-room carpet for upwards of half an hour (with closed windows) in order that the dust "might lay" before the arrival of our visitors. Uncle Philip came in, all smiles and friendliness, following Aunt Jane, who looked disappointed, as if she had expected to find that a flat had no roof, or that it was built after the fashion of an Esquimaux hut.

"Nice quarters you have got, girls!" cried Uncle Philip, rubbing his hands. "A little close, perhaps, after the country, eh?"

"Not at all, Uncle Philip," I exclaimed, indignantly.

"No? Well, perhaps not. I'm glad you're satisfied, Annie."

Sarah explained that as we had windows on either side of the passage, it was absolutely impossible that the flat *could* be close; on the contrary, it was always easy to get a thorough draught. To prove this the more clearly, she threw up the windows and opened the doors till Aunt Jane shivered, the fire smoked, and Uncle Philip declared that he was quite convinced. Then we walked round the premises in a procession, Uncle Philip admiring everything he saw, and Aunt Jane bent upon opening all the cupboards and cross-questioning Mrs. Tumber on the subject of her own domestic arrangements. As ill-luck would have it, just as Mrs. Tumber had begun an account of her husband's last attack, the tenant above chose that very moment to throw several soda-water bottles and an empty sardine tin down the dust-shoot. They certainly did make a considerable clatter. Aunt Jane shrieked, and, as her nerves are not very strong, it really was a matter of difficulty to convince her that there was no immediate danger of the kitchen-wall falling in, or the chimney-pot being blown down upon our heads. At length we went back to the drawing-room, and had tea.

"And do you never find, my dear," said Aunt Jane, daintily helping herself to a muffin as her nerves began to recover their tone, "do you never find that the view is a trifle monotonous, in consequence of the windows all being on the same story?"

No, we had never thought about it.

"And there is one more question I must ask, at the risk of being tedious."

"Not at all, Aunt Jane," said Sarah, bent upon being very polite.

"In case of fire now, what would you do?"

"The staircase is fireproof," said Sarah, beginning to look a little mischievous, "and I hope we should get down in good time, especially if we held wet sponges to our faces."

But Aunt Jane was not satisfied yet. She shook her head solemnly. "If the staircase should fall a prey to the flames, my dear Sarah, or you failed to hear the alarm of fire?"

"Then I expect we should be burnt in our beds," said Sarah, flippantly; and Aunt Jane, who never can forgive a joke, was inexpressibly shocked. She sat bolt upright on the edge of her chair during the rest of the visit, refused all invitations to join in the conversation, and took Uncle Philip away to the station an hour earlier than was necessary. After that, we had a great many more visitors, all curious to find out how we liked our original way of housekeeping, and to know whether we meant to stay on at the flat. Of course we did; we had experienced all the inconveniences long ago, and had just begun to realise how pleasant it was to be thoroughly independent. Very soon Mrs. Tumber left us with a large bundle, and double wages, hoping that we should keep our health, and remember her, if we, at any time, should happen to have an old pair of boots to spare. She was succeeded by a nice little maid, and peace and cleanliness reigned in our flat.

By-and-by, Tom Leigh called, bringing the parcel from the West Coast and news of Jack. He was amazed and delighted to find Sarah so well and in such good spirits. They were great friends, and when he had seen her last she had been so terribly weak and ill that he had hardly thought that she could get well again. He did not tell me all this at first, but afterwards when we had seen a good deal of him, for he liked the flat so much that he came every day, and was quicker at opening the door than even Sarah herself! People learn to be so handy in the colonies, Tom says; "so they do in flats," but he would like me to have a little experience of colonial life too, so, as he has got an appointment in Canada which will keep him there some months, we are going out directly after our marriage. Jack will be home by that time, and he and Sarah mean to keep on the flat, at least till we come home again.

THE PRINCESS LOUISE HOME.

By ANNE BEALE.

As the readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER are still so kindly interested in the Princess Louise Home as to send, from time to time, gifts of money and work, we are again permitted to give them a few details. In the first place, another benevolent lady has volunteered to maintain a girl for four years in the Home—possibly for a longer period—and the writer has once more had the great satisfaction of nominating her. She has come to replace our first G.O.P. girl, and, strange to say, both have the same surname. We have, therefore, still our half-dozen. The first, placed in the Home through the instrumentality of this magazine, is now in service, and she has gone to the kind friend who rescued her, a feeble child, from a doubtful situation. She has done extremely well, both in conduct and health, and we may all be proud of our eldest born.

In the second place, we are requested by the secretary, Mr. Gillham, to state that this is the year of the golden wedding of the home—or its inmates, which?—since homes are scarcely marriageable. At any rate, it has been in existence fifty years, and certain ceremonials are to take place. Presents are, of course, *de rigueur;* but, contrary to custom on such occasions, all that are given will be sold for the benefit of the children. Another grand bazaar! which "our girls" are again asked to aid by deft and nimble fingers. Details are not as yet forthcoming, but we will give them if space is allowed to us by our conscientious editor.

In the third and last place, the girls have had a singularly bright and happy Christmas and New Year, thanks to the ladies' committee and other friends of the institution. They had a Christmas-tree of unusually large dimensions, well hung with tapers and presents. The committee of the Reformatory and Refuge Union provided a magic lantern. Our old friends from Edmonton gave them a concert; prizes for good conduct, both in the Home and at service, were distributed; and our special G.O.P. girls received a book each, the present of friends interested equally in the success of the Home and the paper. In addition to all this, on Christmas morning Santa Claus presented each girl with a pair of new cuffs, a handkerchief, a letter, and a Christmas card, to say nothing of brand new dresses wherein to walk to church. Had they not reason to sing with the angels, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, goodwill towards men"? and, being well taught to reverence that Saviour whose birth they commemorated, they doubtless did sing with thankful hearts.

We pass over the good cheer that awaited them on their return to Woodhouse, and the abundant dessert provided by the friends who had placed them in the Home, lest we should outstep the space allotted for our exercise; but we venture to add a few words written by their indefatigable secretary concerning the kindness of friends. "The loving spirits who had been moved to do all this could not but realise that Providence had entrusted to their hands the dispensation of a very bright epoch in the lives of these young girls, who have now returned to the more serious duties of life, several of them going to service with the full assurance that they carry with them the prayers and good wishes of all those they leave behind."

We have again to thank our staunch friend Veronica for another parcel, Mrs. Holland for twenty woollen scarfs, Mrs. Cronin for undergarments, friends at Plymouth for calico and flannel, and in Abbey-road for work, Lady Greenwell for a parcel, Miss Blair a case, and Miss C. Spencer (of Bombay) for an embroidered Indian table-cover, a first instalment for our next bazaar. We would also gratefully acknowledge the following donations:—Elsie Forsyth, Switzerland, 19s. 9d.; A Farmer's Wife who remembers the Home in good Mr. Talbot's time, £1; Collected by Miss Ella Skinner, £1 10s.; per Editor of "G.O.P.," 3s.; Mrs. Prankerd, per Miss Anne Beale, 10s. 6d.; Miss Clark, 2s. 6d.

The office of the Princess Louise Home is still 32, Sackville-street, Piccadilly, London, W., and Mr. Gillham and Miss Tidd continue to work there.

TAUGHT HIS WAY.

THE STORY OF A LIFE'S PURPOSE.

CHAPTER IV.

FLORENCE soon discovered that her nieces' exhibition of waywardness on the first evening of their arrival was but a fair specimen of their usual conduct, and before three days had passed her heart sank at the prospect of managing wisely such wilful little people. Whatever may have been Kate's other virtues, she certainly had not left behind her any evidence of having been a wise mother, and had relegated to other hands the difficult task of training her spoiled children. Bertram, it was evident, did not mean to be troubled with his little girls. He liked their society well enough at times, but, when it ceased to be amusing, assumed no responsibility concerning them.

The following morning Florence had another dispute about the black frocks, in which, however, she was happily victorious without any passion or tears. At first, it is true, Winny flatly refused to entertain the idea of being clothed at all in such sombre apparel, but when she found that it would involve a pleasant drive behind Vixen with Aunt Florence, a visit to the best shops of which the neighbouring village could boast, and, moreover, plenty of new attire, she gave her gracious consent, and even permitted Norah the maid to dress her in the despised old black frock without any serious objection. Grace was not difficult to manage. Though she liked her own way, like most other little girls, her rebellion was more often in imitation of her elder sister, and if Winny was obedient Grace would generally follow her example. Florence soon discovered, too, what an affectionate little thing she was, and guessed that it would not be difficult to win her heart.

She exerted herself to the utmost to draw out and gain the confidence of the two little motherless girls, resolving not to be repelled or discouraged by their somewhat ungracious manners, or to lose her temper when irritated by their disobedient, wilful, and imperious ways. And she was not wholly unsuccessful. Not many days had passed before she had gained some influence over them, although it was clear they had never been accustomed to be guided by anything but their own will, so freely indulged by their mother. It would have been surprising, indeed, had they developed, under such training, into models of amiable and obedient children. There was no lack of intelligence in either Winny or Grace, and when on their best behaviour they could be most attractive and charming. They were pretty children, too, and their soft, crape-trimmed merino frocks showed their fair, clear skins and healthful, rosy bloom to perfection.

The first few weeks after the travellers' arrival were sadly trying ones to poor Florence. Her brother left his little girls as much to her care as though she had been their mother, and though Mr. Hamilton showed them every kindness and attention, yet Florence always felt anxious lest they should disturb or vex him. Norah, too, departed in high dudgeon before her first month of service was half expired, and her place was not very readily filled. After a time, however, a suitable school was found for the children in the village, and it became Vixen's duty to convey them to and fro daily, thus relieving their aunt from very considerable anxiety, and restoring, to some extent, the peaceful and regular routine of domestic life at Owlet's Hall.

Florence returned to her reading and Chinese studies, and was free to enjoy her father's and brother's society.

One morning, early in November, she had settled herself quietly in the cosy little breakfast-room with no companion but the Persian kitten curled up before a blazing fire, Mr. Hamilton and his son having gone for a long ride. Books and papers lay on the table before her, but Florence could not give her mind to study. Her eyes followed the lines over some pages of a book, but her brain took in nothing of their meaning, and the ink dried over and over again in her unwilling pen.

"DIDO AND GIP ARE ALWAYS HER COMPANIONS."

Then her eyes wandered altogether from their task, and rested abstractedly on the frost-covered tips of the garden shrubs vaguely visible like pale ghosts in the white November fog, through which the sun had succeeded in forcing a few struggling beams. The fact was that a conviction, which had not at its first dawning been suffered a moment's thought, was very gradually but surely strengthening in Florence's mind, and now that she had more time for serious reflection was gathering power and reality, and claiming very earnest attention and very early decision. This morning Phœbe Statham's words would keep ringing in her ears, "Must we not leave it to Him to show us the path to tread, not taking up of ourselves even the best and holiest work?" and "He generally puts very distinctly, and sometimes very unexpectedly, into our hands the work He would have us do." Though again and again Florence turned to the exercise book and dictionary, and tried to fix her attention on the closing chapters of a missionary work, these words came back on her mind just in the same gentle tones in which her friend had uttered them, and somehow, that morning, study was a failure.

Phœbe Statham had paid Florence a visit the day before, and perhaps the recent meeting partly helped to recall her words, though the friends had not made the slightest reference to their conversation in the field a few months ago.

Mr. Hamilton and Bertram returned at one o'clock to luncheon, and the children to their early dinner, as it was half-holiday. That afternoon everything seemed to go wrong. Winifred was so disobedient while out for a walk with her grandfather, that Mr. Hamilton had felt obliged, though very unwillingly, to tell Aunt Florence of her conduct, and exclude her from the tea-table. Grace seemed to have caught her sister's ill-humour, and could find pleasure in no amusement but that of tormenting the beautiful Persian kitten, for which unwelcome attention she received some severe scratches on her fair little hands and arms, and was sharply reproved by Florence, relapsing into a state of sour sulkiness during the evening meal. If there was any time when the children specially irritated Florence it was when they grieved and disobeyed their kind grandfather, or teased or ill-treated any of the household pets, whose comfort and happiness were ever such an important consideration to their fond mistress. After tea lesson-books were produced, a few simple tasks always being prepared by the little girls for morning school. But no progress was made. In spite of auntie's kind help and encouragement, not a lesson was perfect by bed-time, for neither of the children was the least in the humour to learn. Little Grace, it was true, had owned and been ashamed of her fault, and, amid a flood of tears, had begged forgiveness both from the offended auntie and the aggrieved kitten; but this repentant process had been by no means conducive to a clear and receptive condition of the mental powers, and the little penitent sat dismally regarding the open book with a woe-begone teary countenance, and an expression of calm

despair. Florence, fortunately, was wise enough to discern that the lesson, usually so easily learned, was to-night simply insurmountable, and gave permission to lay it aside till early morning hours.

But, when Grace had gone to bed, Winny stuck fast, as before. If her little sister's naughtiness had rendered her unable to study, Winny's temper had made her unwilling. Florence had never before seen her so defiant and obstinate, and at last, every other expedient having failed, was obliged to send her early to bed in disgrace. Then, though with rather a heavy heart, she sang to her father and played chess with Bertram the rest of the evening. When at last she went to her own room for the night, it was not to lie down to rest.

Florence's heart was very full. She felt that a great question, which had been gathering force, and pressing more earnestly for a final answer every day during the last few weeks, must be no longer put aside—must be faced as in God's sight and settled, cost what it might. Stirring the fire into a cheerful blaze she threw on a dressing-gown, and sat down in her easy-chair within its warm, flashing light. On a little table by her side lay a small pile of missionary books and papers, one in Chinese, and her Bible. But Florence glanced at none of them. Her eyes rested thoughtfully on the glowing coals, and as she fell into a deep reverie there rose up before her the fair and noble scheme of missionary usefulness, of a life set apart from all care and pleasures exclusively to the Redeemer's service in seeking out, in His name, the dark and ignorant, and bearing to them the light of life, a work for which she was, doubtless, in many ways, specially fitted, a work to which she was putting her hand with no mean motive to secure the praise of men, but out of genuine devotion to the Lord whose service was her greatest delight. What other work, compared to this, could be worth doing, what call could have any higher authority? None, it was true, if this was indeed the call of God. But Florence was just beginning to fear that she had, possibly, mistaken the dictates of her own will for the distinct voice of God, and to question if she did not hear His voice now in quite another and unexpected direction.

Here were two motherless little girls thrown entirely on her hands. The influence, the guidance, the example about their young lives now would mould their characters for life, perhaps for all eternity. Would any stranger love and care for them as she could? Would not all the patience, the love, and the toil needed in heathen lands be demanded now in her own home? Was the Lord calling her to claim these young souls for Him by loving, watchful care, and if so, could she put the task aside?

"Oh, if they had only been more amiable, more pleasing children," sighed Florence, "it would be more encouraging."

But this, she knew, was quite wide of the point in question. It was not "Did she like the task?" but "Had God appointed it?" and, at the bottom of her heart, Florence was only really desirous of finding an answer to the latter inquiry. And, on her knees that night, she found it. Not without a terrible struggle, it is true, not without a wrench of the deepest anguish, not without heart-wrestling and tears. But the answer came—came, as in the midnight darkness the sweet, assuring tones of Christ's voice came to the terrified disciples, storm-tossed and weary, from that shining figure so mysteriously moving at their side. And with the Divine voice came the hush of peace. Florence had been perplexed and bewildered. She had listened for the Master's voice, and now she had laid down her own will that she might immediately obey His will, and to her could never fail the blessing promised to those who "hear the word of God and keep it."

The next morning, while the children were at school, Florence found her father taking a turn in the nut-walk over the thickly-fallen leaves. In the winter sunlight the dying year was putting on as cheerful a face as possible. Florence slipped her hand within her father's arm, and in a few words told him of her new resolve.

"God has 'chosen' for me, dear father," she said, earnestly. "I see, now, the missionary plan was my own choice: a good one in its way, but not His. Not that it was a fancy, just to please myself. I was entering it for His sake, but not, I find, at His call. He has really given me Winifred and Grace to love and care for. I will stay with you and with them, and however troublesome and disobedient they may be I think I shall have patience to do the work I am quite sure God has given me."

"God bless you, my little Flossy," returned her father, fondly. "I would not say a word, my darling; I thought you were finding out the way, and God could speak better than I. He will bless my own daughter in her obedience, and teach her to train my two little grandchildren for His service."

And Florence Hamilton never had occasion to regret her resolve. She spared no pains to increase and turn to the best account the children's affection for her, at first so sullenly withheld, but which grew closer and dearer as years went by. She entered into all their pursuits, encouraged their love of flowers and gardening, and almost turned Owlet's Hall into a permanent menagerie for the accommodation of the various creatures that were housed and petted by the girls. And she had her reward—a reward which her most sanguine dreams had not pictured. Of course, it was not surprising that both Winny and Grace should be, as they grew up, very much interested in that work which lay so near to their aunt's heart, for Florence never lost her eager sympathy in foreign missions. She established a flourishing working-party among her friends in the neighbourhood, and was the means of sending many goodly sums to the zenana mission. Winny and Grace were always among the busiest workers, and took the management in Florence's absence; but it was with joy, not unmixed with surprise, that she first learned that they had resolved to give themselves to the work. And so at last Florence drew forth from its long seclusion, with many memories of the past stirring at her heart, the old Indian exercise-book, and was able to help her two nieces very materially with their studies. In due time the two young missionaries departed to their field of labour, to do, Florence hoped, just double the work she might have accomplished had her early desires been fulfilled. But Winifred and Grace do not leave Aunt Florence alone. Her father, it is true, no longer needs her loving care, for he dwells in still tenderer keeping, but another is now claiming her love and devotion. Florence is the wife of a country minister, and in her quiet, love-lit home is still doing the Master's work just "as He chooses," comforting the aged, teaching the young, ministering to the sick.

And, though her heart is often over the sea, she is very happy and blest in her lowly work, as she goes through country lanes and fields on loving missions, and when her dear husband cannot be at her side, Dido and Gip, her nieces' two favourite dogs, are always her companions. And such happy, bright letters come back from India with records of successful work in the mission-field to which these two faithful labourers have, indeed, been "called and chosen." And often as she reads these letters with glad and thankful heart does Florence rejoice that she was able to yield up her own will, and "meek" enough to be taught His way, for it is those who fear the Lord that He teacheth "in the way that He shall choose."

THE END.

HOW I KEEP HOUSE ON £250 A YEAR.

General Hints.—Second Paper.

In considering the cereals, or edible grains, wheat comes first as by far the most important in England.

Wheat-flour is used for bread-making in preference to any other, because it contains more gluten. It is this gluten in wheat-flour that enables us, with the addition of yeast, to obtain a very elastic dough, such as we could never get by employing oatmeal or barley-meal in the same way, as they hardly contain any gluten.

When flour is kept in a damp place, the gluten becomes decomposed, or partially decomposed, hence the difficulty of making good bread with flour that has been damp. The addition of a small quantity of alum to it, when making bread, will sometimes enable one to produce good results from flour that is not perfectly sound in this respect, as alum, to some extent, prevents or arrests the decomposition of flour; bakers use it to avoid bread turning sour.

When wheat-flour is made into bread it still retains the gluten, and it is for this glutinous quality that we put a slice of bread in the stock for most soups. In pea soup, for instance, the bread put in will in a manner hold the vegetable substance in suspension, and prevent the peas settling at the bottom of the soup tureen; it is on exactly the same principle that medical men order mucilage or gum to be put in medicine with insoluble powders, such as chalk. In connection with bread-making, yeast must claim a little of our attention. I believe that many people have a prejudice against German yeast, though it is often purer than other, and is much more easily obtained. I have never had bread bitter when made with it. In reality, the so-called German yeast is only brewers' yeast with nearly all the moisture taken from it. It should be a greyish colour.

Yeast itself is a plant. This plant produces fermentation. The fermentation is arrested by baking, as the heat of the oven kills the yeast.

In making Vienna bread, dough is saved from one baking to the next, when more yeast and flour are added; sometimes yeast and flour are added four or five times.

As the dough must be allowed to rise each time after yeast is added, the process of making this bread is, as may be imagined, a very tedious one, and necessitates nearly a day in the kitchen. My own way of making bread is very different, as I can make a small batch comfortably in fifteen minutes. I would not say that everyone would think my bread equal to bread that had taken more time; but it is always light and sweet, so I shall give the directions, under the impression that many readers of The Girl's Own Paper can spare a quarter of an hour to go into the kitchen, while other avocations may prevent their going down to set the sponge, then a second time to knead the dough, and yet a third to make up the bread.

To make bread expeditiously, take 4lbs. of flour that has been kept in a very dry place, put it in a pan, make a hollow in the centre; take 1oz. (even weight, not to turn the scale) of fresh German yeast, a quart all but two tablespoonfuls (equal to 1oz.) of warm water, about 95 degrees Fahrenheit; in hot weather it should be a little cooler, in frosty weather

a little warmer. Put the yeast into a basin, and with a little of the water make it into a smooth paste; gradually add the remainder of the water, stirring all the time; th n throw in a teaspoonful of salt, pour the mixture into the flour, and knead well, bringing up the flour well from the bottom and sides of the pan until all is thoroughly incorporated. *If you are trying bread-making* for the first time you will probably think that the dough is too dry, and that you will never get all the flour mixed in; but never mind, go on kneading; when your bread has risen you will be surprised to find how wet the dough is. When it is well kneaded, and no loose flour shows anywhere, divide into three loaves, put them into half-quartern tins that you have slightly warmed and floured inside (not greased), and stand in a warm place, covered with a cloth, for an hour and a quarter, unless the loaves happen to rise very quickly, when an hour will be long enough; then put them in a brisk oven. When they have been in half an hour see if they need moving, but shut the door again as soon and as gently as possible, and leave for three quarters of an hour. The opening the oven door when the bread has been in half an hour lets the steam out; but, beware when you are baking of being over-anxious and looking too often; a little practice will soon teach you how long things take in your particular oven, and it is always best to bake by the clock, if you want to do it well. My oven bakes my three loaves at once; the first half-hour I put them all on the top shelf, then move them on to the second shelf to finish.

The 4lbs. of flour, ounce of yeast, and water yield 5lb. 1oz. of bread. I buy household flour, 28lb. bag at a time, and take the opportunity of baking when we are obliged to have a good fire for other things. My home made bread costs me nearly a penny a quartern less than bakers' bread.

The loaves may be baked without tins, but it is best for a beginner to make small loaves, and bake them in tins as I have directed. Perhaps some of my girl readers may not know that *though a quartern loaf must* weigh four pounds, a quartern of flour only weighs 3½lbs. While speaking of flour I must tell you how I make my pastry for ordinary use.

I take ¾lb. of dry flour, and place it on a pasteboard; I cut a quarter of a pound of salt butter in slices, and place them on the flour. I then flour the rolling-pin with some of the flour on the board, and roll each slice of butter out as thin as possible; each flake as it is rolled I take up carefully with a knife, and place it at the corner of the board. When I have rolled all the butter I do the same with 4oz. of lard or good dripping, being careful always to have flour enough on the rolling-pin to prevent its sticking. I then scrape the remaining flour, and any crumbs of lard or butter there may be, into the middle of the board, make a hollow in the centre, and scrape in as much rock ammonia as would lie on a shilling, and a little salt; I then add a little less than a quarter of a pint of the coldest water I can get, then roll the dough out as thin as possible. I next take the flakes up one by one (beginning with the lard), and cover the paste with them, fold it up, and roll it out again, repeating the process until all the flakes are used, then roll out for use. No extra flour must be used. This quantity of paste made with butter and lard costs about 7½d.; it is sufficient to cover a small fruit tart, make an open tart and twelve tartlets.

Note that in making the paste it should be rolled up and down only, not sideways, and should be kept in the same position on the board; if turned round it would alter the rolling. The harder the butter and lard are the lighter the pastry will be. It need not be baked as soon as made if it is stood in a cool place. This paste is none the worse for being made the day before it is wanted, put aside in the cool, and rolled out when needed. All pastry bakes best in hot ovens, and generally rises most on the top shelf.

Another cereal, barley, is consumed in comparatively very small quantities in England to what it is in Scotland; we might use it more with advantage. It is in various ways very different to most grains; it grows apparently in almost any climate; it ripens in the short summer near the frigid zone, while in warm climates they get two barley harvests a year. In the plague of hail the barley in Egypt was smitten because it was in the ear, while the wheat was not yet come up. We all know how useful barley water is in illness. I believe the reason it is so much approved as a drink in many cases is that it supplies a little nourishment, and allays thirst without exciting circulation.

Pot, Scotch, and pearl barley are all much the same, the only difference being the exterior of one is a little more ground off than that of another. These preparations are simply ordinary barley off which the outer husk has been ground in a mill constructed for the purpose.

Patent barley is ground pearl barley, but barley meal is ground barley. This latter is not suitable for use in our kitchens, as it has a strong flavour, owing to the husk. Pearl barley is better for mutton broth than any other cereal, because it has the property of uniting well with the fat extracted from the meat as it boils; for this reason it is not nice in chicken broth, as the fat from poultry has not a pleasant flavour; we prefer to be able to take it all off the top of the broth, so rice is far preferable for it.

Pearl barley boiled in water until it is tender, then the water poured off and milk added, makes a very nice porridge for children's breakfast, in change with oatmeal.

Apropos of barley, barley sugar was once sugar boiled with a decoction of barley; but I do not think there is now any barley about it but the name.

Oatmeal, another of our useful cereals, we use a great deal of during the winter, not only for porridge, but also for soup for the poor; we use the coarse oatmeal only. I also make oatmeal cakes to eat with cheese. For these I take ½lb of coarse oatmeal and half a pint of boiling water, with half an ounce of salt butter melted in it to make the cakes crisp; pour it quite boiling over the meal, stir it as quickly as possible into a dough, then turn it on to the pasteboard and roll it out as thin as possible, so that it will just hold together. I cut mine into squares, then place them on a large baking sheet, and dry them on the top of the stove, finishing them in the oven.

While speaking of farinaceous foods, I may mention that I have been told by an analyst that he found no difference in the properties of the best Bermuda or the much-thought-of missionary arrowroot, which is I believe sold at 3s. a pound, and Natal arrowroot, worth about eightpence-halfpenny. Arrowroot is really the purest form of starch, and nothing more than starch; the cheaper kinds require a little more to be used, as they do not thicken quite as much in boiling.

It is of so much importance in economical housekeeping to understand how to lay out money to the best advantage, that I give a great deal of thought to it, and even then I sometimes find things do not turn out as well as I expected.

We do not go to co-operative stores as much as most people; in fact, I never go to the stores for anything that I can buy of the local tradesmen at the same price and of the same quality. When we went into our house I went to good tradesmen in the neighbourhood, told them I always paid cash, and asked them if they were prepared to serve me at Civil Service prices. They assented, and I am very well satisfied. I consider them, by ordering as I should from the stores, so that they have not to be incessantly sending small parcels, and they serve me very well. I think it is only fair that we should give local tradesmen the chance to supply us at cash prices, as they are necessities, and we should be much inconvenienced if they all shut up their shops. They would, doubtless, be better off if they could make no bad debts.

With regard to meat, we English are so apt to forget that there are more pieces of beef to be bought than loins, ribs, or rounds; and the same with regard to other meats. I frequently buy some neck of beef—parts of it make better beef-tea than the shin; it makes, too, a very good stew or pudding. Shin of beef is also very good stewed, and is cheaper than steak, but not so much cheaper, although it is less in price; for owing to the sinew in it, it does not go so far when cooked.

A housekeeper should know that when a butcher tells his cash-taker the price of the meat, it is almost invariably by the stone or 8lbs. Thus, if he say, "six shillings," you know in a minute that he is going to charge ninepence per pound; or "six-and-fourpence," ninepence halfpenny, and so on; and can easily calculate if the bill given you is correct.

We always salt our own beef, and pickle pigs' heads for brawn; also tongues and pork.

Beef we leave four days in pickle, as we do not like it very salt; and heads six days. If not left in longer, the water they are boiled in is good for soup, particularly from the pig's head.

The following is the pickle I use; *it is from* a Yorkshire recipe:—1oz. of saltpetre, 1oz. of bay salt, ½lb. of coarse brown sugar, ½lb. of common salt.

Pound the ingredients together in a mortar, rub the meat all over with the mixture; no water is used, but the meat must be rubbed and turned every day. If for brawn or collard head I add a tablespoonful of bruised black pepper and a teaspoonful of bruised allspice to the pickle. There is so much difference in marketing for families that every housekeeper is in a great measure bound by the appetites for which she has to cater. Some people do not think they have dined if they have not partaken of a joint. We prefer some fish and a little dish of cutlets, or some other small thing, followed by a sweet or savoury dish. I could not keep house on what I do if a joint were *de rigueur*. For my own part, I find nothing so extravagant as a loin of mutton. If young housekeepers would, when they begin, adopt the plan for a short time of counting how many people have dined or lunched off a joint, and calculate how much it comes to a head, they would learn wonderfully soon the relatively profitable joints, &c. Thus, say a leg of mutton has cost 5s. 6d. and we dine off it twice upstairs—that is six dinners; they dine off it three times downstairs—that is twelve dinners altogether. The mutton has cost fivepence-halfpenny a head per meal, so I consider it has been a satisfactory joint. I give this to explain clearly what I mean; it is also a guide to calculate it thus when one fancies a joint has gone too fast.

With regard to vegetables, we do not generally make nearly enough of them in this country. In our house we are all very fond of vegetable soups, and also of dressed vegetables. We very frequently have them served alone. Lately celery roots have been brought to market; they are a very delicate vegetable; we cut them in slices, boil them, and send them to table with white sauce over. The water in which they are boiled is a welcome addition to the stock pot. They are also very good cut up and stewed in brown gravy.

Haricot beans, French beans, salsify, Brussels sprouts, tomatoes, mushrooms, arti-

chokes, carrots—any vegetable, in fact—may be cooked to be suitable for a second course; even potatoes, as the following recipes will show:—

Potato croquettes.—Take 1lb. of well-boiled floury potatoes, mash them well, or pass them through a sieve; add to them 2oz. of butter, some salt, and the yoke of an egg; make them up into little balls, roll them on a floured board, then egg-and-bread-crumb them, and boil them in fat (take care the fat is sufficiently hot when you put them in); serve very hot on a napkin with fried parsley.

Pommes de terre farcies.—Well wash, and bake in a gentle oven, eight well-shaped potatoes; when done cut a round hole at the top, and carefully empty the potato skins with a small spoon; mash the potato, add to it 2oz. of butter, the yolk of an egg, two tablespoonfuls of milk or cream, a little salt, nutmeg, and a pinch of white sugar; then add gradually 2oz. of grated parmesan or other cheese. With this mashed potato fill the skins, heaping it high over the hole; put a little parmesan and butter on the top, replace in the oven for twenty-five minutes, and serve.

Cheese puddings and soufflés often make a rather elegant finish to a dinner; for these it is a great advantage to put as much bi-carbonate of potash as will lay on a threepenny-piece into the milk you use, as it renders them more digestible.

I regret that space does not permit me to give recipes in this paper for cheese puddings and the many economical dishes that may be made with macaroni.

TOYDONIA; OR, THE LAND OF TOYS.

By Emma Brewer.

Skin Toy Animals of Rodach.

Our next visit is to Rodach, a village but little known outside the borders of Toydonia. Taking Coburg for a centre, it lies about ten miles in an opposite direction to Sonneberg, but still in Thuringia; there is no railroad to it, and it is therefore only to be reached by carriage.

Very rarely, indeed, is it visited by strangers—which accounts, perhaps, for the kind way in which we were received at the village inn, a large, old-fashioned building. The little hostess came forward to shake hands and help us off with our wraps, and finding we were famished, hurried away to prepare food for us. In a short time we sat down to a dainty little meal, embellished by a bunch of roses on each of our plates—good coffee and milk, new-laid eggs, sweet bread-and-butter, and a variety of cakes, all placed on a spotless table-cloth. Seeing that we were pleased, she told us all the neighbours had contributed our meal—some had sent the flowers, others the butter, and the cakes were made and sent in by someone else. And this was not all. While we were despatching the food, this pretty girl, the daughter of the host, sat down to a good grand piano and played us some of Mendelssohn's *Lieder*. Can you wonder that we treasure the memory of Rodach and the hostess of the village inn, and give them a place in the foreground of our memory picture of Toyland?

Rodach is celebrated for the manufacture of the very best skin animals in Toydonia.

If you remember, we saw some animals made in Sonneberg, and although they are very good, yet they are not of the same class as those made here. Herr Strecker told us that not a single common article was ever sent out of Rodach. This is saying a great deal, and we were curious to learn the cause of the excellence. I brought one or two of these toy animals home with me, and they are so beautiful in form, colour, and finish that even clever men and women look at them with surprise and pleasure.

This Rodach, which sends into the world toy animals so perfect as at once to amuse and educate the young, contains only two thousand inhabitants, and yet it makes and sells on an average annually a hundred thousand dozen animals, all harnessed and decorated as in real life. This means, if you leave out Sundays, three thousand eight hundred and thirty-three animals a day! Of these Paris alone takes yearly to the value of £1,500.

We had a letter to the manufacturer, who, in a quiet and intelligent manner, showed us over the works, permitting us to see for ourselves, and to ask any questions we pleased. In and for this factory about two hundred people are employed, including men, women, and boys, the work being done under both forms of "factory" and "house industry." The women are mostly occupied in the early stages of the work; the men invariably are entrusted with the finishing. First of all the models are made by the best artists, then casts are taken and moulds made of limbs, head, horns, and bodies, always in halves and in precisely the same manner as the dolls were made in Sonneberg, and of the same material, viz., *papier-maché*.

But here we must pause to note a departure from the usual method of making the *papier-maché*. As we look at the sodden mass of pulp before us, which women and girls are pressing into the moulds, we are told that there is a difference in this and that used in Sonneberg. For the Rodach toy animals the paper used must, of necessity, be made from rags—that formed from straw or wood would not answer at all; the chalk used must also be of a particular kind and quality, and ground in mills, according to a special system, until it is as fine as sand. In a similar manner the meal is subjected to grinding until it is as fine as it is possible to get it. These materials, having passed through the refining process, are mixed into a pulp by means of glue water, and become *papier-maché* of the finest kind, of which all the Rodach toy animals are made. After watching the women at their work, and seeing it, when dry, passed on to men to put the various parts of the animal together, we were shown to the top of the factory, where was a very large loft or attic, lighted by one good-sized window. The roof sloped down to the floor in some places, but, where practicable, wooden bins had been erected. These were filled with animals, unpainted and without skins, merely in their *papier-maché* forms. We could scarcely find a place to put our feet on in the loft, as the whole floor was covered with piled-up heaps of animals, each heap containing one sort and size. Here, for example, hundreds of horses, there a heap of cows; here lay hundreds of camels, there as many elephants, all just as they had been brought in by the workmen. I noticed that the legs were, as a rule, made of wood, and not *papier-maché*, and heard that the wood was used for strength. This loft was intensely hot, as the sun was shining directly into it, hardening and perfecting with its warm, bright rays the thousands of animals awaiting their skins, eyes, horns, saddles, and panniers, to render them presentable and acceptable to the little ones of the world.

The adjoining attic was filled with moulds of animals of every sort and size; and numerous as these were, they were arranged with great order, a little ticket attached to each, descriptive of size, form, and number, so that in selecting and giving out work there need be no loss of time, for you know the motto of the toymakers, "Zeit ist geld" (Time is money).

Our next point was to see of what and how the horns were made, which on the finished animals looked so natural. For the cheaper—mind, I do not say the commoner, for that is a term neither Herr Strecker nor Rodach will sanction—the horns are made of soft wood, which is first well soaked and then cooked in water till it is capable of being bent into any form; for the higher-priced animals the horns are made of natural horn, turned and shaped by the turner. You will observe that it is these little differences of material which act upon the price—the form being equally perfect in the dear and cheap toy.

The eyes of the animals, of course, all come from Lauscha.

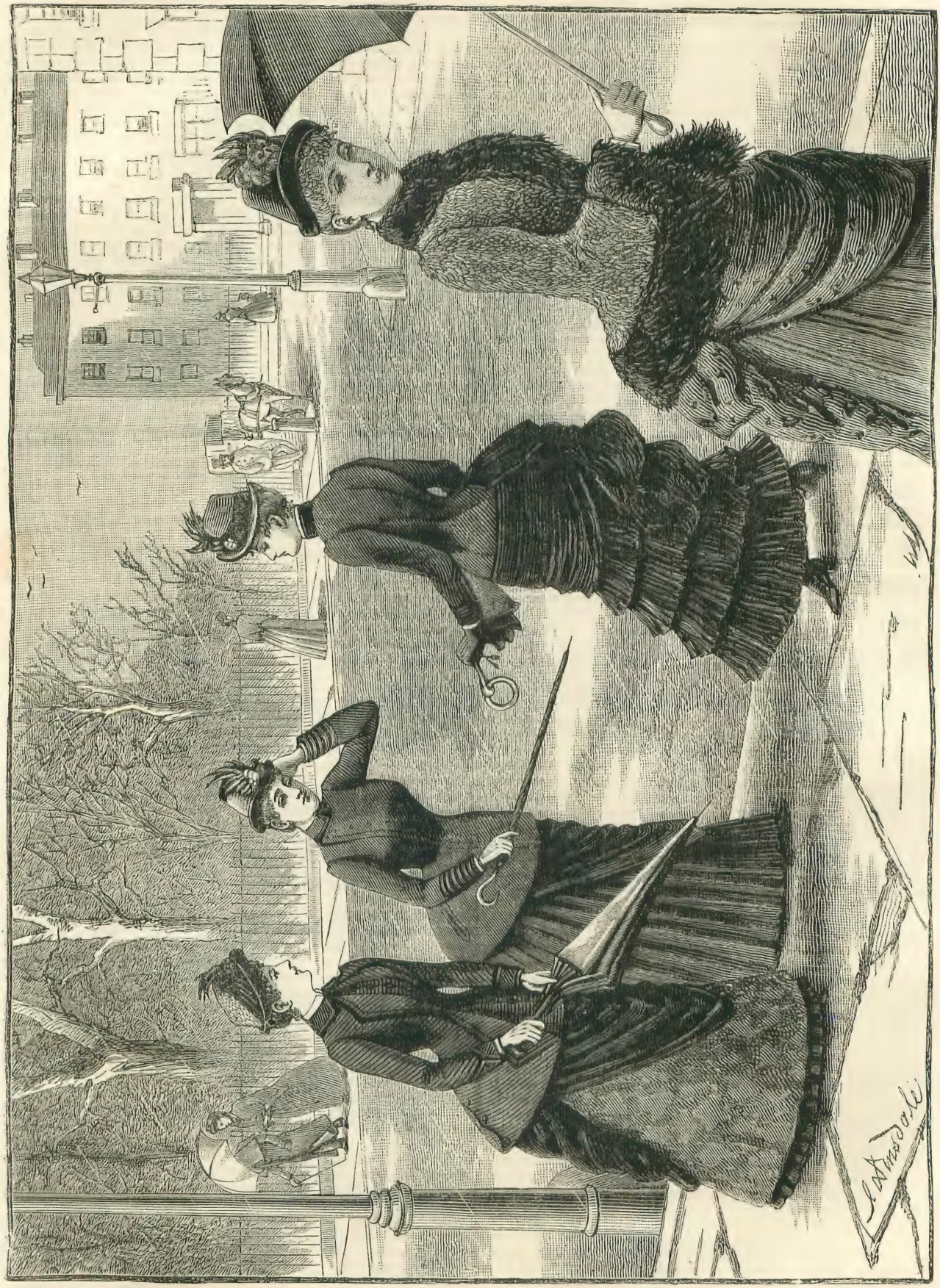
We were greatly interested in seeing and learning about the covering of the various animals. We stood by and saw the men cutting and glueing on to the *papier-maché* bodies the softest of skins, which, when finished, looked as though they must have grown there. As I felt them I knew they were not those of ordinary animals, they were so pliable, so soft, so glossy, and yet of perfect colours; and I listened with great interest while it was explained to us that the skins were those of animals still-born, or born dead, as it is called; that the supplies came chiefly from Hungary, Russia, and Buenos Ayres, where they were dried before being sent to Rodach, and that on their arrival they went through a process of special tanning, quite new, and known only to Rodach. The weight of one of these skins, when ready for use, is from one to two and a half pounds. Some few of the animals are not so covered, but are painted, and, while wet, powdered with ground hair or skin.

The harnesses, belts, and leather trappings for the animals are all made here, under the manufacturer's own eye; the only articles obtained from outside are the eyes and the basket-panniers, which last come from Lichtenfels. We saw some men harnessing the horses, and learned that they were occupied in so doing from one year's end to another. Of course, by this they obtain a rapid and masterly method of working.

The work, you see, is somewhat complicated, and demands many hands and a good deal of brainwork before a first-class skin toy-animal finds its way into the nurseries of our children. There is the preparation of the various materials for the manufacture of *papier-maché* requiring expensive apparatus; there are also commercial dealings with foreign countries, in order to obtain the skins; there are tan-yards for the special tanning; there is, again, the employing of good artists to copy from nature, and of others to make moulds and to fill them; there are, too, the leather workers and the turners and many more, difficult to count up. Added to this, there is great anxiety that these toys should be sold quickly and for as little money as it is possible to ask, so as to pay expenses and get a little profit. I think it will enhance the value of toys if children learn something of how they are made and of the people who make them.

The toymakers of Rodach are none of them poor, neither are they rich; they own, as a rule, a piece of land where they grow potatoes sufficient for their household. Their way of living is simple and inexpensive, and very free from the wear and tear which much contact with the world creates.

The school of Rodach is excellent, and the children are not only taught reading, writing, and arithmetic well, but are instructed in the higher branches of learning. I noticed that the children specially prided themselves on the writing of essays. Attendance at school is compulsory for boys and girls between the ages of six and fifteen.



IN THE MARCH WINDS.

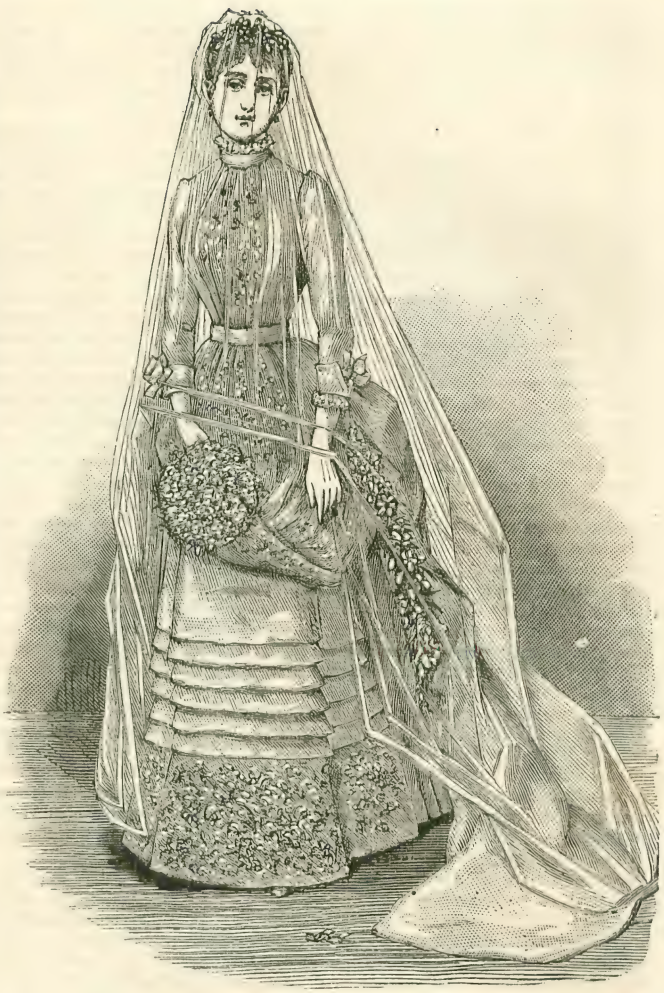
DRESS: IN SEASON AND IN REASON.

By A LADY DRESSMAKER.

It is a fortunate thing for those who have to re-make their dresses, and to consider much over every small item of expenditure, that we are so little bound by the trammels of fashion at the present moment. We are no longer able to say "such and such a thing is the fashion," for there are a dozen fashions always in vogue; and in this manner a clever manager may exercise the greatest economy in the remodelling of an old dress. During the winter sales there has been a marvellous stock of the best materials suitable for making-up or altering; and many people seemed to be taking advantage of the fact to make such purchases as would help them in the early spring. Our skirts, under the new *régime* of fashion, can be worn with new bodices, which may differ wholly from them in material and hue. With skirts of broché silk, velvet, or velveteen cloth jackets may be used, plain, or covered with fine embroidery; braided jerseys, too, are amongst the most useful additions to our wardrobes. Bodices of figured, plain, or ribbed velvet, Pekin satin, or plush are all worn with various skirts, the first-named being used with skirts of the airiest kind—tulles, nets, and laces—and they are as fashionable for a new one as for the worthy purpose of wearing out an old one.

If the skirt you are re-making be of plain uni-coloured material, it may be made to correspond with the jacket by adding appliqués or bands of the colour or material of the jacket. With all woollen skirts the jackets are plainer than with those of fancy materials. Braids such as are now found in every imaginable kind may be much utilised by the home-dressmaker. They replace all kinds of old trimming, and the braided ornaments now to be bought are a marvellously pretty addition to a dress, whether old or new. They are found in both simple and very elaborate designs. I do not, however, advise either fur or feather trimmings as good things for the home dress-maker; neither of them are economical wear.

In the draping of the skirt, whether old or new, the worker will find herself much at a loss if she is not aided in her exertions by a dress-stand, on which to see the effect of her work as well as to frequently do the actual stitching upon. They are extremely moderate in price, especially the wicker ones; these last, however, need covering with holland or some other stiff material, before using constantly. The cover should fit both body and skirt well, without fulness or pleats, so that the skirt and bodice slip smoothly over, and for this reason a linen cover is better than any other.



BRIDAL DRESS.

GUESTS AT THE BRIDAL.

Even the extreme luxury in dress which has prevailed has been a form of economy to the wearer if she knew how to combine old and new together, or had a clever maid. The most important preparation is, I think, the careful cleaning and brushing of the old material on which your genius for renovating is to be shown. If the dress has had many flounces, pleats, tucks, *bouillonnées* and drapery, and it is of good material and quality, such as a cashmere, vigogne, or serge. The first thing is to take it entirely to pieces, shake, brush, and pick all the threads from it, and then proceed to make up your mind what it needs; generally a sponging with vinegar and water or beer and water will be sufficient to clean and revive it, without further trouble.

The mention of spring seems early yet, but the winter is really three parts past, and we are, all of us, more or less looking for a change of weather, and for something green, to cheer our winter dulness and relieve us, at least in London, from the constant monotony of dark and smoke-laden skies. So I will turn to the new spring ideas, and gather together as far as possible everything that I have either heard or seen on the subject of "what may be worn" in the days that are to come. So far as skirts are concerned there is no doubt, I think, that they will be plain, not very wide, and fuller at the waist than we have yet seen them.

These plain skirts, however, will only be made, and can only look well, in the nature of things, in firm materials, such as cloth, or the many rough-surfaced materials of which we have seen so much this winter. The usual trimming is a flat border of fur or feathers, or

perhaps a wide trimming of the velvet appliqué which has been used this season, and which is put on with an outline of gold thread or cord, making the trimming of great richness.

The many who cannot wear the thick woollen dresses on account of their weight or bulk, use thin woollens, of which there are plenty to be found, making them up in skirts with single kilts and a tunic or polonaise over them. But, whatever is worn, the skirts remain narrow, though they may look fairly wide, and all the recent attempts at distending them with rounds of crinoline have failed. The last idea is a longish mattress filled with horsehair as a pad, and not more than one or two distending wires to raise the dress above the muddy streets, and keep it comfortably away from the heels of the boots.

The bodices, so far as I have seen, have all short basques; a few very novel ones have the tunic gathered up, and sewn to the basque, with a puffing of the material quite close to the bodice. I do not think this becoming, save to slight figures.

I have chosen several walking jackets and hats to show the most useful styles for girls for the spring. As the favourite season for marriages is rapidly approaching, I also have illustrated a simple inexpensive wedding-dress, which is not too difficult for the home dressmaker to execute, and not too costly, I think, for any of the purses of the readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER. The material may be satin, silk, broché, or even nun's veiling. The skirt is tucked, and below the tucks is a deep lace flounce. The bodice is full, and has a full front of piece lace which is extended over the front, and is turned back at one side, forming an overskirt. The back is draped with lace and satin; the veil is a tulle one, hemmed at the edge.

The two guests at the bridal show a pretty way of making a bridesmaid's dress on the right, of pink, pale blue, of cream veiling, trimmed with bands of velvet of a colour to match the dress, deep red on pink, dark blue on blue, and either a deep red or a brown on the cream colour. The bonnet is of cream-coloured lace and jet.

The left-hand figure wears an Ottoman silk dress of deep red, with a deeper velvet forming the plastron in front. The bonnet is white plush and red velvet with white plumes.

Bonnets, as I have often said before, I think, are more used than hats for walking in London, or, indeed, in any large town; but hats, singular to say, are more in favour at present for concerts, afternoon teas, and also weddings. In the country, or by the sea, hats are, of course, the usual thing; and I have endeavoured to show the most usual and the prettiest shapes in the large picture of a windy March day. The shapes are either low and large in the crown or are tall and narrow at the top. The first-named are worn over the eyes, and long wavy plumes are worn in them, like the large "Francis the First" hats. The high-crowned hats have stiffer feathers, wings, and aigrettes or a stiff cluster of tips.

It is a great comfort that the attempt to introduce very high bonnets amongst the English has failed. As worn in Paris they are the ugliest of headdresses. But here we all like something moderate in size and less absurd in height, and certainly more ladylike in appearance. The high peaks, or "gable ends," as they are sometimes called, will probably increase in popularity as the time goes on; they are fuller, and more puffy than they were, and consequently are more becoming. Several new ones I have lately seen have the brim entirely of jet beads, woven into a cross-away design, and left open and unlined, the crown being of jet and velvet, small ostrich plumes being in front. This was very becoming and pretty.

Satin ribbon is greatly used as a trimming for the dresses of young girls, and is placed in horizontal rows round skirts, tunics, and flounces. It is also placed on tunics in diagonal lines, while as loops, edging for basques and tunics, it is very pretty and effective.

Terry is a very popular material for all kinds of mantles, and will be more so as the season advances. Crêpé materials, which have been seen in small quantities, are likely to be much used. Black crêpé cloth is very pretty. Corduroy is used for entire costumes, and also trimmings. Vigognes, with a rough face, are amongst the new introductions, and serges of all kinds, rough, smooth, fine, coarse, are in high favour. Poplin, both plain and figured, seems to be increasing in popularity, and, indeed, it is to be hoped it will do so, as it is a much suffering Irish industry at all times, and is steadily patronised by our good Queen. The following are the orders given by Her Majesty for the marriage trousseau of the Princess Beatrice, and the Irish poplin trade is much gratified by them:—

"The dresses selected are splendid specimens. One being expressly manufactured is ivory white in handsome Oriental design, interwoven with gold threads. Another is cardinal colour in the richest imperial quality, rivalling in appearance the best Lyons velvet, and there is a third in *ciel bleu* closely covered with sprays of forget-me-nots."

There seems no very decided ideas about colours; green appears to predominate, but there are several blues of dull shades that seem likely to be worn. Less red is seen, and, to make up for this, there are several brownish shades that are almost reds, and some new terra cottas, that are very warm and becoming. But just at the present moment it is much too early to say what will be the colours of the spring.

Apparently, the reign of stripes is not nearly over. Wide ones are used for skirts without kilting, as plain under-skirts, and many of the stripes meant for petticoats are employed as skirts for dresses. Petticoat stripes are also used with plain and self-coloured materials, and are put on the skirt as linings under pointed openings, or under tabs, at the skirt edge.

WOMEN AS HYMN WRITERS, AND WHAT THEY HAVE DONE.

By the Rev. T. B. WILLSON, M.A.

AT first, one would be inclined to think, women would have done great things in the field of sacred poetry. In those qualities which are necessary for successful hymn writers they are by no means deficient. In depth and intensity of religious feeling, in enthusiasm, women often, we might almost say always, exceed men; and these are just the characteristics which we should expect to exhibit themselves, and to find expression most naturally in verse.

But the actual facts hardly bear out our first impressions. It is indeed true that some of our noblest hymns are the products of a woman's pen—hymns which are known and loved wherever the English tongue is spoken; but, taken as a whole, women have not attained such eminence in this branch of sacred literature as we should have expected. Doubtless things are changing, and we rejoice for the change. In this paper we hope to show what progress has been made, and how women have aided in giving expression, in suitable poetry, to the thoughts and language of religious life.

In bygone days, in the darkness of mediæval times, education was, of course, almost denied to women, and under such circumstances their record is, naturally enough, a blank in the world of literature. The convent cloisters gave no answering echo to the hymn of the monks. When the men who had fled for refuge to the great monasteries, in days when it was indeed true that "tyranny seemed unendurable and anarchy endless," comforted themselves with the thought of the Holy City wherein dwelt righteousness, and sang of—

"Urbs beata Hierusalem,"

no answer came back from the many women who had also sought, in those turbulent days, to find refuge in a religious life from the dangers to which they were so frequently and so naturally exposed.

Even when we come down to more modern days to

"The spacious times of Great Elizabeth,"

still we find a blank. There were, indeed, in those days women of the highest culture. The virgin queen herself was by no means uneducated, and we all know how the nine days' queen, Lady Jane Grey, was well acquainted with the ancient classics, as well as the splendid native literature of her own day.

We must come, however, to quite modern times, to the close of the last century, and the beginning of this, before we shall find, in our own language, women occupying the prominent position in the world of literature, which we see at the present time, or becoming famous as hymn writers.

I say, in our own language, for what account of women as hymn writers would be complete if we failed to remember that to women, "the holy women who trusted in God in old time," we indeed owe a few of the grandest hymns the world has ever known? hymns enshrined for us in the pages of God's Word. Was it not the fearless Deborah, the wife of Lapidoth, who burst forth into that pæan of joy at the mighty deliverance of the people of Israel from the galling yoke of Jabin, King of Hazor, who for forty years had mightily "oppressed them," "a noble ode, which for poetic spirit and lyric fire is not surpassed by any of the sacred songs of the Bible." And when we pass from this with all its semi-barbaric grandeur, we call to mind the song of the gentle, loving Hannah; and how when she came to dedicate her God-given son to His holy service, she lifted up her voice in those words, both of poetry and prophecy, which we have recorded in the first book of Samuel. And lastly, can we forget the greatest of all earth's daughters, she whom "all generations shall call blessed," the "Virgin, named Mary," whose words of faith I hope are familiar to all our ears? How she praised God for the greatness of the honour which was to be bestowed upon the lowly Jewish maiden; can we be too grateful to St. Luke for, alone of the Evangelists, preserving to us those beautiful words which the Church of England has enshrined in her Evening Prayer?

But to return to our own land and modern times. Until we come to the latter half of the eighteenth century we do not find any women whose names are known in the world of religious literature—nor, indeed, with few exceptions, in secular literature either. Some of those whose names have come down to us we would most willingly forget. The period of the early Georges is not the one to which we would look for much vitality in religion. A state of torpor seems to have settled upon religious life in England; there was not even any stirring controversy. The days of fierce internal strife which marked the middle of the seventeenth century were ended, and both the Church of England and the Nonconformist bodies seem alike to have been content to slumber and sleep. From this they were awakened by that wonderful revival of personal religious life which must be ascribed to the

labours and teaching of a clergyman of the Church of England, John Wesley, himself a hymn writer and translator of no little renown.

It is at the close of the eighteenth century that we shall find women first become known as writers of hymns and sacred poetry. One of the earliest of those hymn writers whose compositions are in use at the present day is Anne Steele. She was born in 1716, at Broughton, in Hampshire, where her father was a timber merchant, and also a local preacher among the Baptists. It was not, however, until the year 1760 that she published "Poems, on subjects chiefly devotional," in which we find some hymns still retained in various collections. Among them is one beginning—

"Far from these narrow scenes of night
Unbounded glories rise,
And realms of infinite delight,
Unknown to mortal eyes.

"Fair distant land, could mortal eyes
But half its joys explore,
How would our spirits long to rise,
And dwell on earth no more."

In the same collection we also find the hymn beginning "When I survey life's varied scene," in which the verse occurs—

"Give me a calm and thankful heart
From every murmur free,
The blessings of Thy grace impart,
And let me live to Thee."

She was also the author of the hymns beginning "To our Redeemer's glorious name," and "Father, whate'er of earthly bliss."

A contemporary of Anne Steele's, though she outlived her many years, was Anna Letitia Barbauld, whose maiden name was Aikin. She was born in 1743, and died in 1824. Her husband was a Frenchman, and a Dissenting minister in Suffolk, but who afterwards came to reside in London. She possessed many true poetic qualities, but her poems are now mostly forgotten, excepting a very beautiful little one which Mr. Palgrave has inserted in his "Golden Treasury of Songs and Lyrics," beginning—

"Life! I know not what thou art,
But know that thou and I must part;
And when, or how, or where we met,
I own to me's a secret yet."

She published in 1775 a book with a curious title, "Hymns *in prose*, for Children." Some of her sacred poems are worth preserving, as they are full of devout and, at the same time, truly poetic feelings.

In a list of the women poets of the eighteenth century, we cannot altogether omit the well-known name of Hannah More, and although she cannot exactly take rank among famous hymn writers, yet she must not be forgotten in a paper such as this. Her poems were first published in 1786, and were lauded by such a famous critic and literary king as Samuel Johnson. It is, however, by her prose writings, more than her poetry, that the name of Hannah More will be remembered by posterity.

To Harriett Auber, who was born in London in 1773, and who died at the great age of eighty-nine in 1862, we owe a hymn which is probably one of the best known at the present day, and one which certainly deserves to remain for ever as a monument of what women can do for sacred poetry. I allude to that beautiful Whitsuntide hymn—

"Our blest Redeemer, e'er He breathed
His tender last farewell;
A Guide, a Comforter, bequeathed
With us to dwell."

It appeared first in a volume of verse published in 1829, and entitled "The Spirit of the Psalms." The greater part of this collection was original, but not all. Few hymns are more deservedly popular than this one, breathing as it does such a true spirit of devotion, and being wedded to such appropriate music by the skilled hand of the late Rev. J. B. Dykes.

Pursuing, as far as possible, a chronological order in our sketch of hymn writers, we now come to the well-known name of Charlotte Elliott, the authoress of that world-wide known hymn—

"Just as I am, without one plea,
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bidst me come to Thee,
O Lamb of God, I come."

A selection from her poems, with an interesting biographical sketch, has recently been published by the Religious Tract Society, as well as a volume of "Leaves from the Unpublished Journals, Letters, and Poems." These latter are interesting, as showing somewhat of the inner life of the poetess, being taken from a private diary, the very existence of which was unknown until after her death.

Charlotte Elliott was born in March, 1789, the third daughter of the late Mr. Charles Elliott, of Clapham. Her mother was daughter of the Rev. Henry Venn, of Huddersfield, a prominent name among the leaders of the Evangelical revival of the end of the last century. The life of Charlotte Elliott was that of an invalid, though it was prolonged to a great age, she having exceeded the allotted three-score years and ten by no less than twelve years. Notwithstanding the suffering she was often called upon to endure, she always preserved a bright and happy temperament, and her steadfast, unswerving faith never failed her, even in the many trials she was called upon to endure. In her sister's interesting memoir, prefixed to the volume of her poems just alluded to, we are told, "She was exceedingly fond of music, with a fine and delicate ear, and it was only the continual interruption of ill-health that prevented the successful development of this talent, as well as the kindred accomplishment of drawing, for which she showed great taste and aptitude. . . Such tastes as these, combined with unusual powers of conversation, her high intellectual capacity, and her zest for every interesting subject, made her companionship very delightful and highly valued."

Space would not permit us to sketch the life of this talented woman, as we are obliged to speak of other writers as well. But we are sure our readers would like to know the circumstances connected with the famous hymn which will ever be associated with her name. It was in the year 1834 that Charlotte Elliott became acquainted with Miss Harriett Kiernan, a Dublin lady who was staying for the benefit of her health in the south of England. This friendship continued during the short remaining period of Miss Kiernan's life. It was at her request that Miss Elliott undertook to edit the "Christian Remembrancer Pocket Book," of which Miss Kiernan had been the first editor. For five-and-twenty years she continued to do this, and always gave the profits derived from the work to a charitable institution in Dublin which Miss Kiernan had founded. The "Invalid's Hymn Book" had been compiled by this same lady, but after her death Charlotte Elliott issued a revised edition of it, in which she inserted one hundred and twelve hymns of her own composition, including, amongst others, that hymn which has been reproduced in many languages of Europe —"Just as I am, without one plea."

We can do no more now than name some of the best known of this gifted hymn writer's contributions to sacred song, such as—

"My God and Father, while I stray
Far from my home in life's rough way,
Oh! teach me from my heart to say,
'Thy will be done!'"

or, "Let me be with Thee where Thou art," "Holy Saviour, Friend unseen," "Unto Him whose name is Holy," and others too numerous to mention—all of them hymns full of the deepest trust in a Heavenly Father's love and care, and reflecting at once a life which had many trials, but at the same time a sure confidence in Him "in whom she had believed."

THE MOUNTAIN PATH.

By LILY WATSON, Author of "Within Sight of the Snow," &c.

CHAPTER XX.

MAGGIE and Helen were returning from a walk along the edge of St. Martin's Common one crisp bright December morning. The hoar-frost was white on the grass, the sky was blue overhead, and clear though cold sunshine made the scene a cheerful one

"And so my life at Heatherbridge has vanished like a dream!" said Helen to Maggie. "I can hardly realise that it only lasted between four and five months. Although the time was short, I lived vividly in it."

"We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;
In feelings, not in figures on a dial.
We should count time by heart-throbs,"

quoted Maggie. "I remember that was one of your favourite passages in Festus."

"Yes, but there were no deeds of special moment to record; still, a great deal seemed to happen in the time."

"How do you think you shall like living with the elder Miss Gascoigne?"

"Very much. I am really fond of her. Although she does not pretend to be a lady as to speech and knowledge of etiquette, she is one at heart, for she is kind and considerate to everybody, with true delicacy worth infinitely more than society varnish."

"If Adela really valued you as much as she professed to do, her letter was very heartless," said Maggie, indignantly. "Not a word of regret or distress at the parting! And to become engaged so quickly—first to one man, then to another! I cannot understand it."

"No, you could never understand it, for you are not cast in the same mould. Adela's nature is one that delights in suddenness; the last new thing is always charming to her, and it eclipses the old. Her head is too full of her engagement to think about anything else now, and I am put away as a thing used and done with. I hope this Captain Fairfax is not a mere fortune-hunter.

"I always thought that if Adela fell into strong hands that could mould her, she might be wonderfully improved. She needs a master. Oswald was not in the least suited to her, although I was terribly sorry for him. Poor fellow!" Helen sighed, and her eyes had a far-away look.

"He seems to have disappeared. I wonder where he is," said Maggie.

"You know I had a letter from Miss Gascoigne to-day, arranging the terms of our engagement, and asking me to meet her in London after the wedding. She says that Mrs. Thorne and the girls are very anxious about Mr. Oswald, for they have not had news for some little time; she adds, 'If I see him in London, will I ask him to write to his mother?' It is rather a forlorn hope. How should I see him in London, unless he comes to see us? and that I do not think is in the least likely in his present mood."

"I daresay Miss Gascoigne has no very clear idea of the size of London," said Maggie, and conversation flagged between the sisters until they reached the Polygon, where they ascended the tall staircase on a visit to Bobby and his mother.

There important news greeted them, for Mrs. Wright had just received a letter from a brother at Kentish Town, who was a widower, asking her and Bobby to come and live with him and keep his house.

The offer was a tempting one, and Mrs. Wright had decided to go before Christmas.

"Change again," mused Helen, as the sisters went home. "It will be strange never to see the little man there any more. Part of my life here will seem gone; yet as I expect to be away, it will strike me less. Yet I was always glad to think that the child was near you."

"Why, Helen!" cried Maggie, for she espied tears in her sister's eyes. "Do not grieve; think what you have done for him. How very heavy and fretful he was when you knew him first; he seemed likely to turn out half imbecile; now he is much the same as any other child, only with that funny imperturbable way of his."

"It is silly to make any trouble of it," said Helen, "especially as I am glad for poor Mrs. Wright's sake. But there have been so many changes of late. I feel as if nothing were going to be the same any more."

"Well, you will enjoy the music to-night," said Maggie, consolingly. "Music is always the same."

The music referred to was a performance of Mendelssohn's "Elijah" at the Albert Hall, to which Maggie, Helen, and Amy Paget were going with the father. It was an unusually costly delight for the members of the Brooke family, but they one and all believed in the educating and elevating power of music, and would deny themselves something really needed in order to afford the pleasure of hearing a master's work finely rendered.

On the evening in question the chorus was a powerful one, and the solos were undertaken by artistes of renown. Amy's delight before the music began at the great lofty hall, the vast throng of people, the subdued hum of the multitude, was excessive, but the first notes hushed and awed her into an ecstatic silence.

Helen sat drinking in the unwonted delight of sound. She looked very charming that night; her dark plentiful hair bound in a smooth coil round her head, her tall figure enveloped in a striped Eastern scarf with softly-blended hues gave her a queenly air, in spite of the plain black gown. More than one person admired the pensive outline of her face as she sat listening. The appealing music, the outcry of the human need to the Divine help, found an echo in her heart.

What then was her trouble? She was afraid for her friend, lest the shock of his father's ruin and Adela's desertion should drive him from faith in God and man, and lest he should become a mere idle wanderer on the face of the earth, flinging his life away in some reckless fashion, or spending it viciously. She did not know in what way disappointment would affect the easy pleasure-loving temperament; the only time she had seen him after the blow had fallen, he was very wild and bitter.

True, before then, he had spoken of caring for his mother. Had he forgotten his promise, that he neither stayed with her nor wrote? Helen pondered on these things as the story of the grand old Prophet was told in immortal music.

The name of a singer Helen did not recognise was upon the programme for Air 18, "Woe unto them," and for that air only. She proved to be a young girl of grave and composed mien, very simply dressed in plain black velvet without ornament, who came forward unapplauded, for she was evidently unknown to the audience. She began in a rich contralto voice that thrilled to the very heart of the listener; yet it was not merely the beauty of her tones, but the intense yearning sympathy she threw into the words, that held the hearers spellbound.

"Though they are by Him redeemed—from Him have they fled." As the passionate, mournful cry rang out, the upturned look and earnest mien of the singer all testifying that her very heart was in the words, Helen shaded her eyes with her hand, overcome by emotion. She was not the only one stirred in like manner. The audience had been in a measure reserving their delight and sympathy for "O rest in the Lord," and had not realised the beauty and pathos of this short air until it was revealed to them by the earnest young singer with the great sad eyes and lovely contralto voice. A torrent of applause broke forth, and one of the chief solo singers, a lady of European fame, patted her kindly on the shoulder as she withdrew; but to Helen's eye the songstress seemed absorbed in her theme, and not diverted by self-conscious delight in her success.

The solemn beauty of the brief chorus strain breaking the next recitative was soothing to the hearts that had been stirred by the lament over ingratitude and sin.

"Be not afraid! thy help is near." The words rang out to Helen with sacred encouragement, and the divine trio—pure and serene as the heaven from whence it seems to come—fit music for the angels who are supposed to utter it;

"Lift thine eyes, O lift thine eyes, to the mountains whence cometh help," brought a new thought to her mind. Could she not "lift her eyes" to the Source of Help, and trust to Him the friend for whom she had these vague, though real, anxieties? "He watching over Israel slumbers not nor sleeps," continues the consoling strain, and the climax of the heaven-sent comfort and reassurance was reached in the utterance that has brought comfort to thousands of aching hearts.

"O rest in the Lord; wait patiently for Him, and He shall give thee thy heart's desires."

It came as a direct message to Helen's troubled spirit, borne on the wings of music. For no power can carry words so high, or send them so surely and deeply into the soul, as music can. It is the universal language; nay, more than universal. It is a language that utters what words alone cannot utter. It puts into articulate form the deepest longings, the highest aspirations, the noblest hopes, the fairest visions of the soul: and these are things that word-speech only touches; it cannot embody them.

Helen's whole nature was rapt and thrilled, and new hope had spoken to her. She would lift her eyes to her Father in heaven, and rest upon Him; then she might leave with Him the fulfilment of her heart's desire, for it was no selfish one.

The oratorio was over, ending in one grand burst of final melody, and the vast audience was streaming out. Mr. Brooke and his daughters had no carriage; a hastily-adjusted hat and extra wrap completed the girls' attire, and, thus independent, they were skimming among the horses' feet and under their heads, in the crowd just outside, where vehicles and people seemed mixed up indiscriminately. As Helen was endeavouring to pilot herself along she felt her arm suddenly grasped. She started in terror, but her heart gave a great throb of thankfulness and amazement when she recognised Oswald.

"What are you doing in this crush alone?" he said, with an air of his old authority, as he hurried her along.

"I am not alone, but papa has Maggie and Amy Paget, one on each arm," she replied, feeling the intensest thankfulness to see him again. Was this the answer, so soon, to her heart-uplifting? The words, then, were true that helped her, as they sounded forth within the Hall.

"Where is your father?"

"He seems to have disappeared," said Helen, looking round. People were streaming along the pavement; the gas gave but an insufficient light, and it was impossible to recognise anyone, except by close scrutiny.

They hurried along to find Mr. Brooke, whose sight was not of the clearest now, and who was apt to get bewildered in any little practical emergency; but though they pressed quickly and breathlessly forward, he was not to be seen with his companions. Then they hastened back towards the Hall, supposing that their friends might be lingering behind among the crowd of people that were still streaming out; but the search was without success.

"It is perfectly hopeless to try to find them," said Oswald. "What a good thing that I came up! Are you in the habit of getting lost and roaming about at night alone?"

"No, indeed! we scarcely ever come to anything of this kind, and papa is not accustomed to pilot three ladies in a crush. I expect it was my fault; I ought to have kept sight of him."

"He will be very anxious about you now, I am afraid."

"No he won't; he knows I am capable of finding my way home in the train. I am never alarmed at being thrown on my own resources."

"It isn't at all the thing for you," fumed Oswald. "I will take you home with pleasure. What a good thing I happened to find you."

Oswald seemed much impressed by the coincidence, and dilated upon it a while longer.

"Have you been to the oratorio?" she asked.

"Well, it is very odd; I never do go to that sort of thing, but to-night as I was passing the Albert Hall and saw the bills, I felt a sudden impulse to go in. I got a tolerably fair seat. It was near the end of the first part, and a girl I did not know by name sang that contralto air, 'Woe unto them,' sublimely. It was wonderful."

Oswald paused, and repeated the word "wonderful" meditatively.

"I felt the same," said Helen, softly. "It made a deep impression on me."

"Yes, I don't know when I have been more struck by anything. The trio and 'O rest in the Lord' were worth hearing, too. It is so long since I went to an oratorio that perhaps the novelty added to my appreciation."

"Strange to say I had a message for you this morning, 'if I should see you in London,'" said Helen. "I little thought

"SHE FELT HER ARM SUDDENLY GRASPED."

it was likely; in fact, I laughed at Miss Gascoigne for sending it."

"A message! What?" said Oswald, anxiously, and Helen saw the dangerous ground on which she had ventured by the introduction of Adela's surname.

"It was in a letter from the elder Miss Gascoigne," she hastened to say, "and was only to ask you to write to your mother."

"Oh, that's all, is it?" said Oswald, bitterly. "My letters are not so interesting that I should think my mother would want to have many of them. However, I did send her a line this morning."

Helen felt relieved from a vague fear that had been pressing upon her.

"Why are you in town? and why haven't you been to see us, Oswald, if I may ask?"

"You may ask, but I don't know that I can answer," said he, gloomily. "I came off to London because I couldn't bear to stay in Heatherbridge. I thought I would go abroad, and run through Spain and Italy, perhaps stay on the Riviera awhile—do anything—no matter what. There is some excitement to be found at Monte Carlo, I daresay; it doesn't much signify what it is, but a fellow must have something to keep him from thinking. I put off starting from day to day, and I didn't come to see you because my companionship is a burden to myself, and I am not selfish enough to wish to inflict it on any one else."

There was no time for more conversation, as they had reached the South Kensington station, and their attention was fully occupied in jostling into the train.

During the homeward journey, as Helen sat opposite to her friend in the crowded compartment, she observed in pain the contracted eyebrows, the lips that used to laugh so readily set unsmilingly under the drooping moustache. He looked altered and wretched, she thought, and her whole heart went out in longing desire to say a word before they parted that might influence him for good.

She saw it all plainly. Here was he—desperate and bitter, out of tune with himself and everyone—on the brink, not of any actual crime, but of a desultory wandering life, where the temptations of the world would beset him with fierce strength. He was about to sever himself from all home ties; he had spoken recklessly of Monte Carlo, and Helen knew that to an unoccupied man of his temperament gambling and any dissipation would just at this crisis in his life offer formidable attractions, for the sake of the excitement to be won.

In his right mind Oswald was a manly, upright fellow, who scorned temptation to excess; that it was "low" would be a sufficient reason for his avoiding it. But he was fevered and restless, not himself.

At last the railway ride, diversified by changes, was over; Oswald had brought Helen to a station some distance from St. Martin's Close, as the train thither was more convenient as to time, and she professed not to object to a walk. It was midnight, but the night was fine, and the dome of heaven was spangled by stars. They came out upon the broad, silent Common, with only the footfall of some solitary policeman to re-echo the sound of their own.

"There is not much time before we part," said Helen, suddenly plunging into the subject. "And I want to implore you, Oswald, to alter your plans."

"Plans! I haven't any plans."

"Then have some. Do let me entreat you not to let this blow spoil your life. O, my brother, good men and true are so much wanted in the world. Will you not be one of them?"

She placed her hand upon his arm and stopped, looking up into his eyes with her lovely expressive face transformed by passionate pleading.

"What is it you wish me to do, Helen?" said Oswald, moved, as no man could choose but be moved, by the earnest appeal.

"Take the first step: resolve not to go away and roam about in search of excitement, but stay in England. Think of your mother, who needs you, and needs, too, the money that all this would cost. You spoke once of helping her. I am sure you cannot do it if you do not intend to work yourself."

"Work? I have no heart for work."

"That would come. If you will only throw yourself into the sorrows and pains of others—for you do love your old profession, Oswald, and you used to say so, often—you will find it a wonderful solace for your own trouble. Let me implore you, for the sake of all the happy days we have lived together, to give yourself to some earnest work—anything else, if you like it better—but this seems pointed out to you by all your previous training; only try it, and I know you will soon find in work the greatest help and comfort. Then in time you may come to be one of those men who seem to approach more nearly to the ideal foreshadowed by the Good Physician than almost any others—men to whom their fellow creatures instinctively turn in time of need. I am sure to many men and women the utmost realisation of earthly help and comfort they have ever known has been in the kind voice and skilful hand of such a physician. Isn't it worth striving for—to live in people's memories like that?"

"I never looked at the medical profession in that light before," said Oswald. "It's not so easy to keep that view of it through all the details of hospital practice."

"No, but the ideal is there, in spite of the difficulty of always realising it; and you can help to make it more apparent. In its lowest aspect, it is better than an idle life; in its highest aspect it seems to me—well, as I have often said—one of the noblest careers a man can follow."

"You almost persuade me to try it again," said Oswald, "but you know I was spun; perhaps that will be my fate to the end of the chapter."

"No, it will not; you can get through with ease if you will but work a little harder. I have no fear.

"And then," added Helen softly, after a pause, "if you will but take the example of Him in whom I know you profess to believe, and read your life in the light of His teaching, it will inspire you, and make what is hard seem easy—what is difficult to understand in your trouble will be plain. Oswald, my brother, do not let it be said of you among the multitude—'Though they are by Him redeemed, from Him have they fled.'"

The two friends walked together in a silence neither cared to be the first to break until they drew near the corner of the Close.

"I know you will play your part bravely in the world," said Helen with beseeching earnestness.

Oswald pressed her hand, but had no voice to bid her farewell.

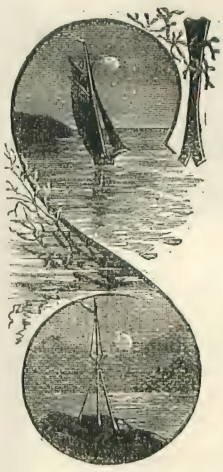
(To be continued)

TWO CHAPTERS FOR THE LITTLE PEOPLE.

By Ruth Lamb.

CHAPTER II.

THE DOGGIE STORY.



AM sure you will like to hear how this Doggie was lost and found. If I could not tell you how he was at length found, I would not write a word about the loss of him, because I do not like writing sorrowful tales for quite children to read. And it seems to me a very sorrowful thing when a dog that loves its master and mistress happens to be lost, and does not find them, or they him.

But I ought to mention that this is really not my story at all. It was told to me exactly as I am going to write it, by a friend who is very fond of dogs, and of whom every dog seems to be fond also.

It is quite curious to see how they follow her, obey her commands, and watch her with mute, worshipping eyes. Under some circumstances she might have perhaps been a "Lion Queen" in a wild beast show, but, as it is, she is just an English lady to whom every dog is a delightful friend, and who is continually being adopted by stray animals of all sorts and sizes.

Now, listen whilst she tells you how the Doggie found her, and how she helped him to find his master.

"I was going to town one afternoon to do some shopping, my huge and loving colley dog 'Scot' the sole companion of my walk. I meant to go on foot and return in a cab with my purchases. Passing through a certain grove, in which there really are trees, I saw a large, handsome dog stretched under one of them. I could not help noticing his weary, hopeless look; and his shaggy coat was muddy, as if he had travelled a long way.

"Being in a hurry, I did not stop to speak to him, but just gave him a passing pat; but a minute or two later, missing Scot, I turned round and observed that my dog was ex-

changing compliments with the stranger. They walked solemnly round each other, the unknown moving stiffly and as if he were quite foot-sore. Then they stood face to face, and seemed to be holding friendly converse.

"Everybody knows that dogs have a way of making each other understand; though we do not know what they say or how they say it.

"Now, this is what I think the stranger said to Scot, judging by what he did afterwards.

"'You seem to have a comfortable home, if your looks are anything to go by.'

"'I have,' growled Scot.

"'Is your mistress a kind person and fond of dogs?' said the stranger.

"'The best in the world,' said Scot, 'and very fond of dogs, as I have cause to say, that have been her dog for five years past.'

"'Do you think she has room for another?' said the poor, draggled beast with a moan; 'I am tired, hungry—in fact, lost! And I had the best of masters if you have the best of mistresses.'

"'I don't know,' returned Scot, hesitating, for the question touched his tenderest feelings, and he was the dog of the household. But in his large-hearted compassion he added, 'You can but try.'

"This," continued the lady, "is what I imagine the dogs must have said; for as I turned to call Scot, and reprove him for lagging behind, the other poor fellow came too, only just a step or two in his rear, every look saying, 'Please take me with you.'

"I told him to go back. I did more: I reasoned with the stranger dog, pointed to Scot, and asked him if he thought it likely that I could require a second dog when I already owned such a grand fellow? He looked sadly cowed, and hung back a little, as if owning the reasonableness of what I had said. But on my turning round again, he had resumed his weary tramp behind Scot, who I am certain stealthily encouraged him to come on.

"What was I to do? I resolved to be severe, and I shook my hand at him and said, 'Go back, sir, this moment; I have told you I do not want you.'

"For answer the poor beast sat down and extended one great paw. I could not for my life refuse it, and having shaken and released it, I was amused to see him hold out the other. I shook this too, and quite conquered, I said, 'Come, then, poor fellow, I will shelter you for the present, and if I cannot find your master, will get you a good home.'

"It was quite curious to see the change in the beast after I had thus spoken. He waved aloft the tail which a minute before hung between his legs, pricked up his ears, and tried hard to make me believe he could walk any distance; but I knew better than that. I began to think where I could leave him on the road.

"A few drops of rain decided me. I would take a cab from some stables close at hand, and would ask the proprietor to let me leave Doggie, and call for him on my return. This was cheerfully agreed to, and the coachman tried to coax my new friend into an outhouse, where a nice bed of clean straw awaited him. But, no thank you, Doggie was not to be beguiled, and I was obliged to give him a solemn assurance that I would come back for him, and to add that he must rest quietly until my return.

"He lay down as I bade him; but if ever eyes implored a friend to be faithful, that poor animal's pleaded with me not to forsake him.

"I got through my business as quickly as I could, and went home with one huge dog inside and another outside the cab, to the wonder of the passers-by; for Scot always would have his head out at a window, and the effect was unusual, as he seemed to be talking to the stranger in front.

"Doggie was fearfully hungry, but in spite of that he ate like a gentleman, and then I had him well washed, dried, and brushed. A beauty he looked as he shared the hearth-rug with Scot that evening! And how he slept!

"The next morning I said to 'Will'—my husband—'Look if there is an advertisement about Doggie.' He said there was not; but he had given himself no trouble, being too busy with the long speech of somebody or other, but he kindly handed me the advertisement sheet, and in a minute I saw '£5 Reward!' and read an exact description of Doggie, for whose recovery the sum would be paid. Apply Gt. Everywhereshire Railway Station.'

"I went to the station, received an effusive welcome from sundry officials, who devoutly hoped my canine guest would turn out to be the dog wanted; some of the juniors having got into trouble about his disappearance. Boys were sent off right and left in search of Doggie's owner—a director of said railway—and in a short time he came. Indeed, I had met him on the way, but had no idea his look of dejection was on Doggie's account, though I had noticed that he was troubled.

"That man deserved to have and to keep a good dog. His face beamed again at the prospect of recovering his pet, then fell, lest the tidings were too good to be true, as he had been so often disappointed already. He was willing to start, per tramcar, for my dwelling, three miles away, without a moment's delay, and it was truly touching to a dog-lover to see his anxiety, his alternate hopes and fears, while on the road.

"Shall I ever forget the meeting between Master and Doggie? The creature was not fussy; there was no barking, noising, capering round. But he looked into his master's face with a whole world of love in his honest eyes; he licked his hands, his clothes, his very shoes; and then, pushing his great head under the caressing palm, he stood there motionless and contented.

"'Do you think he is my old dog?' said the gentleman. 'If you have any doubt about it I will give you further proof.'

"I had no doubt, and I am not ashamed to say that the sight of the meeting brought moisture to my eyes. I told him how glad I was to be the means of bringing the dog and his master together again, and then the latter would show me some of Doggie's tricks. He put the room door wide open, and told the creature to shut it, which he did at once with his fore-paws.

"Then he told me that Doggie had been dreadfully jealous when he got married, and for six weeks would not be coaxed into taking the slightest notice of his wife. When the thing seemed hopeless he turned round all at once, as if he had made up his mind that she was not to be got rid of, or else that, as his master's companion, he ought to treat her differently. So ever after the dog shared his love between them; and when the husband was from home, was the lady's guard by night and day. He went with her to her room at bedtime, waited till she was ready to put out the light, and then withdrew to the mat outside her door, where he lay stretched until the morning.

"I wanted to know the faithful beast's name, and was told he never had one. He was always called just 'Dog' or 'Doggie'—nothing else. When his master attended railway meetings in different places the dog always went with him by train, and it was during one of these journeys that they missed each other. It was proved that, in the interval during which Doggie was lost, he had more than once taken railway journeys to places where he had before been with his master, but had missed him and gone on again elsewhere, until the gentleman had given up hope of finding him again.

"Before I said good-bye to Doggie and his owner, the gentleman urged me to accept the £5 offered in the advertisement, if only to give away to a charity. Of course I declined, but he was not to be foiled. I went out after he was gone, and was absent for several hours. On my return home I found a little parcel addressed to me; and when I opened it, there was inside a little box containing an exquisite gold brooch, with a single lovely pearl in the centre. On the blank side of a card, bearing the name of my morning visitor, were the words—'A Souvenir from the old Dog.'

"Well, there was no refusing it, so I just wrote and thanked Doggie's master for so delicate a mark of remembrance, and I valued it as much as if it had been the 'Koh-i-noor,' though I grieve to say I afterwards either lost it or was robbed of it in coming out of a concert hall. I spent a great deal of money in advertisements, but never recovered the brooch, though I shall not forget the old Dog, for all that, as long as I live."

There, that is my friend's "Doggie Story." It is quite a true one, and I hope you will like it as well as I did when she told it to me.

GIRL'S OWN HOME.

SUBSCRIPTION LIST.

Collected by Miss C. H. Turner, 2s. 6d.; collected by Miss Loader, 6s.; collected by Miss Vincent, 3s. 3d.; collected by Miss G. Webster, £1; collected by Miss E. Adams, 8s.; a Christmas Offering from one of the Readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, £1; collected by Miss Mary E. Whittle, 1s.; Mrs. Hume, 2s. 6d.; Mrs. Rivers, 8s.; Miss Clara Murray, 10s.; Mother of a Shop Girl, £1; M. B. W., 10s.; an American Friend, Cincinnati, 4s.; Miss Carpenter, 3s. 1d.; G. B., 5s.; collected by Miss Jessie Till, £3; collected by Miss J. Basan, 17s.; collected by Miss B. Wakeley, £3; Mrs. Edward Way, 5s. Total amount received to December 31st, 1884, £970 4s. 5d.

It is now time for all *collecting cards* to be sent in to either the Countess of Aberdeen, the originator of the movement, Haddo House, Aberdeen, or to the hon. sec., John Shrimpton, Esq., 38, Lincoln's Inn Fields, London.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

NINETEEN.—A knowledge of shorthand is of value in some cases, and if you acquired it you might succeed better, perhaps, in what you want. But your spelling and writing are very defective indeed, and before thinking of a clerkship you must improve them. A girl of your age is not too old to learn the piano.

FRANCE.—We regret to say you are long past the age to present yourself for any of the Government examinations. Perhaps you could find a situation in a shop, where your language might be valuable.

HELVETIE will find all the information she needs on nursing as a profession in "Work for All," page 119, vol. v.

CORALLINE.—Many thanks for your letter. We give the address of your reading society—secretary, Miss Isabel Younger, Burradon House, Annitsford, Newcastle-on-Tyne. Money prizes are given, and the members read six hours a week.

ART.

E. C. M. J.—"Stippling" is a term employed in water-colour and miniature painting, to denote the production of finish by means of successive small touches giving a sort of dappled appearance, instead of producing the full effect in one clear transparent wash of colour. We are glad that you so much admire our illustrations. Your handwriting is good, though rather large.

F. M.—Women and girls are equally admitted with

men to the Royal Academy Schools of Arts. If you have no friends in London, we advise you to apply for admission into the home provided for female students in Russell House, Tavistock-square, W.C. Terms for board and lodging from 60 to 70 guineas per annum, or from 28s. to 33s. per week, paid in advance. Arrangements can be made for non-residents. References required. Address the lady principal, Miss Cail. Had you friends to give you a home in town, you might attend the National Art Training School, South Kensington. Annual sessions begin March 1st and October 1st. Fee £5 a session, and entrance fee 10s. There is an art school at Sheffield, and also at Manchester, the Royal Institution (Grammar School). You might find the annual report of the Science and Art department at South Kensington of use in directing your choice (price 1s. 6d. Address Mr. King, Parliament-street, London).

MISCELLANEOUS.

AN INTERESTED READER.—Using soap with a sponge is most injurious to it. To clean a sponge you must get a sixpenny box of sponge powder from any chemist, which will last a long time.

A YOUNG FOREIGNER.—You cannot send cards by post, and must call on your friends and tell them of your change of residence.

A. A. MASON.—We fear your poor cat will not live; she has probably been poisoned.

BEE.—The bird is moulting, and must be kept warm and free from draughts. Feed him well, and he will soon be better.

SALOME.—There are exceptions to all rules; and within certain limits, and at certain hours, and under special circumstances, such as age, place, position in life, and parental approval, you may be able to take a little walk alone. But we do not approve of walks *into the country, unless in a close* neighbourhood of cottages where you are well known. 2. Yes, the Young Women's Christian Association is, we believe, open to all. You might join some correspondence class.

FIDELIS.—The only way to dispose of the silk would be by advertisements.

CHRISTABEL.—We are much obliged by your offer, but regret we cannot accept it. Any bookseller would furnish you with an elementary book on chemistry.

APPLE BLOSSOM.—Both initials were used in olden times; also a "posy" or rhymed line, such as "In thee, my choice, I do rejoice," "God above increase our love." This posy was always on the flat inner side of the ring.

ONE OF THE MASCULINE SEX.—There are three methods whereby an alien may become naturalised in England, viz., an Act of Naturalisation passed in Parliament, which can only be obtained when the alien has resided seven years in Great Britain; by letters of denisation, which are letters patent issued by the Crown; and, lastly, certificate from the Secretary of State by Act 7 and 8 Vict., c. 66. This last chiefly confers privileges on aliens with regard to succeeding to, devising, or purchasing real or personal estate in Great Britain. None of these forms will, however, protect an alien from obligations incurred in his native country previous to naturalisation, such as military service. You would have to employ a lawyer.

JANE EYRE.—You must beware of cold and of draughts, keep your feet dry and warm, and consult a doctor.

LITTLE FAIRY.—To cure creaking boots, take them to a shoemaker and get him to spring them on each side, and insert in each boot between the soles a teaspoonful of French chalk. This should cost about sixpence or eightpence a pair, and will entirely cure the mischief.

DAISY BROWN.—What do you propose to live on if you marry your lover? If on the £95 per annum he earns, you cannot be either an honest or a God-fearing girl, for such a course of conduct, particularly against your parents' wishes, would surely bring you neither happiness nor blessing, and would end in loading other people's shoulders with your debts and difficulties. Your first duty is honesty, and therefore you must give your lover up, as he wishes and everyone else advises. Many of our girls in writing to us on these subjects appear to overlook the common honesty entailed. If you burden other people with the unsought burdens brought about by rash and imprudent marriages, you might as well pick their pockets and go into business as a thief, for you are no better.

PUZZLED.—The father's family, if the mother had no relations, should be consulted as to the future of the children.

BLAWRIE.—We are sorry to hear that you are "seventeen, engaged, and satirical," and hope you will wait until you be older and wiser before you marry any unfortunate man and get him into scrapes (as you say you do yourself) by a vicious and cruel habit, which shows a lack of kindliness and charity in your character. Make a rule to think and speak kindly of all.

SIMPLETON.—The bride is led up to the altar on her father's right arm, and returns from it on her husband's right arm. Each gentleman is allotted to each lady at the breakfast, and their names are written on cards at the table. The linen may be marked either way.

HELVETIA.—We were much obliged by your MS., which, however, was not certificated. The English was very good, and did you credit.

JOAN.—We do not think they are the same people. The use of the word "will" appears to be an oversight.

LENA (Yokohama).—We are much obliged for your letter, and we greet you with many good wishes. Your handwriting might be better considering your age.

SERVANT GIRL.—Your digestion is out of order, and this is the cause of your complaint. Your second query has frequently been answered.

CONNEY.—The so-called "geometrical" style in architecture is that which succeeded the early English, and dates between 1245 and 1315 A.D. It belongs to the class termed "Gothic," and was followed by the "decorated" between 1315 and 1360, and later by the "perpendicular" between 1360 and 1550. Previously to the introduction of the Gothic varieties, the architecture was of the class "Romanesque." Under this order there was the "Saxon," A.D. 1066; then the "Norman," from 1066 to 1145; and, lastly, the "transition," from 1145 to 1245. You had better procure some book on the subject to enlighten you when visiting old churches, castles, etc.

J. L. WALKER.—The table of forbidden degrees of affinity in the Book of Common Prayer was drawn up by Archbishop Parker, A.D. 1563.

UNE AMBITIEUSE.—We could not recommend you to adopt the course you desire. Many may be found under all circumstances of trial and temptation who remain faithful and prove examples to others. When the peculiar circumstances of birth and parental training place you in thorny and difficult paths, the case is very different from theirs who wilfully court such trials, and the influence of the frivolous if not otherwise objectionable society, and yet mock God more or less by the prayer, "Lead us not into temptation." If so highly educated and gifted in the way you name, why not give lectures to students and others, or teach the art of elocution?

ANNIE should procure the "Handbook to the London Charities." The question is too wide for us; but as a rule it seems as if orphans are more correctly considered as such when they have lost both parents.

THE LADY OF SHALOT.—The writing of poetry often serves as an outlet for those feelings which a young girl is too shy to confess to anyone on earth, and the very putting of them on paper gives her ease from the youthful unrest and repining.

F. M.—Wedding cake is only sent to near relations of both parties; rarely even to the most intimate friends. The boxes can be obtained from a stationer, and the cards of the newly-married couple can be placed inside, if liked; but in this case the love of the bride only is more usually sent with it.

ADELAIDE should consult a doctor.

LOUIE.—The advertisements of the firms purchasing waste paper appear to be in all the newspapers, but the price given is very small.

UNA must sign her marriage register in her own name, not in her stepfather's, although she has been so long called by it.

AVE VERA.—We should think that there was something wrong with your circulation. Try tepid baths in the morning, and rub yourself well with a rough towel, or use a flesh brush both morning and evening.

SCHOTZ.—We should imagine from your letter that you have not told us the whole truth, so we cannot advise you further than to obey your stepmother and leave the issue in God's hands. Such a connection would have been most unwise for you in every way.

TRUE LOVE.—It does not appear that anything was done beyond giving notice of the intended marriage to the registrar. So there is no need of your doing anything, that we can see, as the gentleman has changed his mind and the three months have expired during which time the notice is good.

ELIZABETH.—A "chapel of ease" is so called because it is intended to ease or relieve the large congregation of a crowded parish church.

ONE IN DESPAIR.—We cannot recommend anything likely to be more useful to you than reading aloud, carefully and slowly, for at least half an hour a day.

PANSY.—There is no need for saying anything when people apologise to you. Smile and look pleasant, and say, if you like, "Pray, do not mind."

NEW CORRESPONDENT must consult a surgeon.

MADELON.—Rub the piano well with a little oil and polish with a leather.

AN UNTIDY ONE.—Inquire of a bookbinder. The cases and index cost 2s. 1d. The 11th November, 1868, was a Wednesday, and the 14th November, 1870, was a Monday.

HADIX, MARGARET.—We are much obliged for the copy of the verses, but suppose you know that we cannot make use of any that are not certified as your own.

VIVIENNE MAUDE.—The harvest moon is the full moon nearest the autumnal equinox. The peculiarity of this moon is that she rises for several days nearly at sunset, and at about the same time, instead of fifty-two minutes later each successive day, as usual.

E. B.—A little ammonia and water will take out the stains made by perspiration. After applying, wash the latter in clean cold water.

E. A. B.—Your writing is so illegible we cannot make out your letter.

IVY.—It is evident that you need more exercise than you get, or are likely to get, while at school. Wrapping the feet in brown paper over the stockings is said to make them warmer. Also rubbing them well with a rough towel, and wearing woollen stockings.

A GRATEFUL MOTHER.—The star you saw on the 25th of August was probably Saturn.

CHARLOTTE GRAY.—We do not understand enough of the circumstances to give an opinion, but we have no doubt your guardians will do their best.

A. K.—Your uncle had better emigrate if he cannot or will not work in England. In the colonies such men have to work or starve. There is always innate dishonesty in men or women who are willing to be supported when they ought to work for themselves.

RUBY.—The collection of autographs is a rather expensive hobby, unless you be so happily situated as to be able to obtain them for the asking. Their price varies from a few shillings to several pounds.

VERA and ADDIE.—The fables of "Blind Harry," or "Harry the Minstrel," form part of the Scottish National creed about Sir William Wallace, but they are in no sense historical, and were written two centuries after Wallace died. The real public life of Wallace embraces a period of about fifteen months, and his private life is a blank; tradition alone connects him with the family of Wallace of Elderslie. He was a great national leader, and it has always seemed that his death, after seven years of wanderings and escapes, was considered necessary by Edward I. He was executed in London, August 23, 1305.

SOMEONE'S DARLING.—The site of the ancient Troy has now been fixed on the hill of Higoarlik, two miles from the Hellespont, which has always been the traditional site, though it is quite evident that the Homeric details must be wrong, as the scanty area of this hill could never have held 50,000 inhabitants, nor is it high enough to confirm the name of wind-blown Troy given by Homer.

SALVOLATILE writes to us to say that she has kept off chilblains this year by rubbing her feet and hands with sal volatile, beginning to use it in October last.

ONE IN DOUBT.—What do you mean by your half-sister?—your father's or mother's daughter by a former marriage? If so, you cannot marry her.

SARA.—A hair mattress is considered the most wholesome to sleep upon. We do not know on what subject you wish to write. 2. If connected with the hospital you may do so.

EUGENE WRAYBURN.—You had better call; there is no need of writing a note of thanks.

WILLIAM FECALD has not signed her name nor given her address. To find the lost relations she should advertise.

NANCIE TREVOR.—The 26th of April, 1865, was a Wednesday.

SUNFLOWER.—The tax for armorial bearings, if not on a carriage, is £1 1s. per annum. If used on a carriage, £2 2s. This would include the use of the crest on paper, etc., by the children of the household.

A SUFFERER FROM CHILBLAINS.—Sal volatile rubbed on the hands and feet is said to prevent chilblains. Ordinary blotting paper, frequently changed, is the best for use in drying flowers.

SHOPGIRL.—It is often necessary to use both bell and knocker, or else the servants would not hear. There is no fashion nor rule in the matter. If the umbrella be wet leave it in the hall. If the gentleman be old, it is more gracious to rise to receive him. We suppose you are a new subscriber, as our articles on etiquette have been going on for years.

EDITH.—Wordsworth's "Commentary on the Psalms" might suit you; it will be in one volume, which you may get separately.

E. E. F.—We should not advise you to marry on an income of £175 a year, unless you be thoroughly capable of managing it for the best. You will need to be your own dressmaker and milliner, and have such a knowledge of cooking that you teach the very small servant who will fall to your lot. £25 for rent is the utmost you could afford; £10 each for clothes, and about 20s. to 25s. a week for housekeeping expenses. This will leave a margin of nearly £75 to pay life assurance, doctor's bills, wages, washing, etc.

A PERPLEXED ONE.—We are servants of God, and in every action we must try to please Him; if we believe in His all-seeing eyes, we must put evil far from us, and only do and think good always. This is practical, and it is better to hold fast to that than to busy ourselves in foolish speculations. "By their fruits ye shall know them."

A WHITE SWAN.—Alcides was a name of Hercules, in reference to his strength.

The Editor begs to announce that the next serial stories, which will commence on the completion of "The Mountain Path" and "Seven Years for Rachel," will be—

"WHEN WE WERE GIRLS TOGETHER,"

a story of school life, by Sarah Doudney, author of "Michaelmas Daisy," "A Long Lane with a Turning," etc., and

"AUNT DIANA,"

by Rosa Nouchette Carey, author of "Esther," "Nellie's Memories," etc.

HERALDS OF SPRING.

VOL. VI.—No. 271. MARCH 7, 1885. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

FAMOUS LADY TRAVELLERS.

II.—THE ADVENTURES OF LADY BAKER.

By EDWARD WHYMPER, Author of "The Ascent of the Matterhorn."

IN No. 255 of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, the adventures of a Peruvian lady were narrated, who was impelled to travel through sheer force of circumstances, and who set out to cross the equatorial regions of South Ameriea without expectation of encountering anything very remarkable. The adventures of Madame Godin, unlike those of Lady Baker, were involuntary. The journey which is described in the present paper is of a totally different order. It was a deliberate plunge into a region which was known to be full of dangers, and peopled by races exhibiting the worst characteristics of mankind; with the express aim of penetrating through it, into the unknown beyond, in search of the sources of the Nile. Such a journey was certain to be both arduous and perilous.

After experiencing incessant worries and continual privations, after riding on oxen, and wading through swamps, scorched by tropical heat, and drenched by tropical rain, followed by sunstroke, brain fever, and other fevers innumerable, Lady Baker was so far gone as to be given up for dead, and her people "put a new handle to the pick-axe, and sought for a dry spot to dig her grave;" yet she eventually turned up at Burlington House, at a meeting of the Royal Geographical Society, with a complexion which suggested Brighton more than Ethiopia, showing no outward traces of her four years' hardships in equatorial Africa, which were known to be so severe that even brigand Arabs, whom they met in the interior, exclaimed, in mixed wonder and admiration, "By Allah! no woman in the world has a heart so tough as to dare to face what she has gone through!"

LADY BAKER.

In the beginning of 1861, Mr. Baker (now Sir Samuel Baker) determined to make an expedition to discover the sources of the Nile, "with the hope of meeting the East African expedition of Captains Speke and Grant, that had been sent from the south, *viâ* Zanzibar, for that object." Mrs. Baker resolved to accompany him. "It was in vain," says her husband, "that I painted the difficulties and perils still blacker than I supposed they really would be: she was resolved, with woman's constancy and devotion, to share all dangers and to follow me through each rough footstep of the wild life before me." And in his preface he says that she followed him weary and footsore through all his difficulties, led not by choice but by devotion, and that in times of misery and sickness her tender care saved his life and prospered the expedition. It is unnecessary to follow the fortunes of the expedition as a whole. The journey culminated in the discovery of the immense lake or inland sea called the Albert N'Yanza, from which the White Nile issues, and connected the explorations of Speke and Grant with the previously-known portions of the Nile. Our concern is principally with the adventures of Mrs. (now Lady) Baker, whose journey right through the Soudan to the Equator is one of the most extraordinary ever performed by a lady.

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The expedition started from Khartoum on December 18, 1862. Mrs. Baker had been stopping there for about six months, and her husband's observations on the place, which were written twenty years ago (of course without the least idea that public attention would ever be specially directed to the locality), are very interesting at the present time. The town, he says, stands on a point of land forming the angle between the White and the Blue Nile, at their junction, and that "a more miserable, filthy, and unhealthy spot can hardly be imagined. Far as the eye can reach, upon all sides, is a sandy desert. The town extends over a flat hardly above the level of the river at high water, and is occasionally flooded." This place, he says, at that time had about 30,000 inhabitants, of whom only about *thirty* were Europeans. There were neither drains nor cesspools, and should animals die in the streets they remained where they fell, to create pestilence and disgust. His description of the inhabitants is worse. Without the trade of kidnapping and murder Khartoum would almost cease to exist. "The character of the Khartoumers needs no further comment;" and he then proceeds to describe in some detail the manner in which this trade is conducted. Men get the means to form expeditions by borrowing money upon agreements to supply the lenders with ivory at one-half its market value. Having obtained the required sums, they hire vessels and engage from 100 to 300 men, "composed of Arabs and runaway villains from distant countries," and purchase guns and large quantities of ammunition, together with a few hundred pounds of glass beads. They then start, "and on arrival at the desired locality they disembark, and proceed into the interior until they arrive at the village of some negro chief, with whom they establish an intimacy." They ally themselves with him to attack some neighbouring village, and under his guidance march upon the doomed place by night, and commence the assault just before daybreak. "While its occupants are still sleeping they fire the grass-huts in all directions, and pour volleys of musketry through the flaming thatch." The men are shot down, and the women and children are kidnapped and secured, and are driven off with the herds of cattle; the women and children fastened together so as to form a living chain, the former having their heads stuck in forked poles with their hands tied before them up to the poles, and the children tied round their necks by ropes attached to the women.

This, says Sir Samuel, is only the commencement of "business." "The negro ally covets cattle, and the trader has now captured perhaps 2,000 head. They are to be had for ivory, and shortly the tusks appear. Ivory is daily brought into camp in exchange for cattle, a tusk for a cow—according to size—a profitable business, as the cows have cost nothing. . . . Should any slave attempt to escape, she is punished either by brutal flogging, or shot or hanged, as a warning to others. . . . An attack generally leads to a quarrel with the negro ally, who, in his turn, is murdered and plundered by the trader—his women and children naturally becoming slaves. . . . A good season for a party of 150 men should produce about 20,000 lbs. of ivory, valued at Khartoum at £4,000, and there should also be a surplus of four or five hundred slaves for the trader's profit, worth five or six pounds apiece." The great end with these people is the acquisition of ivory and money. Women and children are worth less than cattle, and are exchanged for cows; cows are bartered for ivory, and ivory is turned into cash.

The travels of Sir Samuel and Lady Baker extended from Khartoum nearly to the Equator, a distance, as the crow flies, of about 1,000 miles, and throughout almost the whole of this region these operations were being actively prosecuted. The volumes in which their experiences are narrated are full of stories of atrocious cruelties and abominable crimes, and contain scarcely any incidents of goodness or virtue to relieve the dismal monotony. The accounts of the habits and manners of the natives by the author show that they are saturated with iniquity; and, though he continually lays the blame of the slave trade and its attendant horrors upon the traders, it is obvious that were it not for the innate brutality and wickedness of the natives themselves, the so-called traders would be quite unable to carry on their operations in the manner he describes.

The expedition started towards the south from Khartoum on December 18th, 1862, in a Nile boat, accompanied by two noggurs or sailing barges, with forty-five men as escort, forty sailors, twenty-one donkeys, four camels, and four horses. Their first stage was by the Nile to Gondokoro, and the author thus describes the river between the two places. "A fever-stricken wilderness—the water coloured like an English horse-pond; a heaven for mosquitoes. . . . . I never either saw or heard of so disgusting a country as that bordering the White Nile from Khartoum to this point. . . . It is a heart-breaking river, without a single redeeming point." And of the natives he says, "the men wear upon the wrists a horrible kind of bracelet of massive iron, armed with spikes about an inch in length, like leopards' claws. . . . The chief exhibited his wife's arms and back covered with jagged scars in reply to my question as to the use of the spiked iron bracelet. . . . My monkey looks like a civilised being compared with these savages."

Gondokoro is said to have been "a great improvement upon the interminable marshes" which had been traversed on the way from Khartoum. But there was no town there. It was "merely a station of the ivory traders, occupied for about two months in the year. . . . A few miserable grass huts are all that dignify the spot with a name." This is not a very enticing neighbourhood, for the natives of the district, the Bari tribe, of whom Sir Samuel commences by speaking rather favourably, have, it appears, the unpleasant habit of shooting poisoned arrows rather indiscriminately. "Some of the arrows are arranged with poisoned heads that fit into sockets; these detach from the arrow on an attempt to withdraw them; thus the barbed blade, thickly smeared with poison, remains in the wound, and before it can be cut out the poison is absorbed by the system." A little earlier it is stated that a man came for medical aid who five months before had been wounded by a poisoned arrow in the leg, and the entire foot had been eaten away by the action of the poison. "The bone rotted through just above the ankle, and the foot dropped off." The Bari tribe is stated to be very hostile, but it is not said whether this has always been the case. The worst that is related about them (after the poisoned arrows) is that they sometimes ask "for beads as a tax for sitting under a shady tree, or for passing through the country. The traders' people, in order to terrify them into submission, were in the habit of binding them hands and feet and carrying them to the edge of a cliff about thirty feet high, beneath this cliff the river boils in a deep eddy; into this watery grave the victims were remorselessly hurled as food for crocodiles. It appeared that this punishment was dreaded by the natives," and it would seem, if this was at all a general custom, that they had some substantial grounds for their hostility.

Lady Baker's first adventure occurred at Gondokoro, where the escort of forty-five Khartoumers ("a greater set of scoundrels in physiognomy, I never encountered," says Sir Samuel) took it into their head to mutiny, because their master refused to let them steal the cattle of the natives. There was no European with the party, and as the headman failed to chastise the ringleader, Sir Samuel took that business upon himself, but got the worst of it. "I had a crowd of men upon me to rescue their leader. How the affair would have ended I cannot say; but as the scene lay within ten yards of my boat, my wife, who was ill with fever in the cabin, witnessed the whole affray, and seeing me surrounded, she rushed out, and in a few moments was in the middle of the crowd, who at that time were endeavouring to rescue my prisoner. Her sudden appearance had a curious effect, and calling upon several of the least mutinous to assist, she very pluckily made her way up to me. Seizing the opportunity of an indecision that was for the moment evinced by the crowd, I shouted to the drummer-boy to beat the drum. . . . Two-thirds of the men fell in, and formed in line, while the remainder retreated with the ringleader. . . . In this critical moment, Mrs. Baker, with great tact, came forward and implored me to forgive him if he kissed my hand and begged for pardon. This compromise completely won the men, who, although a few minutes before in open mutiny, now called upon their leader to apologise, and that all would be right."

The storm passed over for a time, but it broke out again before long. It appears that there were no Europeans in the party except the travellers themselves, and that amongst the blacks there were only two who showed any fidelity. One of these was a poor, ill-used little boy named Saat, about twelve years old, who came at Khartoum when "Mrs. Baker and I were at tea, and knelt down in the dust at her feet. There was something so irresistibly supplicating in the attitude of the child that the first impulse was to give him something from the table. This was declined, and he merely begged to be allowed to live with us, and to be our boy." One morning this boy came to his protectors and said that during the night the whole of the escort had conspired to desert, and to fire their guns at their master should he attempt to disarm them. This is the next scene in which Lady Baker appears. "I immediately ordered a travelling bedstead to be placed outside the tent under a large tree; upon this I laid five double-barrelled guns loaded with buck shot, a revolver, and naked sabre as sharp as a razor. A sixth rifle I kept in my hands while I sat upon the bedstead, with Richarn and Saat both with double-barrelled guns behind me. . . . I requested Mrs. Baker to stand behind me, and to point out any man who should attempt to uncover his locks. . . . The act of uncovering would prove his intention, in which event I intended to shoot him immediately, and take my chance with the rest of the conspirators." This scene was happily terminated without bloodshed, and about half the mutineers were disarmed and dismissed, but that the remnant was a nice lot is apparent from the next incident in which Mrs. Baker is concerned.

A few days later the traveller says:—"I was asleep in my tent, when I was suddenly awoke by loud screams, and upon listening attentively I distinctly heard the heavy breathing of something in the tent, and I could distinguish a dark object crouching close to the head of my bed. A slight pull at my sleeve showed me that my wife also noticed the object, as this was always the signal that she made if anything occurred at night which required vigilance. Possessing a share of *sangfroid* admirably adapted for African travel, Mrs. Baker was not a *screamer*, and never even whispered. . . My hand had quietly drawn the revolver from under my

pillow, and noiselessly pointed it within two feet of the dark crouching object before I asked, 'Who is that?' No answer was given, until, upon repeating the question, with my finger touching gently upon the trigger ready to fire, a voice replied, 'Fadeela.'" Upon striking a light he found it was one of the women attached to his own party, streaming with blood, being cut in a most frightful manner by a whip of hippopotamus hide. "Hearing the screams continued at some distance from the tent, I found my men in the act of flogging two women. Two men were holding each woman upon the ground by sitting upon her legs and neck, while two others with powerful whips operated upon each woman alternately. Their backs were cut to pieces, and they were literally covered with blood. . . . Seizing the whip from the hands of one of the executioners, I administered them a dose of their own prescription."

Surrounded by such scenes of brutality as this, and unaccompanied by a single man upon whom they could rely, it would not have been surprising if they had turned back. "We were utterly helpless," writes the traveller, "the whole of the people against us, and openly threatening. For myself personally I had no anxiety, but the fact of Mrs. Baker being with me was my greatest care. I dared not think of her position in the event of my death amongst such savages as those around her." Yet they decided to go forward. It is not possible to relate the whole story; let it suffice to say that there were none but slave-traders at Gondokoro, who opposed progress as far as they could. A Turkish party of these, headed by a person named Ibrahim, started in the direction they wished to take (which was now on land), and dared them to follow; stating that he would not allow any of the natives to serve them, and "would give orders to the great chief of Ellyria to prevent them passing through his country." This chief, it is stated, had formerly massacred one party of one hundred and twenty persons, and enjoyed the reputation of being formidable, which was partly owing to his living in a mountainous country that could only be passed through by traversing rocky defiles, in which it was easy to lie in ambush. The travellers endeavoured to outwit the Turks by marching past them in the night, and actually arrived soonest in the ravine; but they were then caught up and their rivals got into Ellyria first. "One by one, with scowling looks, the insolent scoundrels filed past us within a few feet, without making the customary salaam. Their party consisted of 140 men armed with guns. . . . It appeared that we were hopelessly beaten. . . . At length their leader, Ibrahim, appeared in the rear of the party, riding on a donkey. . . . I never saw a more atrocious countenance than that exhibited in this man. . . . As he approached he took no notice of us, but studiously looked straight before him with the most determined insolence. The fate of the expedition was, at this critical moment, retrieved by Mrs. Baker. She implored me to call him, to insist on a personal explanation, and to offer him some present in the event of establishing amicable relations. I could not condescend to address the sullen scoundrel. He was in the act of passing us, and success depended upon that instant. Mrs. Baker herself called him. For the moment he made no reply; but, upon my repeating the call in a loud key, he turned his donkey towards us and dismounted. . . . 'Ibrahim,' I said, 'why should we be enemies in the midst of this hostile country?'"

The Turk was bribed into friendship, and soon told them to beware of their own people, as they intended to desert on the first opportunity; and this they would have done, had not Sir Samuel prevented them in his characteristic manner. Shortly afterwards the party arrived in a district called Latooka, where the *coiffure* of a *man* is not completed in less than eight to *ten years!* During this time they are training and trailing, binding, weaving, and thatching their hair into a sort of helmet. Their dress is indescribable, for the simple reason that there is none. The wife of the chief was introduced to Lady Baker, and told her that her appearance would be much improved if she would extract the four front teeth of her lower jaw, and wear red ointment in her hair, according to the fashion of the country, where, it may be remarked, woman is valued by cows. "The price of a good-looking, strong young wife, who could carry a heavy jar of water, would be ten cows; thus a man rich in cattle would be rich in domestic bliss, as he could command a multiplicity of wives. However delightful may be a family of daughters in England, they are nevertheless costly treasures; but in Latooka they are exceedingly profitable. The simple rule of proportion will suggest that if one daughter is worth ten cows, ten daughters must be worth a hundred, therefore a large family is a source of wealth; the girls produce the cows, and the boys milk them."

The travellers were detained eight or nine months—the greater part of the year 1863, in fact—in Latooka and its neighbourhood. The Turkish party would not go forward, and they could not travel without them. Sir Samuel had many hunts, and sometimes went out for a walk with the baby; which was not, as one might suppose, an infant, but a monstrous rifle for elephant shooting, which carried a half pound shell, and turned the person who fired it round "like a weathercock in a hurricane." When Lady Baker heard this "baby's" scream, she hurried to her husband's assistance with a party of men with knives and axes, to assist in cutting up whatever had been shot. By the time they could move southwards again, the whole of the camels, horses, and donkeys had died, and they were reduced to riding on oxen, named "Bones," "Steaks," and "Suet." Sir Samuel's steed bolted, and he had to walk, and "a large fly fastened on Mrs. Baker's ox, just by his tail, the effect of which was to produce so sudden a kick and plunge, that he threw her to the ground and hurt her considerably." A few days later they came to a district where "there was a swamp at least every half hour during the day, at each of which there was the greatest difficulty in driving the oxen, who were above the girths in mud. One swamp was so deep that we had to carry the baggage piecemeal on a bedstead by about twelve men, and my wife being subjected to the same operation, was returned as impracticable. I accordingly volunteered for service, and carried her on my back; but when in the middle of the swamp the bottom gave way, and I sank, and remained immoveably fixed, while she floundered frog-like in the muddy water."

Shortly after this they arrived at a country governed by a sable despot of the name of Kamrasi, about whom a great deal is said. At first the travellers could not get sight of him at all, and they were hindered from proceeding. Lady Baker was an object of much interest to the natives. Her husband says, "the entire crowd sprang to their feet, and rushed suddenly towards the hut where I had left Mrs. Baker. For the moment I thought that the hut was on fire, and I joined the crowd, and arrived at the doorway, where I found a tremendous press to see some extraordinary sight. Everyone was squeezing for the best place; and, driving them on one side, I found the wonder that had excited their curiosity. The hut being very dark, my wife had employed her solitude during my conference with the natives in dressing her hair at the doorway, which, being very long and blonde, was suddenly noticed by some natives; a shout was given, and the rush described had taken place, and the hut was literally mobbed by the crowd of savages to see the extraordinary novelty."

This, however, was a less exciting scene than one which occurred a little later. After many delays, a savage was introduced to the travellers as the king, Kamrasi. He is described as a fine-looking man, "about six feet high, beautifully clean, and was dressed in a long robe of bark-cloth most gracefully folded. The nails of his hands and feet were carefully attended, and his complexion was about as dark a brown as that of an Abyssinian. He sat upon a copper stool placed upon a carpet of leopard skins, and was surrounded by about ten of his principal chiefs." A dreadful beggar, he apparently delayed the travellers in order to fleece them; and, when he had squeezed their possessions pretty well out of them, he told Sir Samuel that he might go on to the lake of which he was in search, "but," he said, "*you must leave your wife with me!*" "If," says the husband, "this were to be the end of the expedition, I resolved that it should also be the end of Kamrasi, and, drawing my revolver quietly, I held it within two feet of his chest, and, looking at him with undisguised contempt, I told him, that if I touched the trigger, not all his men could save him, and that if he dared repeat the insult I would shoot him on the spot. . . . My wife, naturally indignant, had risen from her seat, and maddened with the excitement of the moment, she made him a little speech in Arabic (not a word of which he understood). The woman Bacheeta" (a negro in their service) "had appropriated the insult to her mistress, and she also fearlessly let fly at Kamrasi. . . . Whether this little *coup de théâtre* had so impressed Kamrasi with British female independence I cannot say, but, with an air of complete astonishment, he said, 'Don't be angry! I had no intention of offending you by asking for your wife; I will give you a wife, if you want one, and I thought you might have no objection to give me yours!'"

Still it must have been satisfactory to place a few miles between this sable despot, and, as soon as they could go, they went. Whether purposely misguided or not cannot be told with certainty, but it was not long before they again got into a district of swamps; where streams, which had to be crossed, were covered with matted water grass and other aquatic plants, making a natural floating-bridge out of a carpet of weeds about two feet thick. "Upon this waving and unsteady surface the men ran quickly across, sinking merely to the ankles, although beneath the tough vegetation there was deep water. It was equally impossible to ride or to be carried over this treacherous surface; thus I led the way, and begged Mrs. Baker to follow me on foot as quickly as possible, precisely in my track. The river was about eighty yards wide, and I had scarcely completed a fourth of the distance and looked back to see if my wife followed close to me, when I was horrified to see her standing in one spot, and sinking gradually through the weeds, while her face was distorted and perfectly purple. Almost as soon as I perceived her she fell, as though shot dead. With the assistance of eight or ten of my men, I dragged her like a corpse through the yielding vegetation, just keeping her head above water; to have carried her would have been impossible, as we should all have sunk together through the weeds." For three days she was carried through this wild country, on a litter, speechless and insensible. "The morning broke, I was watching the first red streak that heralded the rising sun, when I was startled by the words, 'Thank God,' faintly uttered behind me. Suddenly she had

awoke from her torpor. . . . Her eyes were full of madness! She spoke, but the brain was gone!" Then came seven days of brain fever and exhaustion. She had been in violent convulsions. "It was all but over. I laid her down on her litter within a hut; covered her with a Scotch plaid, and I fell upon my mat insensible, worn out with sorrow and fatigue." This was the occasion when the "men put a new handle to the pickaxe, and sought for a dry spot to dig her grave!"

With this incident the adventures of Lady Baker come to a climax. Needless to follow her through the rest of her long journey, with its alternations of privations and comfort, plenty and starvation. The lake was discovered; the medal of the Geographical Society was won; and after innumerable perils on water and adventures on land they arrived again at Khartoum—almost the sole survivors of the expedition. Those who wish to pursue the story can do so in the pages of Sir Samuel Baker's book, "The Albert N'Yanza," a book which is great in interest, yet deeply saddening, from the revelations which it contains of the brutal natures of the natives, the iniquity of the traders, and the horrible state of the countries which were traversed. "I shall be truly thankful," says the author, "to quit this abominable land; in my experience, I never saw such scoundrels as Africa produces—the natives of the Soudan being the worst of all. . . . I am thoroughly sick of this Expedition, but I shall plod on with dogged obstinacy . . . grateful should the day ever arrive to see old England again. . . . I believe that ten years' residence in the Soudan and this country would spoil an Angel, and would turn the best heart to stone."

They certainly do not appear to be lands for ladies. Lady Baker is to be congratulated upon having escaped alive from such abominable countries, and it is to be hoped she will never revisit them.

SEVEN YEARS FOR RACHEL;

OR, WELSH PICTURES SKETCHED FROM LIFE.

By ANNE BEALE

ALONE

CHAPTER XIX

THE IVORITE'S FUNERAL.

CAN these be preparations for a funeral? Can this motley assemblage of people, dressed in all colours but black—this throng around what was lately Jackey Bach's cottage—be about to attend him to his last home? A week has elapsed since he died, and his spirit is now far away from the turmoils of this troublous world, but the home that still contains his mortal remains is a scene of bustle and confusion. Funerals in Wales, like weddings, are public gatherings, and this is one in every sense of the word. The deceased was an Ivorite, and the members of the club are expected to follow their departed brother to the grave. He had belonged to this club from his youth: to it he owed his comforts in sickness, and the expenses of his funeral are to be defrayed by it.*

Rachel has left the arrangements to her uncle and Pally, and has retired to her little upstairs room to weep alone. The sun is shining brightly through the curtain that shades the window, and she feels how sadly his glorious rays strike upon the spirit when sorrow has oppressed it. The most gladsome thing in creation seems now the most melancholy, and willingly would she exchange the warm beams that give life and energy to half the world, for dark heavy clouds more in accordance with her present feelings. The sounds of voices and footsteps, too, strike heavily upon her ear, and worse, far worse, distant laughter will make itself heard, as the would-be mourners throng down the lane towards the place of meeting. It is not that the face of any one of Jackey's old friends wears a smile on this solemn occasion — they are all decently grave; but there are many present who were never personally interested in the deceased, and who make their appearance merely to see the funeral and hear the sermon. It is from these that the half-suppressed voice of merriment proceeds, as they talk over the ordinary events of the week; but as they draw near the house they, too, become quiet, and if not serious, at least forbear a smile.

* The Ivorites are a body of men united to keep up the ancient language and customs of Wales, as well as to assist one another in times of emergency.

The little room in which the coffin is placed is thronged with relatives and friends. The Corporal and William are amongst the sincerest of the mourners: the former is expatiating with sad countenance on the merits of his old friend, whilst the latter sits apart with an abstracted and melancholy air, lamenting the deceased, and thinking of his afflicted daughter. Pally, true to her character, is resolved that nothing shall be omitted that can do honour to Jackey's memory, or keep up old customs. She is accordingly busily engaged in serving out a beverage that was once common at funerals, but is now comparatively seldom used. It is called abeilon, and is composed of the juice of the elderberry, rosemary, and other herbs, well-spiced and poured into hot ale, which is distributed to the mourners, and drunk, notwithstanding the circumstances, with evident satisfaction. All the assembly, William excepted, partake of this drink, eat cake with it, and talk meanwhile of many things far removed from the solemn subject of death, though it would seem impossible to forget it in the presence of a corpse.

When the party had drunk a sufficient quantity of abeilon, one of them, a tall, lank man, arose. He was dressed in black, and appeared somewhat of a higher rank than the rest of the assembly. Pally, that determined manager, had, together with Jackey's brother, settled that there should be "a preaching," and this was the minister. It was a fine bright day, towards the end of August, and the stone seat outside the house was considered the best situation for the preacher. He was therefore followed by the party of mourners, Pally and William excepted, into the court, where a crowd of people were expecting him. Pally had taken upon herself the office of watcher, and considered it her duty to remain near the coffin; but when she perceived William not far from the corpse, she thought she might venture to relax a little of her vigilance, and therefore crept towards the door to listen to what was said. She and Nanny the Corporal had sat up the whole of the preceding night with the corpse, in order that the "watch night," as well as everything else, should be properly observed.

Elevated on the stone seat, with his back against the wall, stood the preacher, a tall, thin man, with a pale, grave face, and straight black hair. Around him was an anxious and attentive audience. The little court was filled to suffocation, and the crowd extended half way up the lane. A sermon thus preached attracts multitudes, who say they "like something new, and not the same thing over and over again." Eyes, ears, mouths, are all upon the stretch as the minister begins his discourse. After quietly delivering the text, he pours forth at once a flood of words. With a voice sufficiently loud to reach the last of the throng up the lane, and with energetic movements of the arms and head, he proceeds, untiring, on his way. He seems to touch upon every subject within the range of his ideas, death and its consequences being the primary one. The event which has brought him in contact with his hearers is naturally alluded to, and Jackey's state of mind at the period of his death is not forgotten. His words produce groans from the aged and tears from the young. The sermon is calculated to impress forcibly upon the mind three things, upon which we cannot think too much or too often—the shortness of life, the certainty of death, and the duration of eternity.

The preacher speaks, and his auditors listen with deep attention, and without apparent fatigue, for about an hour. The time appointed for the funeral is approaching, and it is necessary for him to come to a conclusion. He therefore winds up his discourse by an appeal to the consciences of his hearers, and an earnest entreaty to each to take warning by the constant deaths of relatives, friends, or neighbours, and to prepare for the awful change which must sooner or later visit all present. He then gives out a verse of a hymn, in which most of his congregation join, and although the voices are not cultivated, their union in the open air is not unpleasing to the ear, and tends to show the native musical talent. The chorus is softened by the breeze, and I trust many of the voices that mingle in it, if not all, may be chanting the real feelings of the heart, and that thus the whole may ascend, as a free-will offering of praise, to the throne of grace, where the outpourings of the soul are ever acceptable.

The scene is a striking one; men and women of all ages are crowded together, some holding children by the hand, others hushing their infants to sleep in their arms. Here, two or three old women look at one another, shake their heads, and utter an inward groan; there, as many young ones appear more bent on the things of this world, and gaze about them at the dresses of their neighbours. On either side the preacher are a number of aged men, some leaning against the wall for support, others standing by chairs they have occupied during the sermon, and others supporting themselves by sticks or crutches. Two or three of them here and there are eagerly wiping their spectacles, to enable them to read the hymn from a book which they share and which the one who is fortunate enough to be in the middle alone succeeds in accomplishing. The low stone wall is crowded by children, some seated, whilst their parents stand beside them, and support their little heads on their shoulders as they sleep from very weariness; and others mischievously keeping one another awake by tricks that alone could enter the imagination of a child, and that call forth an occasional cross look and angry nod from the elders. Upon the stone seat or pulpit, and on either side of the preacher's legs, two more of these urchins have found a resting-place, and heedless of an occasional push or kick from their minister, given in the excitement of delivering some impressive sentence, incline their little heads upon their bosoms, and dream of cakes and play Pally stands in the doorway, glancing alternately at the preacher without, and the coffin within—her thoughts divided between the living and the dead. The Corporal's gaunt figure is prominently placed opposite the preacher, and towers above all who surround it. He stands bolt upright, and holds a hymn-book up to his face, whilst he sings, apparently, with all his heart.

The hymn being finished, the minister descends from his pulpit, and again enters the house. He is immediately attended by Rachel's uncle and Pally, the former of whom slips five shillings into his hand in payment for his sermon, whilst the latter offers a second glass of abeilon, together with many complimentary speeches upon the sermon he has just delivered. Then the preacher takes his departure. He is greeted in the court by as many as can manage to approach him, and again receives reiterated thanks for his sermon.

The preparations for bearing the body to its last resting-place now began. Poor Rachel made her appearance, accompanied by Pally, and took her station beside the coffin. The Corporal, and five other old friends of Jackey's, were to be the bearers, and they now carried the remains into the court. They were followed by Rachel, her face buried in a white handkerchief, and Pally, who was obliged to support her. Next came Rachel's uncle and William; then a relative of the deceased, and Mr. Shenkin. Most of those persons whom I have had occasion to mention in these sketches joined the funeral in the court. There was Nat Lewis, with a black hatband tied with white love-ribbon, like the mourners; Nanny the Corporal and her daughter, dressed in all the black they could procure; Pally's little granddaughter; one or two of the servants from the House; and at the end of the procession, Mad Moll, who had twisted a piece of old black ribbon round her bonnet, and thrown a black apron across her shoulders. Upwards of fifty people followed, but few were dressed in black. The red cloaks and scarlet and black skirts looked strangely unfunereal, though the mixed colours, contrasting with the black of the chief mourners, had a singularly striking effect. At the turning of the lane another procession was seen approaching in an opposite direction. It was composed of the members of the Ivorite Club, consisting of between two and three hundred persons, who joined the funeral, and preceded the coffin. Each individual wore a black scarf and hatband, and the general effect was very imposing. They wound their mournful way through the park, until they reached the little church I have already attempted to describe. There they were met by the clergyman, and the solemn service began.

The coffin rests in the aisle, and the church is filled with mourners. The first part of the service over, they proceed to the churchyard, and surround the grave. Attention—deep, mute attention—is visible on every face, and a tear glistens in many an eye. The bright green fields—the merry notes of the birds—the radiancy of nature—and, above all, the glorious brilliancy of the sun, seem to mock the solemnity of the

scene. The sunbeams fall upon the forms of the mourners, and rest upon the coffin. They would seem to look sadly upon Rachel, as, leaning over the grave, she watches her father's body descend slowly to the earth from whence it came. Oh! awful, heart-rending moment! She feels that now all is indeed over, and that she has looked her last upon her best and dearest earthly friend. At the words "dust to dust" her whole frame trembles with agitation, and Pally is obliged to support her. She listens to the beautiful and hopeful words that follow the lowering of the coffin, and they sink gently into her heart, and calm, in some degree, the excess of her grief. The tears roll down her pale face as she gazes, until the last words of the burial-service are uttered, and silence for a moment succeeds. A few lumps of earth fall heavily upon the coffin, and are echoed upon her ear. Her friends gently endeavour to withdraw her from the grave, and after another long last look, and a supplicating glance heavenward, she resigns herself to their guidance.

The Ivorites now surround the grave. Hand in hand they encircle it, whilst each takes from his bosom a sprig of rosemary, and drops it upon the coffin. This last act completed, they stand for a few moments, solemnly silent, then disunite and form into pairs. Once more Rachel advances and looks into the grave. The sweet smell of the rosemary seems to remind her of the ascension of the soul to that happy region where she trusts her father dwells. She turns more calmly away, and the melancholy procession forms again.

How many hearts were beating with sympathy for the poor girl, and how many kind wishes were inwardly breathed for her! The Ivorites, and most of her other friends, left her at the door of the little cottage, now no longer to be considered her home. She entered, followed by Pally, her uncle, and Mr. Shenkin. Their words of condolence, kindly as they were meant, fell sadly upon her ear. She knew, however, that she must no longer indulge her grief, and she endeavoured to suppress her feelings, and to speak to her friends of her future prospects. She told Mr. Shenkin that she meant to return to Grongar immediately, but begged to be permitted to remain yet a day or two longer at the cottage, to make arrangements for the distribution of its furniture, now her little property. Mr. Shenkin assured her of his wife's permission to stay as long as she chose, adding that they should be glad to see her whenever she came, and the sooner the better, since nothing went on well without her. She fixed the following Monday for her return, and, with many assurances of friendship, Mr. Shenkin took his departure.

(*To be continued.*)

GOOD BREEDING AS SHOWN IN VISITING THE POOR.

By S. F. A. Caulfeild.

The idea of giving advice on such a subject as that above named appears at first sight quite superfluous, for well-bred persons instinctively know how to comport themselves under every circumstance of daily life. Yes, truly, and it is not for them that this little article is written. But the ranks of society are perpetually renewed by the young and inexperienced, and these need an early training to be quickly observant, carefully reflecting, and apt to accommodate themselves to a variety of circumstances and company to which they have never before been accustomed. Over and above this youthful stream of life, which needs direction into right courses, there are the inconsiderate of all ages, who do not know how to mould themselves gracefully into new and peculiar grooves.

There are some "born in the purple" who have been by no means influenced by the refinement of their associations and the careful delicacy of their culture, and the reverse holds equally good. Youth is, at any rate, the time for training, and I offer the following suggestions to those who love what is seemly and gracious in word and action.

Doubtless there are multitudes amongst you, my young friends, for whom the great keynote of genuine good breeding has already been struck by wise and godly parents—the keynote of love—and to it your whole natures have been early attuned. Such as these are the most apt of scholars, and by them little matters of detail will be easily learnt. The great principle of love constrains you ever to place yourself in the position of the person you address, and to make their circumstances and feelings your own; you realise their poverty, their hopes, wishes, and fears, and, it may be, their envy, in contemplation of your superior position, their personal defects, bodily sufferings, lack of external advantages, and inability to meet you on even terms, and an inexorable necessity constraining them to accept obligations without any prospect of ever making a return. My picture is not even yet complete. In addition to any of the troubles enumerated, there may be some resulting from unjust impressions formed of your motives, and an utter inability to appreciate your really unassuming character. Alas! the impression that the wealthy "look down upon" and "despise the poor" is as widespread as it is utterly untrue.

Lay all these trying and bitter feelings before you; endeavour to realise the sting of each, and that they may be all combined in one poor human heart, and then you will have learnt your first lesson in the exercise of the highest type of good breeding when you visit the homes of the poor.

I must now proceed to explain who "the poor" are: for their numbers are far greater, and your delicacy and benevolence must be extended over a much wider field, than may at first sight appear.

The poor are divided into two great sections of the community, and their respective and distinctive sufferings are very evenly balanced between them:—First, there are the poor amongst the untitled gentry, professionals, and tradesmen; and secondly, the poor amongst the so-called "working classes," who have inherited that condition of life from their ancestors for generations back, and never knew any other and better circumstances themselves.

Now, whether my reader belong to the upper, middle, or lower circles of life, she will have to meet the poor of her own class, as well as those of a different grade; and she should be prepared to adapt her words and her demeanour on each occasion as becomes a "lady" in heart, and a Christian lady above all. For, believe me, just as it is quite possible to have learnt all the rules of harmony, and the act of running with nimble fingers all over an instrument without missing a note, and yet be devoid of one atom of true musical taste, and the performance prove a complete failure; just so you might be fully conversant with every custom of society down to the smallest *minutiæ* of etiquette, and yet be devoid of the root of the matter, namely, that principle the possession of which alone could stamp you as a highly-bred woman.

I said that the needy of every class have a claim on your sympathy; those of your own immediate family having the first and greatest. I will therefore begin by dealing with the case of the poor in the upper ranks of life.

It is hard to those who were reared amidst the comforts and refinements of life, and once associated with the highest in the land, to forego all luxury, the society of their relatives, and the advantages their interest could have procured for their children. Better never to have known such circumstances, to have been born of the lowly and obscure, and accustomed to manual labour—to be at least on a level with your relations, than to have dropped out of your original sphere, constrained to adopt new circumstances and new associates; or only be invited once in a way, as the notorious "poor relation," who always comes in the same dress, and of whom the hostess seems half-ashamed, since she only invites them for the evening after a dinner, or to finish the broken remains of the feast at luncheon next day.

A propos of your social relations with the poor of your own condition, we will suppose that it behoves you to call on the widow, left in poverty by the early death of her husband. She was by birth a gentlewoman, but one of a large family, and who should have been trained to be self-supporting, but married an officer with little private means instead—a common error! A family of five or six were thus but just able to exist; the widow having dropped all intercourse with her own original circle of friends and relatives, lest they should suspect her of wanting their interest for her sons or invitations for her daughters. So the sons have emigrated, under unfavourable circumstances; and the daughters "make and mend," and do much household work at home. They live in your neighbourhood, in the grass-grown village street, and you in a handsome country seat within a short walk. You have horses and carriages at your service, extensive pleasure-grounds, "goodly changes of raiment," suitable for every imaginable occasion, and all the county families are your associates. The widow, grown sensitive in her poverty, struggles with a newly-born sentiment of pride, lest she should mar the prospects of her young people, and deprive them of the few recreations within their reach. Thus, an invitation to one of the "great houses" is an event of considerable importance, and for their sakes she would sacrifice her own feelings, and endeavour to shut her eyes to the "cavalier" style of invitation too often given by the *nouveau riche*, or those who, if "gentle" in birth, are otherwise in nature. The young people do not know so much of the world and the "*convenances* of society." Why overshadow their sunshine by

pointing out little slights and invidious distinctions made between them and the "Manor House," "the Court," or "the Grange"?

You feel, we will suppose, that a visit to the small house in the village is due. Do not imagine that you may treat them in a "free and easy" manner, and that a morning call will do very well, because you happen to be near. Such an ill-timed intrusion could not be justified by the fact that you often look in at "the Court" as early in the morning to see your friend "the Lady Muriel," or else the "Misses Highflier," when out with your dogs on a "constitutional." Reflect a moment, and you will see that while born in the same rank as they, the circumstances of the widow's family demand very tender consideration. Your friends above named have servants to do the work of the household, and, call at any time that your mutual intimacy may permit, you will find them in suitable costume, engaged at agreeable pursuits for pleasure's sake.

But pay a visit at such a time to friends of limited means, and you may find them in working attire, hands white with flour, or dusting their reception-room; no fire yet alight, and no "best foot put foremost" (as homely folks express it) for the reception of the unexpected visitor. I pray you, spare the feelings of the busy inmates by the exercise of a little kindly forethought and tact.

Supposing, however, that you have done so, and you make your visit in the afternoon; the night covers have been removed from the furniture, all is bright and clean, and some of the family are prepared to receive you. You have your dogs with you all the same, and they want to force their way in with you. Of course, you say, "Go out, sir!" and perhaps even use your whip. Your friends beg you politely "not to mind," that "the animals will do no harm," and you allow one, or even two, to enter. They pad all about with dirty feet, rub up against the furniture, and they lie down on the best rug but just turned down to do you honour, and wipe themselves against the dresses of your friends. You may not see it, but anxious eyes note every movement, and endeavour to seem indifferent. Had you reflected a little, you would have been ashamed of your selfish thoughtlessness.

Perhaps you think that the widow looks worn and feeble; or she has a pale, delicate girl, who needs fresh air without exertion. Do not be so *gauche* as to make any remark on their appearance, but take an early opportunity of devoting your carriage to their service, not as an act of grace for which they can make no return, but as though they would be conferring a favour upon you. Tell them that you want to drive to such a place to-morrow or next day, and should be all alone, and ask whether they could spare time to go with you to enliven your solitary expedition. Express a hope they will "not refuse." Such an invitation would be as gratefully accepted as it was graciously given. On such occasions avoid wearing your handsomest costumes; do not let your dress, although really good, contrast painfully with that of the poor neighbours who accompany you.

Just in the same spirit let your invitations to the house be given. Be they to a garden party or an "At Home," with a little adroitness you could make it appear a favour on the part of your guests to come rather than a condescension on yours to invite them. Ask their help to get up a game, to complete the numbers wanted, or to arrange your programme of music, or other ways and means in preparation for the proposed diversion of your guests. They will then have the satisfaction of feeling that they can be of service in the way most acceptable to you.

Do not restrict their invitation to evening after-dinner parties. Once in a way ask them to dinner also, or the distinction drawn between the poor and the rich will be most invidious and unworthy of you. Why should they always be placed on a lower level of dignity than those who are able to make you a like return?

Perhaps they may wish to make a little effort at entertaining you, and invite you to their early dinner, under the name of "luncheon." Some member of their family, an individual of a certain degree of distinction, has come to see how they fare, and the opportunity is a grand one; of course make a point of accepting. The pies and tarts have been made the night before, and the girls have been up by daybreak, to assist their one maid, and all are in their best attire, ready for your reception before one o'clock. Keep your presence of mind. There will be a scarcity perhaps of the commonest things, even of forks and spoons. Ask for nothing that you do not see.

Not many years ago, a good old country parson, somewhat troubled with deafness, was entertaining a few friends with hearty hospitality. But of plate he had no superfluity, and requiring a tablespoon to help a guest, he appealed two or three times to his old factotum in waiting behind him to bring one. As often as asked, old Paddy responded in what he meant to be a confidential whisper, not wishing to betray "the poverty of the land." At last the old gentleman showed symptoms of irritation. "Why don't you bring me a spoon, I say?" Quoth Pat, in a voice well worthy of a town crier, "Plase, yer Riverence, don't I tell yer they're both on the table!'

See nothing that is not meant to be seen, nor anything that proves a failure. Do not appear to see the rustic maid tripping and prancing over the rugs, nor spilling the wine, or the gravy, even if over your own dress. Try to say a kind thing; praise something or other—fruit, flowers, anything—with honesty. It will be a "red-letter" day to them if their entertainment prove a success, and you will go home a happier woman. But if any little mischance occurred on that occasion, beware of relating the circumstance to any third party, for to eat their bread, and expose them to ridicule, would be not only cruel to them, but odious in you.

I now turn to that portion of the community which has apparently monopolised the descriptive appellation of "the poor." Much that I have already said will apply equally well to your visits among them, such as the avoidance of morning intrusions before they have "cleaned up," and made themselves and their humble surroundings look as well as might be upon a "working day." Be assured, if their feelings be blunted in many ways—as they undoubtedly are—they still have certain human susceptibilities: can feel humbled, affronted, and gratified. In reference to your dress, I repeat the same counsel: put on the plainest and least remarkable. Show as little jewellery as possible, that the eyes of poor "working girls" may not be attracted and dazzled by things unsuitable to their condition in life, and which—even in the imitation—might tarnish in their wear the fair fame of those whose earnings should supply the hungry mouths at home.

Always accept any seat offered to you, without looking suspiciously at it as if it might soil your dress. Banish all other reflections, and give your whole thoughts to what you are told. Inquire kindly after each member of the family, and privately make a note of deficiencies which you may be able to supply. But refrain from taking money with you. Your sympathy or advice would then be thrown away, and perhaps not one syllable would even be heard. Their eyes would follow the least movement of your hand, and your pocket become the centre of interest.

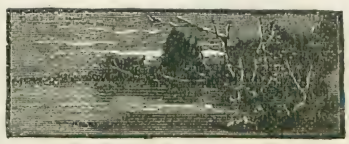
Always ascertain to what religious denomination those whom you visit belong; and avoid making objectionable remarks. So long as you speak of the fear and love of God, of faith in Christ, of the fruits of that faith to be exhibited in daily life, and of the hope of everlasting blessedness hereafter—you will wound no denominational prejudices, and your conversation will be acceptable.

If any of them be sick or aged, do not prescribe anything of which their circumstances will not allow. Nothing is more grievous than to entertain the idea that something might be done to effect a cure, which is, nevertheless, beyond your attainment—a generous high diet, change to a more genial climate, complete rest from all work, or a sea voyage. Why allude to such means, when the patient has no money for a removal nor for aught but the plainest of daily bread, and when a week's omission of labour would expose his family to starvation or debt? It is depressing to the bodily powers of the invalid, and to the spirits of the care-taker, to moot plans that cannot be carried out. Worse than this, such an injudicious suggestion would prove injurious to their spiritual condition. Ignorant of the dealings and designs of his Maker, man is disposed to complain, "Why hast Thou made me thus?" Rather, I counsel you, whisper in his ear, "What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter."

Visiting in country cottages within your own neighbourhood is far safer and more agreeable than in a crowded city. It may be that in your walks you may call upon some humble acquaintance, who, seeing you fatigued, may kindly "make bold" to offer you the refreshment of "a cup o' tea." Do not imagine that it would be cruel to accept hospitality from her straitened resources; you will do a fargreater kindness in its acceptance than in its refusal. The uneducated folks are always apt to ascribe a feeling of "pride" to all such delicacy on the part of the upper classes. They think that their ignorance and poverty combined awaken sentiments akin to contempt in all above them. They little know how great a wrong they do to those who go out of their way, and often much deny themselves, to render them kindly assistance. But the manner of the doing is often at fault; remember this, and do not "let your good be evil spoken of."

"The poor shall never cease out of the land;" this is the Divine decree. Make the circumstances of all even, and in a very short time the poor will exist again. Some will fail in business and other enterprises; some will be lazy and worthless; some ruined by others; some by loss of health, or else by the death of the bread-earner. Through one cause or another—and these too many to enumerate—the poor will ever continue to be everywhere, and the duties of those better off apparent. There is much of deception and much of ingratitude to try our patience and fidelity to our trust; but we have the example of One to follow, "Who is kind to the unthankful and the evil." And amidst all the disappointments that follow our self-denials, we have this most blessed assurance to encourage our labours:

"Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these, ye did it unto Me."



PRINCESS.

A STORY OF FRENCH SCHOOL LIFE.

"'YOU SPEAK FRENCH?' SHE ASKED."

CHAPTER I.

JANUARY 6th.—The pale gleams of a wintry sun stealing through the closed blinds of my bedroom window awoke me to the consciousness that the day which was to mark an epoch in my young existence had dawned at last.

The freedom of my happy home was now to be exchanged for the thraldom of a foreign school amid strange people speaking a strange tongue; yet I fancy that the excitement of travel, and the desire to visit this much-heard-of Paris, deadened, as it were, the sorrow of parting, and imbued the unknown future with a rosy glow of hope. Perhaps as we grow older, these partings and last words press upon us with a deeper significance. Some of our illusions have been dispelled—some of the unsolved mysteries of life have closed about us—but at sixteen the world holds no dark forebodings, we live but in the present flooded with the ardent imagination of passionate youth.

The last good-byes had been spoken. The boat moved slowly on. The familiar figures which had accompanied me to the quay still stood there, each moment growing less and less distinct, until they finally faded into distance.

A sense of utter desolation crept over me. There was no comfort to be got from the recollection of my former happiness, of the loved voices which still rang in my ears. I leant against the side of the

ship, while the hot tears ran down my cheeks and fell into the water.

"You are *triste*," said a voice beside me, with a charming foreign accent; "you cry, you leave your mother; come with me."

I turned and perceived a girl of about my own age, with soft brown eyes, and a pleasant smile.

"You speak French?" she asked.

I nodded acquiescently.

"*Tiens voilà, ma mère!*"

As she spoke, a lady in black approached us and laid her hand gently on my shoulder.

"*Pauvre enfant*," she said, "dry those tears; thou art on the way to our sunny land of France. I watched thy mother kiss thee and with pallid cheek turn back again and yet again, as she unwillingly quitted the vessel. It seemed as though I crept into her heart and tasted of a sorrow soon to be my own, when in a few days' time I leave my Helen within the high walls of L'Institution Legrand."

"L'Institution Legrand!" I interrupted, with a rapid revulsion of feeling, "that is my destination."

The ice once broken we were soon deep in conversation. My recent tears were forgotten, my sadness gave way to an access of high spirits, and numerous were the questions concerning my future life with which I plied my new friends.

L'Institution Legrand was one of the oldest established schools in Paris, where the principal, who had already attained her seventy-fifth year, gloried in the fact that since 1809 no regulations had been altered, no mitigation of discipline permitted, no misdemeanour allowed to go unpunished. This last information, given by Madame Mazure in a solemn voice, rather cooled my ardour, as I recalled the tender love and modern luxuries of my English home.

The early wintry darkness had already fallen over the white-housed city of Paris, as we drove through the broad streets with their brilliantly-lighted shop-fronts ablaze with a thousand dazzling objects to tempt the taste or fancy of the passer-by. Presently we reached the column surmounted by a golden angel of Liberty, raised high on the ruins of the Bastille, with its thousand clinging memories of noble courage, cruel ignominy, and shameful death.

'Twas passed—a burst of riotous music from the open door of a cabaret broke through the clear frosty air, and we entered the quarter of the humbler dwellers of the pleasure-seeking city, where the women with coloured handkerchiefs, twisted turban-wise about their heads, and glittering eyes peering forth from withered faces lined and seamed, bring back with a shudder the memory of those other faces, those other eyes which—pitiless, relentless—witnessed the awful tragedies of the Reign of Terror.

The carriage stopped abruptly before a prison-like entrance, surrounded by *chevaux-de-frise*. A sense of awe stole over us as, alighting, Madame Mazure rang a huge bell hanging by a chain from the clamped iron door. A smaller one in a side wall was instantaneously opened by some unseen hand, and we entered the courtyard.

Here we were accosted by a small black-eyed woman.

"This way, ladies, if you please," she said, dropping a curtsey as she spoke.

We followed her to the drawing-room, where, before crossing to the fireplace, I had two or three narrow escapes of measuring my length on the floor. A bright wood fire burnt on the hearth, while a small shaded lamp at the further end bathed the whole room in a dim religious light, and for the moment hid the stiffness of the furniture which I afterwards discovered.

In this uncertain light I felt as though in a dream. The strange house, the high walls and spiked gates, the quaint room, Madame Mazure's and Hélène's whispered French remarks, the faint murmur of distant voices which now and again broke the silence. A few moments later a soft rustle of silk recalled me to real life and announced the approach of Madame Legrand.

She received Madame Mazure and Hélène with open arms and a torrent of French terms of affection, then turned to me.

"And this dear child, this stranger to our land; I see by her sweet face that I shall soon love her." So saying, she, to my astonishment, caught me in her arms, and imprinted a hearty kiss on either cheek.

"You speak French, your mother wrote me; and, as I hear from Madame Mazure, have already made friends with her daughter. It was charming for you to travel together; I hope you will be happy with us, and learn to love our France."

Bewildered, I stammered out something to the effect that I meant to try to be happy.

After a few more questions respecting our journey, etc., Madame Legrand rang for the maid to take us upstairs to one of the dressing-rooms. The floor was carpetless, shelves ran all the way round the walls, divided off into numbered partitions to hold the dressing-case of each girl, basins fitted into stands exactly underneath these shelves, and a narrow strip of looking-glass encompassed the entire room. The glass, I must not forget to add, was of so common a description that our faces were distorted out of all likeness to the original, probably so arranged as a check to any rising vanity.

After removing our wraps, we were again conducted to the drawing-room, where Hélène's mother—a shade paler than before—sat waiting to wish us good-bye. The adieux were rather hurried with Madame Legrand as spectator. Her artificial smile chilled the mother's heart as she quitted the room with one last glance at Hélène's face, whence all the gaiety had died out, while the tears gathered slowly in her soft brown eyes.

"*Voyons!*" said madame, briskly, after a long pause, broken only by the crackling of the wood fire. "I will now present you to your new friends."

She led us through numberless corridors, until at last we reached the classes. Such a noise I had never heard, but as madame opened the door, a dead silence prevailed, while every eye was turned in our direction.

"Children," said madame, advancing into the room, and pushing us forward, "here are two new companions for you; be good to them. For this one I entertain no fears" (pointing to Hélène), "but here" (touching my shoulder) "is an English girl, the only foreigner among you. Never allow her to regret that she came into your midst."

So saying, she kissed us both and left the room.

The girls closed around us, and for a few moments an uneasy constraint prevailed; then began innumerable questions as to our names, ages, lessons, and favourite pursuits. Hélène was soon busy giving a list of her acquirements, but my French now became less fluent than before with this Babel going on around me; yet, had I been able to express it, the opinion I entertained of my own accomplishments was anything but a poor one. Later on, I learnt the bitter truth that while fancying myself a proficient, some even of the younger girls could have shamed me.

During this discussion I had noticed in a corner of the room, apart from the rest, a little girl sitting, or rather huddled together, with a white cloth fastened round her head in the form of a turban. Her face was half-turned towards me. I could see she was very dark, and the little hair visible beneath the turban of a jet-black. She had not once looked up nor changed her position; she seemed to take no interest whatever in our proceedings; the only sign of life about her was now and again a nervous twitching of her clenched hands. Her appearance fascinated and impelled me to approach her. I was close to her side when she suddenly raised her head. I started back a moment with a feeling akin to fear as her eyes dilated with a wild look of unutterable misery, hate, despair; such a look as a hunted creature brought to bay, hemmed in on every side, baffled, and alone, would dart on its pursuers.

"Who, what is she?" I asked, fearfully, hardly above a whisper.

"Who? that child, Irène, do you mean?" answered one of the girls, scornfully. "Oh! she's the black sheep of the school—the story-teller, the——Why, don't you see that cloth on her head? That is our greatest punishment, never given but for a lie. She told one yesterday, and must bear the consequences. She actually declared that——"

"That child told a lie!" I interrupted. "I cannot believe it. Ah! how terribly desolate she must feel, forsaken by you all, a poor lonely little outcast. I will strive to reach her heart by sympathising with the sadness I read in her glance just now, and by-and-by I do not doubt she will repay my affection by perfect confidence."

"Do you mean to say you will stoop so low as to love Irène?" laughed the girl; "*est-elle drôle, cette petite Anglaise!*" So saying, she turned away, singing a snatch from some popular French song, and I, advancing towards the child in her solitary corner, took her hands, which were burning with fever, in my own.

"Irène," I said, bending over her, "will you let me be your friend?"

"I have no friend," she muttered, suddenly; "I am alone." In these simple words there was a pathos of irreparable woe; her lips quivered, but recovering herself, she set her teeth hard, and drew herself erect.

"I am alone too," I whispered, nothing daunted; "far away from the loving arms of my mother. Where is yours?"

"My mother," cried Irène, passionately, though hardly above her breath; "oh! if she could see me she would believe me; she knows I would never sully my lips with a lie; but why should I trouble you? Leave me, I am used to being alone; no one cares for or believes me here."

Her voice died away in a kind of wail.

"I believe you, Irène," I answered.

Once more she raised her wonderful eyes, which seemed to expand with a deepening amazement, half touched with incredulity.

Slowly I repeated my words in a firmer voice. Her face, before deathly pale, now flushed scarlet; she gave a hurried glance round the room, where, amid the whirl of numerous amusements, we were already forgotten.

She caught my hands convulsively in hers; she pressed them to her heart, and, bowing her head, rested her lips upon them.

"Those are the first kind words that have been addressed to me since I came here, three years ago," she said, while a tear, not my own, fell on our clasped hands. "They seem to me like a whisper from home; I thank you, I love you for them, my generous friend, my Princess. Yes, I shall always call you Princess."

The other girls caught up the name, finding my English one difficult of pronunciation, and gradually, as time went on, forgot its origin, and all the surprise and scorn they had evinced at the first token of my affection for the persecuted Irène.

* * * * *

The dormitories of L'Institution Legrand were peculiarly comfortless. Long and narrow, like a hospital ward, a strip of worn carpet between each bed, the whole lighted by a lamp swinging from the ceiling, a kind of glass vessel half-filled with oil, where three wicks flickered and spluttered. My dormitory contained seventeen beds. On one side of me lay Hélène, who, with bated breath, was giving a rapid sketch of her visit to London to her next neighbour; on the other side lay Irène. Mademoiselle Berthe, whose duty it was to see us safely to bed, had escaped for a few moments' peace and quiet after the toil of the day, but even night could not relieve her of her responsibilities, and too soon she was forced to return, worn out and utterly dispirited, to creep into her narrow bed at the further end of the apartment, whence presently, in an angry voice, she ordered complete silence under pain of certain punishments unknown to my inexperience.

The excitement of the day had given way to a terrible depression. There seemed such a lack of sympathy in this noisy mass of girls, each one intent on her own amusement, that I fancied my schooldays passed amongst them would be joyless and cheerless. I had raised myself in my bed, and with tearful eyes gazed down the bare room. The windows, high up near the ceiling, looked on to the courtyard; the high blank walls alone were visible from the street. No human sounds from the busy city without pierced their gloomy consistence, save once only when the silence was broken by the faint chimes of distant church bells tolling the hour. My young heart ached with such an infinite yearning for home, with such an overpowering sense of desolation, that, unable any longer to control my feelings, I buried my face in the pillow, and gave way to my grief in a very agony of passionate tears.

A soft touch came on my arm as I lay there. I turned surprised. Leaning across from the next bed was Irène, her delicate face lighted by the tender love gleaming in her dark Southern eyes.

"Good night, Princess," she whispered, caressingly. "If you are shedding tears of regret, of loneliness, remember your coming here has brought happiness to one sad little heart, which for three years has nursed an unshared sorrow; that your loving words have melted the hard resolves and cruel thoughts brooding there, so that they can never rise again. To-morrow will break in promise for us both. We are setting out on a new track; don't let us take pain with us."

I leant forward and kissed the pleading face.

"Good-night, Irène," I replied. "You shall never look back; we will go forward together."

She pressed my hand, but said nothing.

After a while I slept, and dreamt I went home and took Irène with me; that all the time I could scarcely escape from the searching gaze of her wonderful eyes, which grew larger and larger. I started and woke—a maid was walking up and down the dormitory swinging a huge bell, while the girls were tumbling out of bed as quickly as possible.

"Six o'clock," laughed Hélène, rubbing her eyes, and I, half asleep, followed her to the dressing-room.

At seven we had prayers; a mere farce, where each girl took it in turn to gabble a few phrases, whether in French or Latin I could never discover. At eight we breakfasted.

Such an un-English meal!

Soup made with onions, a cake of dry chocolate, some bread, and a cup of milk.

At nine o'clock school began. I was only to take private French lessons until able to join the classes, which, of course, I could not at first attempt, though I felt convinced I should completely outdo the girls in music. Thus, when during recreation hours a concert was proposed, I readily acquiesced. As a stranger, they politely requested me to open the entertainment. Full of confidence, I sat down and commenced playing a brilliant piece full of intricate passages. However, a few moments later, I could not fail to perceive sundry shrugs of the shoulders, and other signs of disapprobation at my performance. Furious at the depreciatory conduct of my audience, yet perfectly satisfied with my own execution, I rose hastily, begging another girl to take my place. Alas! my foolish dreams of surpassing those French girls received a sudden, rude shock, and my musical capabilities, hitherto so highly estimated, appeared both feeble and insignificant in comparison with their efficiency.

Days grew into weeks. I was accustomed to—nay, happy in my new life. Hélène and I had drifted apart without any tangible reason, and she had become one with her compatriots. There was no apparent difference in their treatment of me, yet in a sense I still felt that Irène and I stood alone. I loved the child as though she had been a little sister entrusted to my care; and Irène—all the strong feeling she had held in curb during the three years of her dreary stay in Paris among the uncongenial companions, who, pandering to the favour of their Head, had ignored and ill-treated the child on account of her poverty—all the loving, unselfish thoughts of a noble nature seemed to have found vent in the intense affection she lavished on me.

(To be continued.)

EGGS: AND HOW TO COOK THEM.

By Phillis Browne.

It is said that there are six hundred different ways of cooking eggs. If this be so, I do not know them. I have a great respect for eggs, and I am acquainted with a good many different methods of preparing them, but not so many as this. Eggs are very nutritious articles of food, and they seem to be appreciated all over the world. They are very largely consumed in England, and it is said that besides those which are produced at home, about eighteen millions of eggs are imported into Great Britain from foreign parts, every quarter. Taken weight for weight, they contain as much flesh-forming and heat-giving substances as butcher's meat, while no matter how dear they may be, according to our present notions, they are always cheaper than the cheapest meat. Professor Church, who is a great authority on food and its uses, has told us that it has been calculated that eighteen eggs would contain nutrients sufficient for the various needs of life in an adult man for one day; but that if we wanted to provide the same amount of albumen from such a fruit as the pear, we should have to arrange that the man should consume no less than seventy pounds. This shows us very clearly in what a concentrated form nutriment is contained in an egg, and helps us to form some idea of its value. Eggs have been called perfect food, and it is often said that they furnish all that is required to build up the body. This would be true if we were accustomed to eat the shell, as well as the yolk and white; but this is, of course, not our habit, and consequently, eggs as we eat them are deficient in bone-forming material. Eggs are best when fresh; indeed, people who are accustomed to enjoy new-laid eggs find stale eggs most objectionable.

It is generally understood that there is no culinary process which is so easy of accomplishment as that of boiling an egg, yet we continually find that mistakes are made in it. Some cooks always boil the eggs too hard, others always leave them watery, and people who prefer eggs hard cannot bear to have them watery; and people who like them just done dislike having them hard. "How is it," says the angry master of the house, as he cracks the shell of his egg at breakfast-time, "that I never can have my egg boiled to my liking?" while poor cook in the kitchen, hearing the grumbles, says under her breath that "Master is so hard to please." The failure is to be explained by the fact that the cook does not use her common-sense; she follows a hard and fast rule, and never remembers that circumstances alter cases. She has been told that an egg must be boiled three minutes, and therefore three minutes is the time she allows, no matter whether the egg is new-laid or stale. Yet even in such a simple affair as boiling an egg there are points which need to be thought of. Thus, a new-laid egg needs to boil four minutes in order to set it lightly; even an egg which has been laid some days, if it is very large in size, may with advantage have three-and-a-half minutes; it is the average "shop egg" which needs three minutes. If an egg is slightly cracked at one end, it should be pricked at the opposite end before being put into the water. An egg which is boiled soft properly, and allowed to go cold, will not become hard by a second boiling. When the shell of the egg is thin, there is a danger that it will break when plunged into boiling water. To prevent this, it is a good plan to put it into cold water, and bring it gently to the boiling point. When the water boils, the egg will be cooked. If a boiled egg is wanted in a sick room, or under exceptional circumstances when it cannot be set on the fire, it may be put in a bowl, *quite boiling* water may be poured over it to cover it, and a plate may be set on the top to keep in the steam. In from twelve to fifteen minutes it will be done. Eggs are sometimes cooked in this fashion at the breakfast-table.

Poached eggs also are very easily prepared, and very often spoiled. When the yolk is broken in cooking, it generally happens that the egg has been cooked fast, whereas it should be gently dealt with. A little vinegar or lemon-juice put into the water in which the eggs are poached helps to make the white part of the egg whiter. The following is an excellent method of poaching eggs:—Break each egg into a teacup, and quickly turn the cup over into a deep frying-pan or a saucepan of water gently boiling, so that the cup stands bottom upwards in the water with the egg inside. In a few seconds the egg will be set, and the cup can be removed. Serve the eggs on buttered toast, on spinach, or in any other approved fashion.

Fried eggs, according to a great authority on cooking, "are not to be thought of, they are a villainy." If this be so, there is a species of villainy which many honest folks cordially approve. Fried eggs are generally served with bacon or ham, and they are simply eggs poached in a frying-pan in hot liquid bacon fat instead of water. An egg thus cooked becomes thin, hard, and leathery on its outer edges.

I have an uncomfortable sort of feeling that I owe a slight apology to the girls of our cookery class for appearing to instruct such accomplished young ladies as they are on such simple matters as boiling, poaching, and frying eggs. I hope they will forgive me, and understand that I have made these references because I like to begin quite at the beginning of a subject when I enter upon it at all. Besides, there is always the possibility that inexperienced beginners may read what I say, and I have a great sympathy for beginners, and would like to help them all I can. Now, however, I will describe certain ways of cooking eggs, so as to make a variety, and furnish

a change. I have a friend who says that an egg comes perfect from the hand of nature, and that the less we try to improve it the better it is. If he had his way he would have a fresh egg boiled for every Monday's breakfast, boiled fresh egg for Tuesday, and repeat to the end of the week. It would not be very difficult to meet the wishes of this gentleman, but I do not think there are many people who will agree with him. At any rate, the ways in which an egg can be served are so numerous that it is worth while knowing a few of them.

Buttered eggs.—Put an ounce of butter and two tablespoonfuls of milk into a small stewpan, shake the saucepan over the fire till the butter is melted, then break in three eggs. Sprinkle pepper and salt over, and stir quickly and smoothly over a slow fire until the eggs begin to set. At this point take the stewpan off the fire, and keep stirring for two minutes longer. Have ready a slice of toast, turn the eggs upon it, sprinkle chopped parsley over the top and serve. Or if preferred mix the chopped parsley with the eggs, turn the latter upon a dish, and garnish with fried bread or three-cornered pieces of toast.

This very simple and excellent dish is very often a failure. M. Gouffé, in speaking of this, says that non-success arises either from the eggs being too much done or from their not being properly worked. It is necessary to stir with the whisk in all parts of the saucepan to avoid leaving the egg more set in some places than in others. Also, I may add, it is necessary to cook the eggs over a slow fire. Sometimes, in order to secure gentle cooking, it is found advisable to have a hot basin at hand, and to turn the eggs once or twice into this during their preparation. A little practice will, however, soon enable a girl to dispense with this precaution.

Eggs thus prepared are known by various names—as buttered eggs, rummelled eggs, scrambled eggs, and eggs brouillés. Sometimes a little grated Parmesan cheese is sprinkled over them; cooked green peas, asparagus tips, or chopped mushrooms are added to them after the eggs are set and before they are turned on a dish, or a mixture of gravy and milk can be whisked with the eggs instead of milk alone. Sometimes a finely-chopped onion which has been fried in butter and mixed with a spoonful of curry paste is put in with the eggs, which may then be dished with rice boiled as for curry. Whatever change is introduced furnishes the opportunity for a different name being given to the egg. Indeed, when people talk about there being six hundred ways of cooking eggs there is little doubt that they honour every one of these small varieties with a large name all to itself. This signifies little, however; whatever differences are introduced, if only the eggs are properly cooked the dish is sure to be satisfactory, and may be safely recommended.

Eggs on the dish, called also *eggs au plat*, are easily prepared and very good. For this a tinned iron saucer or an earthenware, porcelain, or china dish which will stand the fire is needed, because the eggs are to be sent to table in the dish in which they were cooked. It should not, however, be so large that the eggs will spread out too thinly, but each yolk should lie unbroken, evenly surrounded with white. Melt a little butter in the dish, and sprinkle salt and pepper over. Break into it the required number of eggs and put these on the top of the stove or in a gentle oven till the whites, but not the yolks of the eggs, are set, sprinkle a little more salt and pepper over and serve. This dish also may be varied in two or three ways. If, after being cooked thus, a little tomato sauce is poured over them, they are called *eggs in sunshine*; if Parmesan cheese is sprinkled over them they become *eggs in moonshine*. Occasionally breadcrumbs seasoned with pepper and salt are placed under and over the eggs, little knobs of butter being distributed here and there among the crumbs. Sometimes a liberal quantity of butter is put under the eggs, and this is allowed to brown before the eggs are broken in. When the latter are set, a little hot vinegar is poured over them.

Eggs and onions, called also *eggs à la tripe*, are very popular with some people. Peel three moderate-sized onions, cut them into slices the eighth of an inch thick, blanch in boiling water for five minutes, and drain the onion on a cloth. Put an ounce and a half of butter in a stewpan, brown the onions lightly in this; add a spoonful of flour, a pint of broth or milk, and a little salt and pepper. Stew the onions gently over a slow fire for about half an hour. Take six hard-boiled eggs, cut the white in thin slices, mix them with the onions, add the yolks whole, taste the gravy to see that it is properly seasoned, and serve.

Perhaps it may be well to remark here that eggs which are to be boiled hard should be boiled ten minutes and no more, or the outside of the yolk will turn black.

Savoury eggs.—Take as many small dariole moulds as there are eggs to be cooked. Butter them inside thickly, and sprinkle over the bottom a savoury mixture made of equal parts of finely-chopped boiled ham and chopped parsley. Break an egg on this, and poach the eggs gently till the white is set in a saucepan of water. Turn the eggs upon small rounds of broiled ham or buttered toast, and serve. The eggs must be gently poached. If quickly cooked, the white, instead of being smooth and soft, will be hard and full of small holes, and this will be a defect.

Forced eggs (a very pretty dish).—Boil four eggs for ten minutes to make them hard, then throw them into cold water. Peel them, and cut them in halves the short way. Take out the yolks, and rub them with one ounce of butter through a hair sieve. Put with the pulp two tablespoonfuls of cooked ham, two tablespoonfuls of mushrooms, one tablespoonful of parsley, a little pepper and salt, and a grain of cayenne. Heat these ingredients through in a stewpan over a gentle fire, beating them well to make a smooth paste. Stuff the empty sections of egg with this mixture, and serve hot on toast, or cold surrounded by chopped aspic jelly and egg yolk, or by a green salad. When the stuffed eggs are served on toast a little of the mixture should be spread upon the toast to make them stand upright. Very delicious sandwiches may be made of this egg mixture.

Egg snow is a very excellent sweet, found nowadays chiefly at old-fashioned tables. It is always popular where it is known, especially amongst juveniles, and is made as follows:—Boil a quart of milk with the grated rind of a lemon and a little sugar. Break six eggs, and divide the whites from the yolks. Beat the whites till so stiff that they can be cut clean through with a knife, and when firm mix in two tablespoonfuls of pounded sugar. When the milk is boiling drop the white of egg into it, a tablespoonful at a time, and do not let so many tablespoonfuls be in at once that they need touch each other. Draw the pan to the side, and simmer the froth gently for four minutes, or till it is firm, and when set on one side turn the shapes gently over. Put them on a sieve to drain, and pour the boiling milk in which they were poached upon the egg yolks, and stir the custard over the fire till it is thick enough to coat the spoon. Sweeten and flavour it, and pass it through a strainer. Put the cold custard into a glass dish, lay the whites on it, and serve, giving a spoonful of the snow and a little custard to each person.

I said a little while ago that eggs would be even more valuable than they are, if we could eat the egg shells as well as the eggs themselves. A very clever old lady whom I once knew used strongly to advise people who were a little below par, as it is called, to take as a tonic eggs prepared as follows:—Put some fresh eggs whole into a bowl, and cover them with the strained juice of as many lemons. Turn them every day for two or three days until the shell dissolves entirely, as it will do, leaving the skin which lines the shell, and which is the only part which must be thrown away. Remove the specks from the eggs, beat them up, and add a little sugar or honey to sweeten the mixture, and a wineglassful of rum. Bottle the preparation, and administer a wineglassful every morning fasting. I do not know what modern medical men would say to this medicine, but my own opinion of it is, that it is not to be despised.

There is another way of serving an egg which is to be strongly recommended as a strengthening drink for persons in weak health. It may be taken as a restorative between meals. Beat, first separately and afterwards together, the yolk and white of a fresh egg; first, of course, removing the speck. Add by degrees a wineglassful of hot water in which a spoonful of white sugar has been dissolved, and either a tablespoonful of brandy, a wineglassful of sherry, or a cupful of milk. A little grated nutmeg may also be added, if approved.

It is well known that eggs are always to be preferred when fresh. Experienced persons can test the condition of an egg by holding it up to the light. If fresh, it will have a transparent appearance; if stale, it will look cloudy and opaque. Another way of testing eggs is to make a little brine by dissolving two ounces of salt in a pint of water. In this liquid fresh eggs will sink, while stale eggs will swim. Eggs which are quite bad will often float even in plain water.

VARIETIES.

THE OPINIONS OF OTHERS.—I never divide myself from any man upon the difference of an opinion, or am angry with his judgment for not agreeing with me in that from which in a few days I should dissent myself.—*Sir Thomas Browne.*

COD-FISH BALLS.—A Girton College girl, being asked if she liked cod-fish balls, said she never attended any.

FAITHFUL FRIENDS.—If sincere friends are desirable at any time it is when we are in prosperity.

HUMILITY.—Humility is a flower that prospers most when planted on the rich soil of a noble and great mind.

THE OBJECT OF MUSIC.—The object of music is to strengthen and ennoble the soul. If it does else save honour God and illustrate the thoughts and feeling of great men, it entirely misses its aim.—*Cristofano Morales.*

RARELY AT LEISURE.—It is a well known though unacknowledged fact, that diligent and hard-working persons can always find time for special purposes, while those who have nothing to do have rarely a moment to spare from their absorbing occupations.—*James Payn.*

"TEETOTAL."—The word teetotal, it is said, originated with a Lancashire working man, who, being unused to public speaking, and wishing to pronounce the word "total" in connection with abstinence from intoxicating liquors, hesitated, and pronounced the first letter by itself, and the word after it, making altogether t-total. This fact it is well to be acquainted with, because it sufficiently refutes the vulgar notion that *tee* has reference to *tea*.

THE MOUNTAIN PATH.

By LILY WATSON, Author of "Within Sight of the Snow," &c.

CHAPTER XXI.

CHRISTMAS DAY came, not in the traditional guise of snow, frost, and ice, but with the modern accompaniments of pale sunshine, damp mild air, decaying leaves under foot. The Brooke family were happily circumstanced, for they had no memories to make the keeping of Christmas an echo of departed joy, and hence they were among the few grown-up households that cordially welcome the season.

Amy had gone home to her parents for awhile, and the brothers and sisters were assembled after morning church round a cheerful log fire in the drawing-room, a fire so uncomfortably "seasonable" that they were fain to counteract its heat by the unseasonably mild outer air, admitted through an open French window. Each one was occupied in opening envelopes, and exclaiming delightedly at the Christmas cards within.

"From Bobby!" cried Helen, drawing from an envelope with the Kentish Town postmark a small card, containing a robin, a sprig of holly, a plum-pudding, and other festive devices. He has actually printed on the back 'MIS HELIN!' I wonder how he will like his Christmas hamper!"

"Have you any cards from Yorkshire?" inquired Maggie.

"There is an envelope with the Craigenthorpe postmark," answered Helen; "I am saving it for last."

"I think Adela might have sent you one," commented her brother Herbert; "you sent her a beauty."

"Perhaps she will pay it back by a New Year's card," suggested Lilian; "that is the way people do."

"There is rather too much of the exchange and barter system gathering round the custom," said Helen. "I don't think one ought to send cards with any other motive than pleasing. I never expected one from Adela, she is far too busy just now."

"Open your stout envelope from the Thornes, and see what is in it," urged Maggie.

Helen broke the seal; but a thick letter revealed itself, and the small card enclosed was quite a secondary consideration. She uttered an exclamation of surprise; then, as she read, the colour rushed into her cheeks, tears to her eyes, and she left the room.

"Nothing wrong I hope," said her elder sister, anxiously.

"It was from Oswald; I know his fist," said Arthur, with the freedom of comment that brothers use.

"There is not likely to be anything disagreeable in a Christmas letter," said Maggie, quietly. "He would have kept bad news till another time. If we have done opening our envelopes, let us mark our own cards and then set them over the mantelpiece before mother comes in."

This was done, and along the shelf, up the sides and over the top of the small old-fashioned mirror, a brave array was soon displayed—a medley of angels' faces, flowers, rustic scenes, Swiss glimpses, woods and waters that lit up the room. Most of the devices were lovely, and an occasional unfortunate selection was judiciously set in the background. Mrs. Brooke, who came in a little wearied from putting out the dessert and performing sundry domestic offices that she would always undertake herself on Christmas day, was duly pleased, and she and her husband brought their quota to the exhibition; "although very few people, naturally enough, think of old folks like ourselves," she explained, with a touch of lamentation in her voice.

"You will never be old to us, mother, dear," said her eldest son, kissing her.

"Well, although we may have no friends outside, we are happy in ourselves," said the lady, one of whose innocent self-delusions it was to declare that the Brooke family was friendless.

"If we have no friends, where have all these cards come from?" inquired Herbert; but at this moment Helen entered, a light in her eyes and a flush on her cheek that made her look absolutely beautiful. She was dressed with extra care and taste to-day, and a bunch of Christmas roses adorned her myrtle gown.

"I have good news," she said, sitting down by the fire. "Oswald writes to tell me he has decided to take up his medical work again. He is coming to London very shortly, and returns to St. Jerome's Hospital."

"Well done!" cried Mr. Brooke with a pleased expression. "I always knew there was good stuff in the lad. Now, that is an effort that does him credit, and he'll make a capital doctor."

"Dear, dear me," cried Mrs. Brooke, anxiously, "where can we put him? Amy has his two rooms. I don't know how it can possibly be arranged."

"Oh, he does not think of coming here," explained Helen. "He and Mr. Aubrey Gascoigne are going to live together in chambers. He says they have arranged it all, and he seems quite in good spirits about it."

Mrs. Brooke was inclined to make a trouble of this change in the former order of things, until it was represented to her by her husband that Amy was quite as satisfactory an inmate as Oswald, and that the two young men would be sure to get on well together.

"I must say that it will be a relief from responsibility not to have the boy, nice fellow as he is," she reflected aloud. "He never would work steadily; it did not signify then, but it does now. I really don't understand enough about the curriculum to manage him. If I were to go up into his room and say, 'Oswald, have you learnt your medicine for to-morrow? are you prepared?' it would not do the very slightest good."

"Not the very slightest!" assented Arthur, laughing at his mother, who sat with drawn and anxious brow enacting an imaginary drama with the recalcitrant student.

"Then I should feel," she continued, "that his mother might blame *me* if he didn't pass, so perhaps it's all for the best."

"I think it was all for the best that I lost you on the evening of the 'Elijah,'" remarked Mr. Brooke, looking affectionately at Helen. "I did not think so then. How concerned I was, and how we searched up and down for you! Dear, dear." The recollection seemed quite to distress the good man.

"Yes, father, but you know I told you that Helen would find her way home, and that she would get back as soon as we did," said practical Maggie.

"I didn't suppose that it would be in such a way, though."

Helen felt the letter in her pocket during the whole of that happy Christmas day, and it filled her with delight. For in its pages Oswald spoke to her with an earnestness she had never known him use before. He told her that she had conquered; he was resolved to fling away all fancies of wandering at large, and to do his best with his life.

"That won't be much, I am afraid," he wrote, "but you shall not feel I am a coward and an idler. You must help me sometimes by your words; for you lift things out of the commonplace, sordid round, and when you speak to me as you did the other evening, I feel as if my good angel whispered in my ear."

As Helen had surmised, Oswald's visit to Yorkshire was only for two or three days at Christmas time, that his mother might not be disappointed of his society. He could not bear to face the gossip about Adela's marriage; for this was a very important affair indeed, and created much talk in the neighbourhood. Early in the New Year a copy of the *Millstead Daily Herald*, directed in Aunt Maria's hand, was opened over the breakfast table of St. Martin's Close.

"Here it is!" cried Maggie. "Fashionable wedding—Heatherbridge parish church—Miss Adela Gascoigne, only daughter of the late Jonathan Gascoigne, Esq.

"'The lovely bride was arrayed in a robe of cream white satin. She wore a wreath of orange blossoms and a veil of Brussels point. Eight bridesmaids' (their names are all given), 'four in blue plush, four in old gold ditto, with Gainsborough hats to match, and bouquets of Japanese chrysanthemums, attended her to the altar. The bride was given away by her brother, Aubrey Gascoigne, Esq., of the Middle Temple.'"

"Who attracted much attention by his long hair and the Eucharis lilies in his button-hole," Lilian mischievously put in.

"Isn't there something about the bridegroom?" asked Helen. "He always seems a very secondary personage on these occasions."

"It only says he is Captain Fairfax—but here—you shall read it for yourself." And Maggie handed the *Millstead Daily Herald*.

"I should have been one of the pale blue bridesmaids," commented Lilian. "Fancy how much more becoming it would be than old gold!"

"But Adela would look lovely in her bridal dress," said Helen.

And then, as a little hush in the conversation ensued, she said, fervently—

"Oh, I hope—I hope with all my heart she will be happy."

A slice of wedding cake, cut by the generous hand of Aunt Maria, arrived a day or two afterwards, and the topic of Adela's marriage, at first all-absorbing, was gradually exhausted. Helen thought about her constantly, nevertheless. She could not help entertaining a sort of affection for the girl, and she comforted herself, amid all the strange suddenness of the affair, in reflecting that Aubrey had said Captain Fairfax was an "old acquaintance." That promised well, she thought, and she trusted Adela had not made a mistake.

Aunt Maria was keeping house during the absence of the bride and bridegroom on their wedding tour to the South of France, and as this was lengthened far beyond the original intention, Helen found herself unexpectedly free for the first three months of the year. Amy had returned by the middle of January, and Oswald was really at work again at St. Jerome's Hospital. He came over from his town lodgings to St. Martin's Close frequently on Saturday, and Helen was delighted to observe the change that steady occupation and an object in life had already begun to produce in his look and bearing. Mr. Aubrey Gascoigne was also a constant visitor to the Brooke household, and as his work in the capacity of an "Art Critique" seemed rather intermittent, his visits were more frequent than Oswald's. Many were the bright and happy afternoons and evenings spent by the young people in the pleasant room

"WHEN HE AND I TALKED OF HER IN THE GARDEN."

that looked on the garden, where crocuses and snowdrops were peeping from the mould, and when the mysterious breath that foretells the spring was already in the air. Lilian would play, and delight them as she never failed to do. Aubrey would read aloud some extract from his modern favourite authors, or else from one of the

"Bards sublime,
Whose distant footsteps echo
Through the corridors of Time."

Amy would listen in shy delight, and with a little encouragement would actually put forth comments of her own on what was read. Then Oswald would sing one of the olden favourites—and Helen would feel, with pleased surprise, that she had never been so contented.

One Saturday Amy came home from her School of Art full of a new scheme. Some of the pupils had undertaken voluntarily to decorate the walls of a large Mission Room in a poor and densely populated neighbourhood, not very far from St. Martin's Close. The subjects chosen were to be executed on one side of the room as large picture frames, and were to embrace scenes from Old Testament history and from the Parables of our Lord. These were to be designed and carried out by the more advanced pupils; while on the opposite wall, where the space was broken up by windows, long narrow panels, each representing a group of flowers, were to be introduced between the lights.

Amy displayed the rough sketch of the scheme in great elation to an audience consisting of Maggie, Helen, Lilian, Aubrey, and Oswald.

"Now, do you suppose that the people who attend the meetings in the Mission Room will care in the very least for your decorations?" inquired Oswald, in a mocking voice that was partly assumed for the occasion.

"I am sure they will!" cried Amy. "Even in the poorest cottages it is touching to see how they cultivate flowers; therefore they must have a love for what is beautiful."

"The education they derive from fair and noble sights, yea, and the pleasure, though they may be only half recognised, are nevertheless real," observed Aubrey. "Only beware that your painting is really true and beautiful; then it cannot fail to delight and to do good."

"The best work the School can give will be put into the figure drawing," said Amy, earnestly; "and oh—what do you think? they have asked me to undertake one of the flower panels."

A flush coloured her fair face as she delivered this important announcement.

"That is well done!" said Aubrey, really pleased. "And what flower shall you choose?"

"It must be something that I can get easily," replied Amy, "so I thought of the Lent lily——"

"Daffodils
That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty,"

mused Aubrey. "You cannot have a better subject."

"And you will refresh the weary eyes of the poor overtasked mothers who come for their sewing meetings there, and charm the young people of the night schools," cried Helen. "You are fortunate, Amy, to be among the chosen ones."

The prospect was doubly interesting to the Brooke girls, because they were all engaged, in one form or another, in work at this Mission Room, and they delighted in the thought of its being adorned by willing fingers. The themes portrayed in the larger pictures would impress on many weary men and women the Bible stories they had perchance learned as children, and the treasures of God's beautiful creation would aid in the work of soothing and instruction. These young people knew the mistake of supposing that bare walls and cheerless surroundings are the best setting for philanthropic labour. The maxim that "anything does for the lower orders" was not received among them, and they counted it as matter for rejoicing that pupils of a School of Art should gladly paint their best for the poor.

It was an exquisite day, one of those which frequently come in our much-abused climate when March is young; the sky was of a luminous tender grey, melting into blue; the air was soft and inviting, and the young people found themselves wandering round the garden before the twilight came. Aubrey and Helen were together, and they began to talk of Amy.

"We may, I think, congratulate ourselves on having jointly roused her to new life," said he; "yet yours is the larger share in the awakening."

Helen declared that his criticism and help, and especially the advice to Mrs. Paget, had been of far greater practical service than her suggestions, and went on in praises of the girl's gentle, receptive nature, to which Aubrey listened with evident pleasure. Then they spoke of Heatherbridge, and Aubrey told Helen what was news to her, that Adela was about to return from her wedding tour.

"The tidings reached me suddenly to-day," he observed; "the little maid loves to act on impulse."

"That means that Miss Gascoigne will leave Hill Crest, and that she will want me before long," said Helen. "I am glad I know it."

In effect, a letter came from Aunt Maria by the next day's post, setting forth that she would like Helen to meet her in London in a week's time, and enter on her duties as companion. Miss Gascoigne proposed to spend the year in travelling from place to place, first spending a few months on the Devonshire coast.

"So I must bid you good-bye," said Oswald to Helen, as, on the evening before she left home, they paced together round the familiar garden; "I may not see you again for long enough."

"No," said Helen, "but it is a delight to me, I cannot tell you how great, to see you with a purpose in life, and to know that you are acting so generously to your mother and sisters. I wish you every success—my brother—I know you will have it. I shall always think of you, and pray that you may be among the noble and useful men of the world, as indeed I am sure you will be."

"Whatever I am, I shall owe to you," said Oswald, deeply moved. "And, Helen, I want to say something to you; I hardly know how."

"Tell me what it is; don't be afraid; we have known one another long enough to be frank."

"It is this, then," said Oswald. He seemed to find difficulty in bringing the words to the surface, and his tones were husky. "I can see—I have seen a long time—what is likely to happen; and if it does—I hope you and he will be very happy. I may not be very good at expressing what I feel, but he is a fine fellow, although not half good enough for you, and if it happens before I see you again, well, you know I shall always hope for your happiness, although I don't suppose we shall meet many times."

This rather involved speech was as unintelligible to Helen as it was, apparently, agitating to Oswald.

"I really have not the slightest idea what you mean," she declared, looking in astonishment at his flushed face and eyes that steadily kept away from meeting hers.

"Why, Aubrey Gascoigne. You can't misunderstand the reason he comes here so often—far oftener than I do."

Light broke in upon Helen, and she could not resist a merry peal of laughter.

"Nonsense! you are completely mistaken; it is altogether out of the question. If we were not just going to say good-bye I should be very angry with you for the suggestion; but I don't want to quarrel on the last night."

"What do you suppose he comes here so often for?" inquired Oswald half angrily, "if it is not to see you?"

"I am not the only woman in the house," said Helen, mischievously, "and if he comes to see anyone in particular—of which I am by no means certain—it is Amy Paget."

"What!" ejaculated Oswald, stopping short. "Impossible!"

"Not at all impossible. Have you not seen how much she is improved? Her prettiness is becoming obvious to everyone; her manner is naïve and interesting; she looks up to him, and he has a protecting kindness for her. I only thought of it the other Saturday when he and I talked of her in the garden."

"Oh, you were talking of *her* in the garden, were you?" said Oswald, thoughtfully. He had evidently put another construction on the *tête-à-tête*.

"Of course we must take great care of her," mused Helen, "and must let her parents know if it seems growing serious; yet they would not object I think; why should they?"

Oswald meditated on this new aspect of affairs; his brow cleared, and for some reason or other he appeared relieved. The two friends talked a while longer, and he unfolded many of his thoughts and plans to Helen. When he left that night it was with an earnest pressure of the hand and a look of heartfelt gratitude—a look that Helen carried away with her the next morning when she left home to begin her new life.

(*To be continued.*)

EDUCATIONAL.

OLGA.—We recommend you to read our new articles about to appear on supplementary education. We have given suggestions as to how a girl may best make use of her time on her return from school. There are many ways besides cooking and housekeeping, and even these may be studied theoretically by means of books, as well as practically. You had better procure a little manual entitled "Sick Nursing at Home" (Upcott Gill, 170, Strand, W.C.), and, if possible, join an ambulance class. Go through a course of reading—travels, history, and works of research. Employ odd *moments in* making garments for the poor, knitting socks and making baby-clothes, and try to improve your handwriting by daily practice in copying a small roundhand, carefully avoiding a large angular style. Accept our best wishes in grateful return for yours.

DOMINUS.—There is a college at Ealing for teaching "visible speech;" or, as it is better known, the "oral system." Address the secretary, the Training College for the Deaf and Mute, Castlebar Hill, Ealing, W.

NAUSICAA.—We regret our space will not allow us to answer a question so very lengthy as yours.

SELF-WILLED PEG.—There is a key to each of the books you name, which you can order and obtain through any bookseller. If you have the will for good in conformity with the will of God, you can do all such things, even to changing your naturally disagreeable character.

L. ST. P.—The address of the St. John's Ambulance Society is St. John's-gate, Clerkenwell.

FINGERPOST.—The first volume of the "G. O. P." consists of nine parts only, as it was begun in January and ended with September. The others have all twelve parts. All the indexes and pictures are to be obtained of Mr. Tarn, 56, Paternoster-row, E.C., price 1s. each.

BRUTASIANA.—We should write to the mother of your friend, and tell her that unless the book were returned you should take steps on a certain date to compel her son to attend to the matter. If the superintendent of police will do so for you, act as you propose; but we doubt it.

GLANIRFON LASS.—The articles on handwriting, with specimens, appeared in the first volume of the "G. O. P.," on page 538, under the name of "The Art of Penmanship." There is a slight mistake in the numbering of the handwriting, numbers 4 and 11 are good, not 6 and 9.

CAMUSINAS.—The title represented by the initials "LL.A." is the equivalent of an M.A. degree for men. It is granted by the ancient University of St. Andrews, Fife. Full particulars of how to qualify for it will be found on page 26, vol. v.

WORK.

VERONICA HERMIONE.—Your letter is of the impertinent class, but we will reply so far as to inform you that you "speak without book" when you suggest that the lady who writes on the subject in which you are interested is some ill-informed person. She happens to be one of the very first authorities on the subject in London. As to favouritism, our correspondents are, so far as we know, utter strangers to us; but we reserve to ourselves the option of answering what letters we please amongst the vast number which we receive.

M. S.—White twilled flannel does not wash well; but you may perhaps succeed better by using a lather with tepid water, adding to it a little blue.

G. A. M. SENNETT.—You will find full directions and illustrations respecting macramé work in the "Dictionary of Needlework," which we have before recommended (Gill, 170, Strand, W.C.). For all musical works, inquire at a music publisher's.

ROSE L.—See our answer above respecting macramé lace. The origin of the use of the term "A1" is to be found in "Lloyd's Register of British and Foreign Shipping," "A" denoting that the hull is well built and seaworthy, and the figure "1" referring to the efficient condition of the rigging, anchors, stores, etc.

NEEDLE AND THREAD.—The clothing you have made might be sent to the New Hospital for Women, 222, Marylebone-road, W. Direct the parcel to the secretary, Miss Frances Hunt, and state that the hospital was recommended in the Answers to Correspondents, "G. O. P."

H. PARRY DYER.—Full directions for making university hoods and how to cut them out were given in vol. i., page 564.

E. H.—Make some very stiff ordinary paste, and brush it upon the back of the worked monogram, and upon that lay some thick white paper or thin cardboard, and lay it under a weight until dry and firm.

CLEMATIS.—Read our articles entitled "The Fairy of the Family." The 14th of September, 1864, was a Wednesday.

A PATIENT ONE.—It would be impossible to say how suitable you were for a companionship or to be a governess, unless we knew more of your capabilities than we do. For very young children, the rudiments of English, French, and Latin, with arithmetic, are required. Good needlework and a knowledge of cutting out children's dresses are also requisite in many situations. To be a companion, you should be a good reader aloud and needlewoman, having a knowledge of housekeeping and nursing, for if your employer be an old lady you will be expected to act as "right hand" generally.

ART.

NUN.—The question about magic lantern slides was answered in due time. Full instructions will be found in "Occupations for Invalids," page 716, vol. ii.

VERITE has made her ivorine too wet when painting; the colours should be used very dry.

BLUE EYES.—Use Roberson's medium for painting with oils on satin. You will find no difficulty.

GWENDOLINE.—We are glad to be able to commend your painting of the narcissus, and thank you for the card. This flower grows as wild and plentifully in some parts of Switzerland as our daisies grow here.

E. M. R. would do well to send her scrapbooks to the Cripples' Nursery, to the care of Mrs. Kirk, 15, Park-place, Regent's Park, N.W. Inquire for the plant at any florist's. We do not name prices nor addresses.

ISABEL.—We advise you to entrust your photograph to no one but a photographer for the removal of the ink-stains. We doubt if even a professional could take them out, as the paper is too thin for erasures. An acid might do it, however.

GRANNIE.—To veneer is to affix a thin sheet of superior or fancy wood over the surface of an article made of inferior wood, and so give it a handsome appearance.

DUTCH GIRL OF UTRECHT.—The Girl's Own Home will be, when finished, a home for working girls to live in. Your handwriting is very illegible, because your letters are all so closely squeezed together. Separate them a little more, and make the letters a little rounder; but by no means increase their size; it would make your writing coarse. We thank you for your kind letter.

COOKERY.

BAGATELLE.—To make tomato sauce, cut up six ripe tomatoes, boil two onions, sliced, in sufficient water to cover them, and when almost done add the tomatoes, with one ounce of butter, a little pepper, and a dessertspoonful of salt. Let all simmer for three-quarters of an hour, and then rub them through a sieve and replace the purée in the stewpan to heat it thoroughly. In case tomatoes were scarce, those you have may be supplemented with a sharp apple, cut up in small pieces and the cores and pips removed. To make tomato soup, you have only to procure a tin of preserved tomatoes, and add the contents to some good stock, flavouring with pepper and salt.

VIDA and IRENE.—Prepare a purée of carrots for soup; scrape and parboil six, drain, and place in a stewpan with a pat of butter, a small onion, a gill of stock, pepper and salt. Simmer till the carrots be quite soft and the stock boiled down; then pound in a mortar, rub through a sieve, and add sufficient stock to answer your purpose, re-heating when required. Your second question is too vague. It may be that of a wife and mother or a bread-earner, in many different ways, a writer, astronomer, artist, or a sovereign. Her place is that in which God's providence has placed or clearly opened a way for her.

MUSIC.

SYLVIA.—Old music might be acceptable, as well as books and half-worn clothes, to the Poor Clergy Relief Society, 36, Southampton-street, Strand, W.C.; or to the Kyrle Society, addressed to Miss Miranda Hill, 4, Nottingham-place, W.

HELEN.—The viola might be played in concert with the piano; but we think that the notes of the charming zither might be drowned by a piano unless very judiciously played. The mandolin and guitar are most effective as accompaniments to the voice; still, all these instruments might very well be played with the piano. We recommend you to obtain advice at some good music publisher's, where you purchase the symphonies.

MISS GRACE MASSY (secretary) sends us the name and rules of a musical practising club, and also of one for the study of foreign languages daily. For both of these, application may be made to her at 41, Park-street, Grosvenor-square, W.

JEANIE is not too young to learn singing. We are sorry to learn from her letter that she has such an idle mind. She should cultivate an interest in her lessons, and in everything around her, and give up yawning.

S. A. S.—On no account select the hour in the morning for your practising when your mother's sleep will be disturbed. Her sleep is of far more importance than your strumming on the piano, even if you played like a professional. To deaden the sound, first place a thick mat under the instrument, and then four glass insulators under the feet, and take care to draw it away from any wall or door.

ADMIRER OF "G. O. P."—We recommend you to look through our Answers to Correspondents, under the head "Music," as we have so many times replied to your question.

G. H. P.—We should have great pleasure in giving you the recommendations you require, were it not contrary to our rules. But you will find lists of new music given on the covers of the pieces you have; probably on Czerny's of the same character, or designed for a kind of next step. Any good music publisher would give you a reliable recommendation of fingered music. Write to any London firm named on your own music.

MISCELLANEOUS.

PHILOS.—If the blue satin ribbons be not of great value you might do them at home, washing them in cool water with curd soap and re-dying with Judson's dye. But if really good ribbon, and much of it, you had better send it to a dyer.

NELLIE.—The ferns will probably die down and come up again in the spring. Cover them with a little litter to protect them.

QUEEN MAUD.—We have been told that leaving off animal food has an excellent effect in epilepsy. You should take peas, beans, and lentils instead—not merely vegetables—with milk, eggs, butter, and cream.

YOUNG HOUSEKEEPER.—November 2nd, 1867, was a Saturday. We are glad you have derived so much benefit from our hints.

"AS BAD AS THE REST."—We do not know whether you mean a modern king of Rome or an ancient one. The last of the ancient ones was Tarquinius Superbus, B.C. 534. In 1811 the son of Napoleon I. was born, and received the title of "King of Rome."

CAPE TOWN (South Africa).—The 29th March, 1866, was a Thursday.

BLUE BELL.—You appear to need some simple eye-wash, such as a few drops of vinegar in a wineglassful of water.

YOUNG AUTHOR.—Send the MS. to the secretary; it will reach the proper hands.

EVELYN MEREDITH.—A short jacket is not suitable to a very tall person, but capes seem to be worn by everyone.

BRIDESMAID.—Clean your brushes by rubbing flour thoroughly into them.

AN OLDER GIRL.—We cannot reply to questions respecting the names, assumed or real, of our writers. We are very glad that you have derived so much benefit from "The Occupations of a Retired Life," "Premium Paid to Experience," and "The Crust and the Cake."

AN ADMIRER OF THE "G. O. P."—*Taking a shower* bath every day and a good walk will not prove a cure for a red nose. After a shower bath we should have thought it would have been blue or purple. Your digestion is at fault; attend to that, and never study nor stoop your head for an hour after dinner, nor eat fast, nor fatigue yourself with long walks.

MEG.—If there be cracks in the skin of your hands, you had better grease them well, and then wash them in warm bran and water to remove the black marks of which you complain.

X.—The liver is not "under the left shoulder blade." You have a habit of leaning over the table when writing and give yourself a pain in the back. Write small roundhand copies.

CLYTIE.—The institution of the Odd Minutes Society, for the purpose of working for the poor, was a good one, and we are glad to aid by drawing the attention of our readers to it. The clothes made in these "odd minutes" are sent to the clergy for distribution in the East End parishes. Address Miss Janette Powell, hon. secretary, Lucton's, Buckhurst Hill, Essex. The real name of "Mark Twain" is S. L. Clemens, and the reason why he writes under a *nom de plume* is, we suppose, the same that induced you to call yourself "Clytie."

FAITH.—The edelweiss is of a creamy white. We are much obliged for your cordial praise.

SNOWDROPS and JAY.—Pronounce "yclept" as "e-clept." It is from an Anglo-Saxon word, meaning "to call."

TRUTH.—If your *protégée* can pay four or five shillings a week, it would be well to have someone to attend to her about twice a week, but we should advise you to leave her where she is with her relations. It is a very difficult matter to get people into "incurable hospitals."

CYCLIST.—We have made inquiries, and think you will do better to leave the spokes of your bicycle as they are.

ANXIOUS.—Falsehoods which injure the character of another person should always be acknowledged and retracted. We think this is a personal thing, and you were to blame in using the information given to you by your schoolfellow, without saying you were prompted quite against your own will by someone.

A WORKING MAN.—The speech you quote is not the author's sentiment, but is put into the mouth of Mr. Aubrey Gascoigne, who, in spite of many good qualities, is portrayed as being conceited and affected, and apt to express himself with exaggeration. An author cannot, of course, be identified with every sentiment expressed by every character, or the result would be very contradictory and bewildering. Besides, the remark has nothing to do with working men and women *as a class, but with* a special set of people living under special conditions, which are described. The whole spirit of the tale is completely opposed to the view you rightly condemn. We thank you for your kind appreciation of "The Mountain Path" and of our magazine.

HOUSEWIFE.—We quite agree with you that in many cases it is desirable to purchase without the aid of middle-men, and we are glad to see that in the East of London a benevolent lady has started an institution of sempstresses for the making of gentlemen's shirts, which are sold direct to the purchaser, thus enabling the starving needlewomen to get a reasonable price for their work. You can get long-cloth for the purpose you name of the Hopwood Manufacturing Company, Princess Mills, Hopwood, Manchester, who are themselves the makers. The material is good, and you can buy it by the length without the aid of middle-men.

A LOVER OF THE "G. O. P."—You can hardly expect us to be so uncourteous as to find fault with so kind, sympathetic, and grateful a note as yours, and we are quite sure that at thirteen you have plenty of time before you (if God spares you) to correct your faults.

M. E. B. will oblige us by reading over the answer to which she refers and trying to comprehend its meaning. The date our correspondent inquired for was 1821, and "M. E. B." very unnecessarily writes to inform us that we are "unaware of the existence of seven-shilling pieces," and that she has one dated 1802. What has her possession of a coin of 1802 to do with our correspondent, who has one of 1821, and is trying to find out if there was a fresh issue?

ALLEY.—Wind travels about five miles in an hour; if blowing gently, about three only; but a tempest flies at the rate of sixty miles, and a whirlwind as much as eighty in an hour. Light travels at a vastly greater rate of speed. It is calculated that it flies some 150,000 miles in one minute.

SCHOLASTICA does not appear to take natural attraction and liking into account. She must remember that "love is given, not bought." She might be very strongly attracted and love another girl very warmly, but that other girl might feel no such attraction or love for her, nor do we think she could find fault with her for anything so natural, over which she had no control.

ANXIOUS.—All sin repented of is cleansed from the soul by the blood of Christ—not sin wilfully persisted in.

AN ENGLISH WOMAN.—If by your "step-aunt" you mean the sister of your step father or mother, she *is no aunt to you, and* she is not named in the table of the forbidden degrees of affinity in the Prayer Book, and thus a man may legally marry such a connection in England as anywhere else. There is no "half blood" shared between them.

MISS MUFFETT is to be congratulated on receiving a present of such pretty coloured notepaper. We sometimes use such ourselves.

WISHING TO KNOW. — Judging from your style of composition, spelling, and handwriting, we could not encourage you to send any MS. to a publisher.

G. O. P. — Procure some sponge-powder from a chemist. When you mean to write a capital "L," do not make the sign representing pounds in money.

ADELHEID.—We have nothing further to recommend but *the wearing of a* veil.

TOMMY.—We must refer you to the directions given in the series of articles entitled "The Fairy of the Family."

LULU.—We regret that your verses are not suitable for this magazine.

STUTTGART. — Money can always be sent from one country to another by means of Post Office orders. We have answered your question about the index many times. We thank you for your letter.

ONE OF THE GIRLS.—The lines you send are neither metrical nor prose; at least, the composition is equally bad in whichever category you mean to place them. We do not approve of some of the sentiments either, for it is not fair to characterise persons to whom God has given a competency as proud, idle, and selfish. It is a pity you do not attend to your spelling. Do not write "as" for "has," nor "their" for "there," nor ask us to answer you "in the correspondents." We could not do that without consulting them or asking you to explain how the thing is to be done.

CROSS OLD MAID.—We are perfectly aware that such a thing exists as a defective skin, and regret that you suffer from such a distressing peculiarity, precluding your washing your face even with suitable soap free from alkali. Peculiar complaints demand peculiar treatment; but "one swallow does not make a summer," and we are justified in giving a rule for general guidance, presuming that the skin be in that firm and healthy condition that it may be cleansed in the ordinary and very desirable way.

ONE WHO IS VERY ANXIOUS TO KNOW must try and read more carefully before writing to ask for information or find fault. If she will read over Miss Pocock's sentence again she will find that "the rent of the house is the landlord's income." If our correspondent had a house and let it, would she consider the rent her income or her tenant's? And if a part of her annual income, she must pay the tax on it, not her tenant, of course. "Payed" is, we suppose, a careless version of "paid."

MILLIE.—Vaseline is much recommended to make the hair grow after illness, but Millie will find her hair improve with her returning health.

LIZZIE JANE.—We quite understand and feel for you Your best comfort is in the thought that God ordains our place and position in life, and we must show forth our faith and patience there. Therefore keep your own conscience clear, and obey your parents "in all things" with the tenderest love and duty, and do not worry about other people's duties. God is sufficient for all these things, and in His own time, if He sees fit, will make your path easier. Trust Him with the faith of a child. You are very young yet.

MAUDE E.—All the monthly parts are in print, and cost sixpence; postage is generally three halfpence or twopence.

F. M. E.—Wear plenty of flannel, and take a course of cod-liver oil. You will find much help in the articles by "Medicus" in our paper, to which we refer you.

ROSEBUD.—The 21st October, 1864, was a Friday, and the 24th of December in the same year a Saturday.

THE WELCOME HOME.

BIRDIE.—We feel much for your invalid condition at present, and hope your health will be re-established in time. Your verses show good and religious feeling, but are scarcely suitable for our magazine. Should any original as well as poetical ideas occur to you, we shall be happy to see them. As an invalid, you may glorify your Divine Master by an example of patience and gratitude, quite as much as by any words made into rhyming lines. We wish that a few more of our correspondents wrote so pretty a hand as yours.

HAIDEE.—The 16th of June, 1870, was a Thursday. Write to Mr. Tarn. The Editor is not the publisher of the paper.

FORGET-ME-NOT.—Write small roundhand copies daily. We are glad our serial stories please you so much.

C. CANFIELD.—Douglas, in the Isle of Man, is said to be both mild and bracing. The season there is from June to September. It is sheltered from all winds but the south-east.

ELIZABETH OF HUNGARY should not desire to "hasten her marriage" when she is not yet old enough to be out of the schoolroom, and her proposed husband "very poor." You would soon make a "hungery home" for both of you, and a man having no private means, and depending on his own health and other circumstances (not always under his control), has no business to marry at all unless a rich woman would take him, much less an inexperienced girl four years under age. You had better release him.

DOLLY had better use the gargle for a sore throat of which the recipe is as follows:—Half a teaspoonful of burnt alum, powdered, half a wineglass of vinegar, a small tablespoonful of honey, and half a pint of water.

JEANETTE W.—You may clean fur with hot sand. Handwriting tolerably good.

ADA SEVESTAM (Little Russia).—We were glad to hear from you again, and were interested in your descriptions of your country and the customs of the peasants, and of all the little rolls or cakes of bread ornamented with horns of paste for the wedding breakfast of a peasant. We thank you for your good wishes, and send you ours.

SCELERAT.—Tennyson's poem of "Oriana" is not historical. Queen Elizabeth was so called in a series of madrigals published in 1601, and Ben Jonson so styled the Queen of James I. "Oriana" is the heroine in Farquhar's "Inconstant," and the beloved of Amadis de Gaul was likewise Oriana. The "man in the iron mask" was proved to be Count Ercolo Antonio Mattioli, a senator of Mantua; for twenty-four years thus imprisoned for having deceived Louis XIV. in a secret treaty for the purchase of the fortress of Casal, the key of Italy, he being the private agent of Ferdinand Charles, Duke of Mantua. However, the Abbé Soulavie and some others maintained that he was an elder brother of Louis XIV. "Not very young" at seventeen? You ought not to be out of your schoolroom!

ALPHA.—According to both Townsend and Brewer, Edward I. erected the original Charing Cross of marble, adorned with figures, in memory of the good Queen Eleanor, as he did others at every station where her body rested on her way from Herdeley, Lincolnshire, where she died, November 28th, 1290, to Westminster. Brewer adds that the name is a corruption of "Chère Reine" (Dear Queen).

A CONSTANT READER.—We do not make our paper a field for controversy, more especially on those minor points on which opposing views exist amongst God-fearing and equally conscientious people. Read our Lord's parable of the Prodigal Son.

ELDERBERRY.—All fermented drinks are more or less intoxicating, depending on the amount taken and the strength of the head of the person who takes it.

YIEBA.—The Editor is not responsible to his readers for changes that he may find desirable to make in his programmes. If they be not satisfied with the illustrated monthly magazine for sixpence, they are free to give it up in favour of another. We do not undertake to answer all letters, nor any of them immediately. They are gratuitous. We do not approve of the style of your letter.

EDINBURGH LASSIE. — We sympathise with "plain girls" when gentle, modest, and pleasing in their manners. Do not take it to heart. Be careful and nice in your dress, avoid wearing what will attract notice, and never affect extremes of fashion. Show yourself unselfish and thoughtful for others, and remember the words of the wise man: "Favour is deceitful and beauty is vain, but a woman that feareth the Lord she shall be praised."

DAISY FRENCH.—You seem to have made good progress in French, but you write with a bad pen. We do not receive visits from correspondents in our office, and regret that you cannot be made an exception. Any counsel you require we shall be glad to give you in these columns. The national customs, prejudices, or predilections of other countries cannot always be traced, but race and climate more or less affect them.

FAIRY. — Probably you should take cod-liver oil, beginning with a teaspoonful as a dose. You ought to have medical advice. Mischief may be arrested on the appearance of first symptoms that cannot be so easily subdued later on.

MIMOSA.—How can you venture to form the opinion that you are "not wanted at home?" Did you ask your parents' leave to look for a situation as companion? You say your father is rich, so we imagine he would not permit you to take such a step, and that he "does not make home very pleasant" for you is no sufficient reason for your leaving it. You have your duties there as a daughter and a sister; if well performed, cheerfully, and showing reverence to your parents, doubtless you would find yourself better appreciated, as well as happier.

GRAHAM.—The birds called "avadavats," or "amadavats," are little finchlets, with red beaks, crimson body, dark brown wings and tail, and dotted with whitish spots. Foreign finches coming from a warm climate need extra care and warmth and good nourishing food. Keep them in large cages, that they may not spoil their tail feathers, and feed and treat them as canaries. Why do you not read our articles entitled "Girl's Own Pets," vol. iv.?

UNE PETITE FILLE and A NINE YEAR OLD.—We feel sorry for both of you, but you will feel happier soon; all is strange and sad now. Try to amuse yourself in drawing or work, or making little things, and keep yourself busy. Talk to your papa; tell and show him all you have done, and ask him questions about anything you do not understand, and look pleasantly at him when he comes in, as he must be very lonely and unhappy, too. Pray to the Lord Jesus to help and guide you, and trust in His loving care. What a grand doll-house our little "Ninepin" has! We thank her for all the little kisses. A cat is not a good bedfellow.

YOUNG WORKER.—We advise you to speak to the head mistress or master about the filthy condition of your Sunday scholars. It is disgraceful in the parents to send them in such a condition, and they should be sharply reproved and made to send the children clean, however poorly dressed.

NANETTE.—Your first query is so illegibly written we cannot read it. The "Man of Ross" was John Kyrle, of the town of Ross, in Herefordshire, who was a benefactor to his native place, and was immortalised by Pope in his epistle, "On the use of Riches."

VOL. VI.—NO. 272. MARCH 14, 1885. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

IN THE GARDEN.

BY THE REV. SAMUEL K. COWAN, M.A.

PANSIES are flowers of Thought; come, gather them,
And from their blossoms weave a diadem,
You could not wreathe, from dearly-cherished bowers,
To deck your brow, a gentler crown of flowers!
These are the sweet flowers worn by Memory,
In dear remembrance of the days gone by;
These are the yellow flowers of sunny Thought,
And the dark flowers that Joy remembers not.
Come, gather them—dear voices of the years,
Loved for their smiles, or sanctified by tears!

Roses are flowers of Love: you could not cull
Flowers, for a wreath, more sweet and beautiful;
On the soft rosebud leave the cruel thorn;
For He, who loved us best, was crowned with scorn.
Let both together grow; your crown of gain
Shall be the sweeter for your cross of pain.
Dream not that Love with rosy summer goes:
Time cannot blight the fragrance of the rose!
But, from its urn, with scent that cannot die,
It breathes that Love hath immortality!

There is a white flower, Truth; there is no gem
So priceless in the monarch's diadem
As this white flower, whose seeds have fallen here
From some white flower in some diviner sphere.
There is no crown so beautiful as Truth,
To wear upon the brows of age or youth;
No queen in power is mightier than thou
Who wearest Truth's white flower upon thy brow!
Death's scythe is pitiless; but never yet
Was this white flower culled for his coronet!

"THERE IS A WHITE FLOWER, TRUTH."

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SEVEN YEARS FOR RACHEL;

OR, WELSH PICTURES SKETCHED FROM LIFE.

By ANNE BEALE.

CHAPTER XX.

ALONE.

THE next day, which was Saturday, they removed the furniture from Jackey Bach's cottage, and melancholy work it was. Pally and William were the chief agents, and Rachel assisted with a heavy heart. Pally gave house-room to as much of the furniture as her little dwelling would contain, and the rest was distributed amongst the neighbours, who could not forbear insinuating, despite the occasion, that they should not want to keep it long. Even her uncle, as he made a list of the separate articles, declared Rachel would have as good a "staffell" as any girl in the country, if she chose to get married. William begged to be allowed to take charge of the bullfinch and rose-tree, and his request was readily granted, whilst the cat and poultry were committed to Pally's care, together with the few books and the pictures that had ornamented the walls of the room, the latter consisting principally of a series of elaborately finished paintings descriptive of the history of the Prodigal Son.

The room was soon cleared, and everyone knows how desolate an empty apartment always looks. Rachel stood silently gazing around her as William bore the last piece of furniture to the place destined for its reception, and left her a little while alone. The bare walls looked dreary and comfortless — the white patches where the pictures and bookshelf had been was the only variety they afforded—the grate was empty, and not an object remained to cheer the sight. The room in which her childhood and girlhood had passed—where all her simple pleasures had flowed in upon her—where she had known the happiness of a father's love—was now desolate as the grave. She leant her back against the wall, and covering her face with her hands sobbed aloud. Every stone of that lowly room seemed to possess an interest for her and to bring to her recollection some incident of her past life. It was now no longer her home — no tie bound her to it—yet she would rather have been left alone within its walls, than have been transported to palaces of luxury and grandeur, had such been within her province or reach.

There are feelings of grief that lie deep, deep in the heart, and that are far beyond the search of human scrutiny. They have no vent in words, therefore words cannot paint them. They are confined to no rank of life, but exist as painfully in the breast of the cottager as of the prince. Happily for the former, necessary cares and business of life draw him, so to say, out of himself, and his sorrow is, as it were, torn from him, by duties that he is obliged to perform; but when cessation from those duties allows him a few moments' leisure and thought, memory awakes again, and a train of associations arises in his mind, not the less acute from having been awhile forced into subjection.

Rachel was aroused from her grief by feeling something brush several times against her. She looked down and saw her poor little cat vainly endeavouring to gain her attention by purring, uplifting her back and tail, and displaying other expressions of feline affection. The love even of an animal is pleasant in affliction, and the cat awoke in Rachel the remembrance that there were those who cared for her still; and as she stooped down to stroke the little creature, she thought of Pally, of her uncle, and of William, almost acknowledging as she did so that she was not quite alone in the world.

When William again entered the cottage, and saw the tears streaming down Rachel's cheeks, he took her hand gently within his own, and said, "Rachel, you had better come away now; it can do you no good to stay, and all is ready for you at Pally's."

"Oh, William!" she replied, permitting herself, for the first time, to speak openly of her bereavement; "I don't know how to leave this place. You cannot tell how I loved my father, nor how he loved me. No one can tell till death what love really is. There is a hollow feeling about my heart, William, that time alone can fill up. God is very merciful, and I am very wicked, but I cannot help these feelings. Orphans are very lonely, and I am an orphan now. I hope you will never feel as I feel, but the world can never give another father."

William would have endeavoured to comfort Rachel, but he could not. He felt how difficult it is to minister words of consolation to one who mourns from the heart. He could only press her hand and say, "God will be your father, Rachel; and you have many friends left who love you." He could have added that he earnestly hoped to be enabled to supply, as far as it lay in the power of his firm affection, the place of father and mother to the orphan girl, but he knew that it was not yet a time for such consolation. He succeeded in withdrawing her from the cottage, and leading her to Pally's, where she was to remain until Monday.

The following day, Sunday, was a sad one for Rachel. She went with Pally, William, the Corporal, and others of the mourners to church, and her father's funeral returned vividly to her recollection. She had the previous evening visited his grave, and planted flowers about it, and had begged William to see that a small head-stone was placed there, with his name and age upon it. After evening service, all her old friends thronged in to bid her good-bye, and to wish her well through life. In spite of her best efforts to obtain composure, the tears sprung into her eyes as she felt her hand warmly pressed by many a kind-hearted old woman, who had nursed the motherless girl in her infancy, and who had been, in turn, indebted to her for a thousand little acts of kindness. It was very pleasant to see the affection evinced for her throughout her humble range of friends, and she felt truly thankful for it. Old Pally cried like a child, and the Corporal said that he could find it in his heart to cry too, but that he hoped they should soon have her again amongst them.

The leave-takings over, Rachel went heavy-hearted to bed, and arose early the following morning, in order to arrive in good time at the farm. Pally said she would "send her," * and William, who came in, begged to be allowed to "send her also," and so they proceeded together.

They were a melancholy little party. Rachel thought of the day when she first left home, and of her father's anxiety for her good conduct. She thought of the changes that had taken place since then, and of all that had happened to herself. Few words were spoken, but all three felt much. After walking a few miles they were met by Bill and the grey mare, sent by thoughtful Mr. Shenkin for the assistance of Rachel. She felt very grateful for the kindness that prompted this, and when she looked at the broad, pleased grin of Bill as he greeted her, she knew there were warm hearts, even at the farm. When the last "good-bye" was said, and the hands were shaken for the last time, and when Pally had declared that she had fifty things to say to Rachel that she had never found time to say, Rachel mounted the grey mare, and with a sinking spirit journeyed on, whilst Pally and William watched her until she was out of sight, and then returned home.

Rachel found her friends busy with the harvest. Everyone was employed, and everyone was merry. She was welcomed most kindly by Mr. and Mrs. Shenkin, and Sally's joy knew no bounds. All who were at work about the farm rejoiced to see the sweet face of the gentle-tempered Rachel, and to hear her kind words once more; for although it was soon discovered by many a rustic Llan-

* "To send" a person, in Wales, means to go a little way with him; or, as they say in some parts of England, "to bring him going;" or, as the Bible and Shakespeare have it, "to bring him on his way."

(*Drawn by M. Ellen Edwards*).

RACHEL AT THE GRAVE OF HER FATHER.

"*Seven Years for Rachel*," *p.* 370.

fach beau that she had a heart for no one there at least, there were several upon whom her smile and her goodness had made impression. It is hard to say how many smart youths were seen taking their Sunday-evening walk up the Hill, in the hope of catching a glimpse of the one they delighted to look upon; but certain it is, that none of them obtained even a glance of encouragement from her eyes. As to Tom and Bill, they only sighed in secret, and disputed the pleasure of carrying all her pails of water, or doing her any little kindly office.

Now that she was returned, and returned in affliction, the attention of everyone was redoubled. She was one of those who seemed to claim sympathy, and to obtain it, as much from the unobtrusive character of her grief as from the causes that gave rise to it. She set about her work as industriously as ever; she exerted herself to please Mrs. Shenkin—now more willing to be pleased than she formerly had been—and was always ready to play with her little friend Tommy, whose affection would have been troublesome to one less gentle than she was. But in spite of her activity, constant occupation, and ever ready kindness, it was plain that she was not happy. The smile that used to brighten up her countenance like the sunbeam might now be more properly compared to the moonbeam, for it was soft but sad. All Sally's drolleries, and they were not unfrequently full of native humour—all her good stories about "master and mistress"—and all her raillery, could not elicit a laugh, for Rachel never laughed now. The merry sallies of the reapers, and the mirth of harvest-home, either fell unheeded upon her ear or recalled old times to her memory, when she bound the sheaves by her father's side, or gleaned whilst he made them into stacks. Her cheeks frequently bore the traces of tears, and it was evident that the impression made upon her mind by her father's death did not wear away. She still found her greatest happiness in ascending the hill, where she could feel quite alone, and meditate on the past.

A sensible change had been wrought at the farm. Mr. Shenkin, since his first success on the day of the election, began to have a will of his own, and to take the reins of domestic government occasionally into his own hands. It is true that, like the joint kings of Lacedæmon, the two ruling powers frequently came into collision, and disputes and altercations arose which seemed to threaten the subjection of one or the other. Still, Mr. Shenkin, to Sally's indescribable satisfaction, was as often victorious as his wife, who found it expedient now and then to succumb, and who was evidently astonished into unwilling submission. The change in Mr. Shenkin was really something astonishing. Not his own, or his wife's, fine-strutting bantam-cock ever walked more erect or looked more majestical than he did, when, pleased with himself and everyone about him, he thrust his hands into his pockets, and felt that he was his own master. Fifty times a day did he congratulate himself, with an inward chuckle, upon his emancipation from female tyranny, and bless the election, Mr. James Llandewy, and his other friends, as the primary cause thereof. It is true that the husband and wife seldom agreed upon any point, but they now disputed what before Mr. Shenkin would have uncompromisingly yielded.

But to do Mrs. Shenkin justice, she was somewhat improved in many ways. Rachel's meekness and submission had not been without its effect upon her, hard-natured as she certainly was. They had appeared to her as something beautiful and pure, and if she did not wish to imitate them, she was not insensible to their superiority over her own violence and ill-temper. She had a misgiving at her heart, and certain qualms of conscience respecting Jackey's death also, and when she looked upon Rachel's sad countenance, she remembered that she had been the cause of hurrying her away from her father's sick-bed, when the attendance and care of his child were the only things likely to conduce to his recovery. This recollection weighed rather heavily upon her mind, and caused her to treat Rachel with consideration and kindness.

As time wore on, Rachel became more cheerful. One fine autumn Sunday brought a brighter hue to her cheek by bringing William to the farm. He came, discreetly enough, from Pally to inquire after Rachel's health; but Mrs. Shenkin shrewdly suspected that old Pally's handsome messenger was not without some personal interest in the eyes of Rachel. All Sally's curiosity, and it was as great as that of any one of mother Eve's daughters, was excited by William's appearance. She watched and wondered, and wondered and watched, until she came to the conclusion that she was not the only person in the world who was clever in keeping a secret, when certain private ends were to be gained thereby. She accused Rachel of being "very sly indeed, and a pretty one to preach to her about story-telling, when she had denied having a sweetheart fifty times, and now it was proved that she had one."

Sally would not have gained much information had she heard the whole of the conversation that passed between William and Rachel during their short interview. It turned wholly upon Jackey, and Rachel felt almost happy in being able once more to talk freely upon the subject nearest her heart, to one who could enter into her feelings. William left her without venturing to broach another topic upon which his whole desires were fixed, but which he knew would be displeasing to her at present. All Sally's manœuvres could not obtain from Rachel the confession she desired, and she declared, somewhat pettishly, that Rachel was "the closest and queerest girl in the world."

As months passed by, however, and brought frequent visits from William, everyone began to suspect that Rachel and he were "keeping company." But it was long before William could prevail upon Rachel to listen to his suit as a lover, and to give him the power of openly declaring himself such. How could she think of happiness so soon after her father's death? how dream of marriage with a heart burdened with sorrow? In vain William urged that it was her father's dying wish for him to become her husband, and that his greatest desire was to share and alleviate her grief till time *should heal it*—she would not consent to anything he proposed.

Upwards of six months passed, and the twelvemonth of Rachel's hard apprenticeship to Mrs. Shenkin had expired, before William could obtain a hearing. At the end of this period it was necessary for Rachel to make arrangements for the future. Mrs. Shenkin told her that she might stay in her service for as long or as short a period as she liked, and said she hoped she did not intend to leave her. William urged her not to engage herself again, but Rachel had formed her resolution, and no remonstrances or entreaties could induce her to abandon it. She would remain another year with Mrs. Shenkin, after which she hoped she should feel cheerful enough to become William's wife, without showing disrespect to the memory of her father. She should then, she said, be accustomed to every household duty, and be strong enough, she hoped, for such as might devolve upon her when she had a home of her own. William's prospects too, she urged, were uncertain, and a twelvemonth might see him settled in some regular employment. In short, at last, Rachel, like most of her sex, proved the prudent party, and matters were settled according to her wish.

(To be continued.)

VARIETIES.

An Irish Compliment.—When acknowledging some handsome compliments paid her by a young Englishwoman, an Irish lady exclaimed, "Oh! my dear Lizzy, how kind of you to think so highly of me as you do! How different you are from other ill-natured girls I know!"

Virtue and Self-Command.—We cannot be virtuous and possess self-command but in proportion as we become humble, disinterested, trusting everything to God without any unquiet concern about ourselves.

A Marriage Portion in Halfpence.—About 1770 there was living in London a tradesman who had disposed of eleven daughters in marriage, with whom he gave their weight in halfpence as a fortune. The young ladies must have been bulky, for the lightest of them weighed fifty pounds two shillings and eightpence.

Wise Men.—One man is rich, another man is poor, but that does not prove which has most wisdom.—*Elder Edda.*

A Hard Fight.

It is a hard and uphill fight
To strive against what's good and right.

Answer to Buried Geography (p. 335).—America, Oran, Nice, Germany, Inkerman, Udine, Oude, Greece, Ferrol, Africa, Hayti, Moorshadabad, Congo, Sweden, Natal, Durban, Italy, Genoa, Posen, China, Salamanca. Ximena.

"HERS WAS SUCH A PITIFUL LITTLE STORY!"

PRINCESS.

A STORY OF FRENCH SCHOOL LIFE.

CHAPTER II.

SPRING fell early that year.

Outside Paris the celandines and wild hyacinths spread a carpet of many hues over the verdant meadows, the blue-bells sparkled in the flowery hedgerows, the birds built their nests in the tall forest trees, and sometimes even in the playground of L'Institution Legrand, with its avenue of acacias, and extensive garden beyond, the walls of which gave on to a narrow lane without the Barrière du Trône. This garden was sacred to the governesses, but, according to a special agreement made with my mother, free access had been granted to me, and permission to pass in one or other of my companions. I need scarcely say that Irène was always with me. There, in the cool evening, as we walked up and down the trim gravel paths, bordered by sweet-scented, old-fashioned flowers, I learnt her sad little history; or, leaning her head on my shoulder, exhausted by the violent punishment inflicted for some paltry misdemeanour, her high courage would forsake her, the scorn would die out from her clear-cut face, and clinging to me she would weep bitter tears, such as madame never saw.

Hers was such a pitiful little story! without a gleam of hope amid the darkness.

Her mother, a dark-eyed Italian, had married a Frenchman of small means and indolent habits. He would lie all day under the shadow of the tall trees in their Southern garden, dreaming of future greatness, yet never stirring hand nor foot to attain to it. Their slender stock of money gradually dwindled away, and the young wife appealing to him for fresh supplies wherewith to meet the household expenses, he pretended surprise at her audacity, and turning on his heel left her in anger, never to return. Irène and her mother, almost destitute, applied to some relations, who, tracing the truant husband to Paris, provided them with the means to follow him.

One evening they entered his apartment in a well-to-do quarter of the city. He appeared overjoyed at their reunion, and assured them he had come there but in search of the work

which he had found. They believed him, and Irène was placed at L'Institution Legrand. Shortly after, Monsieur Merle again deserted his wife. This time he was supposed to have fled abroad, whither the poor woman could not follow. The child was kept by Madame Legrand as a hostage for the debt. Her cruel love of gold had driven her to this expediency, and closed her heart to the sorrows and sufferings of the lonely mother, who toiled through the entire day and often far into the night at an employment almost menial, the payment for which was so small that the required sum daily increasing was never obtained—the release of her child could not be effected.

Very often on Saturday afternoons I left the school to visit one or another of the numerous friends who had promised to show me the beauties and gaiety of the city. The luxurious Tuileries Gardens, with their arched avenues of acacia trees, heavy with fragrant blossoms—the promenade of the Champs Elysées, brilliant with the fresh summer toilettes of the Paris *beau-monde* – the chiselled bas-reliefs of the Barrière de l'Etoile—the stately white-walled houses and the silent churches with wide open doors, day by day inviting the weary passer-by to pray to Him who alone can give peace and rest.

One Saturday I determined to remain at school, and wandering through the classes came upon Irène busy writing a letter.

"Princess," she said, with an air of gravest importance, "I believe I have at last hit on a splendid plan by which I can freely correspond with my mother."

"What is it, dear?" I asked. The fact of the letters being examined and read galled and irritated me.

"I shall write in Italian," replied the child, smiling. "Yesterday I heard madame say she did not understand the language. She little knew the joy her words caused me. I have told mother," continued she, pointing to a closely-written page, "all about the other day, and how by begging almost on your knees you saved me from that whipping. Of course, I have not said who really broke the window."

By-and-by, the letter finished, we left the class-room together, and, passing through the refectory and narrow corridors, crossed the courtyard leading to madame's apartment.

Irène tripped gaily up the winding staircase, turning to nod me a last farewell ere she disappeared behind the green baize door at the top, and I stood in the twilight waiting.

Some minutes passed. I heard the bell of the convent next door ring out. I fancied I could see the white-robed sisters slowly moving with clasped hands and downcast eyes into the little chapel adjoining the building. No faint echoes of voices from their abode ever floated to ours; all was silent and peaceful within the grey walls.

Suddenly the stillness was broken by the sounds of a scuffle, of a sharp cry. I sprang forward. I reached the foot of the staircase. Instinctively I stretched out my arms. Through the dusky gloom came the heavy thud of a falling body.

It was Irène, who a few moments earlier had so joyously mounted the spiral steps.

I dragged her out into the cool, soft twilight. By the last glimmer of the dying day I could perceive that she was colourless and well-nigh senseless. I hurried to the pump, and, catching up a tin cup beneath it, forced its edges between Irène's pale lips, and so poured some of the refreshing water down her throat. She opened her eyes slowly, and, as memory returned, clung to me in terror, hardly capable of speech.

I implored her to inform me of what had happened.

For sole reply she pointed to her left hand. All across the back was a deep gash, from which the blood flowed fast.

"What has happened?" I cried, aghast.

"Madame struck me," she said, in a low voice. "Struck me, and cut me with the edge of a French grammar."

"Struck you?" I repeated, incredulously.

"Yes; and then pushed me out of her room down the staircase. Princess, but for you, I must have fallen on the stone pavement, and perhaps been killed. I believe she would have rejoiced," and the evil spirit gleamed in her eyes.

"Hush, dear," I said. "You tell me madame struck you; but why?"

"Because I complained of the whippings. It was all a story about her not understanding Italian. She knows it perfectly. She read my letter through with that horrid smile. You know the look she always puts on when she means mischief. She laid the letter down, and called me to her side. Unconscious enough, I obeyed. She grasped my hand firmly in her own, and then seizing a French grammar from the table struck me with its pointed edges, and flung me through the open door towards the staircase. Bewildered, I must have missed my footing somehow. The next thing I remember is feeling your arms round me, and so knowing I was safe."

During this recital I had half dragged Irène to the pump, where I soon staunched the blood, and bound up the injured hand in my handkerchief, which I tore into strips for the purpose.

On returning to the classes, the anger and indignation I had striven to repress broke forth beyond control, and many and bitter were the opinions to which I gave vent respecting the treatment of little girls in French schools.

Some of the pupils agreed with me, and before long we had worked ourselves up to such a pitch of fury that I felt quite uncomfortable at the clanging of the dinner-gong; for I forgot to say that I and six other girls were parlour-boarders—that is, had our meals with madame, instead of in the refectory. Conversation, never very fluent at meal-time, was particularly disjointed on this occasion; but towards the end of dinner madame began with a forced laugh—

"Ah! Such an amusing thing has happened this afternoon. Irène came to my room with some letter, which, by the way, being in Italian, she fancied—*petite bête*—I should not understand. Returning, she must have missed her footing and fallen down the stone staircase, striking, indeed cutting, her hand. It was unfortunate, but her audacity is amazing. Fancy, my dears! this fiendish child, fearing a lack of sympathy with her mishap, must needs call on her imaginative powers, and declare that I—Madame Legrand – inflicted the blow with a French grammar. I could laugh at the preposterousness of the idea, were it not that I hear some of you actually stooped so low as to credit her story. I conclude, however, that such invention would only have imposed on the younger pupils; none at this table would be ignorant enough to believe it."

There was a long pause.

The colour came and went rapidly in my face. I laid down my knife and fork and essayed to speak; but the words died on my lips, and I could but gaze in a sort of mute horror and surprise at the look of injured innocence depicted on the countenances around me.

"Dear madame," said the eldest girl, who had just treated the class to a most graphic account of an ex-pupil's sufferings. "Dear madame, you are surely labouring under a delusion, as you must be aware we know you are incapable of an act of cruelty."

"Does anyone's opinion differ from Léontine's?" asked madame, sarcastically, ignoring the girls' muttered assent to Léontine's speech.

I rose slowly, grasping the tablecloth with my trembling fingers, while my knees shook so that I could hardly stand.

"Mine, madame," I replied, in a low voice, hardly recognisable as my own.

"Yours! and why yours, mademoiselle?" inquired madame, as, turning, she fixed her brown hawk-like eyes on my face.

"I was waiting in the courtyard—I heard the scuffle—the cry of pain—I caught Irène as she fell—I——"

"Sit down, mademoiselle" interrupted madame. "Young ladies," she continued, severely, "I have during the last few minutes learnt a most important and unwelcome fact: but one girl among you dares to speak the truth, the rest are liars and cowards."

The girls, confused in their turn, hastily began some unintelligible words of excuse; but madame, with an impatient wave of her hand, enforced silence.

"I did cut Irène," she said, excitedly, "though purely by accident. Her impudent assumption of my ignorance of her native tongue, and consequent tissue of lies to her mother, amused while it annoyed me; but on looking up from the letter I held, I caught a triumphant gleam in her eyes which I determined could not pass unpunished. I called her to my side, and with a book that lay near struck her across the hand. Instead of a prayer for mercy, or a shower of tears, she evinced no sign of fear; her stubborn nature refused to bow to mine. Exasperated, I flung her against the door; it swung aside, and the child fell. The whole affair was of a few seconds' duration. I did not anticipate any serious results. I regret" (this with difficulty) "there should have been any. Now go; when I require the truth, you have taught me where to seek it. Princess, stay," she said, laying her hand on mine as I prepared to follow my companions. "I would not have you believe me wholly heartless; I have had many anxieties and few joys in my life. I have worked for years against adverse circumstances. I have tided political crises, and now, an old woman, look back on the spent years with feelings I find difficult to express in words; but from the day of your coming I have regarded you with a curious and unaccountable affection."

She pressed my hand, and I saw tears glistening in the hard eyes which generally inspired a sentiment of fear.

"To Irène I will be just, nothing more."

"But, madame," I ventured, gaining courage, "by condemning Irène unheard, and by punishing her undeservedly, you abuse your prerogative, and are just neither to yourself nor to her."

"Princess," she said, "you cannot judge. We consider this matter from widely dissimilar points of view; we will therefore drop a subject necessarily painful — though from different reasons—to both of us, and you will oblige me by not referring to it. For yourself, child, you have found a friend."

Puzzled by such contradictory statements from the lips of one we all in a measure held superior to ordinary human weaknesses, I retired to the classes in a subdued and thoughtful frame of mind; but my meditations were rudely interrupted by the eager demands of my companions as to whom could have been madame's informant, and what had been her further disclosures during our *tête-à-tête*.

To neither of these questions could I vouchsafe any reply, nor to this day do I know who it was turned Queen's evidence, though I have since learnt that in every French school there is, unknown and unsuspected by governesses and pupils alike, one spy whose duty it is to acquaint the principal with the minutest details of the conduct in the class-rooms.

(*To be continued*)

HOW I KEEP HOUSE ON £250 A YEAR.

Our Spring Cleaning.

THE second week in April I begin to make my preparations for the "spring cleaning." The first thing I do is to look out the white curtains that were taken down in the autumn, mended, and rough dried; these we have starched and very carefully and evenly pinned out over sheets on the floor of the spare bedroom; the short blinds are done in the same way, and the counterpanes are washed so as to be ready when the rooms are done. The blankets are not washed when the house is cleaned, as the sun is never powerful enough in April to dry them quickly, so we leave them for a warm week later in the year. They are always washed at home. Coloured tablecloths, crewel antimacassars, or any coloured woollen things we wash in warm water with bran in it, and rinse in warm water. If we wash crochet or knitted things, we tie the bran in muslin before putting it in the water. I then have store, linen, and other cupboards and drawers cleaned and dusted out, and at the same time I notice anything that requires to be replaced or wants repairing, making a list as I go through the house.

I next order in what I think will be required for use during the cleaning, and for making polish, &c. The following is my list; of course, I have not to order everything on it, as many of the articles named are already in the house:—One quart of turpentine, half a pint of linseed oil (raw), half a pint of vinegar, a quarter of an ounce of butter of antimony, four ounces of beeswax, a lump of whiting, two ounces of pumice stone, four ounces of fuller's earth, half a pint of oak stain, one pound of size, half a pint of pale oak varnish, one bottle of Berlin black, one threepenny tin of brass polishing paste, two pounds of soft soap, half a pint of droppings of sweet oil, half a gallon of silver sand, bath brick, steel or knife powder, and one bottle of Brunswick black.

I then make my furniture polish; I find it more economical to make it than to buy it. The quantity given lasts twelve months, sometimes longer; but it is not one of the polishes that "requires no labour," it must be well rubbed on; it should be put on with a piece of flannel and rubbed off with a piece of old linen (not cotton), or a piece of an old merino vest is very nice for polishing with. I always put them aside for this purpose.

Recipe for Furniture Polish.—Half a pint of raw linseed oil, half a pint of turpentine, quarter of a pint of vinegar, and a quarter of an ounce of butter of antimony. Put in a bottle, cork securely, and shake well every day for a week. Shake well when used.

I next prepare the beeswax and turpentine that we shall require by scraping the wax, putting it in a pot, and rather more than covering it with turpentine. It should be stirred occasionally, and when the wax has dissolved, should be about the consistency of honey.

It must not be melted by the fire, for if made with heat it will always be sticky instead of polishing off easily.

The following I prepare for cleaning white marble and Parian:—Two ounces of whiting, two ounces of pumice stone, half a pound of Scotch soda, and a quarter of a pound of baked fuller's earth, to be well pounded together. When required for use, some of the powder must be mixed with boiling water, and laid all over the marble while hot (the longer the mixture is left on the better); afterwards the marble must be washed with water and rubbed dry.

We begin our work with the top rooms, and finish at the scullery. All being prepared, we generally manage, if there is no whitewashing or paperhanging to be done upstairs, to get through our spring cleaning in a week. Of course, we two ladies help; we always wash or dust the ornaments, glass shades, picture frames and glasses, and many other things; we infinitely prefer helping to having the house longer in disorder; besides, if it is not done quickly, the first rooms get dirty before the last are done, as there is not time to attend to them. It is on this account that I have cupboards, and all that can be, done before we commence the rooms.

I need scarcely say that house cleaning week I reduce the cooking to a minimum. Monday morning of the last week in April all the stair carpets are taken up before breakfast, and the stairs swept down; directly after breakfast the beds are covered with dust sheets, the curtains taken down, and the carpets taken up in two of the bedrooms; these, with the stair carpets, are taken into the garden, shaken, laid on the grass, swept twice on each side, and folded up until they are wanted. The chimneys are then swept, if necessary, and as there is a marble washstand and mantelpiece in one room, some of the preparation is laid on them hot; the floors are then swept, and the bedding is all taken off the bedsteads, which are iron; the bedsteads are well dusted; if they look dirty anywhere, they are cleaned with benzoline, a little brush being used, afterwards wiped with a dry cloth. Clean papers are then laid over the laths of the bedsteads to keep the dust from the bedding; the bedding is thoroughly brushed, every tuft in the mattresses being brushed under, blankets are shaken, and the bed covered over again with a dust sheet.

We next take down any pictures, and sweep (with a broom kept for the purpose) ceilings, walls, and blinds, and wipe the dust from tops of window-frames, doors, and wardrobe, and remove the dust from the other furniture, brushing the backs and cords of the pictures, of which the glasses may then be cleaned, and they are then re-hung. The paint is then washed; it is ordinary paint, so is cleaned with whiting and hot water and rinsed with clean cold water. Paint should never be touched with a flannel, either a sponge or a leather must be used, and one must have plenty of clean cloths to dry it with. The windows are next cleaned. The grained furniture is washed with soap and water, and the mahogany or other polished furniture is well dusted and polished; if any of it needs cleaning, I find the best plan is to wash it with half turpentine and half hot water, as it polishes well afterwards. The preparation is then washed off the marbles with hot water, and the centre of the floor where it is not stained is scrubbed, but where it is stained it is only rubbed with a dry cloth and then polished with beeswax and turpentine; as sometimes a floor needs re-staining, it may be useful to some readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER to know how it is done. If a floor has been beeswaxed, it is best to have it well scrubbed before staining. The process is exactly the same if for the first or second time of doing.

Dilute some stain (oak stain is generally used) to about the shade you wish your floor, remembering that it will be a little paler when finished; go over the boards with it as evenly as possible with a paint-brush, let it dry, then melt some size with water (I use one part size to two parts water); go over the stain with the hot size, being careful not to work it, as it will become frothy and unmanageable if you do, but do it gently, taking the brush straight along each time; be careful to go over every bit, for if any place is missed the varnish will not dry. Wash the brush after the size in warm water, and dry it ready to use for varnishing. The size will not be dry enough to varnish over until the following day. In staining and varnishing, pass the brush with the grain of the wood, never across it; use as little varnish as you can. Note that in no case will varnish dry unless the articles to be varnished are first sized. Never attempt to thin varnish with anything; it will be thinner and easier to work if put in a warm room (not by a fire) some hours before using.

To return to our rooms. As soon as the floors are dry we lay down the carpets, which are square, but not nailed down, except before the doors; care must be taken not to tread on the beeswax polish for an hour or two after it is done. When the baths are dirty I have them rubbed with silver sand and salt; the same with basins. Sometimes, from, I suppose, some fault in the glaze, soap sticks to crockery, and makes little black marks; salt and sand removes them easily. The rooms then only want finishing off, which we do while the cook goes down and washes out the towels we have used for the paint, &c., ready to be used the next day. This is done every day.

Tuesday we proceed with the other two bedrooms, which are done in just the same way.

Wednesday we do the drawing-room, beginning by taking down the curtains, then brushing and moving out all the furniture we can, next taking up the carpet; as our rooms are small, and we have a bordered carpet with the floor round it polished, the servants are quite able to sweep it and turn it about on the grass, which they do while the chimney is being swept; also shake and brush the curtains. I meanwhile wash all the ornaments and the gas globes, &c., in the dining-room. Then ceiling, walls, and blinds (the latter on both sides) have to be swept. We do not take the pictures down, but they are held out from the walls, and the backs are brushed. The ormolu gaselier we clean with a little brush and cold water, and dry it with a leather; neither soap nor soda should be used for ormolu or brass, as it is apt to turn black after either.

The marble slab and mantelpiece are cleaned with the preparation. We use steel or knife powder and turpentine for the bright fender and grate.

Our drawing-room paint being what is called flatted, does not clean very well, so we only do it where necessary, using tepid water and whiting with a sponge, and drying it very carefully afterwards. The windows are cleaned at the same time as the paint, then the floor is polished, and the carpet put down; the furniture is dusted, polished, and brought back into the room, the ornaments arranged, and the curtains put up.

Apropos of curtains, I always have white curtains made with a three-inch hem at the top, and run the curtain-rod through it; they keep much tidier than with hoops or rings, and do better, as one never requires to draw white curtains backwards and forwards.

Thursday morning we commence the dining-room, proceeding in the same way as in the other rooms, except that we must take down the pictures to clean the paper; this we do with bread thus:—Take a household loaf a day old, cut off the top and bottom crusts, cut the loaf in half, and beginning next the ceiling rub the walls all over; it is generally best to rub round with the bread, it sometimes makes the paper look streaky, if you rub up and down. It is quicker and less wasteful to use the half loaf to rub with than small pieces. A moderate-sized room, if the paper is really dirty, will take a quartern of bread.

We have some oil paintings in our dining-room; I only dust these with a silk handkerchief. I clean any frames that need it. There are many preparations sold for this purpose, but I have not found anything as good as cold water and a camelhair brush, removing as I go on as much of the water as I can from the frames with the brush, and draining them afterwards. They must not be dried, as a cloth might injure the gilt.

The paint in our dining-room is grained and varnished, so we wash it well with soap and water, and rub it with dry cloths afterwards. The mantelpiece is black marble; it is polished with the furniture polish; which, of course, must be well rubbed off, so as not to remain greasy.

The brass window pole and rings are washed in plain hot water, and polished with a leather; they look quite new again. As soon as we finish in the dining-room, our little maid goes down to clean the stair-rods; these she does with brick-dust and droppings of sweet oil, as they last longer without tarnishing than when cleaned with brick-dust and water.

Meanwhile the cook goes to prepare her kitchen, which must be whitewashed; every possible thing is taken out. The man comes on Thursday evening to wash the dirt off the ceiling, as that must always be done, and the ceiling allowed to dry before it can be whitened. Friday morning the sweep comes before breakfast, and the whitewasher directly after. While the man is doing the ceiling the servants sweep the staircase walls, clean the stairs, polish the handrail, put down the carpets, beeswax the oilcloth in the inner hall, beat the mats, face down on the grass, and scrub the tiles in the doorway with soft soap and silver sand.

By the time they finish in the hall the whitewasher has gone, and they begin in the kitchen. As I am very particular about things being always kept clean in the kitchen, there is not really very much more than the ordinary work to do, excepting that all the paint has a good scrub with soap and water, or rather we generally use washing powder and hot water for kitchen paint.

Our coppers are kept bright with soft soap and silver sand. I fancy some of my young readers will be astonished at my preference for plain water for so many purposes, and so they would be if I were to mention all the things for which we use silver sand; there is nothing better for scrubbing platters, kitchen tables, dressers, etc. Saucepans we clean by boiling ashes, soda, and water in them. The metal dish covers are all washed inside and out with hot water and soda, and then cleaned with brass polishing paste. We use the same kind of paste for the brass door handles.

The kitchen, pantry, larder, scullery, etc., are finished on Saturday, and I go through the house and paint all the black stoves and fenders with Berlin black, so that during the summer they need only be dusted. I prefer Berlin black to Brunswick for this purpose, because it is comparatively dull. Brunswick black we use to paint the insides of bedroom pails and cans; it dries much more quickly than paint, preserves the can equally well, and does not make the water taste after once or twice using the cans. Hot vinegar removes ink marks from mahogany and other polished furniture. Sometimes we have done a little whitewashing ourselves round the sides of the larder, or other small places. The following is the way to make whitewash:—Take a lump of whiting, break it, and put water enough to it to form a thick paste. Melt half a pound of size with half a pint of water; when quite hot stir to the whiting. If you want the whitewash stone-colour, add a little blue black and a little yellow ochre. Home-made whitewash smells less than bought.

I think in mentioning what is wanted for the spring cleaning, I should have put down "good temper," for certainly it is impossible to get over the most disagreeable week in the year quickly and well without this. I do not forget to show my servants how I think they have done their part, either by a little present or by taking them to some entertainment.

NEW MUSIC.

KEPPEL AND CO.

At the Fair. Written and composed by Luscombe Scarelle.—A pretty, lively, and effective composition, presenting no difficulties.

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THE LONDON MUSIC PUBLISHING CO.

Danse Espagnole. Par George F. Vincent.

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Both these pianoforte solos are worthy the attention of fairly able pianists. The *Danse Espagnole* is rather impregnated with Spanish character, and is a charming composition.

STANLEY LUCAS, WEBER, AND CO.

Love that hath us in the net. Words by Lord Tennyson. Music by E. Hatzfeld.—An interesting and singable composition, considerably above the average merit.

Arise, Beloved. Written and composed by Kate Ralph.—This song displays a great deal of talent; the accompaniment is most effective, and in keeping with the words.

At the Feet of my Love. Composed by Kate Ralph. Words by Hamilton Aidé.—This is a charming and uncommon composition, refined and wholesome.

Fourth Tarantella. By Walter Macfarren.—This will be received with much favour; it is characteristic, and not too difficult.

WILLIAM CZERNY.

Beyond the Stars. Words by J. S. Lyons. Music by Edward Marlois.—A graceful theme, perfectly in consonance with the poetry. We recommend it to the notice of our young friends.

Mai tout en fleurs. Music by Edward Marlois. Words by Victor Hugo.—This is also worthy the attention of young vocalists.

Birds of Balmy Woodlands. Tyrolienne. By J. B. Wekelin. Words by W. Czerny.—A sparkling and brilliant composition; may be recommended as a good vocal piece; requires a good soprano and flexible voice to render it full justice.

The following instrumental pieces will be found worthy the attention of our youthful pianists:—

Repose. Sketch by Berthold Tours, with violin and violoncello accompaniment.

Canzona. Par J. Raff.

Fragments Favoris de J. S. Bach. Transcription par D. Broccar

Viola. By Max Schröter.

Also an excellent and useful arrangement of all the major and minor scales in double notes from thirds to octaves, with all the major and minor chords by Czerny.

J. AND W. CHESTER.

Jeu d'Esprit. By H. C. Burnham.

The Minstrel's Harp. By Farley Newman.

Souvenir d'un Bal. Par Henri Logé.

Valse de Salon. Par Frank Austin.

These compositions are all worthy of notice.

The Daisy. Words by J. Montgomery. Music by Frank Austin.—This is a pretty, simple song, very suitable to a small voice, and is of easy compass.

ORSBORN AND TUCKWOOD.

At Prayers. Words by M. Summerling. Music by Berthold Tours.

The Orphan's Prayer. Words by Charles J. Rowe. Music by Berthold Tours, with *ad lib.* harmonium accompaniment.

Both these compositions are full of feeling and pathos, and charmingly sympathetic with the words.

Only a Memory. Words by H. L. D'Arcy Jaxone. Music by Vernon Rey.

Unseen Singers. Words by H. L. D'Arcy Jaxone. Music by Ciro Pinsuti.

The Realm of Bliss. Words by Edward Oxenford. Music by Arthur Briscoe.

These songs are far above the average, and we cordially commend them to the attention of our young vocalists.

Glistening Waves. Morceau de Salon. Composed by Henri Stanislaus.—A melodious and acceptable little piece, presenting no undue difficulties to young pianists.

The Vesper Voluntaries. For organ or harmonium. By Arthur J. Greenish.—Book No. 5 before us contains a series of twelve progressive and original voluntaries; they are very pleasing, and have the merit of being within the compass of moderate performers.

HARDANGER COSTUME.

OUR TOUR IN NORWAY.

THE DIARY OF TWO LONDON GIRLS.

Hardanger Hotel, Odde.

Wednesday, July 16, 6 p.m.

So far rather a doleful day. I was very anxious to visit the Folge-fond glacier, but on looking out of window saw a soaking rain. Kate has been very poorly and obliged to lie down, and I feel anxious and uneasy. Sometimes I dread her being seriously ill. Perhaps she overtaxed her strength on Monday. I looked everywhere in vain for a chance of procuring medicine, and at last was obliged to apply to Dr. and Mrs. Williams. They have been so kind, and have given Kate the only seidlitz powder they can spare. (Moral: Bring medicine another time.) We brought plenty of tea from England, and in the kitchen they have made it three times for us. One of Kate's boots required repairs. The only cobbler is a man belonging to the hotel, who has patched it roughly and efficiently for 60 ore (about 3d.). We had several things washed, among them our frocks that were saturated on Monday. The charge was 1 kroner 60 ore.

To-night at midnight we leave for Eidfjord, or Vik; from thence we go to see the Voringfos, cross to Ulvik, drive or walk from there to Graven, and thence to Eide. Some have informed us that the food at Prœstegaard's Hotel and at the little station kept by Agge is preferable to what we have here. This certainly is not quite so suitable to the English appetite as it might be. I think Sveend Tollefsen would find it advantageous to keep for his own use cows, sheep, ducks, and fowls. Eggs are not always good; butter is nasty, orange marmalade might be substituted. All who know anything of Norway testify to the honesty and kindness of the natives. (Understand that when I enter the expenses they are for two.)

	kr.	ore.
Bill at Hardanger Hotel,	41	30

Jannsen's Hotel, Eide.

Thursday, July 17.

Last night at half-past ten we went on board the Lyderhorn. Rain fell fast, and I was anxious about Kate. I think I would have stayed at Odde, only that Dr. Williams told us he should also take the nocturnal voyage and could prescribe for Kate if necessary. Securing the only vacant berth in the deck-cabin, I made Kate as comfortable as I could, and soon she was sweetly unconscious.

A thick mist, defying the possibility of penetration, enveloped us, till close on that "witching hour of midnight" the pluvial clouds dispersed, and I could watch soft, filmy fleeces floating on the river, and parting just sufficiently to allow the passage of our ship. Fair Luna shed a pale lustre on the surrounding mountains with stately pines and everlasting snow; "all was hushed and still, save the swollen torrent's sullen roar;" then from the eastern sky a glow, a roseate tinge suffusing all, and the veiled orb rose in splendour, bearing the image of smiling day. Having witnessed all this glory, and feeling oppressed with the weight thereof, an unromantic desire seized me to make tea, which invigorating decoction I handed to the weary and those refreshed by sleep.

Our ship stopped at several lovely ports, including Utne, Vik or Eidfjord, and Ulvik. Under the advice of Dr. Williams we decided to go to Eide, and give up the Voringfos, as he thought Kate was not well enough to make the *détour*. At Eidfjord, whom should we see but "Paddy from Cork," having turned out of bed at three a.m. expressly to see safely shipped the identical young lady beforementioned. At Ulvik, which seemed a large place and very lovely, the "Shouts" came on,

THE NŒRODAL.

and our friendly elderly lady, who greeted us at once with "I heard of you two young ladies bounding into the hotel like kittens after you had been to that wonderful Fos." She expatiated eloquently on the attention and liberal treatment of Móer Utne at Utne, and laughingly said, "My dear, we might almost have expected ices, the dinner was so good." She also praised the beauties of Ulvik, and the food. The "Shouts" made as much noise as usual. How I pitied that poor little wife with the terrible cough, who was so agreeable and winning, and how I wondered that she could ever have become linked to the Rev. "Shout," and his sister! He was like a bear, this English clergyman, and the manners of the sister were anything but pleasing. Arriving at Eide about seven, there was a general move towards Mœland's Hotel, and, in spite of Captain Simonsen's endeavours to assist us, we were too late to obtain a room, so came here, where we have a large room on the ground floor (outside, but close to the hotel), and are very comfortable. We have had delicious pancakes; I never tasted better. After breakfast we went to see a waterfall, but rain fell again, in consequence of which, we, with Dr. and Mrs. Williams, took shelter in a picturesque shed. At dinner at half-past one we saw the visitors at this hotel. A lady with two Norwegian boys and one little girl; a sweetly pretty English lady (whose husband is a Norwegian), and two Danish ladies.

The Danish ladies speak English fluently, and are very entertaining. One is widow to the late confessor (or chaplain) to Christian IX. of Denmark. He confirmed our deservedly adored Princess of Wales, who, on his death twelve years ago, went to sympathise with his sorrowing wife. After dinner, Ingeborg Jaunsen, who speaks a little English, and is most solicitous for our welfare, brought us coffee; after which, as it still rained, we sank in profound slumbers. A genial meeting was the eight o'clock supper, and afterwards we had music. The Norwegian boys went gracefully through a minuet to gratify us.

	kr.	ore.
Fare to Eide on the Lyderhorn .	5	60
Porterage	0	30

Jannsen's Hotel, Eide,
Friday, July 18.

We are in raptures with Eide. It is one of the loveliest, cosiest little nooks I ever saw, and we are both wishing time would allow us to prolong our stay. Three hotels (the one near the landing-stage is closed), a few fishing huts, not many humble cottages, the roofs of which are prolific with grass, pansies, daisies, dandelions, and ferns, comprise Eide. The houses are built of logs or trunks of large trees, notched at each end, and closely fitted together, the interstices being well filled with moss; the better rooms are lined with neatly-planed transverse boards, as is also the ceiling. Beautiful hills, luxuriously-clad in pine and fir, enlivened by rippling streamlets and dashing waterfalls, environ us. Patches of ground are cultivated wherever there is a possibility, but the opportunities are few; the produce must be very small. A few yards of grass are "slain" (principally composed of wild pansies, forget-me-nots, harebells, and such like), and laid over sticks or string to dry, while the remainder is left growing till another day.

Long wires are attached to the hills and mountains, and again to a machine in the valley, by which hay, rye, and barley are slipped from the mountain side, and from farms which exist high on the hills, wherever there is a space destitute of trees.

This morning, about half-past six, the entry of coffee and delicious curled cakes aroused us. At eight we had a good breakfast off a whole fresh salmon, eggs, and excellent white bread. Kate, fortunately, is much better, and revelling in this place. Walking towards the fjord, we introduced ourselves to an old woman's cottage, consisting of two rooms and a loft, bearing its usual appendage of grass, etc. The old dame was busy at her spinning jenny, skeining a heap of wool in its original state, preparatory to using it in her loom, which we examined and admired, and which contained a beautifully soft texture of serge. She expressed gratitude for the few ore we gave her, and shook hands with us. Women dress the flax of their own fields and the wool of their own flocks, and spin, dye, and weave it, transforming it afterwards into substantial articles of clothing.

In a hut close to the fjord were one hundred and twenty salmon, caught in nets this morning. The average weight was six or seven pounds, and they were being sold for two kroner each fish. The greater number were weighed, wiped over with sea-weed, and packed in boxes with a small quantity of ice, to be despatched to Bergen.

About a quarter of an hour's walk from this hotel a very lovely waterfall, embowered by trees, attracted us, and we sat for some time enchanted by its resonant murmurings, then wound our way through a dense forest, picking bilberries, and overjoyed with the colours of moss and ferns. As we ascended higher and higher we were still more charmed with delightful and extensive prospects. We peeped into two or three rustic wooden buildings which contained large quantities of wood, and as we approached a small patch of potatoes and a few yards of rye we thought we should like to discover the inmate of the approximate dwelling. The door was open, but the lowly habitation empty; looking around I descried a man felling trees, and on our way down we met an old woman whom we supposed to be his wife, and who had doubtless been to Eide to make a few trivial purchases. We tried to render intelligible a few words, but only succeeded in grasping her hand and assuring her of our goodwill.

It seems to me that these honest people in their lonely lives must be untainted by temptation or wrong of any kind. So remote as they are from the busy haunts of men, it is incredible that they can get contaminated; and we Londoners, who boast of our civilisation and progress, may not be half so innocent as these humble creatures whose rest is hardly earned, and in whose breasts discontent can never dwell, because there is not any inducement for them to strive or yearn after other things. The diligence goes to-morrow to Vossevangen, where we intend to spend Sunday. The driver says he will take our luggage for one kroner if we like to walk. To drive in the diligence would be more expensive than a stolkjœrre.

	kr.	ore.
Bill at Eide	18	80
Maid	0	50

Hansen's Hotel, Gudvangen.
Saturday, July 19.

We have accomplished fifty-two miles to-day, and only reached here about nine o'clock. Kate is much better, but I thought it wiser not to walk to Vossevangen, although the roads are good. This morning at nine our stolkjœrre came to Jannsen's Hotel, and with a tender leave-taking we drove off, laughing at our resemblance to Darby and Joan. Skirting the Gravensvand for three miles we reached Graven, where is to be held a Church service to-morrow, which we are sorry to miss. The road, the sides of which are carpeted with lovely white flowers and delicate wild roses, winds through Ovre Seim, and brings us to the beautiful Skarvefos and Skjœrvsfos, besides a number of minor falls. Arriving at a wonderful zigzag path, we walked slowly, and stopped several times to enjoy the varied and exquisite scenery, then drove again through forests and many different pictures to Vossevangen about twelve. Our skydsgut, a man about forty years, taught us the Norwegian names for nut trees, silver-birch, mountain-ash, and many more which adorn the mountain sides, while we instructed him in English. The languages are very similar—in fact, some words are exactly the same.

Vossevangen, with its slate roofs, disappointed us; after Eide the situation seemed devoid of the loveliness we anticipated, and strangely enough, just as I was saying to Kate, "I hope the 'Shouts' will not be here," who should receive us at the gate of Fleischer's Hotel but the "Shouts." A carriage and pair stood in the yard waiting a return fare. This we decided to take to Gudvangen after a bread and cheese luncheon. As Vossevangen possesses several shops, we deemed it advisable to purchase some medicine, methylated spirit, and a kettle and mug for our tea. The kettle was three times larger than we required, but it was the only size we could get. We had great fun in our endeavours to make the people understand, and signed for them to put the prices on paper. Even the "Apothek" could not comprehend nor speak a word of English.

Driving through an ever-changing and transcendent panorama, we stopped to make tea. Our coachman was exceedingly ugly, also excessively amiable. He used nearly a box of matches in his endeavours to ignite us a wood fire (for we considered our bottle of spirit valuable, and reserved it for special occasions), but to no purpose, the wind was too high. On through Tvinde, enamoured with the beautiful Tvindefos, to Vinje, then to Opheim Hotel, where we changed horses and drank a beverage called tea, and extremely nasty. Four Norwegian ladies, in residence there for a month, came out to wave us an adieu.

Soon our eyes dilated with astonishment and wonder at the magnificently appalling grandeur of the Nœrodal. *A pied* we sauntered down the Stalheimscleft, an excellent road, admirably engineered in a curious zigzag manner, and indulged in rhapsodies. How I wish I could adequately convey the splendour of this valley with its thunderous and foaming waterfalls, the Sivlefos and Stalheimfos, the grand Jordalsunten snow-tipped peaks, and the stupendous rocks that have fallen into the valley, threatening terror, confusion, and death. Trees sprout from these massive blocks of granite and marble in a most eccentric fashion.

Gudvangen lay in seclusion till we neared Hansen's Hotel. An English gentleman, who has stayed here for twelve successive seasons studying its piscatorial attributes, welcomed us most graciously, and at supper played the part of host right regally. Already he has lent us books, and expressed his desire to breakfast at whatever hour we select.

	kr.	ore.
Stolkjœrre to Vossevangen ..	6	50
Luncheon at Voss	2	0
Purchases at Voss	6	20
Calêche and pair to Gudvangen	12	25

Sunday, July 20.

A calm, resuscitating day. Our kind friend waited "frokost" for us, and we were sorry to be rather late. The salmon was delicious; he caught it yesterday. The fish have "close time" from last night at six till the same hour this evening, as that here is the allotted Sabbath. Happening to mention how often we should have liked marmalade, Mr. Brodie at once regretted his inability to procure some for us, but hoped to do so to-morrow. He told us that the steamer comes at half-past twelve, and politely intimated that we might

dine about two, after the departure of the passengers for Vossevangen.

Kate and I wandered down to the Nœrofjord, where was a boat full of peasants, the women with clean, prettily-coloured kerchiefs on their heads. I attracted their attention, whereupon a young man jumped out to ascertain if I wished to accompany them. I fancied they might be going to church somewhere, and if so I should like to join them. Sundry "signs and wonders," and at last he drew forth his watch, then, with much pointing, grinning, and nodding, he proved to me that they were going to church some miles away, and would not return till five o'clock. I succeeded in showing him that would be too late for me. I waved to them for some time, then we culled strawberries. Kate sought the finest for me, I likewise for her, not speaking much, for silence is often more eloquent than speech, and the mere fact of being together is joy to us. To be together, only ourselves, in such a Paradise, and on Sunday, too, when everything seems hushed, and there is a quiet sense of rest and peace, and our hearts are full of love and gratitude to God for allowing us to behold (while together) the wonderful works of His hands!—this is, indeed, bliss.

Gudvangen, like many other mountainous districts, does not possess a church, and generally the distance to be traversed to the house of prayer is very great. "Excepting the Cathedral of Trondjhem, founded A.D. 1180 or 1183, and a few other churches which are stone edifices, the churches are mostly built of wood. Many of them are very ancient structures, dating as far back as the eleventh and twelfth centuries: evidencing a wonderful degree of durability in the Norwegian pine, of which they are constructed. Generally built in the form of a cross, with a tower in the centre, terminating in a cupola or spire, with high-pitched roofs, often covered with scale-shaped shingles, and of large proportions, the general effect is massive in a degree which one should not expect from the material employed."*

We were a happy "trio" at dinner. There was mutual pleasure. Mr. Brodie was genuinely courteous and attentive, and I think he was amused with us, and kindly professed to be interested in our independent mode of travelling.

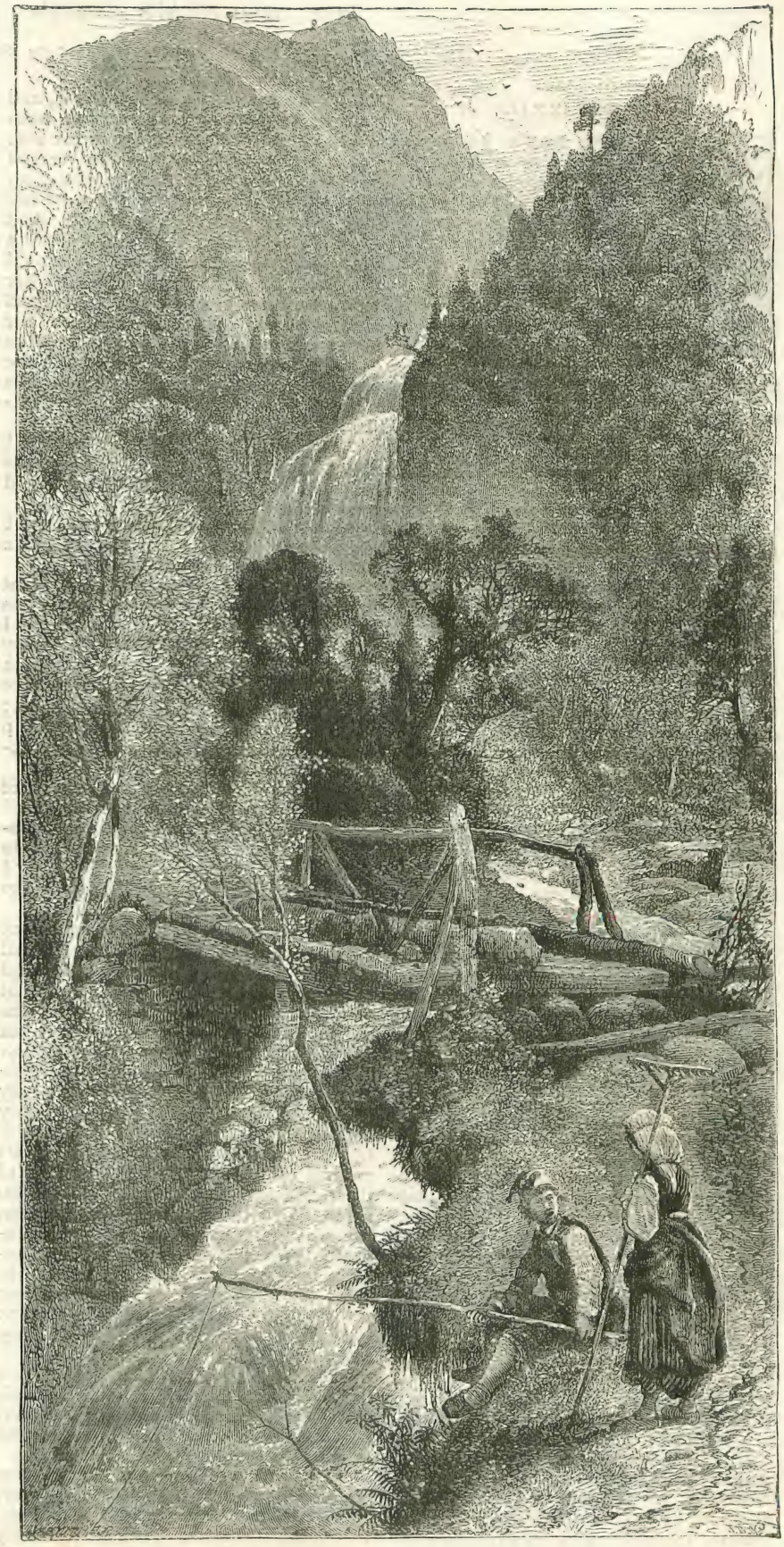
After coffee, we two girls roamed leisurely up the glorious "dal" or valley, and lingered on a rustic bridge. We watched the mist on the mountain's brow, which gradually approached, betokening rain. Hesitating whether to proceed or not, the advent of an old woman minus an umbrella decided us. We had two, so I took her under mine, and we trudged along merrily in spite of inclement showers, talking in a most unintelligible way. Kate sagely remarks that if we shelter every peasant who forgets her umbrella, we shall have enough to do.

From the bedroom window I am looking on to the Kilfos, which is very pretty, although not a large body of water. George Holley says it is the highest perpendicular waterfall in the world, formed by a mountain stream that falls two thousand feet into the Nœrofjord. Of the fosses we passed yesterday, I may almost say "their name is legion." The title of cataract is almost more applicable than that of fos, or waterfall. It is an immense body of water, usually environed on either side by abrupt rocks that have evidently been worn and torn asunder by the long action of the torrent; while below is a huge basin excavated by the same irresistible agent.

Sawmills are boldly projected into the centre of the cataract, that threatens at each moment to inevitably annihilate them.

(To be continued.)

* Forester.

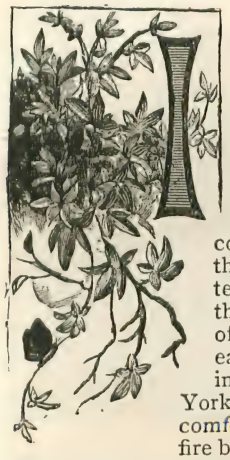


EIDE.

THE MOUNTAIN PATH.

By LILY WATSON, Author of "Within Sight of the Snow," &c.

CHAPTER XXII.



"I DON'T know as I've ever been happier in my life than I've been since you came to me, my love," declared Aunt Maria.

The good lady was sitting in a cosy private room at the St. Pancras Hotel. It was one of the chill days that often surprise us early in June, and in accordance with Yorkshire notions of comfort, a brisk little fire burned in the grate; flowers were dispersed on table, shelf, and sideboard, and a home-like air was given, as far as possible, to the interior by the slight touches that tell of a refined and active presence. Miss Gascoigne's feet were on the fender and she was leaning back in an easy chair, while Helen, a Japanese fan interposed between her face and the fire, sat on a low stool on the hearthrug looking brightly up at the kind speaker.

Three years have passed over Helen since we saw her last. They have, in their flight, left some of their treasures with her. Added experience of life has given a gentler expression to her face; her eyes have the same serious depth, but a softer light chastens at times the frank directness of their gaze. She is more womanly in every sense of the word. And one good gift the years have brought; for Oswald became qualified, and creditably qualified, as a doctor long ago, and is now hard at work in his profession: useful and happy, she hears, for she has scarcely seen him since she left home.

Her kind-heartedness has found an outlet in companionship with the worthy lady, whom she has set herself to make as happy as possible.

At Hill Crest Helen always used to be sorry for Aunt Maria. Her life had little in it that was delightful, except the practical experiences of housekeeping, and these were kept in check by the cook or by the fear of offending her arbitrary niece. Adela gave her to understand pretty plainly that she was neither ornamental nor creditable, and the poor lady, aware of her own shortcomings, lived in a state of constant repression and uneasiness. Helen determined, on the threshold of their life together, that this state of things should cease once and for ever, and Aunt Maria found herself in a delightful condition of freedom. Helen never criticised by look or word her Yorkshire idioms, helped her with her dress without censure, encouraged her to go where she liked and stay as long as she chose, and brought forth the treasures of a well-stored mind to amuse and interest her. In other words, the "companion" served her employer with all her intelligence, and with affection, too, for she could not help loving the simple, gentle soul. And Aunt Maria found it delightful to have a tall, young, gracious lady who would manage all details for her, invest her with dignity in the eyes of landladies and landlords, and devote herself to her comfort unselfishly all day long. So the arrangement was a delightful one for both the elder and the younger, and the words spoken by Aunt Maria were heartfelt. She went on—

"It was a happy day for me when I first drove you up from the Heatherbridge Station, though little I thought it would lead to this."

"Dear Miss Gascoigne, you know I enjoy being with you as much as you like having me," responded Helen.

"Well, I won't deny but it's pleasant to see a bit of the world before one dies," the good lady observed. "I never thought to know so much of my own country, and now there's scarcely a watering-place but I've visited. I've rarely enjoyed our stay at St. Leonards; and now we shall have a delightful trip to the Lakes, my dear, you and me together."

"Yes; I shall lay in a large stock of stories to read to you, in case it rains," said Helen. (Aunt Maria was passionately fond of fiction, and delighted in knitting while Helen read aloud.) "I suppose we shall start on Tuesday if the weather is pretty good."

At this moment a waiter knocked at the door and announced "Mrs. Edward Fairfax." A silken rustle was heard behind him, and Adela, bringing with her a faint odour of heliotrope, stepped into the room: graceful and pretty as ever, but invested with an air of matronly dignity. Helen could not help thinking that the delicately-tinted face above the grey dress, crowned by the sweeping grey feathers of a picturesque large hat, gave her the look of a lovely flower on its neutral coloured stem. Yet the wife of three-and-twenty, despite her prettiness, showed by a tiny contraction between the eyebrows, and an occasional petulance of tone, that life was not all sunshine. Helen had scarcely seen her since her marriage, for Adela was not proud of her relationship with Aunt Maria, and did not cultivate any intimacy.

"What makes you plant yourselves out here at St. Pancras?" she inquired, after the first greetings were over, glancing with an air of disparagement round the room.

"In order to be near the various stations," Helen hastened to reply. "We go about so much that this is no mean consideration. And we are only passing through town just now."

"We are staying in Sackville-street, Piccadilly, for the season," Adela observed. "Edward always will come up from February to August. He hates the country. He says we must have a house in town, but how can we afford that and keep up Hill Crest as well? I tell him it can't be done, but he is dreadfully unreasonable!" And the contraction on the pretty forehead deepened.

"What! don't he like Hill Crest, my dear?" inquired Aunt Maria, awestruck at the idea of anyone venturing to criticise the house that was her poor brother's project and pride.

"Not he! he hasn't his club there, or the theatre, or men like himself to smoke with and sit up half the night. As for me, I haven't many friends in London, and though I like seeing the pictures and the plays, that doesn't fill up all the time. One isn't of so much importance in town, either," continued Adela, with a touch of her old frankness. "At Heatherbridge I am somebody; here I am nobody. Perhaps it wouldn't be so if we had a house. I expect that will be the end of it, and we shall let Hill Crest if we can, and travel in the summer."

To Aunt Maria this was simply sacrilege; but she only said, meekly—

"Have you seen Aubrey lately, my dear?"

"No, not very lately. Of course you have heard of his engagement to Amy Paget?"

Both ladies replied in the affirmative.

"He might do worse; and he might do better," continued Adela. "She has grown very pretty; she draws very well; and she has money. Though he scarcely wants more, that is always a good point. I believe they talk of living in a queer cottage somewhere near Holland Park, and devoting themselves to art. You know we never had very much in common. I might know plenty of his friends in town if I liked; but they are queer, oddly-dressed creatures, who think I am stupid because I can't talk about books and pictures. It isn't likely his marriage will draw us nearer together."

Adela chattered on in this strain for some time, then rose to take leave.

"I hear Mr. Thorne is slaving away as a doctor, after all, and letting his mother and sisters live on most of his income," was her parting remark. "How terribly unfortunate that poor young man has been! Don't look daggers at me, Helen! I couldn't help his father's misfortunes, and the rest of it was not all my doing."

Adela sighed, and Helen, who had not intended to "look daggers," accepted her farewell kiss with compunction.

"Don't you have an awful time of it with poor Aunt Maria?" she inquired, as Helen accompanied her to the door. "You know she can't leave you any money; for she only has an annuity that dies with her."

"SHE STOOPED TO KISS THE CHILD."

"I never thought of such a thing!" eclared Helen, indignantly, "and I am *very* happy."

"I should be wretched, and so ashamed of her, too! But you always were an odd girl." And Adela drove away.

"She don't seem quite as happy as I could wish her to be," commented Aunt Maria. "Poor lassie! I hope she may have children round her one of these days."

"It is unfortunate that her husband does not like the country."

"He's just a man of the world," replied the elder lady; "good-natured enough, but nothing more. Eh, dear! she was her own mistress too soon."

A note for Helen interrupted this conversation. It was from Maggie:

"While I was visiting a former neighbour of Mrs. Wright the other day," she wrote, "I heard that Bobby was recovering from a severe illness. I thought that as you are passing through London, and are not very far from Kentish Town, you might like, if possible, to call and inquire after the child."

The needed permission from Aunt Maria was readily given, and early the next morning Helen was on her way to find the dull little street where Mrs. Wright lived with her brother. This was certainly a great advance upon The Polygon, for the houses had pretentious little bow windows and were plastered with decaying stucco; net or lace curtains were tightly drawn across the glass, revealing here and there to the passer-by a shell ornament or a bunch of worsted flowers in the intervening space.

A little servant opened the door to Helen, and showed her into a room that, although unused and mouldy to the smell, and dark to the eye, was decked out with gay German prints and crochet antimacassars, and choked with furniture.

Poor Mrs. Wright came hastening in with real delight to see Helen. Better dressed she was than of yore, but the lines of anxiety were deeper. "Dear me, miss! Bobby will be so delighted; but oh, the trouble I've gone through—I thought I should have lost him, I did indeed."

"Tell me all about it," said Helen,

prisoning Mrs. Wright's hand in her close friendly grasp.

"It was diphtheria, miss; the infection's gone now, so you needn't be feared to see him—though you never was one of the timid ones like. The poor little lad was nearly choked, and I thought, 'Have I kept him through my *struggles, only to lose him* now I am so comfortable off, and he can be edicated and done well by?' I really did think my heart would have broken. But the doctor saved him. Never, never could I tell you what that young man did for the child. He risked his own life cheerful. I'd go down on my knees to thank him, that I would!" cried Mrs. Wright, wiping her eyes, "but I can't do anything to show my gratitude; and as for money, he says, 'Mrs. Wright, we're old acquaintances; don't let there be talk of a bill betwixt you and me.'"

"Why, what doctor have you, then?" asked Helen, in surprise.

"Why, don't you know, miss? though how should you? *It's* Mr. Oswald Thorne, as attended to Johnny at St. Jerome's Hospital nearly four years ago. You did tell me once he'd given up the doctoring; but anyhow he's taken to it now, and a blessing he is, *I* say."

"Let me see Bobby, may I?" said Helen. The truth was, she was afraid she would cry, and she might find it difficult to explain to good Mrs. Wright that her tears were tears of joy.

The little man was sitting propped by pillows on his narrow iron bedstead in the front room upstairs. His face was white, and his eyes looked out from great hollows; his little hands were thin, and strayed listlessly over the coverlet, pausing now and then to caress a kitten curled upon a piece of old blanket, beside him. He had evidently been very ill indeed, but the disease was vanquished, and his recovery was a matter of time and care.

Helen folded him in her arms, while the mother volubly explained that it was his old friend come to see him.

When the child recognised his visitor he laughed aloud in his little weak voice.

"Look at mine kitten," he said, holding it up for Helen's inspection, and putting it against her cheek. "The doctor gave it me."

"Yes, and he's got the bricks you gave him still, and the cardboard ladies; haven't you, Bobby?"

Bobby nodded a good many times, and then lay back on his pillow with Helen's hand in his, contentedly watching her face.

"I been very ill," he observed, in a tone of some pride in the distinction. "Had nice things and lay abed, and didn't learn no lessons. Bobby likes to be ill; wants to be ill some more."

"Oh, no, my lovey," put in his mother, "you forget how bad your poor throat was."

"The doctor-man said I should have a kitten if it got well," said Bobby. "So it did."

"Mr. Thorne sat up with him the whole of one night, and the child would have been suffocated if it hadn't been for him," continued the grateful mother. "He might have caught the diphtheria himself, but he never minded a bit."

Helen sat listening to the praises that both mother and son poured forth in their different ways of the young doctor who was not afraid to risk his own life for the sake of another. A flush was on her cheek; her eyes were bright; and she was too much absorbed to hear a quick ring at the bell, and footsteps on the stairs.

"Why, here *is* the doctor!" cried Mrs. Wright. And the two friends met face to face.

Each saw an alteration in the other as they stood, after the first exclamation of surprise and greeting, with hand grasped in hand. Helen saw something missing of the careless brightness of Oswald's former expression. His features seemed cast in a graver mould; the responsibilities of life had evidently taken hold upon him, and he looked many years older. Yet the manly thoughtfulness sat upon him even better than the boyish vivacity, and something of the old sunny smile still lingered round the eyes and mouth.

And Oswald? He was startled to see Helen there at all; and quick upon his amazement came the thought that he had never known her face was so beautiful.

A womanly sweetness had come into it, while the humid brightness of the eyes and the earnest clasp of the hand told him without words of her delight at seeing him thus busied in his noble and successful work.

"I should have had to order you out of the room if you had come a few days earlier," he said; "but all danger is over now."

"That is not the reason I didn't come, though," said Helen. "I did not hear of it till last evening; and Miss Gascoigne and I are passing through town for a few days only. I wish I had known before."

"Well, I shouldn't have allowed you to see him if you had called, so it would have been energy wasted," smiled Oswald.

"Perhaps I shouldn't have obeyed you! You see it is difficult to get used to your new character all at once!" said Helen, gaily. She felt wonderfully light-hearted; and the doctor's visit to his little patient was a merry one that morning, for everyone in the room shared the blithe spirit.

"Good-bye, my little man," said Oswald, at last, "we must both leave you now, for I am going to show Miss Helen the way home."

"And I am going to a toyshop to buy a box of soldiers and some cannon and a picture book, and send them here directly," added Helen. She stooped to kiss the child just as Oswald, who was on the other side of the bed, bent to take leave of his little patient. Bobby seized a hand of each, and pinioned the two in his tiny grasp.

"Ha, ha! I've got you now!" he cried, in exultant tones, laughing weakly, and looking from one to another. "You can't get away!"

"Either from you or from each other it seems!" said Oswald, joining in the fun and looking across at Helen.

The two friends finally escaped, pursued down the narrow staircase by Bobby's reluctant "good-bye," and walked side by side along the sordid street.

Helen poured out her delight at what she had just seen and heard, and her words were music to Oswald, who, as a hard-working doctor in a poor neighbourhood, had a struggling and toilsome life.

"I was glad that child pulled through," he owned, as they left the toyshop where Helen had made her purchases.

"And the mother declares it is all due to you," she insisted.

"Oh, that's nothing," said Oswald, looking away. "When things seemed desperate I made a passage in the child's throat by a simple means enough; it's often done."

But the doing of that simple act meant as much self-sacrificing courage as is needed to storm the breach of a fortress; nay, more, and Helen knew it. Her voice faltered; she could not say what she felt.

"Tell me a little about your life," she asked him.

"Well, I do not live in a sumptuous residence; it's a rather shabby semi-detached villa. I have an old housekeeper that looks after me; and I don't perform all my journeys like this one on foot, for I have a horse and trap. It's rather lonely—in fact, it's very lonely indeed, that's the worst of it."

"You don't go often to St. Martin's Close; they are always glad to see you."

"I haven't time, and it's so far away, you see. I never know when I may be wanted, so I can't visit much, and it is very dull—yes, decidedly dull—to come home to a lonely hearth. When I am interested in my work I forget it, but the home-coming *is* dull. Gascoigne looks me up sometimes."

"Would not your mother and sisters come up and live with you?"

"Well, no. My mother would never be well in town, and she is near my brothers. By the bye, things are beginning to look up again with my poor father's business."

"I am delighted to hear it."

"And the affair you began—do you recollect?—at Broadrain, has grown into a flourishing concern. There is a Mechanics' Institute, with lectures on health, and I don't know what not; a library, reading-room, and all sorts of improvements."

"And yet what we did was so little!" mused Helen.

"The final touch that sets a ball of that kind rolling is always little," replied Oswald. "The material was all gathered there, heaped up, rounded into the mass, and ready to start. Then Helen came along, and her light finger set the thing in motion."

"Your conversation has grown very pictorial since we last met!" she laughed.

"In fact, you see a great change in me altogether, only you are too polite to say so."

"A change—yes, indeed—only immeasurably for the better," cried Helen, with bright eyes.

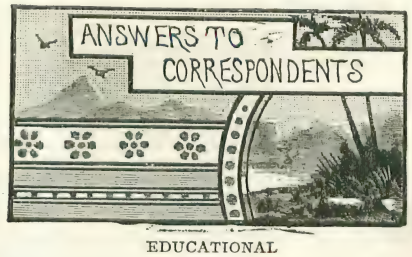
"A left-handed compliment, Helen," said Oswald, with his old merry laugh. "Cannot you be thoroughly civil for once, without any *arrière pensée*, especially as there is the hotel, and I must leave you directly."

"Come in and see Miss Gascoigne," urged Helen; but he pleaded press of work, and left her on the threshold. Perhaps he was not eager to renew the associations of his brief and unfortunate engagement, Helen thought, and she blamed herself for the invitation. She had only seen Oswald once since she became Aunt Maria's companion, for her holidays were brief and uncertain now; and although she knew he had a practice somewhere in the north of London, she had never dreamt of meeting him by Bobby's side. It seemed quite an adventure to her, and she hastened to relate the whole story, not omitting praises of Oswald's bravery and self-denying heroism, to the interested Aunt Maria.

Her hopes were fulfilled, and as she lay down to rest that night her whole soul went out in thankfulness for the traveller who had been led—partly by her hand, though she thought little of that—to tread the "Mountain Path."

Yet, much as Helen rejoiced in Oswald's altered character, she now began to be troubled by fears for his health and safety. It was all very well to be proud of his self-sacrificing courage, but what if he had really fallen ill with *diphtheria*, with no one to nurse him but an old servant? The thought troubled her more and more, and she could scarcely sleep until she had decided that of course his mother or a sister, in such circumstances, would come up directly to look after him. He looked very well, too, although sobered. Yet she did not feel satisfied. We are inconsistent creatures, especially those of us who are women, and Helen was no exception.

(*To be continued.*)



EDUCATIONAL

KATE JOHNSTON had better join a reading society, as it will give her a rule to work by. She will find history and biography the best subjects to begin upon.

M. PARRY.—Write to the secretary of the College for Training Teachers of the Deaf, Castle Bar Hill, Ealing, London, W. The case you describe is a most unusual one, as deafness is the cause of dumbness. Has any clever surgeon examined the boy's mouth?

LADY CLARICE.—Read our new article on "Wives and Mothers," which gives a list of duties and practical pursuits, forming a supplementary education for girls on leaving school; desirable under all circumstances, whether they marry or remain single, but essential in the prospect of a possible marriage. Read also "Honour thy Father and thy Mother," as you will find a reference to many home duties and agreeable occupations in that article, likewise.

EMIGRATION.

A LONE ONE, L. GRACIE, and Others.—Free emigration to New Zealand is entirely suspended for the present.

N. Z.—Many thanks for your note. Not for "some years," but only lately, we hear.

RED CLOVE, CATHERINE, S. A. F.—The secretary of the Women's Emigration Society, Carteret-street, Queen Anne's-gate, S.W., will give you the best information about the chances of emigrating as a governess. From "Catherine's" sensible letter we should think she would be a very successful emigrant. We regret we cannot give "S. A. F." the favour she asks, but we advise her to go to the secretary, and let him advise her on her intended move.

ONE IN GREAT TROUBLE.—Read the above answers on emigration. You would probably do well as emigrant, as you are used to household work. If you liked to try an hospital, you might apply at St. Mary's Hospital, Paddington, or at St. Thomas's, to be taken as a nurse. You will find a full account of terms and hospitals on page 119, vol. v.

WOULD-BE EMIGRANT.—From all we hear, there is no difficulty in getting employment in Queensland if you will go into the bush. The towns are generally full, in all the Australian colonies, of people wanting employment. You should not go out without money to take you to the bush, if need be, and, once there, work is easy to get if you are anxious and fit for it.

COOKERY.

A KIND ANSWER.—When the fault is in the oven itself and the range, we hardly know what to suggest, save using the top of the oven, and standing the cake when quite set on the top of the hot range. Instead of a hot-water jug, you might have a small china kettle, such as is sometimes used for making tea. It might match your tea-set, and would be very inexpensive, and quite as cheap as a handsome jug.

GERTRUDE ADAIR.—Your question is a strange one. We cannot understand your dieting yourself on either eggs or figs. We "would not give a fig" for such a diet! We recommend you not only to eat both from time to time, but to adopt a well-mixed diet, just like other people. To grow obese would not be desirable, but to be "thin" by nature is a sad defect, and to make or keep yourself so a sad mistake. If you had a fever or other exhausting illness you would have nothing to waste, and would soon be a fit object on recovery to travel with the "fat boy," or some Hottentot Venus as "the living skeleton." A very thin girl is a pitiable object. We thank you for the recipe for ginger pudding.

ART.

H. WELCH must have been misinformed, as we know nothing about the subject. Try china painting by yourself, using our articles, or a good manual, as instructors, and if really needed then take lessons.

DESPAIR.—We do not see why you are so miserable. Your letter is very legibly written, and contains no mistakes in spelling. We think you had better make up your mind to give all your attention to art, as you seem to be clever at that and nothing else. You will find that a dominant idea will comfort and steady you, both mentally and physically.

DANDELION.—We think that you had better obtain some lessons in flower painting, and return the card as you request. We are glad to receive your mother's kind message of approbation respecting our article on the honour due to parents. You should not reverse the order of the up and down strokes; the former should be light, the latter comparatively heavy. You slope the letters the wrong way likewise.

GUADALUPE.—There is but one available course to pursue. Take specimens of your work, whether of pencil, brush, or needle, to the suitable shops, and ask for trade orders. The competition is very great, but you may be fortunate.

PHISS.—Cadmium, Naples-yellow, Indian-yellow, chrome, No. 1 and 2, and yellow lake, mixed with black, bistre, Prussian-blue, or indigo, will produce many different shades of green. Flake-white added to them will produce lighter tints. Green oxide of chromium is a permanent green, emerald green a brilliant slow drying colour, and verdigris a rich green, but not a permanent nor durable shade. 2. All oil paintings should be varnished, dried on the canvas.

ŒNID.—You can paint upon pale-coloured silk, upon white wood, or upon cartridge paper. The new shapes for firescreens are the four-fold screen and the easel.

BELLA.—You had better take lessons, and sketch from natural flowers.

UNE ARTISTE.—The charge is 39s. a term, and the year is divided into three terms. Drawings must be original for competition.

SOMEBODY'S DARLING.—Mirrors can be painted in oil-colours by a particular process, invented by a Mr. Gullick. We cannot give addresses.

A. G. M.—China may be painted in water-colours, but the process is not of a permanent character unless barbotine colours be used, and then done in under glaze and fired. For "Barbotine Painting" see page 440, vol. iv.

KYLES OF BUTE, J. H., PHYLLIS, and many others.—"Cymon and Iphigenia" is the title of a play by Dryden.

HARRY R.—The painting is known as "Lustra Painting," and was described in THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER.

S. J. H.—We made a perfectly correct statement in reference to the several qualities of different woods suitable for decorative carving, and having only carved in wood a little yourself, you ought not to advance opinions contrary to those of experienced sculptors. Sycamore is most suitable for beginners, as it is the softest wood as well as even in grain. Irish and Italian walnut, well-seasoned and dark, are hard, and excellent for church and other purposes, where they may vie with oak. The latter is very hard, and needs much use of the mallet. Bog oak is harder still, and coarse in grain. Satin-wood, rose-wood, coromandel-wood, laburnum, and yew are all available for sculpture, but good taste must be exercised. Utilise their respective varieties of colour and knots, so as to suit the design. Lime-wood was much employed by Grinling Gibbons, whose splendid festoons of fruits, flowers, and birds, at Belton, Chatsworth, Gatton, Melbury, and Petworth, were all produced in it. S. J. H. needs instruction in the management of carving tools, if so awkward as to snap one of her strongest chisels in a wood like sycamore! She fails in the requisite delicacy of touch, and tries to effect by one incision what should be gradually accomplished in half-a-dozen.

MISCELLANEOUS.

PEACHIE.—We consider the poem pretty good for a first attempt in blank verse. We do not insert anything which is uncertificated.

AMILA.—You can buy a soldier out of the army if you wish to do so. Her Majesty has hitherto conferred the Victoria Cross herself on those who have distinguished themselves, first in Hyde Park, June, 1857, secondly at Southsea, August, 1858, and since then generally at Windsor, we believe.

ANXIOUS HOUSEMAID, PUZZLED COOK, and LADY'S-MAID.—A countess would be addressed as "my lady," "your ladyship." It is better not to write on lined paper.

MUDDIE will find many books by Miss Muloch suitable, as well as those by Hesba Stretton, Anne Beale, and many others, which she will find by writing for the catalogue of the Religious Tract Society, 56, Paternoster-row, E. C.

AMY THOMAS.—The 23rd Sept., 1867, was a Monday. We have read your letter with great sympathy. We are glad to hear you find THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER a comfort to you in your affliction. When you get better, no doubt you will soon improve your education.

J. E. (Chicago).—Anything which improves the circulation of the blood is good to prevent chilblains. Exercise of all kinds, bathing in cold or tepid water, and rubbing well till in a glow on coming out of the water, and gymnastics also.

HILDA.—According to English rules of etiquette the lady always takes the initiative; she bows first, and speaks first also.

BUCHAN.—There are, we suppose, two gentlemen and one lady in your family. If so two gentleman's cards would be right, and one card of the lady.

DAISY.—In the cryptogram you send the word "szh" occurs three times. It is probably "the," or some other article, and will give you the key to the rest. Perhaps the alphabet has been inverted, and is used to spell words in that manner.

MINERVA.—Many thanks for your kind and grateful letter. We are glad to hear you find THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER so valuable in your adopted country.

JANE A. FIELD.—Many thanks for your recipe for the cure of dandruff:—One ounce of quassia chips in one teacupful of water. Let it stand one day, and apply to the head, brushing it well into the roots. The books, we should fancy, are harmless.

ONE OF SEVEN.—We hear that what is known as the magnetic treatment is of great service, but we know nothing personally. It can do you no harm, and perhaps may do good. You would find all information in a London Directory, as to where the magnetic rubbers would be found.

D. A. W.—Yes, it is claimed for some new discoveries and improvements quite recently made that the long-talked of flying machine will be perfected and rendered available as a travelling conveyance. The origin of balloons dates back to the thirteenth century, at the beginning of which one Roger Bacon was born, at Ilchester, Somerset. He conceived the idea of rising in the air by means of exhausted balls of copper. Afterwards Dr. Black, of Edinburgh, proposed the enclosure of inflammable air, so as by this method to raise up any vessel in the air.

G. O. P.—Nelson's first ship was the Raisonnable. He sailed in her under his uncle, Captain Maurice Suckling, his mother's brother. Afterwards he was removed to the guardship Triumph.

DAUGHTER OF ERIN.—You might read Erckmann-Chatrian's works and De Lamartine's poems to improve your French. 2. Speak very slowly and deliberately.

E. A. C.—The dress of the young Princesses of Wales is frequently mentioned in the daily papers. We have not seen them since winter clothing has been adopted. We are glad that our monthly article on the dress of the season has been of service to you.

A PAINFUL SUFFERER should read all the valuable articles by "Medicus," who has discussed both subjects at length.

ROSETTE, ANNETTE, and BESSETTE.—Animal magnetism and all its kindred subjects are too little known at present for us to reply to your question. We think it probable that many discoveries will be made in them which will explain many things which are now incomprehensible.

A READER OF THE "G. O. P."—From your account we should say that you have left your birds in a draught. We suppose you are a new subscriber, or you would know that a very full account of birds and their management was given in vol. iv., page 731.

SHOMODY.—It is quite possible to cure yourself of stooping habits if you rouse your strength of will and determine not to forget to sit upright. You should take perfect rest on your back for half an hour twice a day also. There is nothing wrong in the sentence you quote

CHOU-CHOU.—We read your letter with much interest. Our girls are of all nations, and many, like yourself, write in French. Your black lace would look well made up over yellow or maize silk, satin, or sateen, and you could have bows and ribbon to match.

A MOUNTAIN DAISY.—The portrait of the Editor is in the Summer Number of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER. The mark "&" is not a letter, but stands for the complete word "and" only.

A TROUBLED ONE.—Have patience, and you will doubtless feel better. Tell your mother about your troubles, and let her advise you.

ANNE HARRIETT H.—Rosemary hairwash is made by pouring boiling water on the rosemary leaves and letting them stand a few hours. The addition of a lump of ammonia the size of a pigeon's egg is good, as it cleanses the hair as well as stimulates it.

VALERIA.—St. Paul's "thorn in the flesh" is supposed to have been a painful disease in his eyes. His death is not mentioned in the Bible.

AN ANXIOUS LEARNER might gargle her throat with the following simple gargle:—Half a teaspoonful of burnt alum, half a wineglassful of vinegar, a small tablespoonful of honey, mixed in half a pint of water.

CHRYSANTHEMUM.—A "gooseberry picker" is one who has all the toil and discomfort of picking a troublesome fruit for the delectation of others. To "do gooseberry" is to go and do propriety with a pair of lovers, and is derived from the same idea.

A NORTHUMBERLAND GIRL.—Why do you not read our article on "Mourning Attire," page 398, vol. ii., and consult the index (page 6), vol. i., letter "M." Also the article, "Habits of Polite Society," page 162, vol. iii. There you would find that for a grandmother you should wear silk and crape at least for three months, plain black for three more, and black and grey or lavender for three more, making nine months.

ONE OF THE STAFF.—We are much obliged to you for your information about the Institute of Trained Nurses, Leicester.

CONSTANT SUBSCRIBER (Poplar).—The office of the Parochial Mission Women is at 11, Buckingham-street, Strand, W.C. That of the Bible Mission is at 2, Adelphi-terrace, Strand, W.C. Make personal inquiries.

LADY I. G.—We should think that the pond wants a thorough cleaning out. Frogs consume the green scum, but the ducks do not eat it. Are you sure that no sewage percolates into it?

A HALIFAX GIRL is most anxious to discover whether Plato wore earrings, where his portrait may be seen painted as a youth wearing earrings, the artist's name, etc. Earrings were worn in both Greece and Rome, and also in the East, from the earliest times, and we consider it quite probable that Plato did wear them. Piercing the lobe of the ear with a red-hot needle would be analogous to the old practice in the Navy of dipping the stump of a man's leg in a bucket of hot tar. Any portrait extant of Plato would be modern, and would have no further warrant as a true likeness than tradition or imagination.

SILLY BILLY.—Biscuits are best for dogs, and after a little fasting you will find no difficulty in making your dog take them.

ZENOBIA.—Much neuralgia in the head would perhaps weaken the eyes, but we do not think it would cause blindness.

IDA MAUD VIVIEN.—We should think the *Leisure Hour* would suit you very well.

THE OLD MAID OF THE FAMILY.—If you wish to work on a railway journey you should learn to knit without looking at your work, as needlework would try the eyes.

EMILY LEWIS.—We are much obliged for your poem, and regret to decline it.

SUBSCRIBER (Dunedin, New Zealand).—Leave people alone; do not make or mar matches. If two engaged people live in the same house for long they often do tire of each other.

ROSETTA BANCARDE.—Inform your parents of what you propose to do. You can leave the other questions to the minister, who will arrange them for you.

A DOWNCAST GIRL.—It is wisest to consult a medical man near you.

DISESPOIR.—The stammer may have something to do with your health. Reading aloud very slowly in a room when quite alone, taking especial care to pronounce the letters and syllables in which you find your greatest difficulty, may aid you to conquer the trouble.

MARY MERICK.—Be guided in all such matters by your parents' wishes and consent.

NANNIE.—We do not know why four verses, all dissimilar in metre, the emphasis falling on the wrong syllables, and the rhymes so unusually incorrect, were sent to us. "Hard" and "fold," "clasped" and "past," and "together" and "heaven," certainly do not rhyme respectively one with another.

BESEECHING ADVICE.—However fond of the half brother named, he is no desirable companion for you, and you should take other opportunities for walking with him than during church time. You are much too young to make "preachments;" you can only set him an example of a quiet demeanour and honourable conduct, and by scrupulously giving that hour to God's worship which comes round every Sunday. Certainly do not, on any account, "give him a promise that you will never marry." What object can he have in trying to extort one so unreasonable? You are not his housekeeper, and we warn you never to become so.

E. A. K. and SISTERS.—We are obliged to you for your kind letter. We have given a notice of the gingerbeer plant.

BEATRICE MORGAN.—All the monthly parts can be had. Write to our office to Mr. Tarn, enclosing the stamps for them and postage (2d. each monthly part).

A SHEPPY GIRL.—Mufflers may be made with either bone or steel needles, but most generally with the former. They may be from half a yard to three-quarters wide, and cuffs may be made with or without thumbs. You will find full directions given in the competition rules.

SARTOR RESARTUS.—Dr. Jaeger seems to think that woollen ought to be worn without cotton garments under or over it. Use any clean water you can obtain for your bath.

ZERO.—Many thanks for the offer of your poetry, which we must decline for lack of space.

ADAM BEDE.—Perhaps the country village where you live is too damp for you, or the house is badly drained. Wear thick flannels from head to foot, and woollen stockings, as any check in the perspiration is very bad for rheumatism; and try if a woollen night-dress will relieve the pain at night, as well as sleeping in blankets instead of linen or cotton sheets.

A ONE-EYED READER should consult an oculist.

INQUIRER.—We cannot say if you could earn a living by type-writing in England as ladies do in America, but you might try to obtain employment by sending out circulars with prices, and also by advertisements. Authors, lawyers, and business men generally would employ you, we suppose; but you would have to make the business, and use your best energies to work it up.

MILL GIRL.—For the dates added by Archbishop Ussher, to the best of his belief, and so far as he had access to correct chronology, you must always remember no inspiration of God is claimed. They and the headings above every chapter, giving a summary of the contents of each, form no part of the original text, and are therefore liable to error. You write very well.

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AUNT DIANA.

By ROSA NOUCHETTE CAREY, Author of "Nellie's Memories," "Not Like Other Girls," "Esther," etc.

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ALISON MERLE.

CHAPTER I.

ALISON DROPS HER ROSES.

THERE are conflicts in most lives—real hand-to-hand combats, that have to be fought, not with any fleshly weapons, but with the inner forces of the being—battles wherein the victory is not always to the strong, where the young and the weak and the little ones may be found abiding nearest to the standards.

Such a conflict had come to Alison Merle, breaking up the surface of her smooth outer life, and revealing possible shoals and quicksands, in which many of her brightest hopes might be wrecked, when duty with its sternest face seemed to beckon to her on one side, and inclination whispered tenderly into her ear on the other, "You are too young for such a piece of self-sacrifice; no one in their senses would ask such a thing of you."

"It is hard. I do not know that even if Aunt Di think it right I shall ever *have the heart to do it*," murmured Alison, talking to herself in her agitation, after the manner of older folk. "I have just rooted myself in this dear place, and the soil suits me. I could not flourish anywhere else; and," finished Alison, with a quaint little smile, "sickly plants are worth nothing."

To any ordinary spectator the interior of that little room would have presented a picture of perfect serenity and absolute comfort. Even the young creature comfortably seated in a chair by the window, with an open letter and a cluster of deep red roses lying amongst the folds of her white gown, presented no disturbing image, though the cheek had lost its wonted fresh colour, and the dark, dreamy eyes had a look of doubt that was almost pain in them.

It was a still, drowsy afternoon in June; down in the pleasant garden below all the winged creatures in nature were holding high revel; a butterflies' feast seemed to be held among the roses; gnats and dragonflies moved in giddy circles over the lawn; two or three solemn brown bees had met in conclave over one flower-bed; while the insects danced airily and boomed through their tiny trumpets, a shrill concert sounded from the trees overhead; through the thick foliage one could catch the silvery gleam of water; the splash of an oar sounded in the distance, then another, slow, measured, rhymthic; surely an afternoon for an idle mood, when one's thoughts might cull sweets like the bees.

The low bay window at which Alison was sitting was framed in roses, the long sprays tapped softly against the glass; the greenery had transformed it into an old-fashioned bower, and many a wandering bee found its way in in curious investigation of the flower-filled vases.

How Alison had grown to love that room! She looked round it now with half-regretful, appreciative eyes, that noted every trifle—the white tent bed, the wardrobe that Aunt Di had so tastefully painted with her own hand (a marvellous work of art in Alison's eyes), the hanging bookcases, the little writing-table, the snug couch with its nest of pillows, the simply framed landscapes on the wall, all the work of the same skilful hand; the tame canary pluming its yellow coat fussily after its bath. Surely an ideal girl's room! And Alison did so love the beauty and fitness of things—anything that was ugly or disorderly gave her positive pain.

"You are a little Sybarite," Aunt Diana said once, with a chiding laugh. "A crumpled rose-leaf would disturb your slumbers. What a comfort that I have transplanted you from The Holms. The atmosphere of Moss-side, old maidish as it is, suits you much better. A constitution like Roger's can stand it, but hardly you, Ailie."

Alison remembered this speech; it had pained her a little at the time; it was just one of Aunt Diana's shrewd speeches that brought one suddenly face to face with oneself, like one's image reflected in an over-true looking-glass.

Was that true of her? Was she really as indolent and luxury-loving as Aunt Diana's words seemed to imply?

The discomforts of her home life had been very great. Looking back through the glamour of these two happy years, during which she had lived at Moss-side, her life seemed to her almost unbearable, and yet she had shared it with those she dearly loved. Was not Roger part of it, and Rudel and her father, not to mention Missie and Poppie? Was it not an unnatural thing that she should be blooming here, a petted exotic, instead of abiding in the rougher home soil?

Two years ago—she had been sixteen then, and, oh, how discontented and ill and unhappy she had been! It was not only the loss of her mother, it was her own incapacity for responsibility, her morbid dislike to her surroundings, that had fretted all her fine colour away. Perhaps her health may have been partly the cause, but surely she need not have been so disagreeable, so captious, so miserable, so disposed to look on the dark side of everything, that even Roger, with all his sweet temper, gave her a wide berth, and her father—well, thought Alison, with a shadowed brow, her father never had quite understood her. Change of air would do her good, and then Aunt Diana had come down upon them with the freshness of a moorland breeze.

"You must give your eldest girl to me, Ainslie," she had said to Alison's father; "she wants care and cherishing more than Miss Leigh has time to give her. She looks overgrown and sickly, and," finished Aunt Diana, with a funny little laugh, "I am a neat sort of person, and I do hate to see a round thing trying to fit itself into a square hole; it leaves all the corners empty and ready for dust." And, of course, Aunt Diana had her way.

Instead of the whirr of machinery—for her father's saw-mills were just behind their house—Alison had now only to listen to the soft flow of the river that glided below the green lawns and shrubberies of Moss-side; instead of waking up in the morning to look across the dusty shrubs and trees to the vast wood piles and masses of unsawn timber, that seemed endlessly between her and the blue sky, Alison's eyes had now the finest prospect: one shaded garden seemed to run into another, and when the willows were thinned or bare in winter-time, what a view of the river and green meadows on the opposite side!

The moral surroundings were almost as much changed. Instead of Miss Leigh's dry method of instruction—her laboured and hackneyed phrases, suggestive of the bare bone of wisdom—Aunt Diana had placed within her reach many a pleasant short cut to knowledge, had suggested all sorts of enviable accomplishments; money was not stinted where Alison's talents could be turned to account. Lavish by nature, Aunt Diana showed herself liberal in all that concerned her niece's welfare. What she could teach herself she taught without regarding time or pains; when she left it to others, she surrounded Alison with a certain wise oversight that made itself felt; faults were rebuked smilingly, little errors of judgment commented on by a passing word. Aunt Diana could be abrupt, critical, keen as a sea breeze, and her censure never hurt or stung or corroded as some people's sharp speeches did. Alison always heard her humbly, owned the right, and set herself to do better.

In this pleasant but bracing atmosphere Alison had thrived and grown up to womanhood. She was still a tall, slim girl, somewhat youthful in look, but with plenty of warm life and energy about her; and though the dark eyes had still their old trick of dreaming, they seemed to dream more happily, and the shadow did not lie so deep in them—not, at least, until the June afternoon, when Alison sat sighing and visibly disturbed with her lap full of roses. It was evident at last that she found her thoughts too painful, for after another half-hour's intense brooding she suddenly jumped up from her seat, scattering the flowers where they lay unheeded on the Indian matting, and walked abruptly to the door.

She had dropped her letters, too; but she went back and picked them up, not replacing them in their envelopes, and then she went out into the passage.

A dark oak staircase led into a little square hall, fitted up with bookcases like a library, with a harmonium on one side; a glass door opened into a conservatory, through which one passed into the garden.

Alison turned the handle of a door just opposite the staircase, and stood for a moment hesitating on the threshold.

What a pleasant room that was, half studio and half drawing-room, full of cross lights, and artistically littered with an odd jumble of mediæval and modern furniture—oak chairs and cabinets, basketwork lounges, tiny tea-tables, fit for Liliputian princesses, and hanging cupboards of quaint old china that gave warm colouring to the whole. A wiry brown terrier with bright eyes jumped p with a welcome bark; a small black itten, about the size of a moderate piece of coal, followed him gingerly.

Alison stooped down to caress them, but her eyes were still fixed on a lady who stood with her back towards her, painting at an easel.

"Well, child, what now?" The voice was nicely modulated, clear, and musical, but the manner slightly abrupt. Alison lifted up Jetty in her arms while Trip rolled over at her feet, in a vain attempt to testify his joy. "I have come to see you, Aunt Di," she returned, in a hesitating way.

"And I suppose you prefer my profile to my front face," remarked Miss Carrington, drily, as she painted a troublesome little piece of foliage. "Alison," in a more animated manner, "my special muse is cross-grained today; I cannot woo her with these blues and greens at all; this tree does not please me; I wanted an effect of shadowy brightness, such as one sees when the wind plays through the leaves, and the road is flecked with a sort of lattice work of moving lights and shades, but this is far too sombre."

Alison came forward at once, and inspected the picture. "It is very pretty, Aunt Di," she said, forgetting her own worries in a moment. "It is one of your best. I think I see what you mean, but to me it is all beautiful; that old man—a pensioner, is he not?—and that poor, tired sheep, that seems to have dropped down by the way, left behind by the flock, is so suggestive of the title 'Noontide rest.'"

"That is what I intended. You are an intelligent child, Ailie; both the man and the sheep must be old; it is not for young creatures to rest at noontide; my old pensioner has already borne the burthen and heat of the day."

"Of course, I see what you mean, Aunt Di."

"My parable is not hard to read," replied Miss Carrington with a smile, but as Alison studied the picture with increased interest and admiration, a pair of shrewd, kindly eyes were studying the girl's face.

"Go and put yourself in that easy chair opposite, and tell me all about it," she said, at last, rousing her by a good-humoured little push. "I must finish this branch if I am to enjoy my night's rest, but I can listen to any amount of lettered woes," with a suggestive glance at Alison's hand.

"Oh! Aunt Di, how do you find out things so?" stammered Alison; then, as though used to obedience, she moved to the chair that was always reserved for Miss Carrington's visitors, whom she was wont to entertain after a fashion of her own.

People always got on with Miss Carrington, but they found it difficult to describe her; no one knew her age exactly, and certainly no one would have ventured to put such a question.

As someone once said of her, "she was made up of negatives"; she was neither young nor old, she was not stout, but still less was she thin; no one in their senses could call her handsome—the word did not suit her at all, but neither would anyone with eyes in their head call her plain. An old Scotch serving man once described her best in her younger days, when he said, "Eh, but Miss Diana is real bonnie," and "real bonnie" she was still. The negatives held good in the matter of dress; it was an odd thing, but people never could remember exactly what Miss Carrington wore; she had a style of her own, they said, and it exactly suited her, and though this was somewhat vague, it hit the truth somehow. Miss Carrington had a style of her own, as befitted a middle-aged gentlewoman, one who neither wanted to look young, nor dreaded to look old, who could see the first streak of grey in her bright brown hair without making herself unhappy about it. "We are bound to grow old," as she was given to remark, "and I do not see that we need want to loiter behind our contemporaries. Every season of the year is good; spring is the friskiest time, but autumn has warm, mellow tints of its own; when my hair its quite grey I mean to tell everyone I think it the most becoming colour."

In her youth people had found fault with Diana Carrington; "she was too matter-of-fact, too bracing, too abrupt for their taste," they said; "they liked a more womanly softness, it was more becoming in a girl." And perhaps they were right. Miss Carrington was a little abrupt, though this trait showed less markedly in her mature age; but then she was so healthy-minded and vigorous. In Society she had certainly seemed a little out of place, much as a piece of moorland heather would look if it were suddenly transplanted into a hot-house full of delicate exotics. She was not ungraceful—far from it; but she could never be made to understand the light current coin of society; the unmeaning flow of words that passed for conversation. She liked to talk of things that interested her, or else to be wholly silent.

"Why are you always so dreadfully in earnest?" one of her partners said to her; "when we are on the playground, we need not discuss all these serious matters."

"One gets tired of nothing but play," returned Diana, a little crossly at this, for she was interested in the subject, and wanted to pick the brains of her companion for her own purposes; "grown up children get the worst of it. When we are young we are allowed to choose our own playfellows—little girls I mean," which was certainly rude of Diana, only the gentleman received it with a good-natured laugh, and after that they were good friends to the end of the chapter.

"I really am glad I am not a girl any longer," observed Miss Carrington once, confidentially, to a lady who very much disliked growing old, "one is so much more free, and then one can say more what one likes; a girl cannot be eccentric, it is bad form; she must follow the footsteps of the flock, and a very good thing too. I have just come, not to the prettiest, but to the most perfect age, when the tether is removed, and I am at liberty to wander into pastures new at my own sweet will, and no one can say a word," but whatever she meant by this queer bit of philosophy, Diana certainly was happier in her middle age than she had been in her sweet youth.

"Real bonnie," not only in face but in heart, what better could be said of any woman?

"I wonder how long I am to have patience," observed Miss Carrington, painting on industriously, as Alison sat with drooping head, looking at her letters without offering to read them. "I am quite sure those are Rudel's straggling characters; that boy's handwriting is a disgrace to the family; it has put him out of my will for ever; fancy one's nephew being such a sorry scribe."

"Rudel does write badly," returned Alison, with a faint little smile, "but I like his letters better than Missie's; there is one from Miss Leigh, too; do you admire her handwriting, Aunt Di?"

"No, it is too thin and angular," returned Miss Carrington, severely; "it wants freedom and breadth; it reminds me too much of Miss Leigh herself."

"Oh, I am so glad you say that," returned Alison, delightedly; "I thought it was only my own naughtiness, but I know I always found her so depressing."

"Miss Leigh is a very excellent person—I quite agree with your father in that; she has a mine of gold locked up in her if one could only find the way to it; it is not gold that glitters, perhaps, but it is genuine metal for all that."

"Why, Aunt Di, you are praising her now."

"Of course I am praising her, I am only finding fault with her handwriting and her manners. Cultivate a pleasing manner, Alison, you have no idea how valuable a commodity it is; it is worth half the world's wares; people will not always take the trouble to dig below the surface, they prefer judging from the outer appearance. Now about poor Miss Leigh, your worthy governess and factotum."

"Oh, she is not the last, Aunt Di—at least, to me."

"Never mind, don't interrupt me. I am in the mood for moralising, and you are certainly not in the mood for reading your letters. If she be not necessary to you, The Holms would rue her absence."

"I do not think we are any of us very fond of her," interposed Alison, hurriedly. "I know she fidgets father dreadfully, and Roger, too, though he is so good to her."

"Roger is good to everyone but himself," responded Miss Carrington; "but even he, with all his good nature, has owned to me that Miss Leigh has a very trying manner. You see, Alison, fussy people make poor companions. Miss Leigh has never leisure for anything but her own worries; she is too overweighted for cheerful conversation; if she could forget Poppie's misdemeanours, and Missie's pertness, and Rudel's roughness, and the servants' failures for about half an hour at a time, I could quite fancy Miss Leigh a pleasing companion; but now let me hear her letter."

(To be continued.)

PRINCESS.

A STORY OF FRENCH SCHOOL LIFE.

CHAPTER III.

A WHOLE year drifted away.

It had brought a look of rest upon the troubled countenance of Irène; it had, I fondly hoped, softened madame's heart towards her, since the whippings had been less frequent, and of late had almost ceased.

It had been an uneventful year, in so far as I was concerned, until the advent of a little girl named Marie Damon.

I saw her first on a wintry afternoon with a crimson glow of sunset shining on her golden head. The fur-lined hood she wore fastened round her throat had slipped back, and framed a saint-like oval face of a delicate transparency, and eyes of the deepest blue. Her voice was gentle and persuasive, her manners taking, and, long before she had shown any merit to that distinction, she was nicknamed the "good little girl," in the same way as my Irène had been dubbed the "naughty little girl" of the school. The two children were much together, and I anticipated great things from their influence upon each other, when something happened which changed the whole current of little Marie's life, and destroyed all my castles in the air at a blow.

Madame Legrand, though lax in her ideas as to the comfort of her pupils or the quality of their food, strove to obtain every luxury wherewith to furnish her own table, and spent much useless time and money in discussing the bill of fare daily submitted to her inspection. Preserved fruits were a great speciality with her. She procured them direct from a factory in the south of France, whence they reached us in immense jars of fifteen or sixteen pounds each.

By some mishap, three of these jars were one day left in a room called *le petit salon*, used by the younger children as a dressing-room when preparing for the gymnastic lesson. On this particular morning the little girls trooping in, merrily unconscious of any evil, were instantly attracted by the fragrant odours pervading the apartment, and hurried to the large deal table where stood the shiny white jars, daintily covered with transparent paper fastened round the rims.

After much silent deliberation and many longing looks at the luscious fruit, "good little Marie," whose feelings proved too strong for her, timidly hinted at passing a finger through the small aperture in the paper (made, I suppose, to prevent fermentation) and then sucking it. By which means they were enabled to secure a faint semblance of an unattainable good.

This proposal was at once joyfully acceded to by the other children, who, without more ado, set to work on the spot.

"Thou God seest me," whispered a still, small voice in Irène's heart as she advanced eagerly to take her turn. Involuntarily she drew back a step and paused.

"Only a little," urged Marie coaxingly, as she wound her arm about her friend. "Only a very, very little."

Thus encouraged, Irène's resolution wavered, yet she refrained from touching the jam while the girl next in rotation hurried forward and thrust her finger through the rapidly increasing orifice.

"It's very good," said Marie, with a contented sigh, after a second trial.

"Yes," responded another girl, sucking her fingers. "Do try, Irène."

"The cherries are whole," said Marie, holding one lovingly in her pink little palm. "I wish you would have just one, Irène."

This last appeal met with a feebler protest, and a moment later, casting all scruples to the winds, Irène had followed the example of her companions.

The hole, at first quite small, was soon sufficiently large to admit the entire hand of each child, after which the jam disappeared with marvellous rapidity. Besides, the pure white of the paper was now stained with sundry droppings of crimson juice, and as they peered into the jar the children could see a mark all round the edge showing up to where the jam had formerly reached. Towards this mark every finger was strained, so as to remove the tell-tale rim, but in vain.

Poor little mites! there was some excuse for their act. The food in the refectory was often nauseous, always scanty, they rarely tasted anything sweet—especially Irène, who had been so long within the cold walls of the *pension*. The temptation had appealed to the uppermost craving in a child's nature, and, hardly conscious of sin in the act, they had—with the exception of Irène—succumbed to its influence without a struggle.

Presently they heard an approaching footstep, and were forced to beat a hasty retreat, leaving the discovery of the theft to chance. Chance took the form of Madame André, the housekeeper, who, pompous and important, arrived in due time to look up the jam. Two jars had been carefully stored away in the large cupboard full of goodies for Madame Legrand's table, when what was Madame André's astonishment and horror to perceive the condition of the third.

She took off her spectacles, rubbed and put them on again. Alas! there was no denying the fact, the jam had gone.

"Who was the culprit?"

Madame André turned this question over and over in her mind without arriving at any satisfactory conclusion. Was it that idle Jeanne, who, instead of sweeping the room, had tampered with the fruit. It was like her impudence—she should suffer for it—so many sous should be deducted from her wages; but no, Jeanne was out.

Was it Geneviève, that greedy creature, who never could keep her fingers off anything in the eating line? No; she was busy in the laundry.

The pupils were all in class. Stay. The little girls who learnt gymnastics had undressed here. Yes, that was it. Why, Mademoiselle Irène, the naughty girl, the ringleader of mischief, was amongst them. Madame André pocketed her spectacles with a satisfied chuckle, locked up the tell-tale jar, and trotted off to acquaint Madame Legrand with the whole proceeding, inwardly fearing she must be growing old or stupid not to have solved the mystery at once.

At six that evening we were comfortably seated at dinner. It was almost summer now, and we dined by daylight. The windows were wide open, little birds hopped about in the courtyard; the smell of the acacia trees now in full bloom in the playground filled the air with balmy fragrance; a blackbird on a branch opposite the window was singing to its mate; everything was suggestive of the peace and beauty of the coming season.

At that moment the swing-door of the dining-room was pushed open, and to my surprise and dismay in walked seven little girls, amongst whom were Irène and Marie.

Irène held herself erect with the old defiant air, her eyes glowing like stars. She presented a strange contrast to the timorous Marie, who wept audibly, and could hardly totter into the room. The other children appeared more or less humbled or tearful.

"Stand in a row, and listen to what I have to say," said madame, sternly, as she turned towards them. "I see before me six children from the ages of eight to twelve, who have, I firmly believe, been led into an act of wilful deceit and deliberate theft by a seventh child. If such be the case, and Irène, with her utter disregard of honourable feeling, has tempted you to steal my jam, confess your fault, and I will pardon you all, punishing her only—she, I know from experience, will own to nothing. If, on the contrary, you refuse to tell me the truth——"

She broke off suddenly, and slowly scanned the tearful group with her hawk-like eyes, which seemed to pierce their very souls.

During these words Irène's face had hardened, and when madame ceased speaking it might have been chiselled in marble.

The lengthened silence, only broken by Marie's sobs, had grown painful; the loud beating of my heart seemed to fill the room.

"Un — deux — trois," counted madame, pausing between each syllable.

At that moment Irène raised her eyes. There was that in the colourless face which told of a spirit hard to quell, of a nature loath to submit, of a love stronger than fear. Her gaze dwelt on mine for a space, and so dwelling softened.

She left the others, and advanced close to Madame Legrand.

"Madame," she said, distinctly, in her clear ringing voice, "it is enough, I stole the jam."

I knew that, if guilty, she would confess. The glad tears rushed to my eyes; a great weight seemed lifted from my heart, but at madame's next words the blood froze in my veins, a confused murmur of tongues buzzed in my ears.

"At half-past seven in my private cabinet, and bring the whip," she said, callously.

I believe I clung to her, and in the wildest accents entreated her to spare my darling such cruel and unwarranted punishment. At least the girls said so afterwards; I do not remember. I felt numbed and but dimly conscious of the things passing round me. I only recollect that, frantic, I darted from the room into the playground, under the acacia trees, and through the iron gate opening into the garden, Irène's fairyland. There was a rustic seat in a small arbour covered with creeping tendrils which hung in graceful festoons over the mouldering framework. To this solitary spot I hurried, with my fingers in my ears to shut out the child's imaginary shrieks.

Half an hour later someone kissed me. It was Irène.

"Don't distress yourself any more, my Princess," she said, gently; "it is over now, and was not very bad, after all."

Her quivering lips and dilated eyes belied the calmness of her words.

I caught her in my arms and held her fast. All my love could not prevent this bitter injustice. I unfastened her dress with trembling fingers (it was the old-fashioned uniform of the school). There, across her bare shoulders, were raised great blue wales on

the tender skin, the marks where the biting lash of that cruel whip had curled and cut.

That evening the governess who slept in the younger girls' dormitory was called away suddenly, and no one found it their business to undertake her duty and see the children to bed in safety.

At eight o'clock they retired as usual with the exception of Marie, whose absence at first excited some comment; but gradually the impression prevailed among her companions that she had been summoned by Madame Legrand to render a fuller account of the jam episode, and on her confession of the same had been consigned to some mysterious retreat, the particulars of which would be made known to them all on the following morning. However, on her non-appearance at prayer-time, the alarm was raised and a general search ensued without arriving at any satisfactory result.

THE TEMPTATION.

Vague rumours floated through the school that Marie by some artifice had managed to elude the vigilance of the lynx-eyed portress, and escaped through the small door beyond the walls which encircled L'Institution Legrand—that she was wandering alone through the gay city on her way to her home—that already scouts were on her track and her capture and consequent return certain.

About midday I crossed the small courtyard, and mounted the winding staircase leading to madame's room, when from an adjoining corridor I heard a sob or moan as of someone in pain. Hurrying forward, I pushed aside a rickety door leading into a small square room, a former cell when our school formed part of the neighbouring convent. There, prone on the stone floor, lay little Marie, trembling with cold, her face pale, tear-stained, and woe-begone. Astonished, yet delighted to discover her whereabouts, I bent down and raised her shrinking form.

"Marie," I said, "you poor child, how comes it that you are here? You have given us all such a fright; every nook and corner in the school-building has been visited, but no one dreamt of these cells. Have you been here all night?"

At first Marie's voice was almost inaudible, but presently I gathered from her incoherent account that, overcome with misery and remorse at Irène's punishment, which she declared unmerited, she had fled for refuge beyond the sound of those shrieks which her disordered fancies had heard in each echo of distant voices in the classes. It would appear that, exhausted with weeping, she had fallen asleep on the stones, and waking at dawn had crept down the spiral staircase, where she found the heavy bolts drawn across the door at its foot. Forced to return to her hiding-place, she now lacked the courage to face her companions. All this I elicited with difficulty while the child lay shivering in my arms, though apparently burning with fever. After promising not to incriminate her in madame's eyes—since I considered her remorse had fully expiated her wrong-doing—I succeeded in persuading her to accompany me to madame's room, where I repeated a certain portion of Marie's story, accounting as clearly as I could for her unusual appearance.

Madame's vivid imagination readily filled up the blanks by suggesting that affection for that "worthless Irène" had prompted Marie's conduct, and, with a kiss and admonitory word for the future, she dismissed the child to her work.

Towards evening Marie's eyes shone with an unnatural lustre, her cheeks flushed crimson, and altogether she looked strangely unlike herself. I lingered by her side as she sat next Irène, and inquired as to whether she felt ill.

"Tired," she said, wearily. "Oh, so tired!"

I asked if she might go to bed, but Mademoiselle M., who had returned to her duties, and been severely reprimanded for not delegating them to someone else during her absence, sharply refused her consent, and the child was obliged to continue her work. The next morning a deadly pallor had succeeded to her brilliant colouring of the previous evening, but according to custom she took her place in class to repeat her hardly-learnt lesson.

Suddenly she paused—she raised her hand to her head.

"Allons, mademoiselle," said the governess, who had not yet recovered her ruffled temper.

Marie strove to comply.

"Le participe passé conjugé—conjugé—" she repeated vaguely, staring around with a half-stupefied air, "avec le verbe——" She gave a kind of gasping sob, staggered, and fell to the ground senseless.

She was immediately carried to the infirmary, where for some days she lay ill. No one was allowed to approach her, and perfect quiet was enjoined on the corridor nearest the infirmary. It was publicly announced that Marie had caught a feverish cold, and required rest; but, judging from her hollow eyes and wan cheeks after her return to our midst, we decided that the child had suffered much and severely.

(*To be concluded.*)

ON TASTE IN THE CHOICE OF SONGS.

By C. A. Macirone.

"Taste is not inborn, but educated. Not from nature, but from cultivation, do we learn whether a thing is beautiful. . . . You must acquire a comprehension of the beautiful with the aid of your own industry. . . . At first it is easy for us; we are led by authority, and we believe before we are able to distinguish. Gradually we learn to judge by means of comparison until we are at last ripe, and can conscientiously question our reasons for belief. If we are able to investigate the causes that can make a thing beautiful or ugly, we are able to understand it."—*Letters on Music, by Louis Ehlert.*

My dear Mr. Editor,—You ask for a few words on this subject, and at first sight it does seem so simple. Fancy yourselves, my dear young readers, in a music warehouse—a great pile of songs before you, so fair and white, so fresh and untouched; it seems such a simple thing to stretch out a hand, and, looking through two or three of those on the top, to have your attention caught by something that looks pretty or easy, and to carry away with you some purchase, often very like the glittering baubles at the Palais Royal, which have a kind of fascination for those who have not learnt by that sad experience of which Mrs. Micawber beautifully observes, "experientia does it." How extremely disappointing those pretty deceivers are in daily life!

But rational choice is not such a simple thing. One illustration is worth a thousand arguments. Think of a pile of foreign books at a library, of which you are told to choose one, and you would probably tell me you do not know what they are. You might say, "I know there are foreign books that are noble and religious, pure and tender, and instinct with womanly grace, or stirring with manly power and research; but I also know that there are some which are only fit for the fire, and which are poisoned with a worse and more deadly pestilence than the 'black death,' once the terror of Europe. How am I to choose? I might bring knowledge of evil and sorrow to myself and others by an ignorant choice."

You see there is difficulty in choosing—you need to know to be able to choose aright. And Miss Edgeworth says very truly, "Knowledge is of little value unless it be exact."

Another illustration. Suppose among your birthday gifts you are offered a picture. There are pictures and pictures. Some bright and pure as the angels they represent—pictures by Fra Angelico, or Perugino, or Raphael, with the glow of their tender, fervent colours and happy faces; some of beautiful landscapes and the creations of the King of all glory and grace, which remind one in darker days and colder lands of the wonderful beauty thrown over Nature by her Divine Master in fairer countries, and in the glowing summer; while there are some pictures, so muddy and cold in colour, so ignoble and dead in subject, they seem, what Bacon says of selfishness, "right earth," and they aim at representing—and with terrible success sometimes—the degradation of poor wretched human beings, on whom the light of goodness has never shined. Look at those groups of boors drinking at tavern doors, pictures of absurd incidents in the daily life of a convent, intended to provoke laughter at, not with, the inmates. There is, you see, choice to be made in all art, and it is not unimportant which you choose.

Do you remember, or have you ever seen, a very beautiful picture of "Choosing the Wedding Gown," by Mulready? How the fair girl is holding that white satin up to the light; and taking such earnest advice as to its real goodness, and its standing the wear and tear of time? It is not only the rich white satin which to remain fair must be excellently good, but the beauty which lasts in art must be the beauty of real excellence. So even in a song; the flashy, easy prettiness of a musical bauble will tarnish and become insipid and worthless, while the nobleness that lives and glows in the short two pages of Mozart's beautiful song, "Dalla sue pace," intensifies as years bring us the increased power to appreciate real greatness.

Some philosopher has said that the waves of air which serve to produce the sound of the lightest words we use carry on their vibrations faithfully (often, one might think, mercilessly) into some far region, where they imprint themselves, and so make us our own accusers for false or evil words, our own witnesses when we have spoken well. And can you think the choice you make of words and music, to be studied so long and repeated so often before others, is of no importance?

But you will say, "How am I to know how to choose?" Well, that is precisely what I am anxious to help you in, if you care for help. I hope you will try to do your very best in this as in everything else; for as a tender sapling turns, so will the tree grow; and as you choose your materials for study or recreation now, so will you prosper in either; and remember, all talent, all choice implies responsibility. Now, there are several things to be thought of with regard to your choosing a song to sing.

The first concerns yourself. What can you sing? And then what object have you in singing?

The next concerns the song to be sung. How can I guide you to know a good song? Let us see what can be done in all these matters.

You can easily see that what you can sing will depend on your voice, its compass, its cultivation.

First as to your voice. There seems to be amongst young ladies "a belief," as a very clever author says, "that to sing at all is such a fine thing, that it is no matter how you do it. But the Italians and Germans are much wiser. Those who have voices and a capability for artistic singing, study well under good masters before they sing at all in society; the many who have neither voices nor vocal talent devote their energies to other things."

Now it happens that, by the universal assent of the best judges, we have here, in this England of ours, a greater proportion of fine voices than in any country under heaven; but as for the use we make of them! Rossini, after his visit to our country, praising it—as he well might do after his royally hospitable reception—humorously apostrophised her and her women thus, "Bel paese! belle donne! bellissimi soprani!" Then the courteous maestro paused, but his alleged criticism on English amateur singers ended with "Cattivissimi cantatrici" (see "Musical Sketches," by Mr. Haweis)—"beautiful country, beautiful women, most beautiful soprano voices, but most detestable singers." Therefore consider

the necessity of having your voice cultivated by a good master or mistress, for one of the very greatest English singers of this or any time, Mme. Clara Novello, said she owed her best and earliest instruction to the zeal and ability of her singing mistress, Mrs. Blaine Hunt.

I remember a sentence in an American periodical (the *New Monthly*), which arrested my attention, and is worth quoting here; it says, "The voice is a beautiful instrument of nature's own workmanship; the singer is the performer upon it. As well may an untaught person expect to bring out tones from the violin like Paganini or De Beriot, or to play upon the piano like Cramer or Moscheles, as an uneducated or badly-taught singer to bring out the latent powers of his voice."

But you may say you live in the country, or your parents are unable to give you the luxury and advantage of good instruction. Well, at all events you can see that the songs you choose are thoroughly within your compass, both as to voice and difficulty. A very good writer on the subject of amateur musicians, considering this very point, says—

"1st. Never choose a song that is above the compass of your voice.

"2nd. Do not make the music merely an excuse for displaying the peculiarities of your vocal organ. Also—

"3rd. Consider the accompaniment as hardly second in importance to the notes that are to be sung.

"But the reverse in each case seems to be the amateur's rule of conduct. The majority of singers attempt songs that are too high for them. The soprano says, 'Your piano is very trying; it must be above concert pitch.' The amiable contralto gloats over her low notes, and makes a special rallentando, regardless of the interests of her composer, whenever there is a chance of displaying them to advantage; and as for the slovenly style of the accompaniment, and the faults of omission and commission here shown forth, a volume of censure might be penned without exhausting the subject. An eminent writer, writing of his musical life, says on the same sore subject, 'I have been a martyr to bad accompanists. All young ladies think they can accompany themselves, so why not you or any other man?'

"The truth is that very few young ladies can accompany at all. If they sing, they will probably try, in the absence of any musical friend, to make shift with a few chords in order that the assembly may not be deprived of a song. But also if they sing they will probably have forgotten the little they once knew about pianoforte playing. To accompany yourself properly, you must do it with ease and accuracy.

"Nothing is so charming and nothing is so rare.

"Singing ladies, especially amateurs, are pitiably unscrupulous and moderately unconscious of the wild effect produced by that fitful and inaccurate dabbling with the key-board which they palm upon their listeners as an accompaniment. Now and then a Scotch ballad may survive such treatment. A Scotch ballad seems always grateful for any accompaniment at all, but to attempt Gounod or Schubert, &c., &c., in this style is conduct indicative of a weak intellect and a feeble conscience."

Therefore, consider carefully, not only what you may fairly hope to sing well, but what accompaniment you may set yourself to study, with reasonable prospect of playing it well, spiritedly, and easily. You may cheer yourself in that study with the reflection that one of the most kindly and useful talents is that of accompanying well; one of the most unselfish, for its perfection consists in the art with which you show off the talents of others; in fact, a good writer says, "The art of true accompanying lies in a willing self-immolation," and it brings to mind a saying of a very charming old lady, "My dear child, there are three talents which are specially heavenly-minded, for their art is chiefly shown in the success with which you efface yourself to contribute to the comfort or glory of others:—The perfect house-mistress—for in the best ordered homes all seems to go as if on silver wheels, in an order and comfort which spring from the quiet wisdom and self-devotion of the ruler of the household. The perfect peacemaker—for her heavenly work is best done when she moves others to the love and forgiveness of the Christian life, so that her own part is unperceived; and last, the perfect accompanist—for she shows off the talents of others to the utmost, conceals faults, brightens beauties, manages to sustain their courage, helps them over difficulties, keeps a look-out for crises and stumbles, and the wild careers over wrong notes and into wrong time which do happen occasionally (even in this civilised country, and in this nineteenth century), and lands them triumphantly at the end so perfectly, that no one, except one or two quiet standers-by, who see more of the game, would suspect the large part the humble accompanist had played for her friend's success. So the hidden value of a true accompanist has kindled many a dead song into living beauty."

I remember a remarkable instance of the way in which a singer's difficulties were concealed by the genius of a conductor, which happened some years since. The chief singer, the greatest tenor in the world, was suddenly taken ill, and his place had to be filled at a moment's notice. The music was difficult, and the tremendous responsibility of filling the place of such an artist shook the nerves and damped the courage of the man who took the part, and he suddenly forgot three bars of recitative—we knew the music by heart, and turned cold with fear for what must happen—but Costa looked quietly round, with his bâton raised, and at the signal that vast orchestra followed their leader across that pit of confusion, and landed on the safe side, going on as quietly as if nothing had happened, while we held our breath. And it was so simply and quietly done that only one or two of the audience may have realised the tumult of disorder from which they had been saved.

Now to return to the question with which we started, What can you sing? (and accompany well understood).

I will take for granted you are an English girl, and if so, remember that you will sing best, most naturally, and with most comprehension, English songs. The songs of your own country, its language, its feeling, its nationality, will flow most easily from your lips. Do not believe those who tell you English is not a language for singing. Foreigners may say so, because they have the very strength of feeling and expression with regard to their own language only that we have precisely in ours. Is it sensible to throw away that advantage, and make oneself such a large contributor to the quiet amusement of those who are accustomed to good Italian or German, by attempting what your education or experience has not prepared you to do?

If you only knew how difficult and how rare really good pronunciation of foreign languages is, and what it is to those who know by heart the noble music of "Lingua Toscana in bocca Romana," or the delicate grace and distinction of high-bred French, or the earnest beauty and passion of refined German, to hear English-French or English-German or Italian! Are there no noble or beautiful or bright and lively English songs on which you can take your stand, because you will sing them best, and they will best suit you?

As Mr. Charles Salamon said once, in a very interesting speech in the Musical Association, "Your selection of songs, like your singing, should have the stamp of your own originality upon it. You should have a little stock of songs with which your singing is, in a way, identified, and which you must be able to sing in a manner that at once stamps it as your property, so that another person might say, 'I could not sing that song before you; it is one of your own.'"

Now, I said do not believe those who tell you English is not a language for singing, but listen to a few words from Professor Sir G. A. Macfarren on this point.

"How much has been lost in the pleasure which might have cheered society, had not our own private singers preferred the Italian to their own tongue, until they had become as incompetent to pronounce the one as unable to understand the other. . . . Two obstacles impede our recovery of that character which formerly was as freely accorded to us by stranger nations as it was fondly nourished at home—our character for music. . . . The first of these obstacles is the belief in the fallacy that the English language is not good for singing, and the consequent affectation of our private and, alas! some of our public vocalists to prefer singing in Italian, by the injurious practice of which they forfeit the ability to make themselves interesting or even intelligible when they attempt the enunciation of their mother tongue. The other obstacle is the insufficient rudimentary instruction that too often clogs the after career of artists and amateurs. Ill-educated in first principles, they are frequently incompetent to the simplest tasks of their art, though they pretend to feats of which well-schooled practitioners are diffident. It is not to be wondered at that taste is on a par with teaching, and that persons like bad music who know nothing of musical elements."

There is this also to be said with regard to the practice of young girls singing in Italian: you must bear in mind how the thermometer, as it were, of expression varies in different countries—how the value and meaning of words change according to their usage in society. You may listen in Italy to two women wrangling at the fountain, and their language sounds so violent, so excited, their gesticulation is so furious, that, with your unaccustomed English nerves, you will imagine the flash of a knife in the air and a fearful tragedy about to be acted before your startled eyes, and in another instant the scene changes and they separate with a long, bright laugh, and the brown fingers snap and the bright figures look radiant, and all this alarm of yours was from a force of gesticulation and a manner wholly strange to you. So also with expressions in common use, the words used so rarely amongst us, "most precious," "most learned," "most devoted," mean so little in other languages; as in French you must say you are "enchanted," when you would in sober English simply say you were pleased, and your friend is "plunged into despair" when we might feel the term "disappointed" a generous translation. Well, as a natural consequence of this exaggeration in manner and language, the character of the music sung to such words is also exaggerated and unrestrained, and is alien to the natural expression of our countrywomen.

It may not be uninteresting to notice how, together with this want of self-restraint in manner and language, the restraints society imposes on young girls are very heavy. The dignity of self-government which attains for our English girls freedom of admission into society, the moderation in our language which preserves our quiet security in social inter-

course, shows its force and value when we lament its absence. Have the generality of our young countrywomen the faintest idea of the seclusion in which, practically, young Italian girls exist? Do they realise a state of society in which young girls rarely appear in the elegant evening circles, and that when they are allowed to do so, it is against all etiquette for a gentleman to address them. Seated beside or behind their mothers amongst other young girls, they talk, if at all, to each other, while the married women receive the attention and conversation of the men present and all the intelligent interest of the exciting topics of the day, literary or artistic, is engrossed by them. Nor is it in the evening alone that these restraints press so hardly upon young girls of the better and higher classes. Till she marries, a girl is never allowed to see her betrothed alone, nor to be seen anywhere but under the vigilant eye of a chaperon. I write of what is called society, and the people who compose it, where a single woman is scarcely held as having any existence of her own until the doors of the convent, or that of marriage, open to her the career of social position or usefulness. In England we deal differently with our young people, and the sober courtesy of our language is a guard over the social intercourses of young people accustomed to be trusted, and to walk in great measure alone, just as our English boys are trusted with a large measure of freedom and responsibility and grow accustomed to self-government by the training and discipline of their great schools; while Italian boys of noble families, with few exceptions, are never allowed to be out of sight of their priest, and are therefore when they leave school or university about as helpless in the battle of life as if they had emerged from a nursery.

Now, this difference of language and customs exists also in the character of the music, and how can you, who live in such a different atmosphere, give a natural expression to feelings so violent and passionate as those which form the basis of foreign music? It is true that the feelings are not the deeper for their violence of expression; just the contrary—

"The fire which mounts the liquor till it boils,
In seeming to augment it, wastes it."

And these frothy, exaggerated expressions, set to sentimental, bombastic music, come to English ears with a false ring. They are not false to those who live where their meaning is gauged by a different standard, but they are false and hollow to our ears, accustomed to simpler expressions, and that words should mean exactly what they say—something the difference of the quiet, firm grasp of an Englishman's hand, and his one word when perhaps he feels most, compared with the effusive embrace of a foreign friend. Both may be equally true and fervent, but they are very different. So, my dear young friends, when you sing music of that theatrical and foreign description, you are singing out of your natural key, as it were, and throwing away the power you do inherit of rendering the fine music of your native country, in order to mistranslate and misrender words and music written for very different people, and for a very different state of society. If a foolish little violet were one fine morning to climb up a rose tree and plant itself in the centre of a rosebud, the young girl who came down the garden for a rose would fling the little cuckoo flower away in disgust, while those who love the modest fragrance of the violet would not be charmed to find its place empty, and a rosebud looking very awkward coming up from the brown earth without stem or leaves. So, as every flower has its own surrounding, every nationality has its own beauty in music, its own force of expression suited to its people, and to the atmosphere of the country where it lives and breathes. As Shakespeare also says:—

"How many things by season seasoned are
To their right praise and true perfection."

It remains, therefore, that unless you are quite exceptionally gifted with the practical knowledge of foreign languages, and with the spirit of foreign manners and society, I advise you to choose the songs of your own country—songs quite within the compass of your voice, with accompaniments not only within your power, but within your command of leisure to practise so as to perform them easily and with spirit, so that your little musical picture may have a charming frame.

Look at Nature, and see with what care the surroundings of her flowers are made to set off their peculiar character and beauty—the short clustering leaves which half hide and yet display the dark tender colour of the violet, the thickly set strong clusters of the primrose leaves, the long bending stems and lovely forms of the leaves of the Devonshire rose, the wild, wilful grace of the briar, and the sturdy strength and self-assertion of the gorse. Think how all the beauty of Nature is so fitly set; therefore, do not graft on your English stock, which has the quiet depth of a calmer beauty in music, an extravagance of foreign feeling, which produces the incongruous effect of a person playing in the wrong key. All that is natural, if it have any claim to beauty, is twice beautiful; the carol of the bird, the sweetness of the flower, and the gush of happy, pure music in a young girl's voice, are all beautiful, the last much the most beautiful if it be as true to Nature as the other two. Alas! that it should be so often spoilt by ignorance, or disfigured by pretension or a vain attempt at display—like French paste, and not the diamond; like a wax flower, and not the rose; like the pretty little miniature jewel bird of the Swiss goldsmith, and not the music

That from heaven, or near it,
Poureth its full heart
In profuse strains of unpremeditated art,
Higher still and higher.
The blue deep thou wingest,
And singing still dost soar,
And soaring ever singest.

And true music does ever soar, like the bird; and soaring, like the angels—sings.

(To be continued.)

SEVEN YEARS FOR RACHEL;

OR, WELSH PICTURES SKETCHED FROM LIFE.

By ANNE BEALE.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE STAFELL.

MR. AND MRS. SHENKIN were at last duly informed by William of his engagement with Rachel, and were requested by him to give him their permission to visit her occasionally. Mrs. Shenkin forgot, in Rachel's favour, her utter aversion to all domestic affairs of the kind, and granted his request, saying that she hoped he would prove as good a husband as Rachel deserved. When this conversation took place, Mr. Shenkin rubbed his hands, and shuffled about the room, performing sundry evolutions in the way of patting William on the back, shaking him by the hand, calling him a lucky fellow, &c., until he finally shuffled himself out of the room in search of Rachel. He found her in the dairy attempting to skim the milk, but succeeding very ill.

"Why, Rachel," began the little man, "see what you are about, girl! The milk and cream are going into the pail together; and just look! you have spilt half of it over the floor."

"Dear me! so I have, sir," said Rachel, blushing deeply.

"No wonder, Rachel—no wonder," jocosely proceeded Mr. Shenkin; "there are certain unlucky days in the year, and this is one of them with you, I suppose—everything goes wrong, don't it? You left the cake you were buttering, to burn upon the fire just awhile, for nothing but to come and spill the milk; but there's an excuse, to be sure: a very nice good sort of a young man, Rachel, I'm sure—and you'll stay with us another year yet; I'm glad of it, and I wish you happy with all my heart."

Here Mr. Shenkin uttered something between a cry and a laugh, and assured Rachel that he loved her just as well as if she was his own daughter, and hoped to dance at her wedding. Mr. Shenkin's kindness brought to Rachel's mind her own dear father, and the tears sprang to her eyes.

"There, go you now," he said, "and settle matters: Sally will skim the milk better than you to-night, I think, so we'll send her here."

Sally appeared most opportunely, and if we might judge from the cunning smile of her eye, and her side glance at Rachel, she had not been far from the dairy during the late conversation. Mr. Shenkin disappeared, and Sally took up the thread of the discussion.

"Ay, go you and settle matters, Rachel. A tall, smart, handsome sweetheart! no wonder that nobody at Glenhafod would do! I'll stay out another twelvemonth if 'tis only to be at the bidding and see to the stafell. What fun it will be, to be sure."

Sally continued to soliloquise, after Rachel had left the room, upon the pleasures in store for her, and, before she had half skimmed the milk, had purchased all Rachel's wardrobe, and arranged every necessary preliminary for her marriage.

In the meantime Rachel went finally to settle matters with William, and it

"A GAUDY TEAPOT."

was remarked that when she returned from a walk up the hill, she looked more blooming and happy than she had done since her father's death.

Time crept on, and time is a sure, though slow, physician to the mind. Grief, happily for us poor mortals, will wear itself out, and Rachel gradually recovered her health and spirits. She felt herself surrounded by many blessings, with, she hoped, others in store for her; and she began to think it wrong to cherish sorrow for a loss which she could not repair, and she endeavoured to reason herself into cheerfulness. As may be imagined, Sally was not backward in inquiring into Rachel's secrets, and in making her remarks upon such as she could elicit. Her great care, however, was the stafell.

A stafell, be it known, is the Welsh *trousseau* of the lower classes in Wales, but it embraces a greater number of articles than that fashionable appendage to a lady's bridal. The generosity and attachment of the man does not, generally speaking, make him unmindful of his household comforts, which he expects his intended wife to provide for him, before he takes her "for better, for worse." Your accomplished and elegant lover looks for his ten or twenty thousand pounds as an indemnification for the disagreeables he imposes upon himself in matrimony, whilst your Welsh rustic swain expects bed and bedding, chairs and tables, cups and saucers, and the like, to repay him for the difficulties he entails upon himself. The earliest and most earnest desire of a Welshwoman is, therefore, to procure a good stafell.

We will take Sally as an instance of this. She entered service when she was about sixteen—she is now nearly thirty. What did she purchase with the first five shillings she received? Two cups with red and yellow birds upon them, a jug, a pictured plate, and a tea-cup and saucer. It is true that she sadly wanted a new gown, and that she was obliged to go without stockings, Sundays excepted—but what of that? Two cups, a jug, a plate, and a cup and saucer, were the beginning of a stafell, and she knew she should never get a husband unless she got a stafell. She has been continually adding to these first articles of earthenware up to the present time. Not a fair or market has Sally visited, not a wareman has she seen, without increasing her store. Upon a certain shelf in her mother's house, and under lock and key in her bedroom at Mrs. Shenkin's, may be seen some twenty or thirty jugs of all forms, and ornamented with every species of device. Large jugs and small jugs—tall jugs and short jugs—some painted over with flowers, trees, birds, and houses, and others with men, horses, and hounds. She has teacups and saucers without end; plates with little similarity of form or size; drinking-cups in equal profusion; one or two choice glasses; several little china sheep and lambs, with trees growing out of their tails, and not, like the one which sheltered Baron Munchausen, proceeding from the back of the animals; spoons that try to persuade you they are silver; a deep blue thick glass teapot with a cover given to the same kind of deceit as the spoons, with a cream-jug and sugar-basin to match: all these she has, and much more, which has absorbed her income, or a considerable part of it, from the age of sixteen to thirty. I must be understood to cast no aspersions on her Sunday attire, which is always smart enough, and her boxes are quite as much swelled with best clothes as her mother's shelves with crockeryware; but honesty obliges me to confess that her every-day garb is not the most attractive.

Wonder not, O ye damsels! at Sally's early efforts at stafell-making. I know a respectable old maid—and she was one of Pally's All-Hallow Eve party—who has been keeping company with a smart widower for the last twenty years, and whose banns have actually been published half-a-dozen times, yet whose devoted lover will not marry her, because her stafell has not yet attained the size and substance he thinks necessary for domestic comfort. Now, Sally was wise, and determined early in life that it should not be her fault if she did not get a husband, and her resolution is supposed to be working itself out, for either herself or her cups and saucers, or both, have attracted an admirer, who, like the widower, awaits but the addition of some more important articles of furniture to crown Sally's long-cherished hopes. This was no less a person than our friend Bill, who, finding that Rachel was too good for him, took compassion upon Sally, whose fun and readiness to get him and everyone else out of a scrape had made some impression on his heart, when Rachel's appearance at the farm turned both his head and heart at the same time.

Next to her own, Rachel's stafell was ever uppermost in Sally's mind. She knew that Rachel was a village heiress, and was determined that no efforts on her part should be wanting to make her procure an outfit suited to her character as such. Every traveller that came to the door was hailed with delight by Sally, and Rachel was at once brought forward to purchase either flannels, laces, shawls, or "crockery-ware." One day when she was occupied at her numerous duties, Sally's voice reached her ear, with a "Rachel! come here, quick! I want to show you something." She answered the summons, and found standing by the door two men with baskets of the tempting ware before them, upon which both Mrs. Shenkin and Sally were gazing with longing eyes. Mrs. Shenkin, too, was a strenuous promoter of good stafells, and Rachel was assailed by her as well as Sally with recommendations to purchase different articles of crockery-ware.

Sally began. "Here, Rachel! I'm sure you haven't any smart jugs like this among your old-fashioned things. I'll answer for it that crockery-ware is just the very thing you want. Do now, there's a good girl, buy this plate. I would, in a minute, but I really can't afford it. What's the price of this?"—"A shilling?"—"Nonsense—it ain't worth sixpence. Mistress! look you here! only think of his having the face to ask a shilling for that plate."

Mrs. Shenkin was as much astonished at the wareman's "face" as Sally, and they both commenced a system of cheapening, which finally reduced the plate to half its price. Rachel was, as Sally expressed it, "cross enough" to refuse to purchase it, so Sally, not finding it in her heart to return so beautiful a plate to the basket, drew out sixpence and added it to her store. Now, although I contend that Rachel is superior to the generality of girls in her station of life both in mind and manners, yet she is not entirely free from the little weaknesses of her sex. On the present occasion, for instance, her attention is evidently attracted to the basket in which the disputed plate was not, and the contents of which have not yet been displayed. This basket contains a very pretty set of neat white china, with a small blue flower upon it. Teapot, cream-jug, basins, cups, saucers, plates—all the tea-service complete. Rachel recollects that she has, as Sally guessed, a very old-fashioned and indifferent set of "crockery-ware." She blushingly says to one of the men, "Will you please to let me look at that set of china in the other basket?" Sally's eyes and ears open wide at the sound.

"All the set for five-and-twenty shillings!" cries the man.

Mrs. Shenkin exclaims, and Sally laughs an incredulous laugh. Rachel is evidently tempted, for it is very neat, and she never yet admired anything that was not neat."

"Now, don't go to buy that plain poor-looking set, when there is that beautiful one with red and gold quite as cheap, I dare say," says Sally, eyeing, in her turn, a gaudy teapot, but conscious of her inability to purchase.

Mrs. Shenkin begins to bargain for the blue and white.

"'Pon my word, ma'am, I can't say less; it cost me every farthing of the money I assure you," says the vendor of ware.

"Not one farthing more than fifteen shillings will we give!" with an inexorable voice replies Mrs. Shenkin.

"Say a pound, ma'am: 'tis dirt cheap at a pound," pursues the man.

"Come you in, girls; we must be about our work," says Mrs. Shenkin, moving away.

"Well there, rather than carry it any further, we'll say eighteen shillings," again interposes the man.

"Fifteen shillings is the most we'll give," replies Mrs. Shenkin, beckoning the girls to follow her.

"I declare you're very hard upon a poor man," mutters the wareman, scratching his head; "still, I should like to deal with you—but you know, Sam, it cost us more, and we can't afford to sell for less than we pay" (Mrs. Shenkin is inside the house), "but I see the young 'ooman has set her heart upon it, so you may have it if you will, but 'tis too bad to beat a man down so."

Rachel goes to fetch her fifteen shillings, and to Sally's extreme mortification the red and gold ascends with the basket to the top of the wareman's head,

upon which she gazes with as fond a gaze as a nature-loving traveller bestows upon the sun-lighted summit of a mountain. Carefully do Rachel and Sally take up each separate article of china, and sound it, an operation performed by knocking the knuckle against it, to discover whether there is crack or flaw. None such being detected, they carry the treasure into the house, Sally dolefully lamenting the while upon its extreme plainness, and extolling the superior beauty of the rejected red and gold.

During the first six months of her second year at the farm, Rachel did not give her attention to her stafell with any degree of laudable care. The multiplicity of gowns, petticoats, caps, aprons, handkerchiefs, and hats which usually crowd the drawers and boxes of the betrothed had not yet entered hers. Another winter and summer passed before she thought it necessary to make any purchases. When autumn began, however, her wardrobe increased by degrees, and occasional articles of the dearly-loved earthenware also swelled her stores. Sally, on the contrary, put heart and soul in the work of stafell-framing, but when her mistress inquired whether she had any prospect of being married, her answer always was, "Dear, no, ma'am; I must get somebody to have me first." She was too wise to entrust her secret hopes to any one for fear of disappointment, for she was one of the discerning, and declared that she would never give credit to any man's faith, until he had placed the ring on her finger, and audibly answered "Yes."

She sometimes endeavoured to torment Rachel, by begging her "not to make too sure, for who could tell what William might be doing at home there all day long; men were so deceitful, and so changeable, as she knew to her cost!" Anyone who looked at Sally's untidy figure, cased in a very coarse pinafore, which served for gown, apron, and neckerchief, need not be particularly astonished at the wavering dispositions of her lovers; but Rachel felt in too happy a state of security to be alarmed by her friend's attacks upon her peace. William was as steady as the pole-star, and all his family were well pleased at the prospect of his marrying Rachel, particularly the Corporal, who declared that he should now be able to fulfil his last promise to poor Jackey Bach, by making Rachel really his daughter.

William's prospects were quite brilliant. He had obtained the situation of carpenter at the House, which insured him regular wages, and gave him the power of employing his evenings, after six o'clock, to his own advantage. His master had promised him a new cottage, which was nearly completed under his own auspices, but of which he only spoke to Rachel in general terms, wishing its shape, size, and situation to be a pleasant surprise to her, when he had the happiness of making her its mistress. Pally entered into his schemes with all the alacrity of youth; and as Rachel's furniture was under her especial charge, they anticipated making their arrangements with the utmost ease.

Never did man work day and night with such untiring vigour as William, and never was master better satisfied with a workman than his with the progress of the house. Pally gave a good six months' polishing and rubbing to the old chairs and tables, which, in consequence, shone like so many looking-glasses. The work of both went merrily on, William whistling and singing in his glee, as every fresh portion of it was achieved, and Pally, if not exactly whistling and singing, inwardly rejoicing at the prospect that her own dear Rachel would soon be again within her reach. If Rachel could realise the truth that she was thus fondly loved, she must have been happy, since there is happiness in the simple feeling of being loved, whether by young or old.

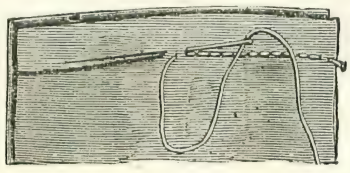
(To be continued.)

PLAIN NEEDLEWORK.

CHAPTER III.

THE next stitch on our list has been dignified with several names — "seaming," "over-sewing," "sewing," "top-sewing," and "a plain seam." The first does not seem to me a bad name, but "over-sewing" or "sewing" might be better, as the word "seam" evidently applies, I think, to the finished work. However, so long as we know what is meant, the name is not of very much consequence. "Sewing," if I may judge from the testimony of an old book on needlework, was the original name. The old-fashioned and the wisest way of teaching children this stitch was to give them some patchwork to practise upon.

Patchwork has several advantages on both sides—of the teachers and the learners. It is



STITCHING.

amusing and interesting, and as some children find needlework great drudgery, and detest it, it is well to make it pleasant if possible. It is not heavy for the small hands and tender fingers to hold (which find a long seam tiring and hard to grasp), and it has the charm of showing results quickly. There is constant practice in beginning and finishing-off the thread, and an industrious child will soon do credit to a painstaking teacher.

The great thing in sewing is to teach the proper position of the work in the hands, and the correct way of holding the needle.

Each edge of the material should be turned down, and no child should be taught to end upon two selvedges. Indeed, modern selvedges are so rarely even, and are so hard, that few seams look well even when finished by a good needlewoman. The two edges of the work should be placed exactly together, and should be either pinned at short distances, or slightly tacked together, to keep them even, and avoid "puckering."

Hold the work with the thumb along the side of the first finger of the left hand and round the end of it, keeping it in place with the thumb on the side next the body, and the second finger holding it at the back. Begin the work by putting in the needle on the side of the seam next you, and leaving out an end of thread, which must be neatly sewn over with the first few stitches. When a new thread is required, leave an end of it also, and sew it in with an end of the old thread on the top of the seam, not pushing them down between the edges. In finally finishing the end of the seam, turn it round in your hand, and sew a few stitches backwards so as to make a firm finish. I think I need hardly repeat here that knots are highly improper in the use of this stitch, as in all others.

The proper position in "seaming" is to hold the elbow away from the side, the arm being in a horizontal position, so that the palm of the hand should face the chest, and the needle point to the middle of it. This position should be carefully taught, as puckering is the certain result of holding the elbow close to the right side.

As much of the work as can be comfortably held should be placed in the space between the thumb and finger of the left hand, in order to prevent the weight of the work causing a drag on the part being sewn, and thus pulling it from its proper, evenly horizontal position between the thumb and first finger, and along the side of the latter.

Care should be taken to avoid making a ridge at the top of the seam by taking too deep a stitch, one thread being sufficient at about three threads apart.

No seam should be considered finished until it be flattened out, for which purpose the ivory handle of an old tooth-brush is a good implement, and its use is preferable to scratching the work along the top with the nail—a vulgar habit—giving rise to a most unpleasant sound, and spoiling the finger-nail. The work should be laid flat on a table, when the flattener should be used. The stitches at the top of the seam should lie in a slanting direction, the needle being put straight through the seam.

The hems of linen sheets, table-cloths, and table napkins are "over-sewn" as a rule, as well as the hems of linen pillow-cases. The selvedge-joins at the sides of the skirts of night-gowns and chemises, and the right sides of the patches placed in old garments, are also done in this manner. "Over-sewing" is always worked on the right side of the material.

What are sometimes called the "double seams," viz., "sewing and felling" and "running and felling," are now to be taught, and in preparation the raw edges of the parts to be joined must be cut perfectly even, and be free from all loose ends of thread and the jagged ends of ravellings. The object of both seams is to join together two pieces of calico, such as the sides of a night-dress or a chemise.

Lay down the raw edge of one side in the same manner as directed for the first fold of a hem, then put it aside, and, taking up the other side of the calico, lay it down as you have done the other, and also fold it back again from you exactly at the same raw edge of the turn so that the fold shall be double. Then place the two pieces together, the edges meeting, both turns being on the inside—wrong side to wrong side. Tack them close to the edge carefully, and proceed to "over-sew" them. When finished take out the tacking thread, flatten the seam, and turn the material to the wrong side, where you should find a folded hem ready to fell down, which should be narrow and neat, to prevent the seam from being clumsy. The young worker must be taught which are the right and wrong sides of the work when the stitch is commenced.

The "run and fell" is begun in the same manner as the "sew and fell," the edge of one side of the material being turned down once, as directed for the first fold of a hem. Then place the other side upon this fold a thread or

two below the edge, and run them together. The running should be quite even to a thread, and immediately below the raw edge of the turn; if made too wide a thick seam will be the result. When the running is finished lay the seam very smoothly, and hem on the other side.

I have found very few examples, if, indeed, any, of the "sew and fell" seam in any of the first-class needlework of the day. The seams are all "run and fell." This would have been probably considered slovenly by our grandmothers, but it has the advantage of being more expeditious, forms a flatter and softer seam for underclothing, and if well executed is quite as strong as necessary. I have examined the seams of night-dresses done in this way after two or three years of wear, and found no stitches had broken or given way. It is probable that the prejudice that exists in favour of the over-sewn seams with the fell arose from the general use of linen for underclothing in past times.

"Running," is a stitch which must be very evenly performed, the rule for working being generally to take up three threads on the needle and leave three, giving an occasional "back-stitch" to keep the work quite firm To finish-off in running, you take two or three stitches, and run the needle a few threads back before cutting the thread off.

No new stitches in needlework are taught in Standard II.

In Standard III. "stitching" and sewing on strings, with "herring-bone stitch" and simple darning on canvas.

Our illustration, p. 395, shows stitching, or, as sometimes improperly called, "back-stitching." It is always worked on the right side of the material, and may be called one of the decorative stitches in needlework. When I think of the fine stitching I have seen, and the sight that has been wasted over it, I can only be thankful that the sewing machine was invented to save what we can never replace, and shall never cease to regret if we tamper with it.

Stitching in modern underclothing takes a subordinate place, as "feather stitching" has almost superseded it, and the fronts and wristbands of shirts are all done by machine.

Stitching is always done on double material, which should be tacked together to keep it in its proper place. A thread is drawn out to give a straight line on the material, wherever the first row of stitching is to be worked, using the point of the needle to commence it. The end thus found, it must be firmly taken between the thumb and first finger of the right hand, while the thumb and first finger of the left hand hold, and move on, the small gathers. As they are successively formed by the drawing of the thread, the open row of threads thus formed is used to stitch by. The stitch is formed by putting the needle back over two threads from that with which you work, and passing it under two threads before, making in all four threads. The stitches should be closely drawn, but not too tight. A thread left between the stitches quite spoils the appearance of the work. The fastening-off should be done neatly on the wrong side, where the new thread must be joined on, the needle being inserted two threads before the last stitch.

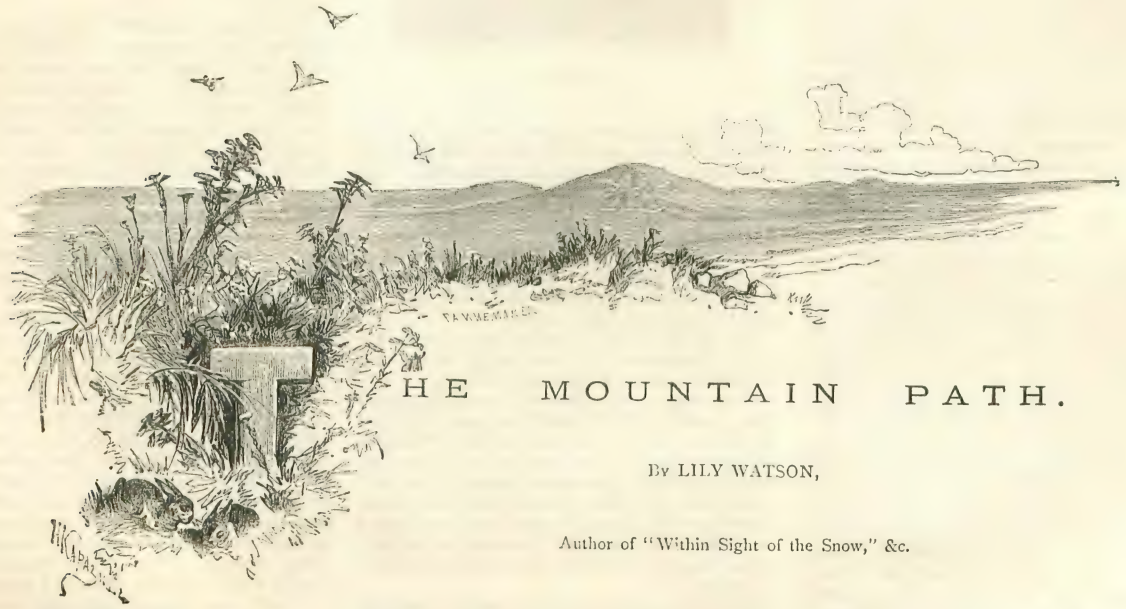
This stitch is most easily acquired on canvas, and, although considered by many people as the test of a good needlewoman, it is not difficult to acquire it.

The difference between "stitching" and "back-stitching" consists in this: that in the former the needle is inserted in the spot through which it has been previously brought up, so as to leave no space uncovered by a stitch; whereas, in "back-stitching," equal spaces are left successively between the stitches. The latter method is a careless way of sewing any coarse material strongly, yet rapidly.

Sewing-on tapes should now be learnt. They are placed on the wrong side of the hand and sewn-on with small even stitches, and as far from the edge as the width of the tape. There are three methods of sewing on tapes, none of which is wrong, so we have a choice in the matter. The first way is to hem the string round on three sides, and then at the edge of the band; fold it back, and over sew it at the edge on the right side. The next method is to stitch it on upon the right side of the band with either two rows of stitching, or else the stitching is to form a square inside the tape. The third and last method is to stitch the end of the tape on, turn it over, hem on the two sides, and oversew the edge. This is the old-fashioned method of sewing on tapes, and is, perhaps, the neatest of all. The cotton must be carefully fastened-off, and the needle run back under the tape, to make the thread-end secure. It is a neat way to hem the ends of tapes, but I fear few people take the time to do it. In regard to pillow-cases, where strings are used and not buttons, hemming the ends should never be omitted.

By this time our little learner has become tolerably proficient in the use of the needle; she or he can thread their own; and, in case any difficulty be found in this, constant practice should be given to the little accomplishment until it can be done quickly. A large wool-needle and coarse thread are the best to use, the thread not to exceed a quarter of a yard in length. For the use of schools, what are called "threaders"—thick needles with large eyes and without points—are made for the purpose of class-drill. They are inexpensive—about fourpence or fivepence per hundred—and are capital for the purpose. For home-teaching, a wool-needle does as well. But all children should be made to thread both their own needles and everybody else's who may require their help.

Practice in the use of the scissors should also be given, and little girls and boys may have many a quiet half hour's amusement out of this, if they have a teacher at home quick enough to seize the idea of combining instruction and amusement. Squares, half-handkerchiefs, or triangles, sexagons, and octagons; how to cut button-holes, a dress for dolly, a sleeve, a coat, and all kinds of small bits of information may be given without fatigue. Old copybooks are very good to practice upon, and boys will be found to derive special benefit in after-life from this kind of patient, practical teaching.



THE MOUNTAIN PATH.

By LILY WATSON,

Author of "Within Sight of the Snow," &c.

CHAPTER XXIII.

GOING North! There is a stimulating ring in the very words; and long before reaching the mountain land the crisp keenness of the air makes itself felt through the carriage windows, while breezy fells stretch away on either hand, and the brooks that come in sight are hurrying and eager. Although Helen was a Southerner, the free fresh breeze was new life to her; she leaned out of the window with her hair blown all about her forehead, while Aunt Maria nodded complacently in the corner.

Ere long the two ladies were driving

away with their luggage from Windermere Station in an open conveyance, into the heart of the hills, it seemed, but the summits were cloudy and the vistas changeful. Helen was full of delight, for it was all new to her; and Aunt Maria, feeling in a sense that "her foot was on her native heath," was glad to point out all the different features in the scenery.

"Yon's Rydal Lake, my dear."

"Aspiring road! that lovest to hide
Thy daring in a vapoury bourn,
Not seldom may the hour return
When thou shalt be my guide,"

thought Helen, enthusiastically, looking out upon the distant stretch of white cleaving the moorland and the hills. But the vehicle stopped at the foot of a steep path, leading off the main road up to a farm-house, and they saw that they had reached their destination—Grisedale Farm, near Grasmere.

It was a primitive but roomy dwelling, on the lower slopes of Seat Sandal. Helvellyn, wreathed in cloud, was behind, and the path that marked the beginning of the ascent went past the garden. A brook on the other side of this path foamed down a wooded ravine. From the front windows of the house Helm Crag was seen

"ONLY ONE MAN COULD OWN THAT WEALTH OF FAIR HAIR."

"Oh, where is Wordsworth's house?" cried Helen, eagerly, peering out on either side.

"Nay, I can't tell you that; but the driver can. I never did care much for poetry myself, though they say he's written some pretty pieces."

The driver duly enlightened Helen, and she gazed adoringly at Rydal Mount.

"And, oh! is this Grasmere?" she cried, in rapture, as they mounted a hill and saw that loveliest of lakes lying at the foot of Silver How, with Helm Crag in the distance. The loftier summits were veiled, but the nearer picture was complete in its beauty.

On they drove, leaving the picturesque village, with its pretty old church, on their left hand; and then they began to climb the way that leads over Dumnail Raise, passing the Swan Inn.

across the valley in advance of other hills, and a white torrent cleft the forest at its side.

A bright fire was burning in the grate, and homely comfort marked all the preparations for the travellers.

"Eh, my dear! but I do like home-made bread, and milk that doesn't owe anything to the pump, and eggs and butter, that aren't a deceit," declared Miss Gascoigne, over the tea-table. "It suits me better than many a grand place. And my bringing up was simple enough, you know. Many's the time I've felt out of place at Hill Crest, though it was my own brother's house: and a comfortable, easy, homelike farmhouse is more to my taste than all the finery in creation. We'll have a pleasant time here."

Miss Gascoigne's prediction was fully carried out, and she decided to stay all the summer at Grisedale Farm. She quickly made acquaintance with the villagers, entering with cordiality into their homely cares, and inspecting their poultry yards. She liked to forage among the little village shops, and delighted to come back in triumph with the very best of home-cured ham, and the freshest of eggs. An inhabitant, called "Owd Tom," was engaged to drive her in his open trap, and the good lady went about in happy state. Helen on her part was charmed with everything, and took many wild and lovely walks; for Miss Gascoigne was not one of those embarrassing people who insist on companionship every instant of their time. Hence Silver How, the slopes of Fairfield and Seat Sandal, the waterfall by Helm Crag, and Easedale Tarn in its mountain recess, were all visited by the tall young lady with upright figure and elastic tread, whom the villagers learnt to know and admire; and she loved to sit in the little ravine beside the house, and watch the brook hurrying amid the boulders. There was one lovely spot higher up on this brook where a waterfall, framed in a rocky dell and enbowered entirely from the outer world, fell into a deep pool; and here she delighted to read in the chequered shade and sunlight, with the music of the water in her ears.

One beautiful day she and Miss Gascoigne drove into Rydal, and visited the waterfalls in the park. They were sauntering along the road before starting homewards, when, in a solitary boat upon the tiny lake, they caught sight of a figure that Helen recognised instantly. Only one man could own that wealth of fair hair crowned by a hat of peculiar limpness; no one else of her acquaintance would recline against the side of the boat in so graceful an abandonment to repose. The motion of the craft was extremely slow and erratic, for a young lady was pulling both oars, and by her laughing face she did not appear either earnest or skilled in the task.

"Oh, look! that is Mr. Aubrey Gascoigne—and, surely—why, that is Amy Paget with him. How came they here?" cried Helen.

As soon as Aunt Maria realised the situation, she rushed to the water's edge and began, by triumphant shouts and the waving of a large umbrella, to signal to the couple on the lake. They quickly became aware of the remarkable apparition on the shore, and by slow degrees effected a return to land.

Yes, it was Mr. Aubrey Gascoigne, and with him Amy, clad in a high-waisted, soft-falling gown of china blue, with a great grey hat, and gloves up to her elbows. She looked both quaint and pretty, and a becoming colour mantled her cheeks.

"Why, my dear Aubrey! how ever came you here?" inquired his aunt, when the ordinary hand-shakings were over. "And Miss Paget, too."

"Not Miss Paget, but Mrs. Aubrey Gascoigne, my dear aunt, if you please," explained her nephew.

Aunt Maria sat down on a rock.

"Well! I never did! But we had no cake, nor cards, nor nothing, and we knew not a word, only that you were engaged."

"Probably not," replied Aubrey, depositing himself gracefully on the turf while the younger ladies did the same. "I object to the Philistine conventionalities of an ordinary wedding. So does Amy. Her parents consented to our wish: therefore we pleased ourselves by being married quietly a fortnight ago. We knew not that you were here, or we should have informed you that we were staying in this lake-side cottage."

"Yes, indeed we should!" cried Amy, clinging to Helen's hand.

"How ever came you to choose this place?" inquired Aunt Maria, who appeared more and more mystified.

"We are on a pilgrimage," replied her nephew.

"A pilgrimage! Now, Aubrey, I do hope you haven't changed your creed, as all the young men are doing nowadays."

"No; reassure yourself. My pilgrimage was to the shrine of my Master yonder." And he pointed to Rydal Mount.

"So Wordsworth is your Master, is he?" inquired Helen with a smile. "The name of your masters seems Legion."

"Whenever I recognise a great soul with lofty aims, I recognise a Master," said Aubrey, seriously. "I may see defects; in Wordsworth I mourn them; I cannot bear them; yet in despite of them, he is a leader of mankind, and shall have my homage."

Helen became sobered at once. "He is, indeed!" she cried.

"And how do you like the Lake District?" inquired Aubrey. "I call it the Modern Ithaca."

"Ithaca! and why?"

"From Homer's description in the Odyssey—

"'The rain is on it evermore, and the fresh dew. And it is good for feeding goats and feeding kine; all manner of wood is here, and springs unfailing are herein.'"

"That is appropriate in some measure," replied Helen, "but the rain has fortunately not been 'on it evermore' for the last month. You ask me how I like it. I love it with all my heart."

"Come into our little home," invited Amy, and they all repaired to a pretty sitting-room looking upon the lake. Sketching materials were lying on the table, and wild flowers and ferns adorned every corner. Here the three younger people joined in pleasant talk, and Aunt Maria beamed upon her new niece, her disappointment at not enjoying the *éclat* of a wedding merged in the pleasure of seeing Aubrey married "like other people."

Suddenly a thought struck her—

"Dear, dear! my wedding present!" she exclaimed aloud. "I've never given you one."

"Naturally; but I may suggest that it is not too late," replied her nephew.

"I meant," said Aunt Maria, with pride, "to have sent you the most beautiful gilt timepiece that could be got in Paris."

Helen glanced up in alarm, feeling sure that this would not meet with the young couple's approbation.

"Oh, my dear aunt," replied Aubrey earnestly, anxious not to hurt her feelings by any depreciation of the gift, his pet aversion, "let me beg of you to do nothing of the kind. It would make our other surroundings look shabby by the contrast. Let me come with you when we are in London together some time, and then let me choose, as I used to do in my infancy."

"Very well, my dear; just as you like," replied the good lady, "but I wish you'd had something of mine to start with. However, you have your old aunt's good wishes, and that's something."

An hour passed in pleasant conversation about the Lakes, the Broadrain Institute, Adela, and other topics of joint interest. And when Helen and Miss Gascoigne drove away, the former felt refreshed and brightened. After all, in spite of Aubrey's eccentricities, it was very delightful to talk again with someone who loved books and could enter into the spirit of the Lake scenery, while Amy's adoring affection was a pleasant thing to possess.

The unexpected meeting formed an inexhaustible topic for Aunt Maria.

"Now, I wonder whether we are to see any more of them," she ruminated aloud. "Young folk on their honeymoon don't, as a rule, care for society; but Aubrey never was like other people."

Her question was soon answered. It became apparent that Aubrey and Amy were not so selfishly absorbed as to shun an occasional interruption of their *tête-à-tête*, and Amy was genuinely delighted to walk with her beloved Helen, pouring forth all the happiness that had come into her life, and telling her of her plans for the future.

"I am going to devote myself to Art," she explained. "I shall go on working seriously when we return to town. Aubrey thinks I may do something really good in time, and he is writing more and more, and designing many things that I think are beautiful."

"You will have a busy and a happy life, I am sure," said Helen, "but don't forget your poor friends, Amy."

"No indeed!" cried Amy. "We

are both going to work hard at the week-day work of the Mission-Room we decorated during the winter. Aubrey will give readings and lectures, and I shall help at the entertainments. In the spring I am going to be secretary of the Flower Mission. What a splendid time we had when the Mission-Room was opened afresh after the improvements, and how delighted the people were with the pictures!"

They were walking along the road that leads to Grasmere Church, and soon turned into the quiet enclosure of the churchyard. Here Aubrey was seen, sitting on the low wall that bounds the shallow stream. He had a book in his hand, but seemed lost in thought. As the two girls approached he started and rose to meet them.

"Come and rest here," he said, "it is a fitting place—in the shadow of the mighty hills, and near the dust of the mighty dead."

He was silent again, and Helen watched the babbling flow of the river over its pebbles.

"You have come to see Wordsworth's grave?" asked Amy. "I have been into the church to read the inscription. Let us go again."

They entered the rough stone interior, hallowed by the worship of many generations, and paused before the tablet bearing the inscription:

"To the memory of William Wordsworth, a True Philosopher and Poet; who, by the special gift and calling of Almighty God, whether he discoursed of Man or Nature, failed not to lift up the heart to Holy Things; tired not of maintaining the cause of the Poor and Simple; and so in Perilous Times was raised up to be a Chief Minister, not only of noblest Poesy, but of high and sacred Truth."

Aubrey read it in silent reverence, and then came softly out into the open air.

"To have that epitaph written, and truly written, when one has passed away, is worth a life of unappreciated toil," he murmured; "but even yet, the poet who loved him sings—

> Keep fresh the grass upon his grave,
> O Rotha, with thy living wave!
> Sing him thy best; for few or none
> Hears thy voice right, now he is gone.'"

"There is a sadness in the closing note of that poem which is scarcely justified, I think," said Helen, as they left the churchyard, and wandered homeward to the farm upon the hill. "An increasing number of people are learning to love and study Nature as he did."

"I agree with you," replied Aubrey. "The message Wordsworth brought of the life that is in Nature, the Divine Maker manifesting Himself in the gladness, peace, and helpful intercommunion of the beautiful Creation that is made up of these plants, woods, waters, clouds and hills, is understood more and more in the present day."

"Well, I have never realised it so keenly as during the last few weeks," said Helen. "The hills seem to speak to me with a living companionship; the torrent has a message in its voice, and the tone of all is joy and peace."

"The tone that should be the utterance of the children of men," said Aubrey, "and I trust the day may come when it shall be known. For you remember what Wordsworth says as to the revelation given by the universe to the heart of faith?"

"I cannot recollect at this instant what you mean."

"It is very beautiful," said Aubrey. "Give me the Wordsworth, Amy, child. We never ramble out like this without our companion poets," he added, smiling. Then he paused and read:—

> "I have seen
> A curious child, who dwelt upon a tract
> Of inland ground, applying to his ear
> The convolutions of a smooth-lipped shell;
> To which, in silence hushed, his very soul
> Listened intensely; and his countenance soon
> Brightened with joy; for from within were heard
> Murmurings whereby the monitor expressed
> Mysterious union with its native sea.
> Even such a shell the universe itself
> Is to the ear of faith; and there are times,
> I doubt not, when to you it doth impart
> Authentic tidings of invisible things,
> Of ebb and flow, and ever-during power,
> And central peace, subsisting at the heart
> Of endless agitation."

"That is most beautiful," said Helen. "I know it. And does not music bring the same message: that the heart of all is peace? Oh, I have felt it—in hearing Mendelssohn's Nocturne, for instance, from "A Midsummer Night's Dream," or the solution of one of Beethoven's sonatas."

"Yes," said Aubrey, in a low voice, "the testimony of all is one, though man has brought into his haunts another spirit, of discord, strife, and misery."

"But we hope that in the end this will be conquered too," said Helen, "and we must all work, as far as we can, for that object."

"We will," responded Aubrey, "and let us not forget to learn from Nature herself the lesson of "toil unsevered from tranquillity."

> "Yes, while on earth a thousand discords ring,
> Man's fitful uproar mingling with his toil,
> Still do thy sleepless ministers move on,
> Still working, blaming still our vain turmoil,
> Labourers that shall not fail when man is gone."

(To be concluded.)

EDUCATIONAL.

CLARA has only to read our two articles on punctuation in the parts for August, 1883, page 726, and September 1883, page 794.

M. O. C. (Surrey).—The competition at the examinations for post-office clerkships is so great, and so few can obtain situations, that we advise you not to think of that sort of work. You would probably do better as a milliner, if you have any taste, a light hand, and a correct eye for colour.

IGNORANCE.—The word "were" is substituted for "was" when speaking in the subjunctive mood (conditional tense), when the words "if," "though," "although," "lest," etc., are employed in connection with the verb. "If I were Miss——" and "I wish I were going," are correct. The "Handbook of the English Tongue," by Dr. Angus, would be of use to you. (Apply to Mr. Tarn, at our publishing office.)

HANSCHEN.—Could you not put up a notice in your window, stating that you would receive day pupils in geography, music, arithmetic, and German if required, and that a sewing class is likewise opened? Accept our thanks for your grateful letter.

A. B. C.—We recommend you to consult a good doctor, or to go to a hospital for an opinion about your eyes.

NELLY HOLLEY.—In reference to florist's work as a means of obtaining a livelihood, possibly we may yet have an article on the subject, not having been included, as you say, in the articles "Work for All."

ART.

BIRD and EARS.—Your drawings without a master do you much credit, and you had better try to enter a school of art, and persevere in the study.

JACQUELYN.—The colours for painting on velvet are moist water colours, or ordinary oil colours, sold in tubes. A full description of velvet painting is given on page 504, vol. ii.

ARGOSY.—Perhaps a little of Judson's gold paint might revive the old frames.

BROWN EYES, LADY ALICE, and ADELAIDE THORNBY.—It is not unlikely that the oil paints may give you the headaches from which you suffer, and you should not remain too long at work. See that the window be open, or if not, that the room be well ventilated. Flannel tennis dresses are the best in every way, and prevent your taking cold when heated with exertion. 2. It is quite a common thing now for ladies to learn the violin.

DAISY SAUNDERS.—We suppose you must be a new subscriber to our paper, as you do not seem to know we have given full instructions for oil paintings in vol. iii., page 685, also vol. iv., pages 401, 545, and for water colours in vol. ii., pages 36, 124, 179, 279, 283, 405, 521, 567, and 737.

VIOLET, SELIAN, WILMOT, A BABY MOTH.—Directions for painting in oil on terra cotta will be found on page 225, vol. ii.

RED ROSEBUDS had better obtain some moist water colour paints, which she will find much easier to use than the hard ones. In the articles she has read in our paper she will find instructions for using them.

MISCELLANEOUS.

PEARLINE'S MOTHER.—Consult a doctor. The habit is a symptom only, but medical advice is needed.

DOLORES.—Why should your friend's brother pay for your railway ticket? Of course, repay him at once, and thank him for getting it. Always offer to pay for your own tickets everywhere, but if refused, be sure that you do not take your pleasure for granted, as many young people do. Give gracious thanks to the friends you are staying with.

MISERERE DOMINE.—The greatest error in life is to be always looking on to the future; neither your work nor your sorrows can be forestalled, and you certainly cannot eat to-morrow's dinner to-day. "Give us this day our daily bread." If you carry this healthy rule into theology and live to-day with God, His grace will be sufficient for you; in your daily work and common daily duties you will find spiritual help and blessing. Do not worry about difficult questions and "things hard to be understood."

HOPEFUL.—"Every man is said to make his own mouth," and there is no feature in which the will is more shown. Train the will, therefore, aright, and it will show itself without doubt. Keeping the mouth closely shut will also improve the health. Seek God's grace to control the appetites and tempers, and dwell in thought and feeling close to heaven and heavenly things.

APPLE BLOSSOM.—We think you do not mean when Felton was murdered, but when Felton murdered the Duke of Buckingham? Felton was a lieutenant in the army. Soured by neglect and wrongs, and taking advantage of the duke's presence at Portsmouth, he mixed with the company in the hall, and stabbed him to the heart, August 23rd, 1628. Felton was executed at Tyburn, 28th November, 1628. His trial was memorable as having been the first during which no torture was applied, and it was never afterwards applied to criminals in England. Custom duties were collected in England upon merchandise as early as the reign of Ethelred II. A.D. 979.

POPSEY.—The word Easter is derived from "Eastre," a Saxon goddess, whose feast was anciently celebrated in the month of April. The "h" in "hotel" is sounded.

N. TURK.—The new volume of the "G. O. P." begins on October 1st.

IOLANTHE.—The initials of the words *Hierosolyma est Perdita*, "Jerusalem is lost," are said to form the word "hip." Timbs derives "hurrah" from the Sclavonic "hu-raj" to Paradise; so that "hip, hip, hurrah" would mean, "Jerusalem is lost to the infidel, and we are on the road to Paradise." The second question has been lately answered.

DAISY RANDOLPH.—The husband usually asks the blessing at table, but it is entirely a matter between husband and wife. Serviettes are used at all meals. If you live in London you seldom need put more than the letter standing for district after the street; but if in the country, put London, of course.

F. J. COOKE.—The old person you name is suffering from a most distressing symptom of the gradual decay of the mucous membrane from age. Some people wear out in one way, some in another, and the condition of the sufferer should be watched over by a local practitioner. The editor of a magazine is not the right person to whom such painful details of personal infirmity should be confided.

AN IRISH GIRL complains that "in some papers Irish girls never by any chance are awarded the prizes, 'even though their compositions are much better than those awarded the prize.'" We do not know to what papers you refer, but we do recognise the impertinence of asking us whether we act in so unjust a manner. If the Irish girls who compete for prizes be usually as impertinent, we are not surprised that they failed in obtaining them. She reverses the order of making the up and down strokes in her writing. We advise her to mend both manners and pen.

READY TO BE TAUGHT.—Peel the banana in strips down from the point to the stem. Remove the stones and skins of grapes from the mouth in the partly-closed hand as unobtrusively as possible; never drop anything from the mouth to the plate. The toast served under certain vegetables is meant to be eaten if desired. Cut off the soft ends of asparagus, ascertaining the right place with your knife. Boiled eggs, baked potatoes, and boiled or roasted chestnuts should be served wrapped in a napkin, and red mullet should be rolled in a sheet of white paper, well buttered, fried, and served in the latter. See "Carving at Table," page 483, vol. iv., and "Dinners in Society," page 314, vol. ii.

KARL.—Your letter was of the class that should have gone into the waste-paper basket. You should read the ancient Egyptian and Assyrian history. Semiramis (not "mus") was a great queen of Assyria. She married Menones, Governor of Nineveh, and afterwards Ninus, King of Assyria, and founder of the Assyrian empire. Ninus was so much bewitched by her attractions and talents that he abdicated in her favour; and, the better to secure her complete sovereignty, she put him to death in return. She then repaired and beautified Babylon, the capital of her empire, hollowed mountains, filled valleys, made aqueducts, etc., and distinguished herself in arms. She is supposed to have lived about 1965 B.C., to have reigned twenty-five years, and was assassinated by her son for her gross immorality.

CUM GRANO SALIS.—The phrase, "Working for the strawberry leaf," means trying to obtain a dukedom. The strawberry leaf refers to those on the coronet of a duke.

MAY.—We do not recognise your quotations.

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

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AUNT DIANA.

By ROSA NOUCHETTE CAREY, Author of "Nellie's Memories," "Not Like Other Girls," "Esther," etc.

CHAPTER II.

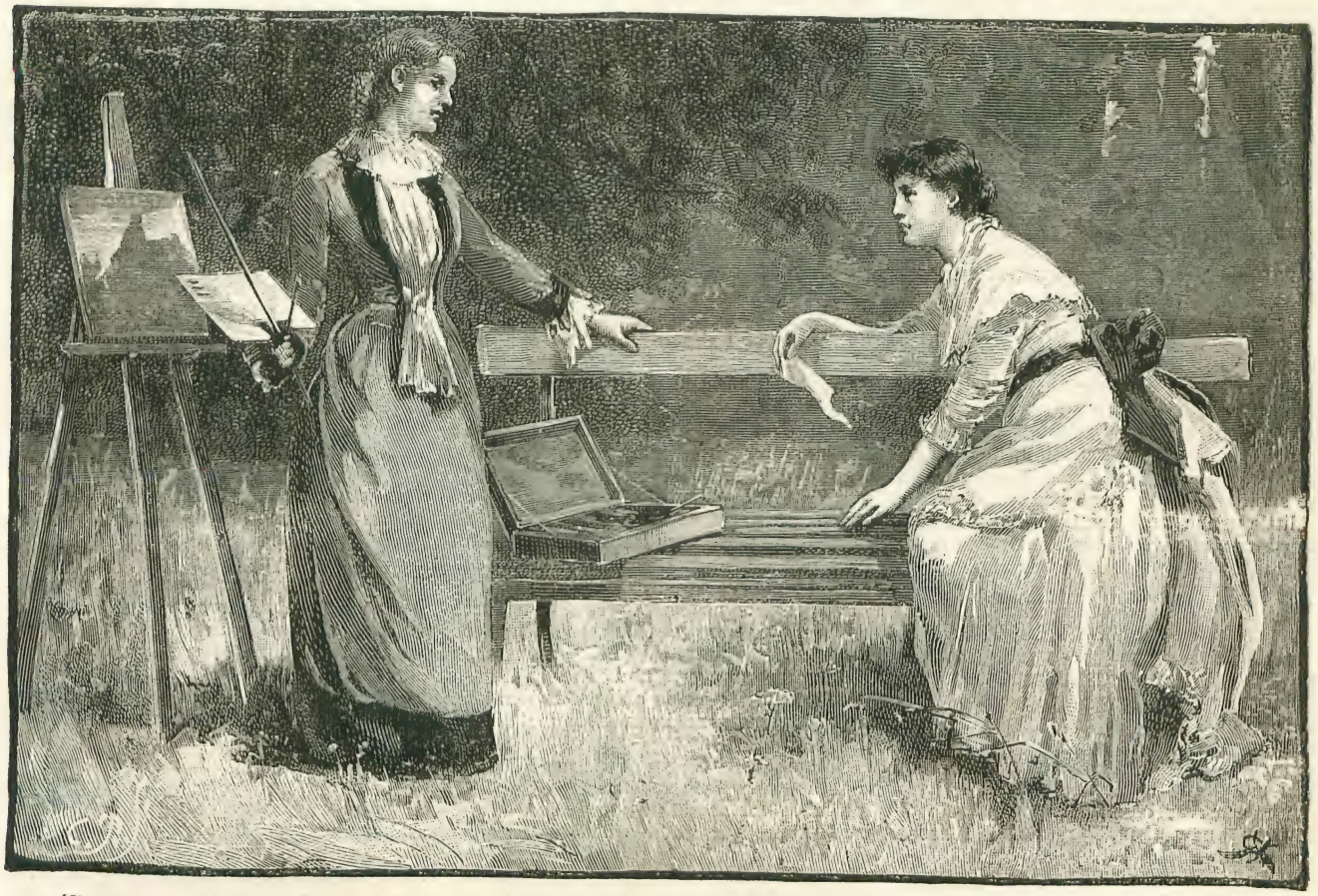
WHAT MISS LEIGH SAID.

"IT is dreadfully long," sighed Alison, as she reluctantly obeyed. It was evident that she wished Miss Carrington to read the letters for herself, but Aunt Diana held a different opinion.

"My dear Alison," it began, "I am afraid that my weekly account will be little more cheering than the last; indeed, I am arriving slowly at the conviction that, unless some change be made in the household arrangements, I shall be compelled, however reluctantly, to resign my post."

"Humph, that looks bad," from Miss Carrington.

"I have done all I can in representing to your father the mischief that must result from his injudicious treatment of Mabel; she is becoming so thoroughly spoiled, so entirely her own mistress, that no amount of reasoning has any effect upon her. I do not wish to lay any undue stress on her behaviour to myself; but her treatment of Mr. Roger, and the bad example that she sets to



All rights reserved.] "'WON'T YOU PUT AWAY YOUR PALETTE AND BRUSHES?'"

Poppie, not to mention the constant bickering that is always going on between her and Rudel, are quite destroying the harmony of the household. Your dear father will not understand how much of this mischief may be laid to his over-indulgence of Mabel; he lets her have her own way in everything, and laughs at her little airs and graces instead of checking them; latterly she has coaxed him to allow her to take the head of the table, and, what is worse, she has several times contradicted me to my face, and set aside the orders that I have given in the house; the servants have more than once complained of her interference, and, in fact, I have had to bear a great deal of grumbling from Nanny. You may imagine, my dear Alison, how trying all this is to a person of my sensitive temperament; ever since I have lived at The Holms I have tried to merit the trust reposed in me by your dear parents. Your father was good enough once to say that he had the utmost confidence in my principles and mode of tuition; he has ceased to express himself now much on any subject. I think business is harassing him, for he looks jaded and careworn, and poor Mr. Roger seems out of spirits.

"I always said it was a black day for us when Miss Carrington took you away from The Holms. With all due deference to your aunt's benevolence and good feelings, for I have the highest respect for her judgment, I cannot help thinking that a daughter's place is with her widowed father. If you had remained with us, Alison, Mabel would never have usurped your rightful place; and though I do not recollect you were much of a manager — young people seldom are—still, Mr. Roger seemed happier, and Rudel was not quite so rough.

"You will say I am writing a complaining letter, but things have come to such a pass that I do not feel myself competent to fill such a harassing post any longer. Of course you will talk the matter over with your aunt, and perhaps you may be able to assist me to some solution of our difficulties. If Miss Carrington knows of some suitable person, perhaps she would kindly mention it to me. Of course it is hard, after eight years of faithful service, to have to seek a new situation, but we all have our feelings, and mine are outraged to such an extent that I begin to long for a little peace and quiet. Poppie sends her love; she would be a tolerably good girl if Mabel would leave her alone.

"I remain, dear Alison,

"Your affectionate friend,

"PATIENCE LEIGH."

"Patience has changed to impatience," muttered Miss Carrington grimly. "Sensitive people never own to being out of temper, but I should have said myself that there was a spice of ill-temper in that letter. Poor Miss Leigh is decidedly ruffled."

"She never could manage Missie, I always knew that," returned Alison, sorrowfully.

"And how old is Mabel, or Missie, as you call her?"

"Sixteen last birthday, Aunt Diana."

"Humph! there is not a more troublesome age. She is a woman-child, if you know what that is; a sort of hybrid creature, something of both and with the faults of both; they have got their armour, but they 'have not proved it.'"

"Missie thinks herself quite grown-up, Aunt Di."

"So do we, but how the angels must laugh at us, and the poor, pitiful mistakes we grown-up children make, just as you and I would laugh at Missie."

"I am afraid I should be too angry to laugh," returned Alison.

"That would be good ammunition wasted. I would as soon be angry with a monkey for trying to copy its master. Mabel imagines herself grown-up, and having no good model of womanhood before her eyes, except Miss Leigh's sad countenance, has invented a character for herself. Do you think her dresses are like yours, Ailie?"

Alison shook her head doubtfully; she was evidently too heavy of heart to jest. "It will never do to let Miss Leigh go," she observed presently.

"Oh, no, certainly not; a gold mine is valuable; even if one has to blunder a little in finding an entrance, one would like to keep it in the family. Suppose you let me hear the contents of Rudel's letter, and after that we can talk if you like." And again Alison obeyed:—

"My dear old Alison, I always said it was a jolly shame that Aunt Diana kidnapped you. We have never been comfortable since, and we never shall be; but what's the use of grumbling? as the cat said to the dog when he had a bare bone to gnaw. It will be the same a hundred years hence. By the bye, how is Trip? I have got a jolly little animal of my own now, an otter terrier, and we call her Otter; she is the most knowing little creature, and so affectionate, only Missie hates her, because she sets on to her cat. Of course I edge her on to it; it is such fun to see Joe spitting and sneezing with his back like a railway-arch, and his tail swelling visibly, and Missie stamping and scolding and longing to box Otter's ears, only she dare not, because I should box hers. It is rare fun, I can tell you. I have got a jackdaw, too; such a beauty! and I call him Sulky. He is so tame that he will follow us all over the garden, and into the timber-yard when the men are not working. It is so funny to see him hopping after one, with a sort of jump and skip, with his head on one side, as though he were not taking any notice of us, when all the time he was cocking his little black eye at Otter.

"If it were not for Otter and Sulky I could not put up with things much longer, they are so horrid. Miss Leigh is bonier than ever, and she sighs so much that Roger is obliged to shut the door during mealtimes because of the draught.

"Poor old Roger is down in the mouth, too; father is always pitching into him for something or other. Last week there was a lot said about a consignment of timber that had gone wrong. Father declared Roger was to blame; but I don't believe it; the poor old fellow could scarcely touch his luncheon, he was so worried and put about; and then Missie would keep on aggravating him when father had gone out of the room: 'Mr. Fergusson told father that you had mistaken your vocation, and that you would never make a good business man.' Actually the little monkey had the cheek to say that to him; if I had been Roger I should have boxed her ears."

"Rudel seems rather fond of that mode of chastisement," observed Miss Carrington; "young ladies do not have their ears boxed; you had better inform Master Rudel of that fact."

"He used not to be so rough, Aunt Di; he is such a dear boy; but you see things are at sixes and sevens just now. Poor Roger! I wish he had Rudel's spirit." And then she went on:—

"Missie takes the head of the table. The coffee is terribly bad, and always cold; but as father drinks cocoa, we have no redress. Nanny and Sarah look crosser every day; they tell Miss Leigh that two mistresses are upsetting at their time of life; and no wonder, for they must be a hundred between them. I think father is ill or something, for he is as glum as possible; but there, no more at present, from your affectionate, and deeply worried brother,

"RUDEL.

"P.S.—Poppie is crying because Missie has just ordered her to bed, and Miss Leigh promised that she might sit up to see Roger. Poppie vowed she would not move; it ended, as it mostly does, by Missie taking her by the shoulders and turning her into the passage. Miss Leigh went after Poppie, but she did not bring her back. Missie scored there."

"Oh, Aunt Di, can't you just see it all?"

"Well, child, it does not need a telescope; if only your father would shut up his books and study his children instead; but there, there are other people besides the immortal Mrs. Jelleby who cannot see nearer than Africa."

"Dear Aunt Di, won't you put away your palette and brushes?" very coaxingly.

"What, before I have finished my tree shadows? My painting will not hinder your talking, and there is nothing the matter with my hearing, I am thankful to say."

"But, Aunt Di, I have something very serious to say; these letters came two or three hours ago, and I have been thinking about them ever since."

"I hope you went on with little Sallie's frock, then; working with one's fingers helps thinking." But though Miss Carrington spoke in jest, her eyes watched the girl a little anxiously.

"Oh, I could not work, I was far too miserable, Aunt Diana. I do believe Miss Leigh is right in what she says, and that I am shirking my duty."

"Since when?" a little dryly.

"Since I got quite well and strong, and happy, about a year ago," returned Alison, answering most literally. "I ought to have gone back then, and not have stopped on here quietly, taking the good of everything, and enjoying myself,

just as though I had no duties, and no place in life. It is all my fault if Missie is getting the upper hand, and making everyone uncomfortable."

An uncompromising "humph" from Miss Carrington was all Alison's answer to this. The girl's colour varied a little, and she went on more nervously—

"You were quite right to take me away, Aunt Di, whatever Miss Leigh says, and I think I was right to go."

"Well, two rights won't make one wrong," was the quizzing response; but Alison held on to her point somewhat unsteadily.

"I was not well; I was all jarred and miserable, and not a bit of good to anyone."

"An overgrown girl, in fact," annotated Miss Carrington, *sotte voce*.

"I was always crying or cross, and wondering what was the matter with me, and then you came like a good angel, and brought me to this dear place, and —and——" Here Alison's lip quivered. "Now I do love it, and you, too, Aunt Di."

Miss Carrington smiled benevolently; she was not a demonstrative woman, but it was evident that this frank expression of affection pleased her; but her reply was as usual somewhat matter of fact.

"All young people like sunshine and roses, and you get plenty of them here; you and your roses, too, were rather smoke-dried at The Holms. I will say this for you, Alison, that these two years have not been wasted."

"How do you mean?" somewhat eagerly.

"I flatter myself that we have both grown a little. Now don't laugh, Ailie, because you are a wise child, and can look round the corner quicker than most people. I do hate to stop and explain the meaning of my odd speeches; it is almost as bad, as if I had to write on this picture 'This is a tree, a man,' and so on."

"If you mean that I am improved," returned Alison, modestly, "it makes me very happy to hear it; but I owe it all to you and Mr. Moore."

"We will each receive our dues," with a funny little smile; "we will not take for a moment into consideration that our pupil has been willing, and industrious, and teachable. You need not flush, Ailie; a little praise does no harm, it just oils the wheels and prevents them dragging. You have not reached perfection yet, neither have I, but I have a comfortable sort of assurance that we are both trying hard to break ourselves of our faults, and—I wish you would let me go on painting now, you very troublesome child."

"Aunt Di, I really do not want to tease you, but I have made up my mind—at least, it has come suddenly into my head—that I ought to put all these pleasant things away, and go home to father and Roger."

"Pourquoi, mademoiselle?" Though she spoke lightly, a shadow crossed Miss Carrington's face; but Alison did not see it.

"I am eighteen now; in some sense I may be said to have finished my education, though I hope to go on learning all my life. I am quite strong, at least as strong as I ever shall be, for I do not think I am quite a giant, Aunt Di, and I am not half so afraid of things."

"You have ceased to start at your own shadow. Well, well, I can endorse that; but how about your love of comfort? I have you there, little Sybarite."

Alison pouted. "I can't bear you to tell me that. Is it wrong to like pretty things, and to make oneself comfortable?"

"Humph, it belongs to the class of venial sins, but this trait or failing, or whatever a moralist might choose to call it, will certainly unfit you for The Holms. My training will hardly avail there, Ailie."

Alison was silent a moment from sheer pain. Was not Aunt Diana right? Did not these two peaceful years spent at Moss-side—in its atmosphere of refinement, culture, and congenial society—unfit her still more completely for the noisier and disorderly elements of her own home? Might not she do more harm than good, bringing her young undisciplined forces to bear on such a state of things? Was it really her duty to interfere, and might not Aunt Diana miss her too, badly?" This last thought made her voice very plaintive. "I do wish you would tell me what you think, Aunt Di; I have not been quite happy in my mind for weeks. If Miss Leigh goes, what will become of Poppie? And then it is so bad for the boys to have their home so uncomfortable."

"Are you quite sure you would not add to the discomfort, Alison?" very gravely.

"That is what I want to find out. It will be such a terrible piece of self-sacrifice; and then if it were to be wasted," and here Alison's eyes filled with tears. "I don't believe you know how fond of you I am, Aunt Di, and how necessary you are to my happiness, and the idea of leaving you and going back to them all seems too dreadful."

"Unfortunately I am to be the victim of your self-sacrifice. I think I shall have to write an article on the woes of aunts. I thought you were my child, Alison, and that you were going to remain to cheer my old age, but now it appears that I am to be a solitary——"

This was too much for Alison. She was already in the nervous overwrought state that comes from too heavy a pressure. At Miss Carrington's reply, half-reproachful and half-tender, her head drooped on her hands, and the tears began to trickle through her fingers. "I do not believe that I can ever do it; it is far too hard," she sobbed. "I can never go away from you of my own will, Aunt Di."

There was no immediate answer to this, but in another moment Miss Carrington had walked to her slowly, and then, standing beside her, her hand stroked the girl's hair with a mute caressing gesture. "Do not cry about it, Ailie," she said, presently; but her own voice was not quite so clear as usual. "It is not a thing to be decided in a hurry; we must look at it all round; impulse is never a sure guide. No one is quite their own mistress even at eighteen, and I am afraid you will have to ask my leave, unless you prefer running away."

"Oh, will you let me go, Aunt Di?" with a sudden start of joy, as though the knot that her conscience had tied were suddenly cut through in a most unexpected way.

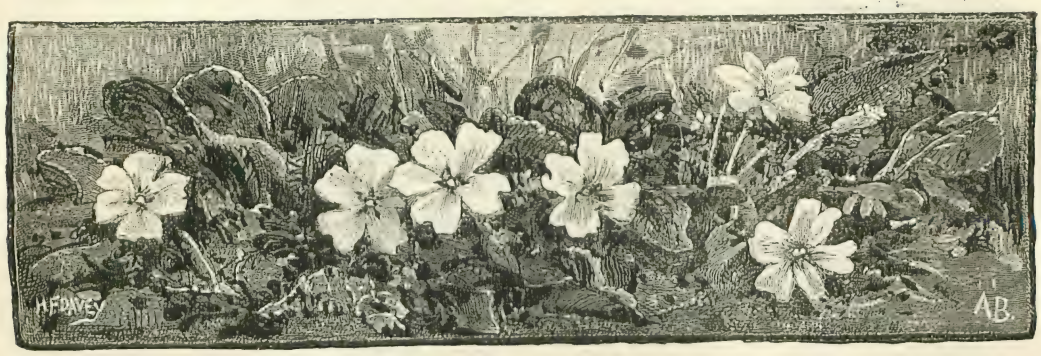
"My dear, if it be right I will help you to go," was the expressive but somewhat curt answer to this; but as she spoke Miss Carrington's hands pressed the girl's head a little heavily.

"Now," she continued, with a visible effort, "we must put all these troublesome things away for the present; there is the dressing bell, and we have only time to get ready for dinner, and you know it is our evening at Fernleigh, and we shall have to be cheerful, for Mr. Moore's sake."

"Oh, Aunt Di, you know that is impossible."

"Nonsense, nothing is impossible. We ought to keep our own dust for our own shelves, and not sprinkle other folks with our worries. To-night you must be cheerful, for Mr. Moore's sake, and to-morrow is my Wednesday, and you do not mean to damp my garden party I hope. You are young, my dear, or you would learn to pocket your troubles until they may safely see the light. Never mind, I mean to set you a noble example, and there is one of your favourite crimson roses to wear," and putting the flower into the girl's hand, she kissed her lightly between her eyes, and then busied herself in putting up her palette and brushes for the next day's work.

(To be continued.)



A WISH.

Words and Music by MRS. TOM TAYLOR.

Andante con moto espressivo.

VOICE.

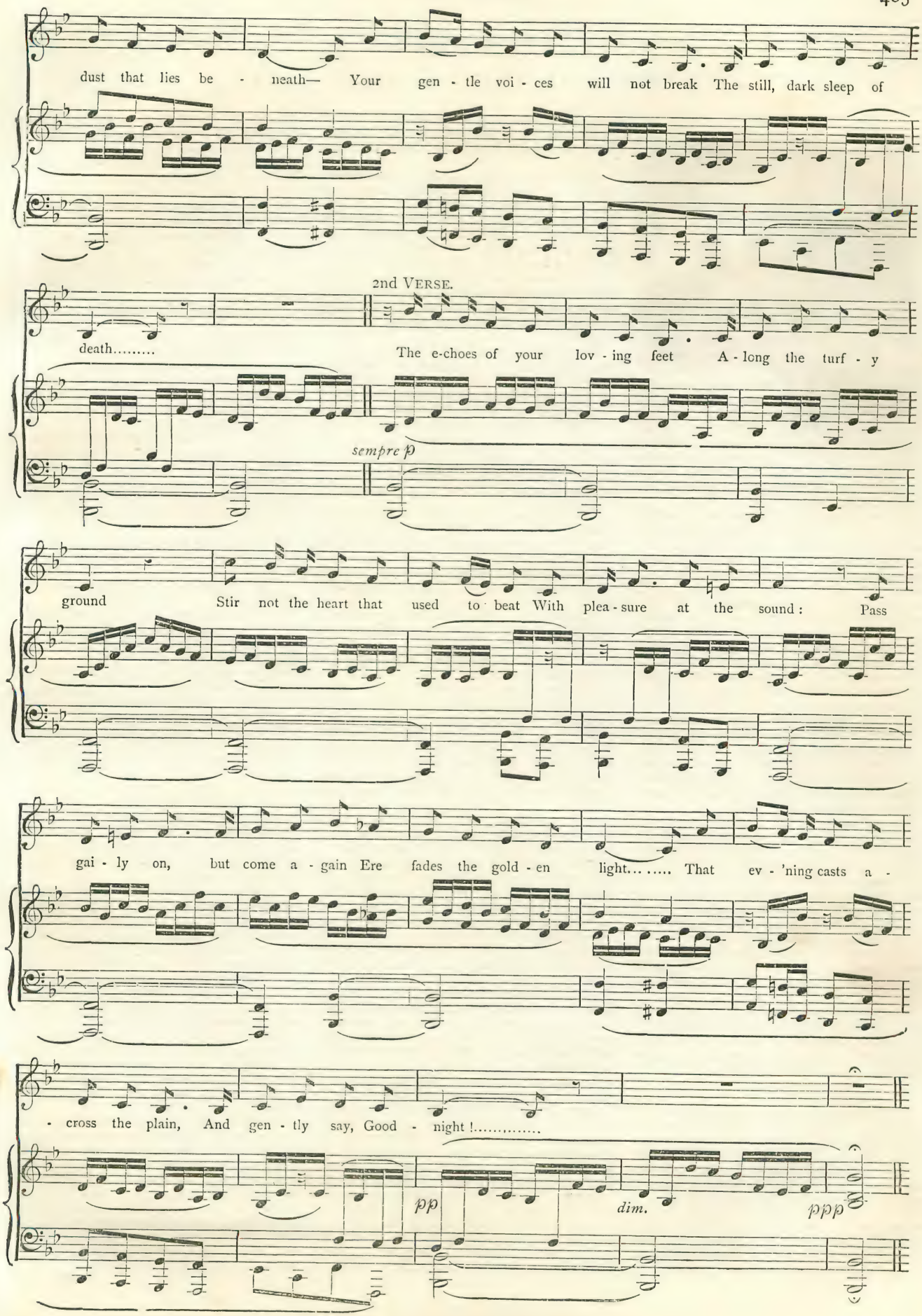
Oh, let me lie be - neath the grass, And

Sempre tranquillo.

PIANO. *p*

sleep a long, long sleep! Think of me some - times as you pass, But

nev - er pause to weep: Talk as you go, nor fear to wake The


dust that lies be - neath— Your gen - tle voi - ces will not break The still, dark sleep of
2nd VERSE.
death.....
The e-choes of your lov - ing feet A - long the turf - y
sempre p
ground
Stir not the heart that used to beat With plea - sure at the sound: Pass
gai - ly on, but come a - gain Ere fades the gold - en light..... That ev - 'ning casts a -
- cross the plain, And gen - tly say, Good - night!.....
pp
dim.
ppp

PRINCESS.

A STORY OF FRENCH SCHOOL LIFE.

CHAPTER IV.

THE winter set in early and with unusual severity. The cold in some parts of this solid stone building seemed to pierce to our very bones, and the school infirmary became more or less familiar to each one of us.

About the middle of November a visible change came over Marie. She grew thinner and paler, and coughed a good deal—a little hacking cough. Her large blue eyes grew larger and brighter, and when her mother, who was totally ignorant of the events just recorded, came to visit the school, Marie's appearance alarmed her to such an extent that she instantly decided to take her home for a time to recruit her strength; but, alas! little Marie's days were numbered. The cold of the stones where she had passed the night had penetrated her delicate frame and sapped the current of her young life. She who was always so merry and light-hearted, now wandered listlessly from day to day with a puzzled, shrinking air. Her gaiety had deserted her, she had grown fitful of temper and capricious, but through all change Irène, patient and trustful, showed her the same unvarying affection.

One afternoon in the garden I suddenly asked Irène if she had really forgiven Marie for permitting her alone to suffer for the fault she had incited her to commit.

"Princess," she replied, gently, with something of unspoken reproach in her voice, while her eyes deepened and melted, "do I not hope to be forgiven some day, and one whipping more or less—what is it?"

She silenced my inquiries by the lesson thus unconsciously taught, "Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them which trespass against us."

In moments of anger these gracious words have flashed into my mind, and rising above all surging thoughts of passion or revenge, reawakened a loving memory of the dark-eyed child and her great, noble heart.

* * * * *

On Christmas Eve we had been promised a dance in the large concert-room, to be preceded by some *tableaux* in the afternoon. Our preparations, though simple of their kind, had afforded some scope for our varied efforts, and the general impression prevailed that the *tableaux* would prove a grand success.

Several historical scenes had been chosen, and carefully studied with a due regard to the *minutiæ* of dress and place, also one or two of the well-known fairy tales. I was to take part in two of the *tableaux*, and had spent no little time and thought on the gorgeous costumes to be donned in the presence of Madame Legrand and her friends invited for the occasion.

Irène, on account of her extraordinary beauty, had been selected for the centre figure of "La belle au bois dormante." The curtain rose and displayed my darling on a raised couch, with hanging draperies fringed with gold. Another girl, dressed as the prince who broke the magic spell, knelt beside her, gazing with rapture at the sleeping beauty. A profound silence reigned, broken suddenly by the sharp voice of the portress, who, hobbling into the room, eagerly inquired for "la mees Anglaise."

With my finger on my lips, and an admonitory "Hush!" I approached her. She handed me a note, saying a servant was below awaiting my answer. I hurriedly tore open the envelope with an undefined sense of coming woe, and read as follows:—

"MADEMOISELLE,—My little daughter is dying; she expresses a wish to see you. Come, I implore you. I cannot write more. —Yours sincerely, M. DAMON."

The *tableaux* danced before my eyes, the tinsel and the sham seemed to mock me, the buzz of approving voices and the burst of music sickened me.

Little Marie was dying. There was no time to lose. I hurried to Madame Legrand's side.

"Read!" I said, thrusting the scarce-legible lines into her hands, "read, and let me go."

Madame read, and in her bright eyes the tears slowly gathered.

"Princess," she whispered, "come with me." We went outside; the music and the laughter still followed us.

Ah, me! How short a time had elapsed since Marie was amongst us, the gayest of the gay! Never again would those little feet flit across the stones, never again would that rippling laughter echo through the dusky corridors.

"Go, my child," said Madame, in a voice which sounded to me as coming from a distance. She kissed me, and I fled upstairs.

Mechanically I changed the spangled dress and tawdry jewels, which an hour ago had been my pride, for my ordinary costume; mechanically I followed the white-haired servant into a carriage, and drove with frantic speed to the other side of Paris.

It was not yet three o'clock, but the room where we had acted had been artificially darkened, and lamps placed on the stage. O! the hateful theatrical unrealities! In an hour's time we reached Madame Damon's house. The servant who opened the door answered my fearful inquiries as to whether the child still lived, by bowing her head and leading the way upstairs.

I entered the room. On a large bed opposite the window lay our Marie—oh, so changed from the light-hearted little girl we had loved at school! Her face had lost all colour and roundness, a strange grey shadow was spreading slowly over her attenuated features, her shining hair was tossed upon the pillow, her folded hands drooped heavily outside the coverlid. It was late on a wintry afternoon; the last rays of the setting sun streamed through the casement, and gleamed on the wall behind the child's head in a flood of golden light. Madame Damon knelt beside the bed; her face was buried in her hands; she did not move as I approached on the other side. I laid my hand on Marie's head.

"Princess!" she said, softly.

At the sound of Marie's voice Madame Damon started up, her face pale and haggard, her eyes dim from weeping, yet full of an agony which no words could express. She bent over the dying child and folded her in her arms with a passionate gesture, as if defying even Death.

"Princess, come nearer," whispered Marie, with a troubled expression. "Has Irène forgiven me?"

"Yes, dear," I answered, astonished, "long ago."

"Princess," she said, striving to raise herself, and speaking for the moment with something of the old voice; "Princess, tell her I was to blame—only she was whipped; but the unspoken lie hurt me more than the whipping would have done—it has hurt ever since—it hurts me now."

She was very weak, and sank back on the pillow quite exhausted, after saying these few words.

"Hush!" I said, gently. "Don't think about that any more; Irène loved you then as now! Hush! for God is merciful, and has forgiven you too."

As I spoke, a look of peace stole into her face, lighting it up with a faint semblance of its former loveliness.

"Say 'Wash me,'" whispered Marie, presently.

"Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow," I repeated, as I knelt down by Madame Damon's side. Some time passed. Every now and then a convulsive sob from the poor mother's breaking heart shook the bed, but Marie lay quite still. Suddenly she opened her eyes and smiled.

"Wash me, and I shall be——"

The golden sunlight which had bathed the fair face in glory slowly faded, and little Marie's prayer, begun on earth, ended in heaven.

* * * * *

Months rolled on. Matters had not improved for my favourite, although after Marie's death I had informed Madame Legrand that she, not Irène, had tempted the others to steal the jam, while Irène had nobly borne the punishment for all.

I never could understand the strange mixture of good and evil in this singular woman's character. It may have been pride which prevented her relinquishing any idea she had once entertained; it may have been a deep-rooted conviction of her capability of gauging the depths of Irène's nature; at any rate, notwithstanding my assurances to the contrary, I could not shake her faith in the inherent wickedness of Irène's intentions. I was anxious about the child. I was now seventeen, and about to leave Paris and go home. Mingled with my joy at the thought of reunion was a fear that my departure would mean a return of the ancient misery and degradation for Irène.

As the days went by a vague idea of carrying her off to England gradually took possession of me. I wrote home, and obtained a ready consent to my wishes. With a light heart I placed the letter in my pocket, and hastened to the playground in search of Irène. It was the 10th of August; all the girls had gone home, and in three days we were to start. There would be no repetition of the weariness of the former holidays, when, as I had learnt, the poor child had been left alone in this

vast, solitary building, the library door locked, so forbidding all opportunity of reading, and absolutely with no occupation to beguile the lonely hours during the two months while her companions were absent. This account had so exasperated me that a determination to prevent its recurrence had induced me to propose her coming to England. As to her return and its consequent pain, I trusted to favouring fortune and the thousand chances of time and fate.

We walked up and down in the deepening twilight under the acacias which ran along the further end of the playground nearest the courtyard. An unusual stillness prevailed. The music from the barracks was borne on the evening air, and floated through the trees. We could hear an occasional burst of laughter as some unknown passed the spiked gates, the rattle of distant carriage-wheels—sounds from that outer world which reached us so seldom that to-night they bore a strange significance to our excited imaginations.

I held the letter fast. I had been listening to Irène as she poured forth the oft-told tale of her desolate life before my coming. I was filled with a great joy as I pictured the change in her pale little face as I announced the good news.

Suddenly we heard the clang of the big bell and the click of the side door, as a woman's figure entered the courtyard—an indistinct shadow of no moment to us.

"How would you like to come with me," I asked, "and pass two whole months away from all that could remind you of Paris?"

"Go with you, Princess!" cried Irène, flinging her arms around me. "Ah, that would be too good! Madame would never consent."

"I cannot leave you," I burst out. "You shall not pass such weeks of misery again. When I think how you were neglected last holidays in this great lonely place I feel desperate."

"But, you see, I am so poor," faltered Irène; "I could not come. My mother has so little money. She cannot even pay for me to be here; and I can never give anything towards the present for Madame's *fête*. I must have patience," she sighed, "and by-and-by mother will come from Italy and fetch me away from this dreadful place."

She turned as she spoke.

Through the twilight the old portress came hobbling towards us.

"Pardon, mees," she said, "I am seeking Mademoiselle Irène; there's a visitor for her."

"A visitor for me!" repeated Irène, wonderingly, as she dragged me towards the shadowy figure at the other end of the courtyard. "I wonder who it can be, who —— " The words died on her lips.

I saw a lady with large, dark eyes, who opened her arms as she drew near. Irène sprang from my side into those open arms with a wild cry of "Mother!"

The cry rang through the whole place, and waking the echoes of the grim old walls, mingled with the faint sounds of pleasure from without.

For a moment I stood watching the mother and child, then I moved slowly away. Tears were in my eyes, but not unwelcome tears, for I felt instinctively that the end had come, that this meeting relieved me from all my fears, and solved the difficulties which had so sorely perplexed me of late.

* * * * *

Half-an-hour later Irène called me. "Come, my Princess," she said, with a joyous ring in her voice I had never heard before, "she wants to see you."

Her mother held out both her hands as I entered the drawing-room. "I have heard all," she said, in a voice hoarse with emotion. "I can never hope to requite your devotion to Irène. You know my story, and how long I have striven against adverse circumstances; imagine, then, my joy when I tell you that through an unexpected legacy I have suddenly become rich. Three days since I learnt the news, and naturally my mother's heart turned at once to my suffering child, for I know she must have suffered, though no word of complaint has ever been allowed to reach my ears."

"You are right, Madame," I said, "Irène's has been a sad experience; but I believe that the gladness of this moment has blotted it out."

"Yes," cried Irène, with a deep look of love; "I have forgotten everything. All sorrow faded from my memory as I felt your arms round me once more."

Her mother continued, "In an hour's time I leave here with Irène, and we shall quit Paris to-morrow. They say the world is small, but I have found it very large while parted from my child." She clasped the hand nearest to her as if loth to loose her hold of her new-found treasure even for a moment. "Still, it may not be too large for us to meet again, and you will always be a welcome guest to my house in Rome. God bless you, Princess."

Surely He had already blessed me.

As one in a dream, I gazed at Irène. She was between us, holding a hand of each. Her eyes shone brightly, her beautiful face was radiant and transfigured with the intensity of her happiness. I stooped and kissed her where she stood.

"No more cruel words. No more cruel blows for you, my darling," I murmured. "Good-bye, good-bye."

She clung to me for a time in silence.

"Don't forget me, Princess," she said, presently.

Forget! Years have rolled by; L'Institution Legrand and all the familiar surroundings have melted into a dim past; the faces of my former companions have become blurred and shadowy like the phantoms of a troubled sleep. One figure alone stands out clear, distinct—it is that of a child with dark fathomless eyes, crowned with a halo of undying memory.

EDITH PRINCE.

[THE END.]

VARIETIES.

A Lover's Last Chance.

The following instance of persistency on the part of a rejected admirer has, perhaps, rarely been surpassed. The disappointed suitor followed the young woman and his more fortunate rival into the church—it was the church of Burwash, in Sussex—addressing the bride-elect from time to time in piteous tones, "Say 'no,' Martha; say 'no,' Martha;" and this he continued till the crucial question was put, "Wilt thou have this man to be thy wedded husband?"

As soon as the fatal words "I will" had passed the bride's lips instead of the "No" which he had fondly hoped for, he turned away and left the church.

Talking by Telephone.

An old man would not believe he could hear his wife talk a distance of five miles by telephone. His better half was in a country shop several miles away where there was a telephone, and the sceptic was also in a place where there was a similar instrument, and on being told how to operate it, he walked boldly up and shouted, "Hollo, Sarah!" At that instant lightning struck the telephone wire and knocked the man down, and as he scrambled to his feet he excitedly cried—

"That's Sarah, every inch!"

On Scolding Servants.

On Scolding Servants.—My fair friends, never scold servants. Instruct, reprove, admonish as much as may be necessary; give warning, or, if need be, turn the worthless out of the house; but never descend to scolding or to the use of rude or harsh language, for there is in truth something very undignified in the practice. If people could only see the ridiculous figure they make when in a towering rage the chances are that they would contrive to keep their temper rather more within bounds. We may excuse anger, and even passion perhaps where the name, fame, or character of friends or relations is assailed, but to fly into a fury about broken plates or overdone mutton is to show a want of mental composure that few would like to have described in its proper light, and called by its proper name.

An Independent Editor.

An Independent Editor.—An editor, who thinks the wages demanded by his compositors an imposition, has recently discharged his hands, and intends doing his own typesetting in future. He says, "oWinG To tHe eXORbiTant Wuges dEmaNded by printers wE hAve conCluded To do oUr oWn tYpesETjing iN the fuTuRe.; and aLThough we never leARned tqe BusIness, wE dO NoT see vny gReaT mAstery iN tHe aRt."

She'd Better Have Gone.

"Sister," said a little boy, rushing into the parlour where she was entertaining young Mr. Jones, "will you come into the hall a minute? I want to speak to you."

"I cannot now, dear. Don't you see that I am engaged with Mr. Jones? What is it you want?"

"Jimmy White is out in the hall, and he says he won't believe it unless you tell him so yourself."

"What is it that Jimmy White won't believe, dear?" asked the sister, sweetly.

"That you ate thirty-five pancakes this morning for breakfast."

Historical Arithmorems.

1. 156—e. The founder of our Indian Empire.
2. 1600—hae. An Archbishop of Canterbury.
3. 251—e. A great English statesman.
4. 102—nc. A British tribe.
5. 55—eoa. A King of Norway.
6. 61—saie. An Emperor of Constantinople.
7. 1051—nto. A famous English poet.
8. 1150—tnee. A Pope of Rome.
9. 551—raef. A wicked queen.
10. 1501—aa. A British victory in Italy.

GIRL'S OWN HOME.

SUBSCRIPTION LIST.

Edelweiss, 2s.; collected by Miss Field, £1; Miss F. C. Farley, 5s.; E. T., 1s. 8d.; collected by Miss Crewe, £2 10s. 6d.; A. M. A., 2s.; collected by Miss C. H. Turner, 1s. 6d.; Miss A. E. Mansford, 2s. 6d.; J. A. P. A. N., 10s.; collected by Miss Thorold, 7s. 3d.; Miss L. H. Peachey, 5s.; collected by Miss Adine F. Wright, £1 10s.; collected by Miss H. A. Anderson, 6s. 10d.; collected by Miss Lillie Dell, 7s.; Miss C. F. Phillips, 2s. 6d.; Miss Phillips, 1s.; A New Year's Mite, 3s.; collected by Miss C. Hiscock, £1 1s.; V. L., 3s.; collected by Miss Emma and Miss Effie Fussell, 8s. Total amount received to January 31st, 1885, £979 14s. 2d.

EVERYDAY DRESSES.

DRESS: IN SEASON AND IN REASON.

By A LADY DRESSMAKER.

It is a little difficult to know exactly what to write about this month, which belongs emphatically to the *demi-saison*, or "half-season," as the French cleverly name it. Amongst our girls few will be thinking of getting new things, but many will be endeavouring to make old ones look like new, and making such small alterations as will help them through the days that must elapse before spring is really here. It is wonderful what clever heads and fingers can accomplish with reference to an elderly bonnet or dress, and there are few of the former that have been worn all the winter that will not need some judicious treatment when the increased light of the advancing season shows up most provokingly their deficiencies and general appearance of dilapidation.

When we have to set to work to make the best of a middle-aged bonnet in the spring in this way, I should recommend a few minutes' quiet thought over the subject, holding the bonnet in the full glare of light from the window, which will expose everything objectionable with pitiless accuracy. The principal thing to be considered is the trimming, not the foundation of the bonnet, for that is what we have to build upon; and we must not try to alter it, or we shall undertake too much, as it is not a new bonnet we want, but a freshened-up one that will be more suited to the increased amount of daylight; but—more important than all other considerations—that will make us feel just that trifling degree of variety and improvement that will raise our spirits and make us feel fresher, too, in the changing season.

BRAIDED GOWN — JACKET WITH LOOSE-FITTING FRONT AND TIGHT BACK.

When we have taken our inspection, and made some small plan of what we think will answer, we shall do well to sally forth and look into the shop windows, and make up our minds as to the most novel form of decoration, and choose that, if possible. This year the feather pompons are particularly adapted to the renovation of shady-looking bonnets, as they are large enough to hide many deficiencies, and, with a new pair of strings, make a bonnet like new. It is quite worth while spending 8s. or 9s. on this spring renovation, as the bonnet will perform the duties of "second best" for some months. I once numbered amongst my friends a charming old lady, too youthful even in old age to deserve the epithet "old," and too fresh in dress ideas and manner ever to have lacked notice and attention at any age. She was always, to my mind, a wonderful economist in the matter of dress, but I think her chief economy consisted in the extreme care which her maid took of everything, keeping them always fresh and new. She had, as a rule, three bonnets and three caps in constant use, and these bore the respective titles of "Highty," "Tighty," and "Scrub." "Highty" was, of course, the last new acquisition, "Scrub" the rainy-day attire, but which had once naturally borne a higher character and higher place in the triad—first as "Highty" and then as "Tighty." This amusing way of looking at bonnets and caps was a very wise one too, especially for a person who was much out in the open air.

Brims appear to me to be the most important part of bonnets at the present moment. They are no larger than they were, for I am happy to think that no English styles show any signs of growing to larger dimensions, and we still retain our admiration for the close shapes, for which we are quite famous on the Continent, and which are at once so becoming and stylish in their simplicity. The peaked brims are increasing in favour, but are not growing larger. They are sometimes of double velvet drawn up on wires, and more usually of cut beads worked on wires, generally in four rows, with gold cord between each. All trimmings are placed quite in the front of both hats and bonnets, and the tendency seems to be to make the front look high and important, without unduly loading it with heavy decorations.

Straws are to be worn in all colours—dark red, blues, greens, and purples—as well as black; and some of the new green straws with a golden shade are quite charming in tone. Straws, indeed, will form the triumph of the home-milliner this season, for they are so easily trimmed and arranged at so moderate a price that no one can go astray. The brims are sometimes ruched with lace or

DRESS OF LACE AND FOULARD.

VELVETEEN JACKET.

pinked out silk, or are edged with two rows of good-sized beads set on the brim—a task that can be executed by the maker herself. The strings are of velvet ribbon, and the trimming may consist of lace, velvet bows, feathers, or jetted ornaments. But very few flowers are seen as yet on the bonnets, though perhaps later on the fancy of most English women for a bunch of yellow daffodils or primroses, or the spring-like violet, will assert itself, and we shall see them used for a short time. But the feeling is in favour of ribbons, jet ornaments, or feathers. No new bonnet shapes have been seen yet, nor have the hats changed since the autumn, though the trimming looks more abundant and more loaded on in the French, not the English way. In Paris it is a constant wonder how the hats hold so much in the way of trimming, put on with no taste whatever.

It seems likely that one of the main ornaments of our spring dresses will be braiding of all kinds, both in plain and fancy varieties. This fancy showed itself in the beginning of the past winter, and bids fair to last through the summer, and certainly no more becoming nor prettier fashion could be found than this, not the least of its recommendations being that it is a very pleasant and delightful form of home work. Jackets, mantles, coats, and gowns will all be braided, and light tweeds, cloths, and serges, of all kinds and colours, are in demand as materials. The cuffs, collar, and waistcoat can be braided on black, blue, or red cloth to wear with any dress, and they are very enlivening to a cloth one, and make quite a trimming of themselves. Of course, now we are at war it may be expected that the spring ideas of dress will partake of military and naval styles, and everything nameable will be called after the generals, and the incidents or localities of the war.

All kinds of Scotch tweeds and cheviots are worn for spring dresses, and Alloa cloth, Indian vigogne, and cashmeres are also used. Stripes appear likely to be more in fashion this year than they have been for some time past, and they will rule in woollen materials as well as in silks, satins, and velvets, and mixed fabrics of all three.

A number of new cottons are already being shown, which generally are of light colours; no dark hues, so far as I have seen. Light blues and pinks are the favourite tints, and the designs are in "Watteau" style, *i.e.*, flowers in sprays, bouquets, and garlands. Manufacturers seem to have determined that we shall have another lovely summer like our last, and so they make something suitable to wear with the sunshine.

All dresses appear to be of two, or even of three materials; and, as the spring advances, we shall probably find them contrasting in colour. In evening dress it seems odd to find very thin and very thick materials worn together—velvet with gauzes, plush with crêpe, and beaded net with both plush and velvet. The new thin materials are of extreme richness and beauty, and are costly also, but fortunately they wear very well, and can be "made-over" several times. Some of the most beautiful of these have velvet designs on a silk gauze ground, and terry flowers and also chenille on the same. For summer use for the "grown ups," elder sisters, mothers, and grandmammas, nothing could be better than these handsome thin materials with a background of silk, satin, or even velvet, which may be half worn before they are added to make them new again.

In our illustration last month I gave the newest shapes and styles in walking jackets for the spring, and, so far as I see, there is nothing to add at present. Corduroy seems to be the most novel of textiles for jackets, and ribbed velvet will be worn later on. All jackets will be very short, and tight-fitting; long mantles are less popular than the loose-fitting ones. Loose fronts and tight-fitting backs are also worn by young girls—a very pretty style that will probably be more adopted as the season gets warmer.

And now I must end my monthly chat by a disquisition on the shapes, so far as I can see them, of the newest spring dresses. The great tendency, both in France and England, is towards length of waist. I cannot help thinking that the two exhibitions of Gainsborough's works and Sir Joshua's at the Grosvenor and the Academy are in a measure answerable for this tendency in England, as well as for our renewed liking for plain and fuller skirts and upper draperies of a more classic kind, in folds and length. As I walked round the Grosvenor the other day, and studied the pictures on the walls, I could not but feel thankful that I had not lived in those days when it was necessary to wear three stay-bones in front in the shape of the Government "broad arrow," or the "Prince of Wales's feathers," to acquire the fashionable figure. Oddly enough, this awful tight-lacing did not seem to kill the wearers, for they mostly lived to a green old age. To-day the idea is to place the waist in the centre of our height, and what with our high shoulder-seams and narrow shoulder-pieces, to which we add high neckbands, we bid fair to rival the beauties of Gainsborough's day. "How hideous!" say some of my readers. Well, yes, in extremes all things are "hideous"; but I think a little fashion cleverly adapted is very pretty indeed, and a young girl's slimness is very graceful when she holds herself well, and moves about with head erect.

The illustrations for the month are selected with a view to a wider choice than usual. Three out-door jackets show the best shapes, and the three hats show the newest way of putting on the trimmings.

One of the most useful models is the braided gown, with a jacket having loose, straight fronts and a tight-fitting back. The trimming is partly narrow and partly wide braid, the latter being used for the trimming of the fronts.

For the convenience of our readers, and in consequence of the repeated requests made, we are glad to be able to say that it is now possible to procure a paper pattern of one of the garments illustrated each month. This garment will be selected specially and carefully with a view to the every-day wants of our girl readers, who are so sensibly economical as to make and remake their clothing at home.

One pattern only is procurable monthly, making twelve patterns during the year, a number quite sufficient for the wants of an average English girl. One medium size is given of thirty-six inches round the shoulders, which can be reduced or increased by the turnings allowed.

The jacket of the braided gown, which can be used in or out of doors, has this month been selected. The pattern has been arranged with tight or loose-fitting fronts; for the latter the darts will only require to be left open when cutting out. Two and three-quarter yards of material twenty-four inches wide will be required. The paper pattern may be obtained for tenpence, including postage, if sent by letter only to the Lady Dressmaker, care of Mr. H. G. Davies, 73, Ludgate-hill, London.

Tunics are of all kinds, short and long, apron-shaped, and draped up high to the waist. The back drapery is, I think, in a very doubtful way yet; that on the braided gown is called "Dame Trot" by some people, and is a kind of imitation of the way we used to raise long skirts on an elastic band to keep them out of the mud. It is not a suitable style for stout figures, as it is too bunchy and clumsy. Some tunics are gathered at the edge of the bodices; when this is the case the bodice is made all round below the hips with no points either front or back, and this style has the effect of an extremely long waist, and is rather affected by French people.

A wedding dress made by a very well-known West-end house was lately trimmed with several flounces made of fine tatting; and crochet, tatting, and macramé are used for the crowns of bonnets, the lining being of a bright colour, and the work put on loosely over it. The outside trimming and strings match the lining. For example, the other day I saw a bonnet with a crochet crown of maize-coloured cotton, the lining and trimmings being of a dark red silk.

The influence of the "Healtheries" is visible, I am glad to say, in the numbers of wide-toed and low-heeled boots and shoes seen in the shops, both in London and in the provinces, and the reign of the pointed toe, save as far as extremists are concerned, is, I trust, over. But what a pity that our shoemakers cannot learn a lesson from this, and in future do as in America—keep all styles and descriptions in stock.

TOYDONIA; OR, THE LAND OF TOYS.

By Emma Brewer.

Paper and Porcelain Toys of Hildburghausen.*

When at Rodach we were only two hours' drive from Hildburghausen, a quaint old town with many interesting associations—not the least being that both Weber and Wagner had at one time resided here.

It looks a sleepy place, but is, in reality, very active and industrious. It has many good institutions; it issues a famous political newspaper and carries on many industries—altogether this little town of five thousand inhabitants has made its mark on the present age.

It was none of these things, however, which drew us hither, but the existence of a toy industry peculiar both in its origin and its method of manufacture.

It is the youngest of the toy centres, having been founded only in 1846. Its origin may be explained in a few words.

A young man, the son of a wool merchant, was sent by his father to Paris on business connected with his trade. While there he was attracted to some toys in the shop windows of a character quite unlike any he had seen in Germany. He looked well into them and was delighted with their cleverness, high finish, and dissimilarity to any in his own country. The price demanded for them was too high to enable any but the wealthy to buy them. This he considered a mistake. On his return to Hildburghausen he gave much time and thought to these toys, and, after several experiments, came to the conclusion that he could make them, and even improve upon them, at one-half the price demanded for them in Paris. So he separated himself from his father's business, which had always been distasteful to him, and devoted his time and talent to the making of toys. He soon saw his way to employing a few hands, but, to his surprise, found it difficult to secure them; workpeople would not give up regular employment at small wage for uncertain work at high wage, for they had no faith in the young and inexperienced toymaker who had been born in their town, and ought, according to them, to have

* It was the band of Hildburghausen that played at the Fisheries in London in 1883 with such *éclat* as to win from the Duke of Westminster some beautiful flowers as a souvenir.

known nothing but that relating to his father's business.

No way discouraged by the difficulties which surrounded him, he commenced, in 1845, the new work which he had planned for himself, and has succeeded far beyond anything he could possibly have contemplated. He has, at the present time, two large factories in Hildburghausen, and porcelain works a few miles distant, employing altogether about three hundred people; and as to the character of the toys they make, they can be bracketed with those of Rodach as of the very best produced in Toydonia.

He is constantly inventing new toys, and so careful is he to preserve his secret method of manufacture, that he has never given his children or grandchildren toys of his own make, but has always preferred to buy for them of other manufacturers in Toyland.

Of course, you will understand that we were glad to find ourselves in Hildburghausen with the chance of being able to see this manufacturer, his factories, and his workpeople.

We called early in the morning, and were shown into a solemn-looking office, where he was seated with a second gentleman amid piles of books and papers.

I delivered my letter of introduction, and as I watched the reader's face with its puckered and resolute expression, I thought there was not a chance of our becoming acquainted with anything beyond the office.

At length he said with hesitation and vexation—

"I am sorry, but I never show my factories to anyone. I have a secret method of working, which I cannot expose to strangers."

"Thank you," I replied; "I also am sorry, but I quite understand the necessity of your making such a rule."

As we rose to wish him good morning, he said—

"Why do you want to see my factories and my workpeople? Do you want to purchase toys?"

"No, indeed," said I, and proceeded to explain the object of our travels through Toydonia. After a moment he said—

"I should like to show you the class of toys I make, if you will accompany me to the Muster-saal" (or showroom).

I thanked him and consented, although I could have seen everything in Mr. Cremer's shop at home. Here we talked, and became more friendly; he gradually began to interest himself in the object of our journeys into Toyland, and before we left the "Muster-saal," invited us to dine with his wife and family, and promised to be our guide through his factories, saying that we should be the first in all these years to whom he had granted such a privilege. It is impossible to say with what kindness and hospitality we were treated by every member of this family, and how sorry we were to say "Good-bye."

And now to tell you what we saw and learned, which can be done without the least infringement of our host's desire to keep his trade secrets from the outside world, for I certainly should not tell them even if I knew them.

There are two factories—one in and the other outside the town, the latter reached only by climbing a beautiful and wooded ascent. The toys made here are dolls of unrivalled form and beauty, composed of paper and porcelain, together with everything that dolls of high rank can require. Each has a complete *trousseau*, including opera cloaks of plush and velvet, dresses for all times and seasons, hats, cloaks, parasols, and fans to match, smelling bottles, and the requisites of the toilette. These are all packed in beautifully made trunks ready for starting at a moment's notice. Neither are the elegancies of daily life neglected, as may be seen in their dinner and tea services, made of the finest porcelain and delicately painted.

Boxes of farmyards, camps, and menageries, each packed carefully in moss, form a special branch of the Hildburghausen toy industry.

The factory we first visited is occupied by packers and by a large number of girls and women, who are constantly engaged in cutting, making, and trimming the wonderful *trousseaux* we had been admiring in the Muster-saal. We were greatly interested in this large room; the girls and women looked fresh, pretty, and intelligent. Each set of workers had its own special part of the work, for which it was responsible—either cutting or making dolly's underlinen, which was made of the finest materials, or in cutting and copying Paris patterns, while others were making and trimming the dresses and hats, which were of the softest and brightest materials; and at another table dressing dolls was the sole occupation. It all looked so thoroughly business-like, and on such a large scale, that we could scarcely believe it to be merely a millinery and dress-making establishment for dolls.

We will speak of the packers when we have seen the articles made which they are putting so carefully together.

We next made our way to the factory outside the town, where all the articles are made, except those of porcelain, which are obtained from the works of this same manufacturer a few miles off. We were first shown into the room, where sat several men pressing into moulds sodden paper, which long practice had taught them to do without the least loss of material; they knew exactly how much to take from the mass to fill a mould, whether of the tiniest or largest limb of doll or animal.

(The models for these are made of boiled earth or wax by the sculptor, and the moulds which the men are filling are made of sulphur.) In this way, only in separate rooms, animals for farmyards and menageries, shepherds and shepherdesses, lion-tamers and dolls were formed, some of the latter as small as one of our fingers. Half way up to the ceilings of these various rooms boards were suspended on which hundreds of little animals were waiting for their skins, or the bodies of dolls were drying while they waited for their porcelain heads and shoulders, which would permit of the luxury of washing without fear of spoiling.

In watching the work in the many rooms of this large factory, we saw that to make a single animal it was often necessary to have ten or twelve moulds—each part was made of paper (not papier-maché) and limed together to form the whole; the feet were in most cases of wood, and made by another class of workmen. Again, others were occupied entirely by putting on the ground colour to the articles of the farmyards; a second set of painters in decorating and giving to the objects a natural aspect; there were also the makers of trees and little cottages. This will give you an idea of the number of workmen necessary to make a box of pasturage. A painter of animals does not know how to colour the face of a shepherdess, and the least manipulation requires a special and constant habit to turn it out well, cheaply, and yet remuneratively. The last room we entered had piles of skins in it already prepared for use. The sheepskins, we were told, came from Scotland, and the opossums from America, and they were tanned and made ready for use in Leipsic and Breisgau.

The packing of the toys was a very interesting part of the work. Each toy was laid in its place according to a model prepared by the manufacturer himself. The farmyard boxes were all numbered, each article to go inside having like numbers; these are laid on moss, either of natural colour or dyed, and so closely that it would be difficult to get a good-sized pin into the box when finished. Everything is done in Hildburghausen, and by the people of Hildburghausen, under the manufacturer's own eye and superintendence. He is the centre round which all move.

I am, as you know, always interested in the work-people, their habits, manners, and mode of living, and I use every opportunity afforded me of becoming acquainted with these particulars. The good feeling existing between employer and employed was very remarkable: the faces of the latter lighted up with pleasure as they answered the master's kindly greeting. He is evidently quite as much their friend as their employer, encouraging among them the spirit of thrift and industry, and often sparing them for an hour or two to dig and plant in their gardens out of time which by right belongs to him.

I mentioned to our guide that I thought he had a high class of workmen, well-to-do and intelligent, to which he made answer that it was a calumny to suppose that the makers of toys were all wretched and poor owing to small wages and low prices; that low prices were the result of having in their midst vast forests, cheap materials, and an infinite division of labour; and he finished up by asking, "Did you ever hear of a strike among toy-makers?" as though he considered that unanswerable.

Before leaving Hildburghausen I must mention that the market-place is spacious and picturesque, with its old fountain, and that it was here we had a chance of seeing many of the girls and women of the place assemble for a gossip. The dress is peculiar, the outside covering of the women being a double caped very full cloak of print, and the girls hide their pretty faces in a by no means elegant bonnet.

USEFUL HINTS.

INDIAN PICKLE.—Those who possess the comfort of a good garden well stocked with vegetables will find this recipe of great service. Procure a large stone jar, not too wide a mouth, holding about two gallons. To each gallon of vinegar allow 6 cloves of garlic, stick of horseradish, ¼lb. of bruised ginger, ¼lb. of whole black pepper, 2oz. of long pepper, 2oz. allspice, 12 cloves. Put all this spice in a perfectly clean boiler or saucepan with the vinegar, and, when boiled for half an hour, when the vinegar is cold, strain it from the spice. This liquor is now ready for any vegetables that may be in proper order, such as cauliflowers, French beans, gherkins, cucumbers, small round pickling onions, capsicums, chilies. These vegetables should be nicely prepared—such as the cauliflower cut in small branches, the smallest French beans not cut as for table, but just cut tops off; these should be put on dishes with salt on them for three days, and then boiled in vinegar, just enough to cover them, for ten minutes; strain them and put them when cold into your spiced vinegar already prepared. You should take a ¼lb of mustard and 2oz. of mustard seed, 2oz. of turmeric, and 1oz. of cayenne; these mix together with a little vinegar, boil, and, when cold, add to the jar. When all the vegetables are collected they should be well mixed and the jar covered with a bladder. This pickle will keep good for years if well attended to in the preparation. For small families, the above quantity may be decreased at pleasure, taking care properly to proportion the various ingredients.

TO PREVENT CABBAGE OR OTHER GREEN WATER SMELLING.—Put in the saucepan with the cabbage either a piece of charcoal, some red pepper pods, or a piece of bread, either will prevent the annoyance; but the charcoal is the most effective.

THE MOUNTAIN PATH.

By LILY WATSON, Author of "Within Sight of the Snow," &c.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE summer, which was fortunately one of unusual beauty, passed on, and at the end of August Helen was still with Aunt Maria at Grisedale Farm. The good lady lost none of her satisfaction in the place, and spent her days in a contented round of knitting, visiting the cottagers, and entering into long conversations with the farmers' wives as to the mysteries of poultry rearing and dairy management. The catering for the daily meals occupied a large part of every morning, and Aunt Maria busied herself also in cutting out and making garments for some of the poorer neighbours, an employment that Helen gladly shared.

It was a pleasant life; and yet when Aubrey and Amy departed, Helen was surprised to find how lonely she often felt. Their unexpected appearance, and the talk about books and Nature, had been a great delight to her. Now the exclusive companionship of Aunt Maria, and her constant innocent chatter, became at times very wearisome. Helen blamed herself inwardly for this feeling, and constrained herself never to show it, but sometimes at the oft-repeated description of the best way to cure a Westmoreland ham, and to boil it afterwards, she would feel inclined to scream aloud, and would escape to her bedroom for a minute or two to wonder in shocked amazement at her new-born irritation.

Even the beautiful rambles that she was often able to take did not remove this growing feeling of loneliness. Nay, they rather intensified it; for when she stood on the slopes of Silver How and watched the placid lakes of Grasmere and Rydal glittering in the sunshine, with stretches of Winander far away; or when she scrambled higher, far from the haunts of men, and knew the spell of

"The sleep that is upon the lonely hills,"

she longed increasingly for some companion with whom she could, not only indulge in copious adjectives upon the scenery, but share the passionate appreciation that made admiration almost a pain.

"Perhaps I have not enough active occupation," she reflected. "It is bad for me to have so little to do. I will not get morbid and melancholy when I have everything to make me happy."

Letters from home were welcome, and Maggie wrote often. The news was good, for "the boys," Arthur and Herbert, had done well in business during the past three years, and the elder was going to be married. Mr. Brooke's salary had been raised, and a modest legacy, lately received under the will of a relative, added a great deal of comfort to the household. Lilian was unusually well, and Maggie wrote, in short, that they were all "flourishing." She had been to Kentish Town to visit Bobby, who was quite restored to health although pale, and who was going for a fortnight to the seaside.

"I saw Oswald, too," wrote Maggie. "He seems very busy, but is going to have a holiday soon. He asked about you."

"My good, patient sister!" thought Helen. "How generously she devotes herself to the home, putting aside any private visions or dreams of her own, for she must have had them. Can't I learn of her, instead of encouraging this restless, unsettled feeling that I don't at all understand?"

Maggie added that she had been to pay the wedding call upon Mr. and Mrs. Aubrey Gascoigne, whom she found happily installed in Kensington, "in a house that is lovely, but very peculiarly furnished," wrote Maggie; "still, I like it."

Helen read aloud this paragraph to Aunt Maria.

"Well, I don't see why they shouldn't have had my gilt timepiece after all, if their house is so nice," remarked the good lady, innocently. "I thought from what Aubrey said he'd been a losing his money in some of them speculating games, like poor old Mr. Thorne, perhaps, and could only have things very quiet. Still, I'll let the lad please himself."

Every afternoon, when Miss Gascoigne indulged in a lengthy nap, Helen made her way to the nook near the house, of which mention has been made before. The lofty roof of the dell was of delicate foliage, that here and there showed a rift of sky, but nowhere left more than the merest glint of blue to be seen. The floor was a wide green pool of crystal clear water, with white pebbles beneath, and the walls were of dark rock, adorned with lovely creeping clinging things—ferns, moss, ivy, and sorrel. Through a cleft in this rock-wall a pretty cascade came pouring, making the dell loud and merry with its endless song. The brook finally ran away into a vista of green, and at the point where it left the pool Helen loved to sit on a great boulder facing the waterfall, and poring over some favourite study; for she made it a matter of conscience as well as pleasure to preserve and widen the knowledge on which she might some time have to depend for her daily bread.

One afternoon she had taken refuge from the intense heat of the outer world in this cool recess. The hills, as she came thither, had a reddish-purple tinge against the sky: they looked bare and glowing in the afternoon sultriness. But within the little glen all was coolness and freshness; there were no flies; the sun could only drive broken gleams of light through the interlacing canopy overhead on the crystal green floor. By degrees the book—Goethe's "Hermann and Dorothea"—dropped from Helen's hand; she lay back against a stone behind her, and began to dream.

Suddenly the sense of a human presence in the solitude came upon her, though she did not know that she had heard a step. She started from her reverie and looked up. High on the bank along which the path wound to this sequestered spot, Oswald Thorne was standing, looking down upon her as if he feared to break the spell; but when she turned her head he leapt through bracken and bramble, and was instantly by her side.

"What a wonderful apparition!" cried Helen, the colour mantling her cheeks, while her eyes sparkled a welcome. "How did you come here?"

"I learnt your favourite haunt up at the house," replied Oswald, seating himself on the pebbly beach at her feet; "and even if they had not told me, I think I could have found you here."

"Yes, but I mean from London?"

"The train brought me like other people. I wanted a holiday; I am fond of my native North-country, and don't care for the sea. What more natural than that I should come to the Lakes? I have got a fellow in my place to look after my patients for a fortnight, and here I am."

There he was certainly, and very happy he looked. The lines upon his face and the thinness of his cheeks showed that he was hard-worked and in need of rest, but the merry light was in his eye that sparkled there of yore.

"It seems strange, doesn't it," he went on, "to be only a few hours ago at Euston, with all the prosaic London world waking up in bustle and commotion round me, and then, presto! to be transported into fairyland by a puff of steam? I could scarcely believe it when I came here; but I crashed through the branches, and—yes, there was Helen, sitting like the spirit of the dell in her enchanted bower! I watched her in the silence for a long time, afraid to speak lest the spell should dissolve and I should find myself back in town."

Helen felt his delight reflected in herself. She was wonderfully glad; she had never been so much pleased to see Oswald before.

"I have scarcely seen you for three long years save for that fugitive vision in Kentish Town," he went on, "so now you must begin and tell me all about yourself."

"There isn't very much to tell. I have been travelling from place to place with Miss Gascoigne, staying now here, now there, and enjoying myself."

But it is pleasant to talk of one's own

experiences, uneventful though they may be, to a sympathetic and interested listener. So both Helen and Oswald found it, for they were presently absorbed in a deep conversation that lasted until Helen, with a start, declared it was five o'clock, and Aunt Maria would be waiting for tea.

Helen found the worthy lady in a state of considerable trepidation in her bedroom. She had attired herself in her best gown—a brown silk of portentous stiffness—and was now hurriedly trying the effect of a cap of alarming newness and height.

"Oh, my dear! I hear Mr. Thorne called while I was asleep. I suppose he's come to tea. I've never set eyes on him since the time before Adela broke with him. Do you think he'll bear a grudge against me? I'm really trembling all over; I'm that nervous at the thought of meeting the poor young man. But he must know it isn't my fault."

"Of course he knows that, dear Miss Gascoigne; he won't think of it for a single moment." Helen gently discouraged the production of the alarming cap, on the pretext that Oswald would not like his old friend to make any difference for him; and finally Aunt Maria descended the stairs, to be rather astonished at the hearty warmth of the young man's greeting.

"I'm staying at The Swan, so I shall see something of you," he remarked; and his prediction was verified, for every day he appeared coming up the side path that led to Grisedale Farm. It was too hot for pedestrian excursions in the middle of the day, and they often sat all three in the fields above the house, under the shade of a tree, while Oswald read aloud and Aunt Maria knitted in supreme complacency. Her alarm was all dissipated by Oswald's great friendliness, and as she observed to Helen, "It did make a *little* variety to have another young person about; and

"'HAND IN HAND, UNTIL THE DAYS OF OUR PILGRIMAGE ARE DONE.'"

in case of any illness it was a great comfort to know a London doctor was at hand."

And Helen? She did not need to derive much consolation from the latter suggestion, for her eye had never had a brighter lustre, her cheeks a healthier hue, nor her tread a more elastic spring. She was thoroughly happy, and woke each day to a delightful sense of content.

"You will take Helen up Helvellyn?" Miss Gascoigne suggested. "I couldn't let her go alone for fear she'd break her neck."

"If you can spare her for the day, yes," returned Oswald, eagerly. And early one morning, while the dew lay still on the grass, and the sunshine was tempered by freshness, the two friends set out. Their way lay first along the bed of the stream that Oswald had named "Helen's Brook," then they struck off upon great rounded knolls covered with fern, and climbed up and up, towards some rocks that jutted out from the side of Seat Sandal. As they rose higher the view increased in beauty. Immediately below them lay a green dale in the trough of the mountains, threaded by a white leaping stream, with the steep slopes of Fairfield beyond; Grasmere, Coniston, and a distant stretch of sea were visible. Helen's heart beat high with pleasure and the exhilaration of climbing.

Along the hillside Oswald led the way, until they reached the summit of the Grisedale Pass, and here they rested to drink in the beauty of the scene, for they were at the point where the passes from Grasmere and Ulleswater meet on a wild plateau. A tarn, dark and solitary, lay at their feet; away down the opening between the mountains, in front of them, a lovely vista of Ulleswater was revealed, framed in a setting of crag and wood; above the tarn a huge mountain mass was marked by a zigzag line that traced the farther way to Helvellyn; while the "everlasting hills" reared their mighty summits on every side, and lovely glimpses of lake and valley were seen between them.

"Let us rest here," suggested Oswald, and Helen was only too glad to comply. They sat together on the short moorland turf that slopes down to Grisedale Tarn, in silence for awhile.

"Do you remember," Oswald said at length, "once telling me that the 'Mountain Path' in life was the best?"

"I do."

"I want to tell you that you were right."

"I often fear," said Helen, speaking with a timidity and softness new to her, "that I am very hypocritical; for though I talked like that to you—see what an easy life mine has been of late! You are a hard-working doctor. I am an idle companion—made much of at every turn."

"Yet, fulfilling your vocation of making one life happy, at all events," replied Oswald. "What could you do more? I know all about it, for Miss Gascoigne has told me. It is easy to see the difference in her face from the old days."

He was silent awhile, then suddenly broke out: "Will you listen if I try to tell you a story? You told me when we met last that my conversation had grown very pictorial; shall I try to prove it?"

"By all means," replied Helen, wonderingly, but with a smile.

"There was once upon a time," he began, "a lazy fellow who lived at his ease in a warm indolent valley at the foot of mountains—but there was one fairy voice that sounded often in his ear, trying to make him discontented, and crying 'Climb higher! leave the slothful plain and seek the pure air and beauty of the heights!' For a long time he disregarded the voice, but at last he resolved to begin climbing, and he struggled up a little way. The form of his fairy admonitor was seen sometimes, but very rarely. She would flash from behind a rock, or appear against the sky, always pointing, and calling in her clear voice 'Upward! upward!'

"At last he grew tired of it, and cried out in despair, 'Come and help me; I am weary of calls from a distance and momentary visions. It is sad and heavy work. I want your constant inspiration and companionship; I cannot climb alone.'"

"And what did the Fairy say?" inquired Helen, hardly knowing what she asked.

"I want you to tell me that," said Oswald gravely, taking her hand. "The story is not ended yet. It is your own favourite figure that I have carried on; you must know what I mean.

"Helen, I need you—I have needed you always. Even in the fatal mistake of three years ago I could not do without you, though I did not understand myself then. I have learned to know myself and you differently since that time.

"I can't tell you what I owe to you. Even when I laughed at you I remembered and treasured up your words. That night when you met me outside the Albert Hall and we walked home together, you seemed like my good angel. Everything was dark; but your words and help seemed just like a pure ray of light piercing the cloud.

"It was a turning-point. I know I'm not worth any great things now," continued Oswald, pushing with his foot a pebble that fell into the mere and startled that solitary place. "I'm not half good enough for you. But I have at any rate a purpose in life. I want you to come and help me to fulfil it. You must. I cannot do without you. Come and be my inspiration—my hope—my wife."

And what did Helen reply?

In the old days she had never thought of this; he was her brother-friend only, and she would have repulsed with astonishment any suggestion of a nearer relationship. But since she had met him last in London things had been altered somehow; and though she would scarcely confess it even to herself, she knew in her inmost heart that if he ever asked her that question she should have but one answer.

And so a great happiness that Helen hardly dreamed of and never looked for came into her life.

"To marriage all the stories flow,
And finish there,"

says Jean Ingelow.

Is this, then, the inevitable end?

Nay; the story of Helen has been told to little purpose if it has not shown that, whereas personal happiness is to be welcomed when it comes, there are other aims in life. Every girl cannot marry happily, but every girl can help to make those about her better and nobler—to raise them to a nearer comprehension of the Divine. This is a grander thing than personal enjoyment; and she who has come to know it has learnt a lesson of quite infinite worth.

* * * * *

The summit of Helvellyn was reached by slow degrees, and it was evening when the two wanderers returned to Aunt Maria, who was sitting in the porch of Grisedale Farm.

"I am ashamed to look you in the face," said Oswald, penitently, pausing beside her, while Helen went quickly into the house. "I feel I am a traitor of the deepest dye. But yet I am so happy that I'm afraid I don't quite realise my guilt as I ought."

"Why, Mr. Thorne, whatever have you been doing?"

"I am going to steal your companion from you. Helen has promised to be my wife."

Now, Aunt Maria, like many other kind-hearted single women, had that degree of harmless match-making instinct which she expressed as "dearly liking to see young people happy." Oswald was agreeably surprised and delighted therefore when, instead of bursting into loud reproaches, the good lady jumped up, seized both his hands in hers, and wrung them earnestly. And though tears came, they were tears of pleasure as well as of sorrow.

"I should have come before," said Oswald, "but I wanted to make my way so that I could offer her a home, though it's not by any means a sumptuous one."

He explained that owing to the improvement of affairs at Millstead, part of the income he had hitherto given to his mother was now set free; and with the proceeds of his practice, they might live without grinding care as to ways and means, though in a different fashion, indeed, from his expectations of yore. Helen, when she came down, hastened to add the assurance to her kind friend, that she would not leave her yet awhile; and she drew a picture of a pleasant little home for Miss Gascoigne on the heights of Highgate or Hampstead, within easy reach of Oswald and herself, that quite charmed the good soul.

"I will never leave you, dear, kind friend, until you have someone in my place whom you thoroughly like."

Miss Gascoigne shook her head with a melancholy little smile, but said nothing.

That evening, as Oswald and Helen were talking over old days, and the turns of fortune in his life, Helen said—

"It all reminds me of an idea in Browning that carries out what you call 'my favourite figure.' You know how puzzling these hillside tracks are some-

times to an inexperienced climber; the path seems to disappear while you are treading it, or to stray off into vague marks that come to an end; and yet, viewed from below, it is a complete and unmistakable line all the way to the summit. Hear how he puts it."

She took a volume from the little store of books she had brought with her, and read:

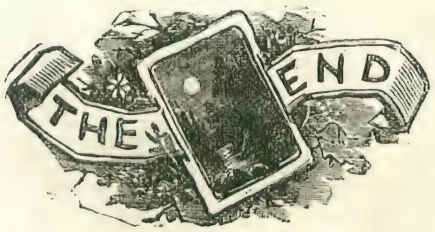
"That way
Over the mountain, which, who stands upon
Is apt to doubt if it be indeed a road;
While, if he views it from the waste itself
Up goes the line there, plain from base to brow.
Not vague, mistakable! What's a break or two
Seen from the unbroken desert either side?
And then (to bring in fresh philosophy)
What if the breaks themselves should prove at last
The most consummate of contrivances
To train a man's eye, teach him what is Faith?
And so we stumble at Truth's very test."

"That is beautiful," said Oswald, musing; "rugged, but true and forcible. So it has been in my life."

"But the breaks in the path have but taught you Faith, as the upward effort has taught you courage and endurance," she softly murmured.

"And with you at my side Faith will be easy, Courage and Endurance scarcely needed," he exclaimed. "You were always my good Angel, Helen."

"A very earthly angel, I am afraid," she returned with a smile. "But I will try to deserve half the love and confidence you give me; and please God we will climb together, hand in hand, until the days of our pilgrimage are done."



ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

ANXIOUS INQUIRER.—Write to the secretary of the London University for a prospectus, and for all extra information that you require. The examinations are held in January and June, and the competitors must be sixteen years of age complete. The time when the degree examinations may be taken is regulated by the time ordered to elapse between them. Address the Registrar, University of London, Burlington Gardens, W.

CLARA BROWN.—The Russian language is exceedingly difficult, but is equally pretty, soft, and musical. The alphabet contains forty-one letters, derived from the Oriental or Greek alphabets. Russia is provided with a general system of popular instruction; there are seven universities besides the ecclesiastical high schools attached to the church at Kieff, Moscow, and St. Petersburg.

DICTIONARY.—We do not answer questions of such a character as would be set for competitive examinations

PANSY BLOSSOM.—We do not advertise the books of other publishers. You have only to go to any bookseller, and ask him for school books, in any department of ordinary education.

DILEMMA.—The "Girls' Friendly Society" is an organisation working upon the lines of the diocesan and parochial system of the Church of England for the purpose of befriending girls of good character (only) without respect to their religious opinions. The object in view is to bind together ladies as associates, working girls, and other young women, for mutual help, both religious and secular. Address Miss Wright, secretary, 3, Victoria Mansions, Victoria-street, Westminster, S.W.

E. P.—The articles to which you refer were not on the subject of grammar. They treated well the subjects with which they had to deal. We do not employ such words as "worser," "betterer," "lesser," nor "littler." The word "still" should precede any of these adjectives in lieu of the "er." The articles "a," "the," and "an" are in use, and should not be dropped. We recommend you to procure the "Handbook of the English Tongue," by Dr. Angus, 56, Paternoster-row, E.C.

SUBURBAN.—We must direct your attention to the work by Dr. Angus, in our reply to E. P.; all such questions as yours are fully discussed and settled by him. People in general express themselves very incorrectly, notably those who have a fancy for slang. "Who" belongs to the nominative case, "whom" to the accusative.

HOUSEKEEPING.

SHIRLEY.—"Grubs in carpets" mean, we suppose, that you have found the grubs of the moth in your carpets. You must have them taken up, thoroughly well-beaten, and examined, and if possible put for a few minutes in an oven hot enough to kill the grubs and eggs of the moth. If this be not possible you had better stain the floor round the edges of the room, and have the carpet taken up and well-beaten each week.

CRAY FARM.—Some very excellent articles appeared in May and July, 1881, in THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, on the duties of servants.

PEGGOTY had better send her red flannel and wash-leather bodice to a cleaner, to be renovated by the new cleaning process, in which no wetting is required. She will be sure to spoil it at home.

COOKIE.—Strain the calves-foot jelly through the jelly bag several times, till it becomes bright and clear.

MAGNESIA.—The recipe is a harmless one, and may do good, but the will is everything in such cases as you describe.

GREEN CAKE.—The cake was all right, and the recipe appears good, but you spoilt it yourself by meddling with it when in the oven. When there it should never be touched.

BALLIE.—The articles on "Bread and Breadmaking" appeared in vol. i., pages 350 and 439.

THRIFT.—The whole sum paid for groceries appears to have been 5s. 8d., on adding up the tea for the week. Each housekeeper has her own plans for management.

COOKERY.

X. Y. Z. is thanked for a recipe for ginger pudding. Take one teacupful of flour, one of breadcrumbs, and one of treacle, 2 oz. of sugar, one teaspoonful of ginger, and ¼lb. of finely chopped suet. Mix all well together, and place the whole in a buttered basin, tie down with a pudding cloth, and boil for three hours.

NUMBER TWENTY.—We recommend you to procure the "Girl's Own Cookery Book," price 1s., at our publishing office. In part xvii., page 103, you will find full directions for making stiff creams of all kinds to be turned out of moulds. 2. Your position as regards one so much older is a delicate one. You might do more harm than good by saying more than you have done already. She knows what you feel about it. A denial of our Saviour's Godhead, as being "One with the Father and the Holy Ghost," and an intention to allow yourself in any known and undeniable sin, are the only hindrances to your being a worthy partaker of the Holy Communion. Worthiness in the sense of a certain degree and measure of sanctification is not to be expected and not intended by the word employed in the Prayer Book of the English Church.

MISERABLE SALLY had better go on with her millinery business. She does not write well enough for a nursery governess, nor is she bright enough to be with children. We feel sincerely for her in the disadvantage of having a very curious appendage to her face. What she means by a smut nose we do not know. If she wishes to change her business she might show the unusual nose as a natural curiosity.

G. A.—We have no recollection of having heard from you before. A good mixed diet is best for you, under any circumstances of plumpness and good looks, or leanness and a wretched appearance. We thank you for the recipe for a plum cake. It has too many eggs, and baking powder should be used instead. The recipe is rather extravagant.

HOUSEWIFE and MOTHER.—Palestine soup is made with Jerusalem artichokes, and is a white *purée*. You will find the recipe for it in the part for March, 1881, under Cookery, in "Answers to Correspondents," page 400. We are glad that you, your six daughters, and two maids should read our paper with so much approval, and that you liked our articles on keeping house on £250 per annum. Accept our good wishes for you and yours, in return for your own.

SNOWDROP and MARY.—To make candied lemon or orange peel, boil those of thick-skinned kind in plenty of water, until they be tender and the bitterness gone, changing the water once or twice. Clarify half-a pound of sugar with half a cup of water for each peel. Cover and boil them till clear and the syrup almost a candy. Then take them out and lay them on inverted sieves until dry. Boil the syrup with some additional sugar, put the peels into it, and stir until the sugar candies round them, when place on a sieve, and set in a warm oven, or before the fire. Mary's handwriting would be improved if reduced.

MISCELLANEOUS.

CHRISTMAS BERRIES.—We should like to please our little friend by telling her that her verses were "poetry," but grieve to say they are not. Still, she has our best wishes.

BEN SLOCK.—We write "recipe" for a prescription or directions for the making of anything, whether the mixture be of the nature of medicine, cookery, or other compound or manufacture; and we write "receipt" for a written acknowledgment of moneys paid or of any article received.

RAY C.—Pronounce Pleyel as "Play-el," Behrend as "Bear-end," and Macirone as "Mat-chi-ro-ne."

BIDDY.—Pronounce Fra Diavolo as "Fra De-a-vo-lo" (the "a" in both cases as in "bag"), Preciosa as "Pretch-e-o-sa," Auber as "O-bear." In the name Cervantes the accent is laid on the second syllable.

TROUBLESOME.—The statement, "all rights reserved," means the right of both re-publication and translation.

BIBLE.—David was "a man after God's own heart," because he loved God, acknowledged His sovereignty, and never lapsed into idolatry. He sinned grievously, but always repented, confessed, and humbled himself. No comparison could be drawn between the actions of an Eastern despot as he was, free to exercise unlimited power and self-indulgence, and any modern individual. His temptations were immeasurably greater than those of any sovereign in this age of the world, reigning in a civilised country. Our Lord is mentioned as having appeared eight times after His resurrection. Look them out and make a note of each for yourself, and do not be lazy.

SAINT EULALIE, H. B.—Many thanks for your note. We should advise you never to read stories that do not interest you; in fact, as long as you write such a bad hand you had better not read stories at all.

AUTUMN LEAVES.—You should use a little glass saucer to put on your piano candles; they are made on purpose, and can be bought at any china shop.

MAUREEN.—The idea is a good one, and we shall make a note of it. Many thanks.

LAVINIA W.—Call at 56, Paternoster-row, E.C., and get the numbers you require, as you live in London.

A. L. O. E.—Pads are not worn in the hair at present, and, of course, look singular when they are worn by anyone.

MELISSA should avail herself of the usual water supply for her bath. Soft water is very excellent, but difficult to obtain, and we must have our baths.

NANCY LEE.—The enclosed flower is what is called chickweed.

ALICE H.—The serial tales in the first volume of the "G. O. P." are "Zara," "Three Years of a Girl's Life," "Wild Kathleen," "More than Coronets." The price of the first volume is 7s. 6d., and the postage, of course, depends on weight, but would probably be ninepence (under five pounds) by Parcels Post.

A. M. J.—Read our series of articles on "Girls' Allowances" in vol. v. If going to keep a small shop we consider that you are certainly one of our girls who could dress respectably on £10 per annum. If you had a fair stock to commence upon, or were supplied with certain articles, you might do it on £9 the first year. You write neatly. Write to Mr. Tarn for all you require in reference to this paper.

E. C. (Somerset).—Your writing is so bad we could scarcely read your letter, and we regret that we are unable to make use of the verses you enclose. The rhythm is incorrect, and they lack any new idea.

MARIE.—A certain description of cigar is smoked medicinally, by persons suffering with asthma, and with good effect. But when doctors prescribe them, they give the name, and state where they may be procured. We do not understand how such a prescription could have been given you by a properly qualified medical man, and that such directions were omitted, nor why you did not make the necessary inquiries at once. Obtain them direct from him.

GRACE SMITH.—Of your brother's conduct towards you cognizance should be taken by your parents, not by you, and if rude or imperious they should reprove him, and put a stop to future bad manners. But are you very sure that you do not provoke such conduct, that you are not touchy, cross, and unaccommodating yourself? If he be a man and you a child you may deserve all the blame you receive from him. We cannot judge between you, knowing neither, and it is quite possible that you may be a horrible little girl, who frequently needs a good setting-down.

PATSEY.—We think it would be better to address the lady whose advertisement you answer, and in whose house you propose to reside, in the first person. When there is much to be said it is troublesome to do it in the third. You had better show the condition of your books to a binder, as he may be able to renovate them a little.

BELLE.—The 9th of May, 1867, was a Thursday.

NEW YORK GIRL.—We do not know who you mean by "Mr. Teck," but we are willing to tell you that January 6th, 1869, was a Wednesday. We are sorry that your introductions have been to "very slangy" English people. It is a pity that you could not have entered amongst circles of a higher grade. Yes, many "slang" words and modes of speech are "expressive," but refinement is of far more importance. A certain degree of licence is allowed to young men, even of the upper classes, when no ladies are present, and even in the presence of their sisters at home; but none such is allowed to gentlewomen.

CROLIE.—We have given due directions as to the removal from the mouth of any substance (such as a stone or fish bone) that must be removed, already; so do not talk nonsense about our recommending what will risk your "choking." "The wrist of a Hercules" is by no means required to press a little juice out of a pomegranate with a spoon. It is thus that they are eaten at noblemen's tables, but you can eat them as you are accustomed to see them eaten amongst your own friends. We have no wish to make you appear remarkable.

MOSS ROSE is thanked for offering to write a story for our paper. We do not encourage our girls to send us their first attempts, as we regret disappointing them. We employ experienced writers, whose stories and articles are of value in the literary market. It would not be fair to our readers, nor to the success of our magazine, to do otherwise.

JUST TWENTY.—We should advise you to see a doctor, leave off beer, and take plenty of exercise.

W. A.—Apply to Mr. Tarn for all particulars about the bound volumes. We do not know how many you would require, and could not tell how much you would have to pay for postage. The Editor has nothing to do with that department. April 22nd, 1870, was a Friday.

GREAT MALVERN.—1. We presume that the tour in England to see the places of interest has been made with your parents, and think you very fortunate to be given such advantages after your school life in Germany. You should supply yourself with a small guide to each place, and study their respective histories and archæology. You can make sketches also in all directions, which can be finished on rainy days or when you reach a permanent home. It is not for us to plan out our own course in the way of self-improvement or usefulness to others. We must take advantage of the existing circumstances in which we are placed. 2. What are "weedy eyelashes?" Accept our condolences.

J. D.—We can safely recommend the use of the following mixture for sore throat, which can be made at home:—Mix half a teaspoonful of burnt alum, half a wineglassful of vinegar, half a pint of water, and a small tablespoonful of honey. Shake well each time required, and gargle the throat.

A QUEER FISH.—Some little games of skill might amuse you, such as German tactics, fox and goose, solitaire, draughts, and dominoes. You could play any of these alone. We feel very sorry for you. Tell your mother that we have known of cases pronounced hip disease which were afterwards discovered to be dislocations, and when treated as such the lame child was able to walk and stand or sit straight at once. This may not be your case, but we think it right to tell what we know. Deer, goats, sheep, and pigs will eat horse-chestnuts, although a horse will refuse them; thus they cannot be poisonous, although unfit for human food.

BEATRICE.—Banish all thought of yourself. You are too self-conscious. Think about somebody else, or something you are reading or doing. If you realised the presence of the Almighty Creator, and of His character as your Redeemer, when you are in church, and made it a point of conscience to give whole attention to your confessions, prayers, and thanksgivings, to the Holy Scriptures and the exhortation of the preacher, there would be no time left for thinking of how you look and what other people may think of you. It is a reprehensible thing to give way to such silly "nervousness."

CHRYSANTHEMUM.—You might as well inquire why does God take back the lives of human beings and place the souls He created in other spheres. Why does He take the lives of all the brute creation, sooner or later? Because He sees fit so to do, and has an indisputable right to do what He will with His own. Secondly, you have forgotten that in daring to keep swine the Jews were acting in direct rebellion against the law which He had ordained, and instead of punishing them in their persons or families for their wickedness, He simply removed the swine beyond reach of recovery. But, supposing that the Gadarenes of the city were heathen, their city was the metropolis of Perea (a country inhabited by disciples of Moses), and the keeping of swine was an act of contempt for the national religion.

CHRYSANTHEMUM (No. 2).—We have nothing to do with the publishing department. Write your address sufficiently well to enable Mr. Tarn to read it. We cannot, nor can anyone else who has seen it.

"HOW LONG," indeed, do you mean to "leave off your prayers"? After six weeks of eating and drinking and enjoying all the comforts of life, without a word of thanks, a word of confession of your unworthiness, or of prayer to God to change your heart and grant you grace and faith? As to your feeling "depression," we are glad to hear it, for you ought to be miserable, and it is a sign that conscience is not quite dead. Do not delay. Go to your room, and, on your knees, confess your wickedness in refusing so long to render that worship to your God which is His due, and pray day by day for more faith, gratitude, and penitence, and for those fruits of the Spirit which prove a living faith. "Him that cometh unto Me I will in no wise cast out." You will never get better without prayer.

LUCINDA.—We should require to know more of the circumstances of the case before we could give an opinion. When was your money lost? Where had you imagined you had lost it? Was it loose in your pocket, or did you open the purse in the room of your young mistress, or give her change there? Also, where did the young lady think that she had dropped hers? If you had no good reason for believing you had dropped yours in her room, the fact of the room being hers, and the sum of money the same, gives her, apparently, a better claim to the half-sovereign than yourself.

ELODIE.—You should not have read any description of book at school—far less bought them yourself—against your mother's wishes. A "young lady of eighteen," even now returned from school, is just as much bound to submit to a parent's wishes as when she was in the nursery. What is "a young lady of eighteen" that she should show such an example of ingratitude and rebellion? There are plenty of interesting books to read besides novels.

AMBITION appears to have mistaken the office of the venerable Religious Tract Society for that of "Zadkiel's Almanack." She inquires whether "falling stars are a sign of death," and "whether it is lucky to turn her money when there is a new moon!"

ELSIE is thanked for the cutting, and also for the kind offer of the recipe, we shall be glad to have. Her letter is legible and neat.

MARIE JACQUES will do better to send the shells to the Sea-Shell Mission, 24, Richmond-terrace, Clapham-road Kennington, S.W.

VOL. VI.—NO. 275. APRIL 4, 1885. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

"'DON'T PULL THAT LOVELY ROSE TO PIECES.'"

AUNT HESTER'S SECRET

By EGLANTON THORNE.

Author of "The Old Worcester Jug," "It's All Real True," "In London Fields," etc.

CHAPTER I.

DOLLIE'S STRANGE NOTION.

"How much has happened during the past few weeks!" said Dora Armitage, as she sat in a more easy than graceful posture, half in and half out of

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the open window of the sitting-room, which she shared with her sisters. "I never knew anything like an engagement for upsetting a family. What with Mr. Ralph Hunter's coming here to propose to Marian, and his father and mother coming to inspect her, and then all the fuss of getting her ready for her visit to them, we seem to have been able to think of *nothing but this* engagement ever since the memorable day that sealed it."

"Speak for yourself, Dollie," said her sister Helen, looking up from her book. "You have been able to think of nothing else, I well believe. The engagement certainly has had a most unsettling effect upon you. Pray, do you mean to do nothing but sit there and chatter all the morning?"

"Oh, we cannot all be so matter-of-fact as you are, Helen," retorted Dora. "The first engagement in a family of girls is naturally an exciting event."

"The 'first'!" echoed Lucy, laughing at the emphasis Dora had unconsciously put on the word. "Do you expect your own to follow soon, Dollie? For my part, I think it likely that this will be the first and last engagement amongst us."

"Well, that is as it may be," replied Dora. "I am sure I do not want any more engagements. It is bad enough to have to give up Marian. We four have been together so long!"

"So long!" repeated Lucy, playfully. "Ever since our dear little Dollie came to us, some seventeen years ago."

"Nearly eighteen," said Dora. "You forget that you were twenty last week, and there is little more than two years between us, although you like to pretend that you are so much older. Do you know, girls, I have been thinking——"

"A very unusual proceeding on your part, I imagine," observed Helen.

"Oh, dear! I wish you would not interrupt me," exclaimed Dora. "I have been thinking about Aunt Hester. I do wonder that she has never married."

"It is a very good thing for us girls that she has not," said Helen, looking thoughtful. "*Whatever we should have done* without her all these years I cannot think."

"Do you know," continued Dora, in a low, confidential tone, "I believe that Aunt Hester has suffered a romantic disappointment. I feel sure that she has some such secret. It is so strange that she has not married, so sweet and good as she is."

"Why, that just explains it," said Helen. "There never yet was a man good enough to marry Aunt Hester."

"A romantic disappointment!" laughed Lucy. "She certainly has a romantic niece in our Dollie! There never was anyone less like a blighted creature than Aunt Hester. She is always cheerful."

"I never said that she was a blighted creature," protested Dora; "but I believe that she has a secret sorrow. You girls never notice anything; but that evening, when we heard that Marian was engaged to Ralph Hunter, and we were all talking about it, I happened to look at auntie as she sat knitting in the window, and there were tears in her eyes. I am sure that there were!"

"And what if there were, you silly child?" said Helen. "Aunt is very fond of Marian. She was sorry, of course, to think of losing her."

"Ah, but it was more than that," said Dora, eagerly. "You remember that night when the Hunters were here, and I slept in auntie's room? It was very late when she came to bed. I had been asleep, but I woke, and Aunt Hester was standing at the window, and there was such a sad, sweet look on her face. The moon was shining on it, and it looked lovely—like the face of an angel!"

"She is an angel," said Lucy, warmly; "but I must confess, Dollie, that I do not understand what you mean us to infer from the fact that you saw auntie looking like an angel. I only hope no man will find out what an angel she is, for we could not afford to lose Aunt Hester."

"Oh, she will not marry now," said Dora, decidedly. "The time for that has gone by. That hope has been dead and buried for many a year."

"Oh, really, Dora," exclaimed Helen, "you are getting quite too sentimental. I don't believe Aunt Hester ever thought of getting married. She is far too sensible for anything of that sort."

There was a general laugh at the tone and air with which Helen said, "anything of that sort."

In the midst of the laugh Aunt Hester walked into the room.

She was not exactly one's idea of an angel, this tall, well-developed woman, with her air of helpful strength and self-reliance. She was not handsome, but she had what girls are wont to call a "nice" face, a face with steady, loving eyes, and the serene, bright expression which, very different from the radiant look of girlhood, is seldom seen save on faces that have known a plenteous rain of tears. Not that there was any shade of melancholy on Aunt Hester's countenance. She had a rare sweet smile, and could laugh as heartily as the girls. Looking at the curves of her firm, sweet mouth, or listening to the tones of her musical voice, one knew her to be a strong, helpful woman, a woman who could make a home happy anywhere. And happy had she made the home of these girls ever since the day when she came there ten years earlier, in response to her brother's piteous request, urged, whilst the anguish of his sore bereavement was yet fresh, that she would come and help him to take care of his motherless girls.

Marian, the eldest girl, was then but fourteen years of age, and she found in her aunt just the friend she needed to sympathise with her mourning for her mother, and stimulate her to pursue with the utmost diligence her various studies and accomplishments that she might become a fit companion for her father. Good for each of them as they grew into womanhood was the daily influence of Aunt Hester's strong, unselfish spirit, and the example she set of entire devotion to duty. Helen had expressed the feeling of all the girls when she said that she could not think what they would have done without their aunt. As far as any other could, Aunt Hester had filled the place of the mother whom God had seen fit to call home early to Himself. And the girls regarded her almost as a mother, taking her love and devotion as a matter of course. It seemed only natural that she should find her happiness in making them happy, and be devoted to their interests. It was quite a new idea that the sentimental, dreaming Dora had thrown out—the idea that Aunt Hester might once have had her own dream of love and marriage, and looked forward to a future other than the life of homely service that had become hers.

As their aunt now entered the room Helen and Lucy looked at her in the light of this new idea. But her cheerful, tranquil face as she stood before them in her neat morning apron, with her housekeeping books in her hand, seemed to demonstrate the absurdity of the idea. As preposterous appeared Lucy's fear that even now Aunt Hester might leave them for a husband.

"What is it, girls?" asked Miss Armitage, smiling, to see their flushed faces; "what has made you laugh so?"

"Oh, it was only some ridiculous nonsense of Dollie's," replied Helen, trying to shake off her confusion. "She is getting most fearfully sentimental, auntie. Marian's engagement has seriously disturbed her equilibrium. You must forbid her all romances, and restrict her to a rigid diet of improving reading."

"Poor Dollie! I am sorry she is in such a sad condition," said Aunt Hester, with a smile. "But now, Dollie, what do you say to some shopping this morning? There are the weekly bills to be paid, and I hardly know how to spare the time to go myself."

"I'll go, auntie," said Dora, still swinging herself idly on the window-sill; "how many bills are there?"

"Oh, the usual number," said her aunt. "Here are the books. Oh, stay, dear! Don't pull that lovely rose to pieces."

Dora had gathered one of the early roses that grew outside the window, and her quick, restless fingers were playing with it in a manner which threatened its speedy destruction.

"I beg your pardon, auntie," she said, penitently; "I forgot what I was doing. Here, take it. I never knew anyone so fond of roses as you are. You are as tender over them as if they were alive."

"Surely I am not singular in my love for roses," said Aunt Hester, colouring slightly, as she took the rose from Dora and fastened it in the front of her gown.

Dora bounded away to get ready for her walk, and her sisters laughed over Dollie's sentimental notions, and then gave no more thought to what she had said.

That night when Dora went upstairs to bed she came upon her aunt standing by the window at the top of the wide staircase. She was gazing out upon the garden, faintly visible in the fair twilight of a May night. There was the same half sweet, half sad look on her face that Dora had remarked on the night of which she had spoken to her sisters.

Miss Armitage started as Dora addressed her.

"Auntie, you look tired. You have been doing too much to-day. You give yourself no rest."

"Yes, dear, I am tired; but not more tired than one ought to be at the close of the day," said Aunt Hester. "Does not the garden look pretty in this light?"

"Yes," said Dora, without giving it more than a careless glance, and beginning at once to speak of something else. "What a fuss and excitement Marian's engagement has caused, and now she is gone how dismal the house seems! I almost hate Ralph Hunter for wanting to take her away from us altogether. I think engagements are a mistake."

"Mind you keep to that opinion, Dollie," said her aunt, putting her arm around the girl's slight form and drawing it close to her.

"Oh, I shall, auntie! I shall follow your example," said Dora, lightly. Then, as her mind reverted to her musings earlier in the day, she said impulsively, "Auntie, I do wonder that you have not married."

Dora did not see that her aunt's firm lips quivered strangely at the unexpected words; but she fancied that there was a sad inflection in Aunt Hester's voice as, after a moment she replied—

"Do you, dear? There is nothing to wonder at in it."

"But, auntie, I do wonder. I wish you would tell me."

"Tell you what?" returned Aunt Hester, quickly. "What are you thinking about, Dollie?"

Dora was silent, feeling ashamed of her curiosity.

"There is little to tell, dear," said her aunt. "I have not married, because it was not the Lord's will that I should. Our lives are ordered for us by Him. He has given me my work to do here, in your home."

"Yes, dear auntie, and I am sure we must be thankful that He has, for I don't know what we should do without you," said Dora, warmly. "You will always stay with us, will you not, auntie?"

"I cannot tell, dear," said Aunt Hester, gently. "That, too, will be as the Lord wills."

Was there not again a sad vibration in her tone? And Dora thought it strange that her aunt did not say she hoped she would always remain with them.

"Auntie," exclaimed the girl, impetuously, "I do wish we could know what the future will bring. It is so hard to look forward along one's life, and not know in the least what will happen to us."

"It is better we should not know," said Miss Armitage, quietly. "The future is sure to be very different from what we imagine. Our lives are God's secrets. He shows us step by step the way we must take, but the why and the wherefore are hidden in His wisdom. We fancy sometimes that we see the meaning, but for the full understanding of His dealings with us we must wait."

She seemed to be speaking to herself rather than to her niece as she said this. Turning to the girl, she added, as she bent to kiss her—

"God's will is never hard, Dora. There is no true rest for our spirits till we learn to commit our way unto Him, and say from the heart, 'Thy will be done.'"

Dora felt that she was dismissed, and, with a low "good night," she went away, half-awed by the earnestness with which her aunt had spoken, and more convinced than before that her aunt's heart cherished some sad secret.

(To be continued.)

VARIETIES.

WAGNER QUIZZED BY DUMAS. — The weak side of Wagner's affectation during composing, in wearing "pink and green jackets," and the picturesque bonnet that accompanied them, was seen by Alexandre Dumas, and gave him a hint for a droll rebuke which he administered to the composer. He had called on Wagner in 1861—that was the year when Tannhaüser was howled down at the Grand Opera by the Parisians, ill-disposed to one who had come to smash all their idols in pieces with the club of his criticism. Dumas was in the best of humour, making fun of his own ignorance of music, an art which he had once defined as the most expensive of all noises. Wagner, however, received his friendly advances with such coldness—for he never could join in jokes that seemed to affect himself—that Dumas went home in a huff and wrote for the *Opinion Nationale* a contemptuous protest against "Wagnerian din, inspired by the riot of cats scampering in the dark about an ironmonger's shop." The day before the publication of this lively article Wagner returned the visit of Dumas. He was kept waiting in an ante-room for half an hour, then the door was thrown open and there stood on the threshold the author of the "Three Musketeers," superbly attired in a plumed helmet, a cork life-belt, and a flowered dressing-gown. "Excuse me," he said, majestically, as he advanced to greet the composer—"excuse me for appearing in my working dress. Half my ideas are lodged in this helmet, and the other half in a pair of jack-boots which I put on when writing love scenes."—*Leisure Hour.*

LONG HAIR.—The hair sometimes grows to a great length. Dr. Erasmus Wilson mentions a lady whose longest hairs measured seventy-five inches, she standing five feet five inches in height, her hair being then nearly a foot longer than her height.

HOW ARAB LADIES DRESS THEIR HAIR.

Arab ladies are extremely fond of full and long hair, and, however amply endowed with this natural ornament, to add to its effect they have recourse to art. Over the forehead the hair is cut rather short, but two full locks hang down on each side of the face; these are often curled in ringlets, and sometimes plaited. The rest of the hair is arranged in plaits or braids which hang down the back. They are generally from eleven to twenty-five in number, but always of an uneven number; eleven is considered a scanty number, thirteen and fifteen are more common.

Three times the number of black silk strings (three to each plait of hair, and each three united at the top), from sixteen to eighteen inches in length, are braided with the hair for about a quarter of their length, or they are attached to a lace or band of black silk, which is bound round the head, and in this case hangs entirely separate from the plaits of hair. These strings, together with certain ornaments of gold, &c., compose what is termed the "safâ."

Along each string, except from the upper extremity to about a quarter or (at most) a third of its length, are generally attached nine or more little flat ornaments of gold, which are usually all of the same form. The most common form is oblong, round at the lower extremity, and pointed at the upper or the reverse. They are affixed (each by a little ring at its upper extremity) about an inch or a little more apart, but those of each string are purposely placed so as not exactly to correspond with those of the others. At the end of each string is a small gold tube, or a small polygonal gold bead, beneath which is most commonly suspended (by a little ring) a gold coin, a little more than half an inch in diameter.

Such is the most general kind of safâ, but some ladies substitute for the gold coin a fanciful ornament of the same metal, either simple or with a pearl in the centre, or they suspend in the place of this a little tassel of pearls, or attach alternately pearls and emeralds to the bottom of the triple strings, and a pearl with each of the little ornaments of gold first mentioned. Coral beads are also sometimes attached in the same manner as these pearls.

The safâ I think the prettiest, as well as the most singular, of all the ornaments worn by the Arab ladies. The glittering of the little ornaments of gold, and their clinking together as the wearer walks, have a peculiarly lively effect.—*E. W. Lane.*

OF WHAT USE IS MUSIC?

Preposterous ass! that never read so far,
To know the cause why music was ordained!
Was it not to refresh the mind of man
After his studies or his usual pain?
—*Shakespeare.*

A SCOTCH WORD.—It is not very easy sometimes to find the equivalent in English of a Scotch word. "What is *crack*, for example, in English? A chat. The synonym is as perfect as possible; yet the words are subtly distinguished by a whole hemisphere of feeling. A chat, by comparison 'wi' a crack,' is a poor, frivolous, shallow, altogether heartless business. A crack is . . . . a chat with a good, kindly human heart in it."—*S. P. Alexander.*

NONSENSE ABOUT MUSIC.—About none of the other arts has so much nonsense been written as about music. A person scarcely able to distinguish one tone or note from another, one air from another, will not hesitate to judge of and condemn fine musical works in most emphatic manner; nay, I have seen criticisms, novels, and sketches on musical subjects written by persons who could not sing or play the simplest tune, and to whom theory was a *terra incognita.*—*Frederic L. Ritter.*

AN EXERCISE IN ARTICULATION.

There are some combinations of words the articulation of which to the unpractised presents much difficulty. The following are good examples, and many a girl will find that she must perseveringly rehearse them before they can be delivered with distinctness and ease:—

Truly rural.

A piper picked a peck of pepper off a pewter plate.

Up a high hill he heaved a huge round stone.

His sister is a thistle-sifter, and she sifts thistles with a thistle-sifter.

An itinerary literary lecturer.

He ran round the contrary road into Hertford road.

Approach, then, like the rugged Russian bear.

Old Dame Monk cannot teach children needful lessons.

USELESS ANXIETY.—The uselessness of anxious forebodings is thus expressed in an Arabic proverb:—"O thou who fearest thy fate, be at ease; commit thine affairs unto Him who spread out the earth. For what is predestined cannot be cancelled; and thou art secure from everything that is not predestined."

LOVE WORKS WONDERS.—Love changes itself into what it loves.—*Morin.*

WOMEN'S QUARRELS.—It is easier to make peace in Europe than to adjust a quarrel between two women.—*Louis XIV.*

MUSLIN.—Muslin derives its name from having been first made at Mosul or Moussul, a town in Turkish Asia. It was afterwards made in India, and first imported into England about 1670. About twenty years afterwards it was manufactured in considerable quantities both in France and Britain, and there are now many different kinds made, such as *book, mull, jaconet, leno, foundation,* etc., some of which rival in fineness those of India.

CHARADE.

1. By women's fingers wrought for women's wear,
   It lends a charm to grace a matron fair;
   France, Belgium, Italy in fabrics vie,
   And even England has her industry.

2. In ancient Greece 'twas thought at each man's birth
   Attendant spirits watched his course on earth,
   Prompted his actions as of man's own will,
   Alternate swaying him to good or ill.

Take now my first and add that spirit's name,
Behold a city of undying fame;
Her hardy sons to poverty inur'd,
Pain, hunger, all adversity endur'd;
Whate'er they suffered no one ever knew,
They breath'd no murmur and their words were few.

ANSWER TO HISTORICAL ARITHMOREMS (p. 407):—

1. Clive.
2. Aldhelm.
3. Cecil.
4. Icene.
5. Olave.
6. Alexis.
7. Milton.
8. Clement.
9. Elfrida.
10. Maida.

HOLLOWAY COLLEGE.

PROBABLY few of our readers are acquainted with the size of the palatial building erected on that ample and well-chosen site, Mount Lee, Egham, or with the liberal course of instruction which is to be offered to women within its walls. During the last thirty years great advantages have been proffered to women for their higher education, and now, through the late Mr. Holloway, that public-spirited benefactor, still greater strides will be able to be made by those anxious for degrees or for culture supplemental to their training. This college was founded and endowed by the late Mr. Holloway in memory of his wife, who pre-deceased him. Its constitution, which is embodied in a charter, especially states that it is not to be a training college for teachers, but to be devoted to the training of women of cultivation and refinement of the middle, and upper-middle classes.

The governing body is to consist of twenty-one persons (appointed by the University of London and the Corporation of London), of which a certain number are always to be women, religious opinions in no way disqualifying a governor.

Any who wish may seek for any of the degrees now open to women at the universities, but this will not be compulsory. In time it is hoped that by Act of Parliament or otherwise the college will be enabled to confer its own degrees. The curriculum is not to be confined to subjects enjoined by any existing university, but is to be chiefly founded on studies and sciences which the experience of modern times proves to be most valuable and best adapted for the social and intellectual requirements of students. Therefore any branch of knowledge or subject the governors may deem suitable for the education of women, instruction in it will be provided, and students need not be discouraged if they wish for a liberal education apart from mathematics and classics, which at Girton and Newnham seem to have been the main ambition above all others. The rewards of merit are to be equal in all branches of knowledge. There are twenty founder's scholarships to the value of £40 each, tenable for not more than two years in the college.

Mr. Holloway always aimed at embodying all the advantages of the great Vassar College in the United States, which up to the present time has perhaps stood unparalleled in the world with respect to educational advantages offered to women. We must not, however, overlook Smith's College in America, which is somewhat of a rival to Vassar College, and although much consideration has not been bestowed upon its system, yet it is a model worthy of equal regard. The dimensions of the Egham and Vassar Colleges are identical, being 500 feet from end to end, and though different in other respects, the educational advantages in point of space and accommodation are equal. The accommodation is for nearly 400 resident students, who will have every advantage money and space can procure. It may be thought by some that this institution will not be so necessary, now that the advantages of women students are so much greater than when this scheme first took shape; but Girton and Newnham cannot provide for 200 students, and the hall of residence in connection with the University College does not suffice for the number of young women desirous of obtaining their degrees in London alone.

The college buildings stand back from the road upon an elevated plateau, commanding a fine view of the neighbouring country, and surrounded by pleasure grounds extensively planted and intersected with groves, streams, and lakes. The style is that of the French Renaissance, in which sculpture entered largely into the design, and wonderfully skilfully and tastefully has the architect, Mr. Crossland, succeeded in carrying it out. It gives one the idea of so many royal colleges, each for its particular branch of study. Each student has two rooms, arranged as bed and sitting room. The rooms of the professors and heads of departments are situated in the central and corner pavilions, and are somewhat larger in area. Music, which at the Cambridge colleges is not provided for by a resident professor, is as prominent in the course, for those who care for it, as Latin or mathematics. There is to be a resident professor, and some twenty rooms, specially constructed, have been set apart for practising. A fine organ is to be placed in the college chapel, and there is likewise a museum and picture gallery. The room at first intended for the reception of pictures has been found insufficiently lighted, and the architect has now designed another separated from the main building, and otherwise protected in case of fire. There is a gymnasium and tennis-court, and a library capable of holding some thousands of works. The dining-hall, lecture and recreation rooms are all upon the most extensive scale, and there is ample space besides for the departments of anatomy and physiology, of chemistry and natural philosophy. Nor will the sciences absorb all attention; due prominence will be given to the arts. Drawing, painting, and modelling are all included in the curriculum, and lectures are to be delivered on the theory of the arts of painting, sculpture, and architecture, and their application to the ornamentation of rooms, furniture, dress, etc. The history of these arts will be illustrated at the same time by the lives and works of great artists. The formation of societies for the voluntary acquisition of knowledge, such as a natural history, or choral, or debating society, or a society for providing literary and æsthetic recreations, will be encouraged.

Concerning religious opinions, no one will be required to submit to any test, and students may attend divine service of the Church of England or of any sect or denomination to which they belong. The domestic life of the college will be that of "an orderly Christian household," with a daily simple service, the reading of a portion of the Bible, and a special form of prayer subject to the approval of the governors. The principal of the college is to be a lady, and duly qualified lady physicians and surgeons are to be resident in the college. A marked feature, also, is that the main teaching will be undertaken by lady professors. The lady principal and all professors in the college are bound to resign on reaching the age of sixty. Gratuities for extra teaching are forbidden, and the female "coach" made impossible. The college doors were to have been thrown open to students last autumn, but all arrangements have not as yet been satisfactorily completed, and consequently the time for opening has been indefinitely postponed. We hope, however, that the year 1885 will see the college in full working order, and that the use of the building, erected on so liberal and generous a scale and for so good a cause, will be marked as an event of no little importance and interest in educational circles.

AUNT DIANA

By ROSA NOUCHETTE CAREY, Author of "Nellie's Memories," "Not Like Other Girls," "Esther," etc.

CHAPTER III.

"WE'D BETTER BIDE A WEE."

AN hour and a half later Miss Carrington and her niece were walking quickly down one of the garden paths until they came to a little gate set in the hedge; unlatching it, they passed into a neighbouring garden, and then turned their faces in the direction of a low white house, with a verandah running all round it, and roses in profusion running over it. As they did so, the notes of a violin, evidently played by a practised hand, reached them. Miss Carrington's face brightened, and, making a gesture to her companion to move softly, she stepped up to a window and looked through it. The room, if it were a drawing-room, was almost as heterogeneously furnished as her own, but it bore more the character of a library. Two of the walls were lined with bookcases; a grand piano and a harmonium occupied some of the space; there was a round table littered with books, and a superfluity of easy-chairs in every stage of comfort, arranged more with a view to ease than appearance. A nearer inspection would have pointed out certain bachelor arrangements—some costly Turkish pipes; a pair of pistols, splendidly mounted; some silver cups and tankards, with various inscriptions on them, all engraved with the name of Greville Moore, and purporting to be certain prizes in the half-mile race, the high jump, throwing the cricket ball, and other feats of prowess, performed by some youthful athlete.

Although it was summer and all three windows were open, a pleasant little fire burned cheerily, to the evident enjoyment of a noble black collie that lay stretched luxuriously on the bear-skin rug.

An elderly man, with a long white beard and moustache, in a black velvet coat, sat with his back to the light, playing the violin. His face, seen in repose, was clear cut and handsome, in spite of the deep lines that time and perhaps many cares had traced upon it; but his eyes were cast down as though in deep meditation, a habitual action, for Mr. Moore had been blind half his life.

He was playing from memory an exquisite fugue from Bach. The thin, somewhat wrinkled hand handled the

bow with a precision, a delicacy, a masterly knowledge, that seemed surprising in his situation. Apparently he was lost himself in enjoyment of the sweet sounds that he had conjured up in his darkness, for a smile played round his lips as the harmony widened and vibrated, and his foot softly moved as though in unison. The collie turned its head lazily as Miss Carrington seated herself within a few feet of the musician; probably he would have risen to greet her, but she held up a warning hand.

Alison, much amused, followed her example. She had Trip in her arms, but the little animal gave her a good deal of trouble; he was not as perfectly trained as the collie, not having arrived at the age of discretion. He wanted to get down and investigate his old friend Keeper and secure a bit of rug for himself, and uttered a protesting whine when his mistress refused to let him go. In a moment the fugue was ended, and the bow lowered.

"Is that you, Sunny? Little witch, why have you stolen a march on the blind man? Of course you have flown through the window."

"Aunt Diana set me the example," returned Alison, demurely. "How do you do again, Mr. Moore?"

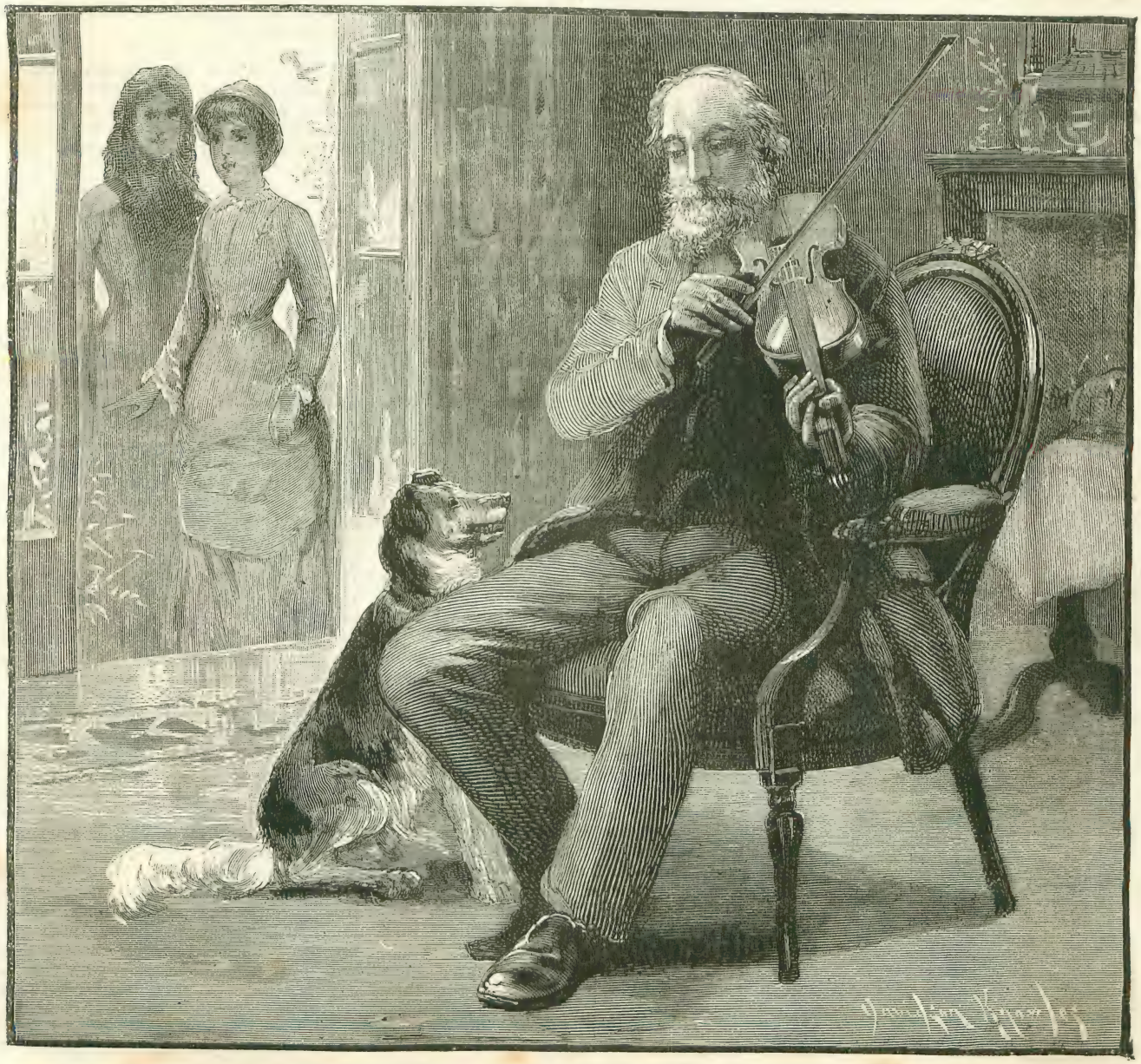
"Oh, nicely, nicely; time always passes quickly with me in my own special world. Have you given your aunt her favourite chair? How does the picture progress, Miss Diana? Sunny tells me it is one of your best."

"Would you have me praise my own work?" returned Miss Carrington, brightly. "I must leave you to Alison's criticism. I hope to do something good before I die, and if I do not succeed, well, my life will have been happier for the trying. Do you comprehend me, my good friend?"

"Aye, I can feel out a meaning there," he replied, a little quaintly, as he stooped to pat Keeper's head. "You and I think alike on most subjects, don't we, Miss Diana? We both hold that work and life have been synonymous terms, since Adam delved and Eve span."

"I don't believe in any life without it," was the concise reply to this.

"Well, it takes all sorts of people to make up a world. I have long ago divided society into two classes—people who work, and people who prefer to have their work done by other folk. There are men, and women too, who like to drift anyhow through life, and who grumble if some other oarsman does not put back the duckweed for them. Why, they would positively run aground, rather than propel themselves; but my boy is not one of them, I am thankful to say."



"LOST IN ENJOYMENT OF THE SWEET SOUNDS HE HAD CONJURED UP."

"Nor Alison either. By-the-bye, Mr. Moore, how does your pupil progress?"

"Oh, Sunny is a fair scholar," replied the old man, putting out his hand till it rested on Alison's soft hair. "She does me credit, Miss Diana; she is a good child—a very good child."

"Aunt Diana," interrupted Alison, as though to evade further praise, "we did such a famous morning's work. I had my music lesson—quite a long one—and then I did my Latin, and read Green's History of England for more than an hour."

"Then no wonder you felt entitled to a whole afternoon's idleness," was the somewhat quizzical reply to this. Alison's pained, "Oh, Aunt Di!" held a world of reproach in it. It did not escape Mr. Moore's notice. His other senses were exquisitely acute, and he had trained them to good purpose.

"What is all that, Miss Diana? No one finds fault with Sunny in my presence. By the bye, little sunbeam, there is a cloud somewhere; I can read voices as I can my violin, and there is a loose string. I'll be bound something has gone wrong in your little world; hasn't it, dear?"

"Alison shall tell you another time, Mr. Moore; we neither of us care about airing our worries to-night. Do you remember what old Mrs. Marsh used to say—'Think of your words before you speak them'? I have improvised another proverb for Alison's benefit: 'Never air your worry until it is four-and-twenty hours old;' in other words, go to sleep on it, and when you wake it will probably have shrunk to half its size."

"Ah, ah! very good! That is so like you, Miss Diana. Well, if we are to let things alone, suppose Sunny reads Greville's letter to you. The lad is in high spirits; he is captain now, and he is full of his matches and the splendid team they have got. He declares Queen's will beat half the other colleges."

"Commemoration will be here directly," observed Miss Carrington.

"Yes, but he is not coming home for another five weeks, at least to stay; his tutor has written to me this morning, and I have given my consent to Greville's joining his reading party to Keswick; the lad is a good lad, but he is young and a bit idle; at least, his love of fun carries him away, and I am afraid he has not worked quite hard enough."

"Mr. Greville is not fond of putting aside his own duckweed," put in Alison, mischievously; for there was nothing she loved better than to tease the old man about his grandson, who was literally the apple of his eye.

He roused up directly at her irony. "Come now, that is too bad to say that of the lad when he fights all your battles for you, and never lets anyone say a word against you."

"She does not mean it, Mr. Moore," interposed Miss Carrington, quickly.

"Now, Aunt Di, please *don't* interfere. I do mean that Mr. Greville Moore will never kill himself with overwork, unless he dies from too much cricket or lawn tennis."

"You naughty child," but there was no mistaking the fun in his voice now. "I shall report all your hard speeches to Greville when I see him; do you think a fine young man is to slave and toil all his best years away? A little harmless fun will not hurt him; he is strengthening his mind and his muscles at the same time."

Alison and her aunt exchanged amused glances at this. They both thought highly of the young man, who was indeed a sweet-tempered honest fellow, with plenty of good in him, though hardly up to Miss Carrington's standard of "thorough;" indeed, he was a favourite with most people; but it was droll and at the same time almost touching to see Mr. Moore's implicit faith in his grandson, who was verily the old man's Benoni and Benjamin—"the son of his sorrow"—as well as the "son of his right hand."

If Mr. Moore had been questioned about his life, he would most surely have answered in Jacob's words that "few and evil had been his days," for few men had experienced greater vicissitudes. His earlier manhood had opened with brilliant prospects of happiness—health had been his, and fortune also—his talents had been cultivated and yielded him vast resources of enjoyment, and his domestic life had been truly blessed. His wife was in every respect his helpmeet and support, and the little son that prattled baby nonsense at his knee was scarcely less dear to him.

Then after a time the black cloud darkened his horizon; blindness in its most hopeless and scathing form fell upon him. Not gradually and with slow approaches, changing from twilight into night, but suddenly as the result of an accident; and for a time the man sat down utterly dismayed, and something like despair took possession of him. But his wife was yet spared to him, and it was her soft ministering hand, her simple faith, and unflinching courage that roused him from his brooding sadness, and setting him face to face with the inevitable, bade him be of good comfort for the sake of God's dear love and hers.

"Gerard, we must bear this trouble that our Father has sent. Do not make it too hard for me to say, 'His will be done.' I will be eyes to you, hands, you shall never miss what I can give you," whispered the faithful creature, and to the day of her death she nobly fulfilled her work.

Black as the day that saw his blindness was the hour when his good angel left him for a brighter world. His son had reached manhood then, and very soon after that dear mother's death he had brought home his young wife, that he and his father might no longer lack the comfort of womanly ministry.

For a little while—for three short years—there was peace in the little household of Gerard Moore. Then fever came. In one brief month the younger Gerard and his wife lay side by side in the little churchyard at Riverston, leaving their infant son in his grandfather's care.

Since then the old man and the boy had lived together. To Greville Mr. Moore had transferred the love he had once lavished on his father. Under his grandfather's mild and loving rule, the lad had grown up honest and strong and fearless; not book-loving, perhaps, and a little simple in some matters as concerns this world's usages, but on the whole a "good lad," as Mr. Moore called him.

"Aunt Di, I do think Mr. Moore the best man in the world," observed Alison, as she lingered in the moonlight garden on their way back to Moss-side.

There was a silvery gleam across the river, and a little boat was rocking in it. Miss Carrington stood still, as though watching the effect.

"He is a very wonderful man," she repeated, slowly. "I am prouder of possessing his friendship than I am of my pretty house and garden and that river view, though I am tolerably vain of them all."

"You vain, Aunt Di!"

"Well, am I not human, and a woman; have not the best of us our pet vanities? I am not quite so strong-minded as you wish to make me out. I am proud both for you and myself that such a man as Mr. Moore thinks us worthy of his friendship. Take my word for it, Ailie, friendship is a great test."

"How do you mean?" asked Alison, fixing her eyes dreamily on the silver ripples that seemed full of phosphorescent life.

"Nothing stamps a man or a woman so much as the choice of friends. Many a life is made or marred at the commencement by a wise or unwise selection. Most of us are mere copyists, and we form our own style on the pattern furnished by our friends. I notice this so much with young people; they cannot create their own atmosphere. Most of us, except a few strong-minded persons, see with other people's eyes. How necessary then that those eyes should be pure and far-sighted."

"I believe you are right, Aunt Di. I always feel better and stronger somehow when I am with you and Mr. Moore, than when I am chattering nonsense with Lettie or Dora Morville; and yet they are nice girls, and I enjoy talking to them."

"My little girl," returned Aunt Diana, laying her firm, cool hand on Alison's, "I do not want to put our old heads on your young shoulders; it does me good to have you and Letty and Dora all twittering together like young birds in a nest; we must all have our nonsense talks, even we middle-aged people. What I really want is," and here she paused with a half sigh, as though some fear moved her; "what I really desire is to see you, not shining with any borrowed lights, but able to stand on your own feet, and look round you so calmly, that you may discern between a worthless rushlight, a will-o'-the-wisp, or the steady shining of the torch of truth. Don't you recollect, Ailie, my favourite verse?—

'First take heed to calm and still
All thy passions and thy will;
Great excitements stop or ply,
Nor ruffle that serenity
Which only keeps the spirit free
Life's hid path to search and see.'"

"The path is very hidden just now," murmured Alison, in a choked voice.

"Then 'we must bide a wee,' and put by brambles one by one until we come to a clear opening. I do not think we shall find it quite by ourselves, Ailie."

"No, indeed, Aunt Di."

"We must just do with our doubts and difficulties as Hezekiah did with his letter; there is no other way of lighting our candle in the darkness. Now run out of the dews, child, and promise me one thing before you go. Take no troublesome bedfellow with you; fold up the worry with your prayers and just leave it. Good-night, my dear." And without waiting for an answer, Miss Carrington moved away briskly down the garden walk; and as Alison closed her window she could see the tall hooded figure pacing slowly to and fro in the moonlight, a habit of hers when anything had made her restless. Evidently the difficulty in Miss Carrington's mind was still unsolved when, half an hour later, she let herself into the house.

"I will ask Mr. Moore's advice," she said to herself, as she lingered in the dim studio, only lighted by the uncertain rays that penetrated here and there; "it is not that I am not capable of the sacrifice, but I believe I am braver for myself than I am for her. I took her away from The Holms because she was not a bit fit for the life, and how do I know that she is strong enough now? Of course, Mr. Moore will have his little joke about 'old maids' children'; of course, it is the old story of the hen and the duckling, the hen never can bear her nursling to wet its feet. After all, it may serve as a valuable discipline; it will test the girl and show if she has backbone or not; and, of course, in some respects it may be wiser to part with her for a time. Greville will be coming back, and"——but here Miss Carrington abruptly paused.

"What nonsense! We need not cross the bridge until we come to it. Come, Trip, old fellow, it is time for us both to retire; and, with the terrier beside her, Miss Carrington went quickly up the dark staircase, just listening for a minute at Alison's door to be sure that she was asleep, and then turned into her own room, leaving Trip to investigate his cushioned basket in search of a concealed biscuit, on which he supped leisurely before turning round three times, and curling himself into a brown ball until morning. If Miss Carrington's night was wakeful and somewhat anxious, she asked and desired no sympathy, neither did she question Alison on her amount of sleep; such questions were not in her line.

While Alison made the coffee she read her letters and gleaned items of general interest from the newspaper; then the conservatory was visited, the various pets noticed and their little wants supplied, and afterwards Alison had her painting lesson

When this was finished, she left Miss Carrington to her domestic business and her beloved work, and went in search of her old tutor.

In these pleasant tasks the mornings, and sometimes an hour or two of the afternoon, passed rapidly; then she and Miss Carrington either gardened, or walked out, or drove in the little basket-carriage. Sometimes Alison would row her in their pretty cushioned boat to a little island that they much affected, and sometimes Mr. Moore would come too.

So the days rippled on as smoothly and pleasantly as the river; but Miss Leigh's letter was still unanswered, and in Alison's heart lay a rankling fear, which did not this time take the form of words.

(*To be continued.*)

BITS ABOUT ANIMALS.

Tippoo the Foundling.

HAVE often thought I would tell the history of this most fascinating of cats—a lady puss, though with a masculine name, usually shortened to Tip. She came, a lean, starved creature, to the house of a country friend. There was one cat in the establishment when the poor stranger, with a pitiful mew, craved admission. But puss in possession was old and lazy, while the vagrant animal was young, and needed only good food and a comfortable bed to turn her into a perfect beauty, so she was admitted with a promise of adoption, conditional on good behaviour.

Tippoo became a most beautiful cat, the pride of the household. But she was not like some human beings who, when they have secured a good place, would prevent others from sharing the advantages they enjoy. The old cat might and did snarl, hiss, and swear in feline language at the new comer. But Tippoo showed no resentment, and it was really charming to see the beautiful young animal pay the cross old creature the same attentions that a dutiful child might render to a mother.

When old puss became feeble and almost blind, Tip would carry and lay at her feet the best part of every cattish dainty that came in her way. Tip was a mighty mouser and bird catcher, and, almost daily, she brought her dead prey to her cross companion, and invited her by queer-sounding "miaous" to partake of the spoil.

Old crabby never seemed the least bit grateful, but Tippoo did not on that account cease her attentions. A lesson to some of us, that we should do kind things in spite of discouragements, and keep on doing them without looking for a reward, or caring for ingratitude.

Tip tackled other game beside mice and small birds. The largest rat was nowhere in a contest with her, and she was successful in mole-catching—a somewhat unusual game for a cat to hunt. Once she was nearly mastered by a large mole. He fought and struggled desperately, and, being in the garden, he tried hard to get underground.

You know how rapidly moles burrow. They use their sharp snouts and feet to some purpose when they begin.

Tip's antagonist would have worsted her, but instinct came to her aid. On soft ground he might have conquered, but she managed to drag him into the kitchen. On the hard, red tiles the mole's burrowing powers availed him nothing, and on these he soon lay dead.

If some of Tip's exploits had been known to my Lord Broadacre's gamekeepers, Tip's head would not have been safe on her shoulders for a day. She has long been dead, so it will be quite safe to tell how she caught and carried home young partridges, pheasants, and leverets, and laid them unmangled at her mistress's feet. The largest leveret weighed four pounds, and was much too large for her to carry, but she dragged it homewards, and had just got it within the garden gate when some visitors were leaving the front door.

By a desperate effort she tugged it behind a holly bush, stood guard over her prize until they were fairly out of hearing, and then proudly deposited it at the feet of her amused mistress, who had been watching her movements from a side window.

So much for Tip's business qualities. But, great as were these, her social qualities exceeded them. It surprised her human friends that she escaped serious injury in these many encounters, that she could be at once so fierce and so gentle. Those claws which dealt death and destruction to her foes were sheathed, and a velvet paw ever extended to friends.

She would always shake hands when invited, but persisted in giving her paw again and again, when dinner was in preparation, by way of bespeaking any bits that might be at her friend's disposal. If her claims were too long neglected, the pretty creature would spring up, tap one's shoulder twice with her soft paw, then drop into a begging attitude, like a dog.

It is said that animals know by instinct those who like them. I presume that Tip did, for she distinguished me with marks of favour from the beginning of our acquaintance. When I visited her mistress, she would meet and welcome me, then run to inform any member of the family not present of my arrival. She would rub round them, and run a little way backward and forward, as if inviting them to come and greet the guest.

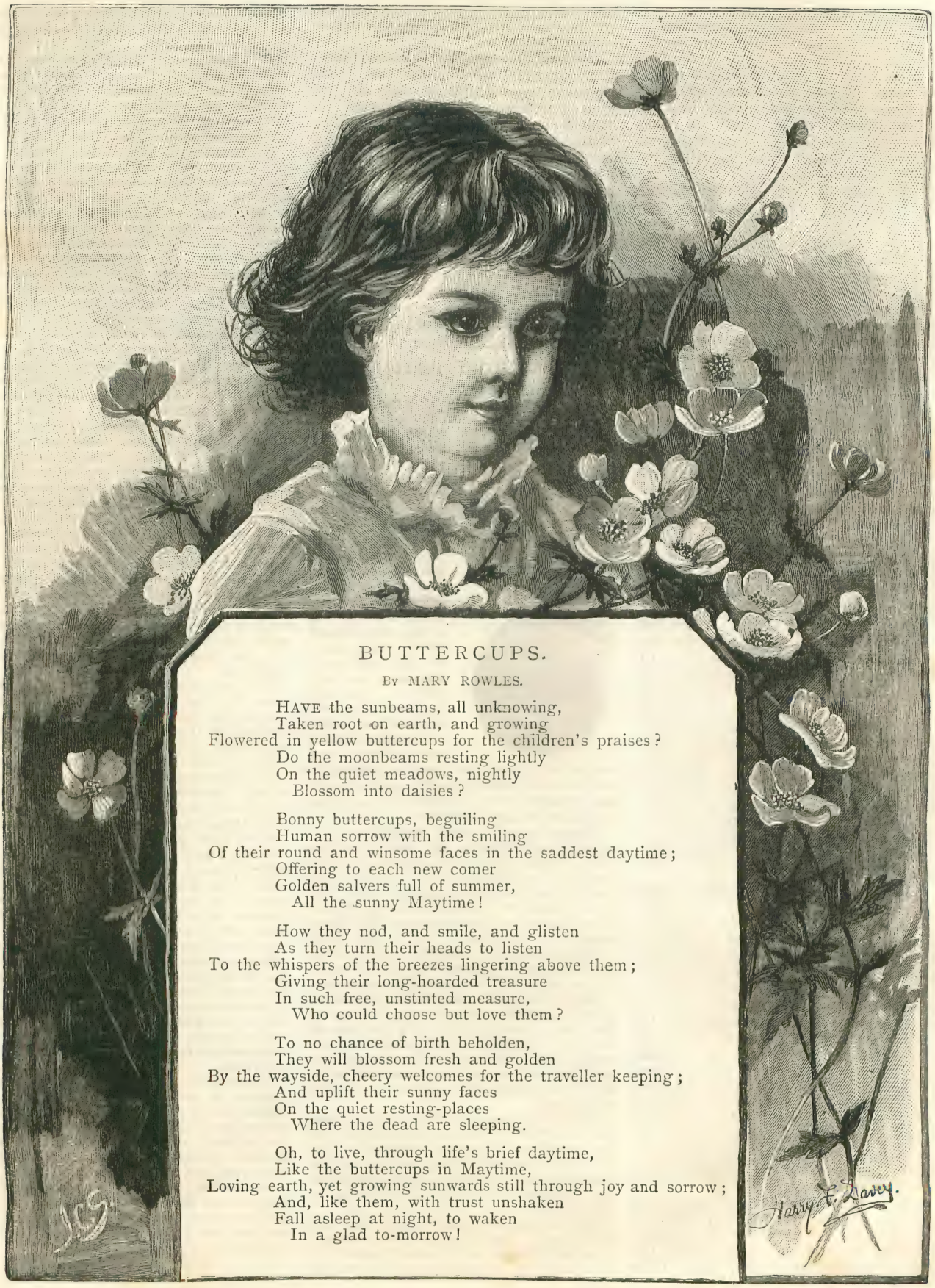
With some persons Tip would never be friends. I once affronted her by rubbing my finger up and down on one joint of the backbone. She did not snarl or scratch me, but drew out of my reach. For sheer mischief I repeated the offence, and she then left the room entirely, and would not return.

A few hours later, I had forgotten the offence, and was going to stroke the cat, but no, thank you. Every time I tried to touch her she drew her head away. In the evening, on my returning from a walk with the young lady of the house, Tip came to meet us as usual, but she passed me without notice, a thing she had never done before, and went to my friend.

For three days did that cat nurse her displeasure, in spite of repeated efforts at conciliation on my part, and then she consented to forgive and forget. Like a well-bred person she declined to squabble, but in her gentle fashion quietly ignored me, until I had owned my fault and made amends.

No wonder that when the pretty creature died, though she had attained a good old age, her loss was lamented by all who knew her, and very genuine human tears were shed over the grave of Tippoo the Foundling.

RUTH LAMB.



BUTTERCUPS.

By MARY ROWLES.

HAVE the sunbeams, all unknowing,
Taken root on earth, and growing
Flowered in yellow buttercups for the children's praises?
Do the moonbeams resting lightly
On the quiet meadows, nightly
Blossom into daisies?

Bonny buttercups, beguiling
Human sorrow with the smiling
Of their round and winsome faces in the saddest daytime;
Offering to each new comer
Golden salvers full of summer,
All the sunny Maytime!

How they nod, and smile, and glisten
As they turn their heads to listen
To the whispers of the breezes lingering above them;
Giving their long-hoarded treasure
In such free, unstinted measure,
Who could choose but love them?

To no chance of birth beholden,
They will blossom fresh and golden
By the wayside, cheery welcomes for the traveller keeping;
And uplift their sunny faces
On the quiet resting-places
Where the dead are sleeping.

Oh, to live, through life's brief daytime,
Like the buttercups in Maytime,
Loving earth, yet growing sunwards still through joy and sorrow;
And, like them, with trust unshaken
Fall asleep at night, to waken
In a glad to-morrow!

THE ESSENCE OF FAMOUS BOOKS.

By JAMES MASON.

IV.—Boswell's Life of Johnson.

Every man's life, according to Dr. Johnson, may be best written by himself. Failing that, however, may he be so fortunate as to find a Boswell to render him immortal.

And who was Boswell? To tell that is to begin at the beginning of our story. James Boswell, the friend and biographer of Johnson, was born in Edinburgh in 1740, and was the son of Lord Auchinleck, one of the lords of Session, or judges of the Supreme Court in Scotland. After studying law at Edinburgh, Glasgow, and Utrecht, he became an advocate at the Scotch bar, but not a very successful one. Fortunately, however, his circumstances were such as to render him independent of practice.

His tastes were always literary, and he early conceived an enthusiastic admiration for Dr. Johnson, then one of the prominent figures of the metropolis. To him he was introduced on the 16th of May, 1763; it was in the shop of a bookseller in Russell-street, Covent Garden. From that time till the close of Johnson's life, a period of upwards of twenty years, Boswell enjoyed his friendship, and seems to have had the scheme of writing his life constantly in view. Whenever he could contrive it, he came up from Scotland with the hearing of Johnson's conversation as his leading object. No other great man ever had such a follower to admire his wisdom and excuse his frailties.

Their intercourse was almost all in London, but the two made a memorable expedition in 1773 to the Hebrides. Of this, Boswell gave an account in his "Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides," published in 1785; the year after Johnson's death.

Boswell was a vain character, and made no attempt to conceal it. "I, James Boswell, Esq.," he writes to a friend, "you know what vanity that name includes." He was so, he held, both by nature and habit. There were other shortcomings. "One great fault of mine," he says, "is talking at random," and to overcome this he framed many a good resolution, determining, "like an ancient Pythagorean, to observe silence, to be grave and reserved, though cheerful and communicative." He was also, according to his own admission, "utterly wanting in solidity and force of mind."

But he was not a born fool, as Lord Macaulay in his celebrated essay would have us believe. Had he been that, Johnson was the last man likely to have encouraged his acquaintance, and especially when he knew that Boswell proposed to be his biographer. The fact is that he was a pleasant companion, full of drollery and high spirits, and his self-revealing simplicity made him the delight of all his friends. He had weaknesses, like the rest of us, but only a man who in some respects possessed real ability could have written what everyone acknowledges to be the best book of its kind.

If Lord Macaulay is wrong in his estimate of Boswell's character, he is right in summing up the merits of his work. "Boswell's Life of Johnson," he says, "is one of the best books in the world. It is assuredly a great, a very great work. Homer is not more decidedly the first of heroic poets, Shakespeare is not more decidedly the first of dramatists, Demosthenes is not more decidedly the first of orators, than Boswell is the first of biographers. He has distanced all his competitors so decidedly that it is not worth while to place them. Eclipse is first, and all the rest nowhere."

But for this famous life Dr. Johnson would probably nowadays be seldom quoted and little thought of. A "Dictionary," whatever its merits, will hardly make a man famous; his "Rambler" and "Idler" are unreadable—and if any girl doubts it let her just devote to them her first spare half hour—and as for his once popular "Rasselas," a great many, it is to be feared, will be found to side with Mr. Leslie Stephen in saying that to read it "is about as exhilarating as to wade knee-deep in a sandy desert."

The spirit in which Boswell regarded his friend and wrote his life comes out at every turn. You see it, for example, in the reflection he makes when Johnson removes from a house he had occupied in Johnson's-court, Fleet-street. "I felt," he says, "a foolish regret that he had left a court which bore his name; but it was not foolish to be affected with some tenderness of regard for a place in which I had seen him a great deal, from whence I had often issued a better and a happier man than I went in, and which had often appeared to my imagination while I trod its pavement, in the solemn darkness of the night, to be sacred to wisdom and piety."

Of the eagerness with which he listened to every word that fell from Johnson's lips, many of his contemporaries have borne witness. "Little Miss Burney" has given an amusing account of it. "When in *that presence*," she says, "he was unobservant, if not contemptuous, to everyone else. In truth, when he met with Dr. Johnson, he commonly forbore even answering anything that was said, or attending to anything that went forward, lest he should miss the smallest sound from that voice to which he paid such exclusive though merited homage. But the moment that voice burst forth, the effect which it exercised on Mr. Boswell amounted almost to pain. His eyes goggled with eagerness; he leant his ear almost on the shoulder of the doctor, and his mouth dropped open to catch every syllable that might be uttered; nay, he seemed not only to dread losing a word, but to be anxious not to miss a breathing, as if hoping from it latently or mystically some information."

We might expect one who listened in this spirit to be nothing but a blind idolater. But Boswell was discriminating: he saw Dr. Johnson's weak points, and in the Life these weak points are not concealed.

On the duties of a biographer his views were sound. "I cannot conceive," he remarks in the Introduction, "a more perfect mode of writing any man's life than not only relating all the most important events of it in their order, but interweaving what he privately wrote and said and thought, by which mankind are enabled, as it were, to see him live, and to 'live o'er each scene' with him as he actually advanced through the several stages of his life. . . . I will venture to say that Dr. Johnson will be seen in this work more completely than any man who has ever yet lived.

"And he will be seen as he really was; for I profess to write not his panegyric, which must be all praise, but his life, which, great and good as he was, must not be supposed to be entirely perfect."

When in Boswell's company Johnson must have often felt that he was talking through a biographer to posterity. From time to time, too, he gave him direct assistance in his work, communicating facts relating to his early life of which Boswell would not otherwise have heard.

Boswell's "Life of Dr. Johnson" is dedicated to Sir Joshua Reynolds, the greatest artist of his day, and Johnson's intimate and beloved friend, at whose house on the west side of Leicester-square many eminent men were welcome guests. And this leads us to say that one of the charms of the Life is the glimpse it affords of an intellectual circle many of whose members we all know by name. Amongst them are Goldsmith, Garrick, Burke, Richardson the novelist, Dr. Percy — the Bishop of Dromore—Hannah More, Miss Seward, and Miss Burney.

In the earlier portion we meet with the unfortunate Richard Savage, the poet, who was the companion of Johnson during his first years in London. These were hard times for both of them: they were sometimes, Boswell tells us, in such extreme indigence that they could not pay for a lodging, so that they wandered together whole nights in the streets.

Boswell starts with the birth of Dr. Johnson at Lichfield in Staffordshire on the 18th of September, 1709, tells of his childhood, his schooldays, his college life at Oxford, his serving as usher in a school, his first literary employments, and his marriage in 1736 to Mrs. Porter, the widow of a Lichfield trader —a lady of vulgar manners and double his age. Then we have his starting an academy at Edial, near Lichfield, the failure of the academy, his coming to London to be an author by profession, and his early struggles, when the poor scholar was sometimes reduced so low in his finances as to be obliged to live upon fourpence halfpenny a day. His first successes are described; we read of the publication of his various works, his labours as a hack writer, poet, essayist, lexicographer, and critic, his gradual rise to a position of influence in the world of letters, his intercourse with his fellows, and the reward he at last obtained of a government pension of £300 a year.

With these particulars we have his views on religion, his political opinions, and his criticisms on men and books, and are given a clear insight into all his mental peculiarities—his morbid melancholy, his indolence and procrastination, his love of town life, and his many prejudices.

The best part of the work is that dealing with Johnson after Boswell met him—well illustrating the truth of one of the great man's own observations, that "nobody can write the life of a man but those who have eaten and drunk and lived in social intercourse with him." This, fortunately, is the greater part of the book. From Johnson's birth till his fifty-fifth year covers only a quarter of the "Life"—the remaining three-quarters being taken up with his sayings and doings from that time till his death in 1784—in all, about twenty years.

The sayings are of more importance than the doings—indeed, the "Life" is little more than a great book of table-talk. Johnson's conversational abilities were far superior to his talents as a writer, and will always command admiration. "When he laid aside his pen," observes Hazlitt, "which he regarded as an encumbrance, he became not only learned and thoughtful, but acute, witty, humorous, natural, honest, hearty, and determined. 'The king of good fellows and wale of old men.' There are as many smart repartees, profound remarks, and keen invectives to be

found in Boswell's inventory of all he said as are recorded of any celebrated man."

He took considerable pride in his colloquial powers, and could not brook the appearance of being worsted in argument, even when he had taken the wrong side to show the force and dexterity of his talents. Goldsmith once wittily remarked, "There is no arguing with Johnson, for if his pistol misses fire he knocks you down with the butt-end of it." One who had been an old schoolfellow was of much the same opinion: "There is no disputing with him. He will not hear you, and having a louder voice than you, roars you down."

He was too much given to considering conversation as a contest, and many of his observations are merely the whim of the moment, but no one can read his opinions on men and things, as recorded by Boswell, without being intellectually the better. Deduct all his prejudices, all his errors, and all those views advanced merely for the sake of argument, and there remains a fund of common sense enough to fit out a regiment of ordinary people.

We are let into the secret of his excellence in conversation. "Johnson," observes Boswell, "used to say that he made it a constant rule to talk as well as he could, both as to sentiment and expression, by which means what had been originally effort became familiar and easy." "The consequence of this," Sir Joshua Reynolds remarks, "was that his common conversation in all companies was such as to secure him universal attention, as something above the usual colloquial style was expected."

Of his uncouth personal appearance and peculiar habits, his convulsive starts, and odd gesticulations, Boswell gives us a vivid notion. He had a tall, stout, authoritative figure, but stooped considerably, so that his back was quite round. The first time that Boswell called upon him "his brown suit of clothes looked very rusty; he had on a little old shrivelled unpowdered wig, which was too small for his head; his black worsted stockings were ill-drawn up; and he had a pair of unbuckled shoes by way of slippers."

His head was constantly rolling, and his mouth as constantly opening and shutting, as if he were chewing something. Generally when he had concluded a period in the course of a dispute he blew out his breath like a whale. His laugh was something to be remembered; one of his friends describes it as like that of a rhinoceros.

Talking to himself was one of his singularities. He had another, says Boswell, "of which none of his friends ever ventured to ask an explanation. . . . . This was his anxious care to go out or in at a door or passage by a certain number of steps from a certain point, or at least so that either his right or his left foot (I am not certain which) should constantly make the first actual movement when he came close to the door or passage."

No man loved the good things of this world more than he did, and Boswell gives many curious particulars regarding his conduct at table. "When at table," he says, "he was totally absorbed in the business of the moment; his looks seemed riveted to his plate; nor would he, unless when in very high company, say one word, or even pay the least attention to what was said by others, till he had satisfied his appetite, which was so fierce, and indulged with such intenseness, that while in the act of eating the veins of his forehead swelled, and generally a strong perspiration was visible. To those whose sensations were delicate this could not but be disgusting, and it was doubtless not very suitable to the character of a philosopher, who should be distinguished by self-command. But it must be owned that Johnson, though he could be rigidly *abstemious*, was not a *temperate* man either in eating or drinking. He could refrain, but he could not use moderately."

He was devoted to tea, and Boswell records the relish with which he enjoyed the fragrant leaf. "The quantities," he remarks, "which he drank at all hours were so great that his nerves must have been uncommonly strong not to have been extremely relaxed by such an intemperate use of it."

The gruffness of Johnson's temper is proverbial, and the readers of Boswell will find plenty of examples of it. These will help them to understand the answer given by Gibbon, the historian, when he was asked why he did not talk more in Dr. Johnson's presence. "Sir," said Gibbon, "I have no pretensions to the ability of contending with Dr. Johnson in brutality and insolence."

Whilst acknowledging, however, that he was occasionally remarkable for violence of temper, Boswell takes care to add: "Let it not be supposed that he was in a perpetual rage, and never without a club in his hand to knock down anyone who approached him. On the contrary, the truth is . . . . . that many gentlemen who were long acquainted with him, never received or even heard a strong expression from him."

Once he said to Boswell, "I wonder how I should have so many enemies; for I do harm to nobody?" "This reflection," observes Boswell, "was very natural in a man of a good heart, who was not conscious of any ill-will to mankind, though the sharp sayings which were sometimes produced by his discrimination and veracity, which he, perhaps, did not recollect, were, I am afraid, too often remembered with resentment." It is unfortunate, too, that rudeness and ill-manners will always strike a reader more forcibly than gentleness and good breeding, and so are apt to create a prejudice against Johnson, which not all the reasoning in the world can remove.

But whilst noting these objectionable features, let us not forget to read in Boswell of his many kindnesses. "He loved the poor," says Mrs. Thrale, "as I never yet saw anyone else love them, with an earnest desire to make them happy. In pursuance of these principles, he nursed whole nests of people in his house, where the lame, the blind, the sick, and the sorrowful found a sure retreat."

Boswell mentions that he had a love for little children, "calling them pretty dears, and giving them sweetmeats," though George Colman suggests that the idea of his carrying bonbons to give to youngsters is much like supposing that a Greenland bear has a pocket stuffed with tarts for the benefit of passing travellers.

As for Dr. Johnson's intercourse with ladies, that was spoken about in a recent number of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER. "He certainly," says Boswell, "was vain of the society of ladies, and could make himself very agreeable to them when he chose it." A contemporary was once heard to say that a lady might well be vain when she could turn a wolfdog into a lapdog.

The only observation of his about girls that we remember recorded in Boswell was not complimentary. When Bennet Langton left his company once, being engaged to breakfast with some young ladies, Johnson scolded him for "leaving his social friends to go and sit with a set of wretched *un-idea'd* girls."

He had strong notions on the essential difference between man and woman. On one occasion, when a lady complained that men had more liberty allowed them than women, Boswell tells that he replied, "Why, madam, women have all the liberty they should wish to have. We have all the labour and the danger, and the women all the advantage. We go to sea, we build houses, we do everything, in short, to pay our court to the women." And he made her a very good answer when she lamented that they had not equal rights with men. "It is plain, madam," he said, "one or other must have the superiority. As Shakespeare says, 'If two men ride on a horse, one must ride behind.'"

Two ladies find more frequent mention than others in the "Life"—one is Mrs. Boswell, the biographer's wife, and the other Mrs. Thrale, the wife of a wealthy brewer, at whose house for many years Johnson was feasted, flattered, and caressed.

The first mention Johnson makes of Mrs. Boswell is in a letter to her husband, dated November 27th, 1773. He had been their guest when in Scotland on his famous trip to the Hebrides. "I know," he says, "Mrs. Boswell wished me well to go; her wishes have not been disappointed."

Boswell here adds the following footnote:—"In this he showed a very acute penetration. My wife paid him the most assiduous and respectful attention, while he was our guest; so that I wonder how he discovered her wishing for his departure. The truth is, that his irregular hours and uncouth habits, such as turning the candles with their heads downwards when they did not burn bright enough, and letting the wax drop upon the carpet, could not but be disagreeable to a lady.

"Besides, she had not that high admiration of him which was felt by most of those who knew him, and what was very natural to a female mind, she thought he had too much influence over her husband. She once, in a little warmth, made with more point than justice, this remark upon that subject: 'I have seen many a bear led by a man, but I never before saw a man led by a bear.'"

Like a sensible woman, however, she allowed her resentment to die out, though Johnson seems even nine years after to have entertained some doubts about it, for we find him writing, "Make my compliments to Mrs. Boswell, who is, I hope, reconciled to me."

The other lady, Mrs. Thrale, stood for many a day on the footing of an intimate friend. Johnson lived at her table, stayed in her house at Streatham, was nursed by her, scolded her, petted her, paid her compliments, wrote odes to her—their friendship lasted in all twenty years. With her husband he was on quite as familiar a footing.

In 1781 Mr. Thrale died, and a very material alteration soon followed with respect to Johnson's reception where he had been so welcome. He kept up correspondence, however, with the widow, and was occasionally in her company till 1784, when she informed him that she intended immediately to unite herself in marriage to a Mr. Piozzi, who had been the music-master of her daughters.

He wrote to her in haste, what she described afterwards as "a rough letter," endeavouring to prevent the marriage. She answered him, desiring the conclusion of a correspondence which, she says, "I can bear to continue no longer," and telling him that "the birth of her second husband was not meaner than that of her first; his sentiments were not meaner, his profession was not meaner, and his superiority in what he professed was acknowledged by all mankind."

"It must be admitted," remarks Boswell, in recording this incident, "that Johnson derived a considerable portion of happiness from the comforts and elegancies which he enjoyed in Mr. Thrale's family; but Mrs. Thrale assures us that he was indebted for these to her husband alone, who certainly respected him sincerely. Her words are—

"Veneration for his virtue, reverence for his talents, delight in his conversation, and habitual endurance of a yoke my husband first put upon me, and of which he contentedly bore his share for sixteen or seventeen years, made me go on so long with Dr. Johnson; but the

perpetual confinement I will own to have been terrifying in the first years of our friendship and irksome in the last: nor could I pretend to support it without help when my coadjutor was no more.'"

Boswell questions the sincerity of this declaration, and it is not for us to pronounce a verdict upon it. However tempting the good things of Streatham, Dr. Johnson would have done well to remember and act up to the wise counsel of Solomon—"Withdraw thy foot from thy neighbour's house, lest he be weary of thee, and so hate thee."

Johnson, from the point of view of Mrs. Boswell and Mrs. Thrale, forms an interesting study. But no one, girls, can be perfect, or, to put it as Dr. Johnson has himself done, "a fallible being will fail somewhere." For that reason we must not condemn his shortcomings with too much severity. It is for our improvement, however, to be made aware of them, for "if nothing but the bright side of characters were known, we should sit down in despondency, and think it utterly impossible to imitate them in anything."

OUR FRATERNAL SOCIETY.

By Dora Hope.

Washstands, and how they should be Furnished.

Millie Travers wrote me a long letter a few days ago on this subject, and asked me to put her remarks into proper order for our next meeting, as she had not time to do so herself; but I think information is so much more agreeable when it is not arranged in proper order, and our meetings are very informal, so I only read extracts from her letter just as she sent it, and the other members interspersed remarks about any part of the subject they happened to have been studying.

"I was so tired of considering my limited purse," Millie began, "that I determined to study the question of the best kind of washing apparatus, regardless of cost; and I found plenty of scope for inquiry at the Exhibition. I looked first at bedroom washstands, for people who have not the luxury of a dressing-room. Those I liked the best of all were fitted into a recess, the walls of which were covered with white tiles to a height of about a yard above the washstand, and on to these tiles were fixed in front two hanging racks for tooth and nail brushes; and on each side of the recess brackets for water-bottles. These tiles, of course, do away with the necessity for any of those embroidered or painted 'splashers,' on the manufacture of which I have wasted so much valuable time, and the thought of how one could splash about to one's heart's content without doing any harm made me feel inclined to squander my last penny in fitting up a recess in my bedroom with tiles. Then the crockery was so beautiful, of all imaginable colours and designs, to harmonise with the bedroom hangings and tiles. I can assure you those old-fashioned rounded water-jugs are things of the past; the new style are square-sided, oval, or any other shape you can think of, except round.

"But that is not the only novelty; each piece is finished off underneath with a ring of india-rubber, fitted into a groove in the china, so that it makes no noise when put down on the marble stand (an immense comfort, I should think, in a sick room), and does not scratch or injure the polish. I may as well mention, while on this subject, that the same invention is applied to hot water or milk jugs for the breakfast table, and is found to be perfectly successful in preventing the table from being marked by the heat.

"But to return to the washstands. The style I have been describing is used chiefly for old houses. Where new ones are being built according to the inhabitant's own views, pipes with hot and cold water are laid on, as for a bath, and the washstand in this case is a fixture, fitted into a recess arranged specially for it, and has a basin, with a waste tap, made to tip up, or to empty in one of the other ways employed for lavatory basins. This struck me as a very great convenience where it could be managed, and such a saving of trouble to the servants; but I suppose it could only be applied to houses which are being built, or to those old ones which have already a good supply of hot water upstairs.

"The authorities on washstands at the Exhibition strongly recommend racks of some sort for toothbrushes, instead of the old fashioned china boxes with lids; and I quite agree with them, for I have found by experience that keeping my brush covered spoils it; it cannot dry properly without any air, so it soon becomes unpleasant to use, and the constant dampness makes the bristles come out. I have always been afraid of using a brush with loose bristles since a conversation I had with a sick nurse, who told me she had herself nursed three cases where a surgical operation had to be performed through a bristle from a toothbrush getting imbedded in the throat quite out of reach."

Dr. Wingate added that this was quite true; he had met with similar cases himself, and though such severe ones are not very common, slight injury to the gums is constantly occasioned by loose bristles getting fixed in them. He thinks people make a mistake in buying cheap brushes with the idea of being economical. A good deal of injury is caused too, he says, by using very hard toothbrushes; they wear the enamel off the teeth, and make the gums bleed.

"They seem to be a good deal exercised in their minds about towel-rails," Millie went on; "there are a great many varieties displayed; the only point on which they agree seems to be to avoid old-fashioned separate stands. Some washstands had rails attached to them at each end, which I liked, but most of them were too close to the stand to slip the towels over easily, and too small to hold more than one each, and I like a good supply; but, no doubt, the rails could be made larger. Others, for rooms where space was very limited, had two brass arms sticking straight out into the room in front of the washstand, but when not in actual use the rails could be pushed back (one end being fixed into a groove underneath the stand), so that the towels hung right under the table.

"The subject of towels is too large a one to enter upon, but I see that Sir Erasmus Wilson recommends the use of moderately soft ones, so that vigorous friction can be indulged in without hurting the skin. Speaking of Sir Erasmus Wilson reminds me that he says the furniture of every washstand should include one of those little ivory pressers to push back the skin overlapping the base of the nail. If allowed to grow too much it gets ragged and torn, making a painful little wound, besides spoiling the beauty of the hand by covering the half-moon-shaped white portion of the base of the nail. If nails get accidentally stained or discoloured, the best remedy is lemon juice. I have always disliked washing my face with soap, but he says emphatically that all parts of the body exposed to the air, which, of course, includes the face, should be washed with soap at least twice a day, and he winds up by saying: 'No harm can arise from too frequent ablutions; much evil may result from their neglect.'

"I must leave the subject of soap to you; it is quite too overwhelming to begin upon in a letter. One exhibitor showed a life-size bust of the Prince of Wales in white soap, on a mottled soap pedestal, while others exhibited pyramids, Cleopatra's needles, animals, fruit, and almost everything else you can think of. On the whole, the manufacturers seem to agree that glycerine, honey, oatmeal, and coal-tar are among the best of the toilet soaps, and they one and all agree in warning people against buying very cheap kinds."

Our doctor here interposed that as he happened to know how soap was made he might as well tell us. (He always does "happen to know" how everything is done.) He says the use of soap, such as we have, was not known in very ancient days. Margaret reminded him that it is mentioned in the Bible as being in common use, but he says that was only a "ley" made by pouring water through the ashes of burnt wood or plants. It was not till a much later date that the combination of this ley with oils was discovered, and it is this which is the main principle of our modern soap-making.

The materials chiefly used now are tallow, cocoanut, linseed, whale or seal oils, a few other varieties being employed to a small extent. These are heated by steam in a large iron pan, with a ley made of the ashes of burnt wood and lime, or sometimes of a mixture of carbonate of soda and lime. The heat is gradually increased till the mixture bubbles, and then a quantity of common salt is added to the pan, and this last addition causes the soap (which solidifies in salt water) to rise to the surface in a mass, and the water is drawn away from the bottom of the pan. This process has to be repeated, and the soap is then cooled, which solidifies it, and cut up into bars or tablets for sale. There are many different varieties of soap, but this general principle of making applies to them all. Some have colouring matter added to them, others are scented by the addition of essential oils. It is generally well to avoid brightly-coloured soaps, as the colouring is sometimes added to hide the impure ingredients of which it is made, and which would be very injurious to the skin.

Millie's letter went on:—"I took a friendly interest in the vaseline exhibits, too, for Margaret's sake. I believe she thinks it will do anything that is required, from preventing rust on fire-irons, to making the hair grow again on bald heads. She looks upon it like the magic fountain in fairy tales, which instantly healed all the wounds of anyone who bathed in it. I ought not to scoff at it, though, for an application of it really did my gathered finger great good. And now please tell her I have discovered that it is made from petroleum somehow, though I do not quite know how, and she can have it made up in all manner of ways, even to 'vaseline confections.' Some people do not like vaseline, however, and prefer to keep to glycerine, either pure, or mixed with honey and other things. I have put a little on my hands before washing ever since the cold weather began, and it keeps them perfectly smooth and comfortable, though you know how rough my hands usually get in cold winds. I think everyone should have it on their washstands. I do not know how it is made; perhaps someone else can tell you."

We applied as usual to the doctor for information, and he says that glycerine has only been known for about thirty years, except to chemists. It is obtained in large quantities in the process of soap-making. The soap collects, as explained before, in a sort of thick scum on the top of the water, and when this latter is drained off it is found to contain the

glycerine. It is obtained by distillation; that is to say, the water is heated and the steam carries the glycerine with it into another vessel, where it is allowed to condense again. Large quantities are obtained, also, during the manufacture of candles. Glycerine is very much used in medicine now, for surgical dressings, for mixing with and dissolving other medicinal substances, and for making toilet creams and soaps. It is, altogether, one of the most useful discoveries of modern days, as it can be used for an almost endless variety of purposes.

Vaseline, when pure, is a jelly obtained from petroleum by repeated filtering and purifying. The valuable healing properties of petroleum have been known for many years, but the oil as it is taken from the earth has a very unpleasant smell, and it was a long time before any process could be discovered by which it could be purified without destroying its medicinal properties, but this is now successfully accomplished by filtration through animal charcoal.

Mr. Danby gave an account of the growth of sponges. He says there has always been a dispute from the time of Aristotle to the present day as to whether they were animals or vegetables; they have so little vitality that even now one or two naturalists still cling to the idea that they belong to the vegetable kingdom. But with these few exceptions, it is now universally agreed that they belong to the lowest form of animal life. They are found in all sorts of shapes and sizes, some branched like trees, some funnel-shaped. One variety grows to a height of four or five feet, and is just like a huge wineglass with a narrow stem, expanding into a large bowl.

Mr. Danby brought specimens of the two kinds usually seen on washstands—a large, coarse "honeycomb" from the sponge beds of Florida or Bahama, and a smaller and much finer one, of the kind brought from Turkey or the West Indies. Turkey and Bahama supply the best of each kind.

He had brought the fine one home himself from a Turkish sponge bed. He told us that some years ago he went to the Mediterranean with his father, and had an opportunity of going out sponge fishing in one of the Turkish boats, of which there are about six hundred always employed. They went to a place where the water was about eight or ten fathoms deep, with detached masses of rock at the bottom, and sent down a diver. In a short time he signalled to be drawn up again, and they found that he had torn a very large sponge off the rock to which it was fixed. He then went down again, and the work was continued till a considerable quantity had been collected.

Many of the divers use a pronged instrument to get the sponge off the rock, but this generally tears and spoils the sponge. But he said that though the one he showed us was one of the very sponges he had seen brought up, we must not imagine that it looked at all like it did at present. It was entirely coated outside with a substance like a jelly-fish, which also extended through all the openings in the sponge. In fact, this jelly is the real living creature, and it has all to be carefully removed before we can use what we call the sponge, but which is really only the dead skeleton from which the living sponge, or rather colony of sponges, has been torn away. He showed us in the fine Turkey sponge how it is made up of a fibrous mass, with a comparatively small number of large holes, but completely riddled by fine, small pores. Each of these pores is inhabited, in the living sponge, by a tiny, jelly-like creature, the whole object of whose existence seems to be to suck in water, extract all the nourishment from it, and shoot it out again through the large hole with which all the small ones grouped round it, communicate so that there is a constant circulation of water going on through the whole sponge. The life of these little creatures is not very clearly understood even now, but it is supposed by naturalists that this circulation of water may serve the two purposes of feeding and breathing at the same time. The coarse honeycomb sponges have many more large holes for expelling the water than the Turkey variety, and are consequently not nearly so durable. They are sold for about ten shillings per pound, while the fine ones are worth from thirty to forty shillings.

Many small sponges grow round the English coast, but none which can be used for toilet purposes. An experiment is being tried at the present time, but so far unsuccessfully, to make a sponge bed in the Gulf of Marseilles by breaking off masses of rock without disturbing the living sponges adhering to them, and towing them slowly through the water to their destination. So far, the sponges have not flourished in their new home, and if it is not more successful within the next few months the attempt will have to be given up.

(To be continued.)

SEVEN YEARS FOR RACHEL;

OR, WELSH PICTURES SKETCHED FROM LIFE.

By ANNE BEALE.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE BIDDING LETTER.

THE time at last drew near when William was to prove, to Sally's satisfaction, that he meant to marry Rachel, by "putting the ring on her finger, and saying yes." Sally had made Rachel her confidante, and had told her that if she could keep Bill in the humour she intended to marry on the same day that she did, and thus make a double wedding. Mrs. Shenkin had promised Rachel a treat for herself and friends, and Sally hoped that her mistress would do as much for her.

"You know my stafell is ready, Rachel," she said, "and we shall have a bidding. You are too smart and proud for a bidding, but we poor folks shall be very glad of what our friends will give us to set us up in life. Besides, you have got your furniture all prepared."

Rachel prudently suggested that she thought they had better defer their marriage until their prospects were more brilliant, since Bill was poor and Sally was poorer

"Trust to me for that," cried Sally. "Take a man whilst he's in the mind is my notion, or else, perhaps, he won't take you at all. I know more of these matters than you do. But you must tell mistress, and try to get her in the mind, too, for I'd give the world to be married the same day as you."

Rachel promised to do her best, and succeeded, after much reasoning and disputation, in prevailing upon Mrs. Shenkin to allow the two weddings to be on the same day, and both celebrated at the farm.

Sally was to have a bidding: and for the benefit of such of my readers as have never either seen or heard of a Welsh bidding, I must premise that it is a gathering or "bidding" together of as many of the friends and friends' friends, acquaintances and acquaintances' acquaintances of the bride and bridegroom, as a number of bidding letters can assemble. Each of these invited individuals is expected to contribute either a gift or a loan of money towards the establishment of the young couple. If a loan, that loan is to be repaid when the lender, or any friend or relation to whom he may transfer it, proposes to enter the holy state. Thus the wedded pair, set up in life upon the gifts and loans of their friends, are liable to be called upon for repayment when they may be totally unprovided with money.

Sally showed her usual cunning and good policy in making Rachel's wedding-day hers, for she knew that the additional persons collected together would add greatly to her wealth. Her bidding-letter, too, was most attractive—another effort of her genius. She had heard that somewhere over amongst the mountains there lived a famous scholar. He was a schoolmaster and a poet, and had acquired a great reputation for the composition of bidding-letters, which, however incomprehensible, were much admired for their elegance and eloquence, and produced an electrical effect on the minds of their readers.

To this mountain spirit Sally dispatched Bill one cold morning in the beginning of November. It was a long ten or twelve miles' walk there, but the success of his mission amply repaid him for his trouble. It is true, that he found much difficulty in persuading himself to approach the awful poet, for one singular effect of his poetic fire was that it made everyone afraid of him. When Bill had summoned up sufficient resolution, he knocked at the door of a small cottage, that was pointed out to him as the residence of the dreadful man, and was greeted by a stern "Come in;" at

least stern seemed the words to hi wide-stretched and terrified ears. He awaited another summons before he ventured to unclose the door; and when he entered, he trembled as he felt himself in the presence of "the poet of whom everybody was afraid." When Bill looked up, he saw a very high desk, for he did not venture to raise his eyes as high as he could raise them, therefore did not at first perceive the figure behind it. Round this desk were seated some ten or twelve boys of various ages, who either were, or ought to have been, learning their lessons. Most of them had the universal *Raddymadasy* in their hands, and such as did not possess a complete copy of that valuable work, had at least a leaf or two to con over. The learned peasant, be it understood, has simplified our "Reading made Easy" into *Raddymadasy*, probably to facilitate the pronunciation for the youthful mouth. There was, as yet, no board school in that mountainous district.

When Bill had "made his leg," and hemmed and hawed a little, a pair of large spectacles were visible above the desk, and, by degrees, a loose would-be-white cravat, giving symptoms of snuff, followed, which was succeeded by a pepper-and-salt coloured coat, of very ancient date. On the top of the desk stood a suspicious-looking little tin box, and a cup, the contents of which Bill supposed to be something poetic, whilst scattered over it were various papers and pens, leaves of the *Raddymadasy*, and one or two books. Bill having, at last, succeeded in making his wishes known, the poet arose and came forward.

He certainly did look all over a scholar, from the large glasses of his spectacles, down to the wooden soles of his untied shoes. He glanced at a very large watch which he drew from his pocket, and finding it nearly half-past eleven o'clock, he told his scholars, with a learned wave of his stick, that as it was "just twelve, they might go home now, but they might play about a little bit first in his garden, just to get warm." The children gladly availed themselves of the permission, and were soon heard hallooing outside the house, whilst their master gravely re-seated himself at his desk, and made many inquiries of Bill concerning names and places, taking notes the while with statesman-like precision. Having obtained the ncessary information, he begged Bill to sit down behind the desk, or rather at the back of it, and to keep as still as possible. Bill sat bolt upright, with his eyes fixed on the opposite wall, his hands upon his knees, and his mouth just ajar—the very personification of quiet—not repose. The poet, on the contrary, sat "with eyes upraised as one inspired;" for with his chin resting upon his hand, and his spectacles turned towards the ceiling, he ruminated upon the most striking and forcible way of composing a bidding letter.

After having pricked his hand a sufficient number of times, by rubbing it against a long stiff beard, wiped his spectacles, mended his pen, and consulted some manuscript papers that he took from his desk, the poet began to write. Poor Bill must have been sadly fatigued, for he did not venture to move, save and except when a little fine dust fell upon him from the desk, and obliged him, to his infinite horror, to sneeze. And he had to sit a long time upon that hard form, with his back against that upright desk, longer than he imagined so learned a man could have taken to write a letter, even though it was a bidding letter. First there was the rough copy to be written and corrected, in Welsh, and then it was to be fairly transcribed. After this there was a translation to be made from the original into English, and here the author was obliged to have recourse to a well-thumbed dictionary: then again the rough copy of the translation was also to be transcribed. Bill need not have wondered that all these copies and transcripts took time, and that it was just two o'clock before the poet presented him with two neatly-folded sheets of paper; nay, he would not have wondered had he been an author himself; but he was no author, he thanked his stars, so he did wonder after all. But what he wondered at more than anything else was, that "the poet of whom everybody was afraid" should be but a man. He had expected him to have horns, or a

"PALLY TOLD RACHEL NOT TO BE TIMID ABOUT THEM."

tail at least, or such dreadful eyes as would nearly frighten a poor soul to death to look at them; whereas he saw nothing but unusually large spectacles placed upon a long nose, and belonging to a person of rather peculiar aspect, who pocketed his two shillings—and a hard-earned two shillings they were—with great good-humour and seeming satisfaction. "Why are people so afraid of him, I wonder?" asked Bill of that inner man to whom we talk when we talk to ourselves; but the inner man could not answer him—the truth of the matter lay too deep for Bill to fathom it.

Our poet was a bit of a satirist, and wrote such clever songs about his neighbours and their peculiarities, that they were all afraid to come near him, and so he acquired the reputation of an ogre, or a genii, or a bugbear, or—or—a poet. But to give my readers an idea of the genius that "blushed unseen" in that mountain district, I need only copy verbatim the English letter that Bill carried joyfully away with him. It was as follows:—

"Being betrothed to each other, we design to ratify the plighted vow by entering under the sanction of wedlock; and as a prevalent custom exists from time immemorial amongst *Plant y Cymry* (children of Wales) of making a bidding on the occurrence of a homogeneal occasion, we have a tendency to the manners of the *oulden tyme*, and incited by friends as well as relations to do the same, avail ourselves of this suitableness of circumstance of humbly inviting your agreeable and pleasing presence on Thursday the 29th of December next, at Mr. Shenkin's, in the parish of Llanfach, and whatever your propensities then feel to grant will meet with an acceptance of the most grateful, with an acknowledgment of the most warmly, carefully registered, and retaliated with promptitude and alacrity, whenever an occurrence of a similar nature presents itself, by

"Your most obedient servants,
"WILLIAM HOWELLS,
"SARAH JONES.

*** "The young man, with his father and mother (David and Ann Howells), his brother (John Howells), and his cousin (Edward Howells), desire that all claims of the above nature due to them be returned to the young man on the above day, and will feel grateful for the bestowments of all kindness conferred upon him.

"The young woman, with her father and mother (Thomas and Letice Jones), her sisters (Elizabeth and Margaret Jones), and her cousins (William and Mary Morgans) desire that all claims of the above nature due to them be returned to the young woman on the above day, and will feel grateful for the bestowments of all kindness conferred upon her."

By means of this letter and Rachel's friends, as auxiliaries, Sally had no doubt that she should make a capital bidding, and be able to furnish the very small dwelling Bill had taken, with chairs, tables, a bedstead, bed, and, above all, a dresser whereon to place the crockery-ware. A considerable number of copies were, therefore, printed both in Welsh and English, and distributed far and near. Their effect was, as may be imagined, generally striking, and it was universally declared that William Howells' and Sarah Jones's bidding letter was the cleverest thing of its kind upon record.

About a week previous to the day fixed upon for the wedding, Pally and William came to the farm. Rachel wondered much what could have induced her old friend Pally to make such a journey, but Pally assured her it was all for her sake, and told her she came to arrange concerning her future abode. Rachel begged her to act according to her own judgment. This was precisely what Pally desired, "but then," she said, "I must have all your stafell, that I may get everything ready for you, for I won't do the thing by halves." This request was readily granted, and Rachel's set of china, and such other articles as she had collected at the farm, were carefully conveyed to a little donkey-cart, which Pally had borrowed for the occasion. Pally told Rachel not to be "timid about them, for 'twas William's interest now to see that the donkey didn't stumble, and he would be sure to be careful."

The eve of the eventful day at length arrived. What bustle there was at Glenhafod! What making of bread and cakes! What talking, scolding, laughing, and joking! Mrs. Shenkin was almost beside herself with her numerous avocations, for Bill and Sally had made their escape together, and as to Rachel, she was worse than nobody. She would have put the bread into the tin-shape instead of the cake, and the currants into the bread, but for Mrs. Shenkin; or have done any other piece of mischief. Mrs. Shenkin was here, there, and everywhere—Tom was general messenger—Betty Harris *aide de cuisine*, and little Tommy in everybody's way.

No sleep for Sally or Rachel that night! Oh! how Rachel wished Sally's tongue tied to her teeth, or to any other available portion of her mouth, instead of running over and over again the road it had been traversing the last month. Hat, gown, cap, white gloves, white ribbons. White ribbons, white gloves, cap, gown, hat. She had rung and still rang the changes upon these subjects till Rachel was obliged to tell her to hold her tongue; but her words were of no avail. "There now, how cross you are, Rachel. Sure you don't want to go to sleep! Whoever thought of such a thing just before they were married. Don't you think the bows on the crown of my cap very pretty? I wonder you didn't put some on yours. Yours is so plain with nothing but broad white strings—to be sure the lace edging is very handsome, and you look very well in it; but the bows are the making of the cap to my mind." Rachel feigned sleep, and Sally was at last silent.

(To be continued.)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

MANCHESTER.—It would not be honourable to obtain the prizes of half a dozen reading societies for one half hour's reading required by each daily. You must give an honest reading separately for each society, conforming to their several codes of rules, not throwing all together, and making a single half-hour do duty for the several prizes to be gained from all. It would be very dishonest.

AN ANXIOUS AUNT.—We recommend you to apply to the secretary, Sandwell Training Home, Birmingham, and state all particulars, and ask for information. Boys and girls are taught various trades and occupations to enable them to be self-supporting when they leave. The charge for board and education is from 2s. 6d. to 5s. a week.

A COLLECTOR OF STAMPS.—Kindly send us the full address of the two homes you name, one at Brighton, and one near Northampton, where the production of 1,000,000 of old postage stamps, together with the votes of influential persons, will procure the admittance of children. Hitherto such assertions have been proved by our investigations to have been without foundation, as the parties indicated denied their reception of children on such puerile terms (so far as old stamps were concerned). In your case we do not question your being able to substantiate your statement.

WORK.

INQUIRER.—The address of the Langdale Linen Industry is Mr. Albert Fleming, Daun Crag, Skelwith, Ambleside. You could enclose a stamped envelope to Mr. Fleming, and make your inquiries.

MARGUERITE and BLUSH ROSE.—Steam the velveteen over hot water, just as you would do velvet.

EMILY.—If the cloak be a new one, as you say, send it to a cleaner.

INQUIRER.—The pattern you send is what is called blonde, or blonde lace, a fine, old-fashioned silk lace, of no great value.

EXCELSIOR and SNOWY.—Good strong paste made of flour, and well boiled, is all that is used to fasten the pictures on a scrap screen. You must be very careful in pressing them flat, continuing the pressure at intervals, until they be dry.

SECNARF ANNIE ALICE B. should get a small shilling manual containing the knitting directions she needs.

ANDRAMEDO.—Home work would only be obtained by your own personal exertions and inquiries amongst friends, or at the shops in your neighbourhood.

NE PLUS ULTRA.—Gloves are more used than mittens at present. Grenadine, nun's veiling, and Madras muslin are all inexpensive materials.

MULBERRY, PRINCESS IDA.—We regret that we cannot help you with the information as to where raw silk can be sold in England.

H. M. S.—Lay a damp cloth on the wrong side of the work, and iron it with rather a hot iron, taking care not to burn the cloth, and to keep it damp; press it well down.

MUSIC.

LILLIAN will do well to write direct to the secretary for information. When full addresses are given it is intended they should be used by our readers.

JUMBLES.—There must be something wrong with the instrument, as there ought to be no such "jingling noise" after playing as you complain of. We can only advise your taking it to a musical instrument maker, or some other qualified person.

E. H. T.—We should not advise you to do any more at present than train the child thoroughly in music and harmony, which, as you have masters near you, will not be difficult.

FIORDILISA.—You must apply to the publishers of the poem for permission to use it.

MOONLIGHT SONATA.—"Con Sordini" means that the dampers are not to be raised by the pedal. "Con Sordini" means "with mutes" in violin playing; all this piece should be played with the greatest delicacy or smoothness. "Quasi" in Italian means "like," "as if," "almost."

EFFIE DEANS.—The term shift means a change of position of the left hand in playing the violin.

ANNIE and LUCIE.—You have probably begun to sing too early, before you are strong enough. Your voices will improve with rest and time.

A BLACK SHEEP.—Many people prefer the American organ to the piano, as an accompaniment for the voice; but of course it is not suitable to all songs, nor could you play every kind of music on it, as you could on a piano, so the piano would be more generally useful.

MINNA.—A pentatonic scale is one with five notes. It is likewise called the Scotch scale, and is similar to the modern diatonic major scale, with the 4th and 7th degrees omitted. Its origin is of great antiquity, and may be traced in ancient Irish music, and is believed to have been that of the ancient Egyptians, Assyrians, etc. At the present time it is still in use in China and other Oriental nations. You will rarely find it, however, in old Welsh or English music, with the exception of any that may be composed on the model of national Scotch tunes.

FLAGEOLET.—There is no reason why you should not

play either the flute or flageolet. To adopt the trombone, bassoon, or big drum might look somewhat out of character in the hands of a delicate little girl. Besides, your neighbours might see additional objections.

WILD FLOWER.—The secretary of the Guildhall School of Music is Mr. Charles Smith, 16, Aldermanbury, London, E.C. The entrance fee is 5s.; the fee for the year, which consists of three terms of twelve weeks each, from £4 10s. to £33 1s. 6d., according to subjects and number of lessons taken. A nomination must be signed by an alderman or a member of the Court of Common Council. A number of exhibitions and prizes are given. Apply to the secretary for any further particulars.

MISCELLANEOUS.

AN ANXIOUS SISTER had better consult a lawyer.

DICK MILLET.—Work of all kinds can be obtained by personal exertion only. If you are leading an idle life, there is something wrong, as with a home and family there is no need of such a thing. What are you neglecting?

LACEMAKER.—The design would be valuable to a lacemaker only. There are several well-known ones in Exeter.

SHOE AND THE FELLOW SHOE.—"Shoe" must find out what her friend requires and try to obtain it. Such a gift, showing personal thought, is the most valuable token of friendship. The "Fellow Shoe's" query would take up too much of our space to answer, and so we must decline so doing.

LITTLE NANNIE.—We do not know your age, but we hope you are very young indeed, for in a note of fourteen lines or so you have made ten grave mistakes in spelling. We regret you do not think the stories in the "G. O. P." "jollie." If you were our own little girl we should not allow you to judge of their qualities, for we should not think it right to let you read any entertaining stories till you had learnt to spell.

OPERA GLASS.—Your writing is shockingly malformed, and is so dazzling and illegible that it would prevent your taking a secretaryship. You had better take a roundhand copy and correct your errors.

ONE OF THE OLD GIRLS.—Rub the feet well both morning and evening to circulate the blood. Sleeplessness is often cured by attention to small matters, plenty of walking exercise, a suitable pillow, the exact amount of bedclothes and no more. If too heavy or too hot, they effectually prevent sleep. A power of composing the mind and thoughts, which is only obtained by the prayer of faith and trust in God, is also one of the great aids to quiet rest.

A LOVER OF ANIMALS.—There is a very excellent and active society already existing, of which you do not seem to be aware, viz., the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, 105, Jermyn-street, St. James's, S.W. They will be only too glad of all help and assistance, and you can distribute their excellent books and tracts, and assist them in all the methods you have mentioned in your letters to us. When so excellent a society is in the field you need not form any other.

A CONSTANT READER.—The ancient fiction is constantly arising again, in spite of all efforts to contradict it, that something valuable may be obtained by collecting a million stamps. Now one of our correspondents writes to us about tram car tickets, of which she possesses several thousands, and by means of which she "wishes to get a child into an orphanage." She had better go to her original informant and ask for all particulars.

MANUKA.—The verses are not up to our mark, but as you have doubtless felt pleasure in writing them, like most young people, they have answered a purpose. They show, however, that you are quite ignorant of the rules of rhyming, and also that you have read little poetry, as you appear to have been guided by no rules of any kind as to the construction.

AN ITALIAN LADY OF ATHENS has our best thanks for the recipe she sends us. We regret that she did not get the papers; the monthly parts alone can be had.

HENRIETTA and others.—Many thanks for your note of acknowledgments and good wishes.

C. A. B. writes to us to say that "Saint Esprit" was no particular kind of jewellery, but a small ornament, generally a pendant, that was worn many years ago on the hair, falling towards the centre of the forehead. It can be seen in old illustrations of books of poetry, old annuals, and fashions. We are much obliged to "C. A. B." for her ready help.

A. E. W.—At present it seems as if your first duty was to your father in India, to go out to him if he wishes, and to make his home pleasant and happy to him. The earliest age at which you can be trained as an ordinary nurse is twenty-one years. Candidates are usually required to be from twenty-five to forty years of age. The 11th April, 1869, was a Sunday; the 22nd of September, 1870, was a Thursday.

HEATHER HILLS.—Crape is the best thing to clean velvet with. Make it into a small roll when using it, and also procure a proper velvet brush, covered with plush. When the pile is rubbed it may be raised by holding the wrong side of the velvet over the steam of boiling water. The violin could be learnt without a master if you had sufficient ability.

M. M. C.—Your lack of memory probably arises from lack of attention and thought on the subject which you have been studying. In other words, you do not take an interest in what you learn. If you wish to earn money by painting cards you must prepare some original and clever sketches to submit to publishers in London, and go round yourself in person to show your work.

DOUGLAS.—The lines you send are full of faults in construction, but their chief fault is lack of original ideas. The thoughts are pious and godly, and show a religious mind.

MOTHER'S VIOLET.—Baths should be tepid during the winter months. Entirely cold baths should only be taken by those who have tried and found they agree with them. You certainly should not try cold water at winter temperature, which is much lower than that of summer.

SPRY.—An article on the subject of giving and answering letters and cards of invitation is about to appear. If, as you say, a recent bereavement preclude the acceptance of any invitation, simply say that you regret that such should be the cause. The word *Kismet* signifies "fate," or "it is fated" (the fate of Mahomet), "Ye cannot will unless the Lord willeth."

ANNETTE. — Your husband's relatives show little affection for him in finding it so convenient to desert his widow merely because she was born a foreigner. Apply to the secretaries, Society for the Employment of Women, 22, Berners-street, Oxford-street, London. If you wish for registration there, you should give a reference to two householders. Also to the Society for Promoting Female Welfare, 47, Weymouth-street, Portland-place, London, W.

CLEMENTINE.—You are careless about diet, and need medical treatment. Write for all information to the secretary of the British Ladies' Female Emigration Society, 43, Fitzroy-street, Fitzroy-square.

BEATRICE.—The notion of evolution, as, for example, that man, who "God made in His own image," merely owed his origin to some low order of animal life, and developed into a being with a responsible soul through a monkey, is, of course, an infidel idea. No one accepting the Divine inspiration of the Holy Scriptures could admit such a dogma.

MISERERE.—We sympathise much with you, and can only advise patience, especially as you are in the path of duty, and are still so young that you can wait, and your education, judging by your letter, has been well attended to. Girls' allowances would range from £10 to £20 per annum, according to the means of the father. You might help yourself by joining a correspondence class, such as the excellent one at Torquay; address, Miss Roberts, Florence Villas, with a stamp for her reply. We cannot praise you too warmly for the high principle and patient perseverance you have shown already.

J. LOUGH.—We do not think that Richard, Duke of York, one of the princes murdered in the Tower in 1483, had a "child bride," though, according to the custom of those times, there may have been an early marriage talked of. He was eleven years of age only when murdered.

INQUIRER, JEANNIE D.—A city is a corporate town. In the United States a town becomes a city when it is incorporated and possesses a mayor and aldermen. In England a town corporate which has been or is the seat of a bishop or the capital of his see. The word "city," according to Palfrey, has no other meaning in English law.

A LOVER OF THE "G. O. P."—If you be in debt at the end of this season, you had better, perhaps, try a smaller house, though still large enough for two or three lodgers. You might get a daily governessship, and return to help your mother each day.

A ROYAL MARINE (Chatham Division).—The war in the Soudan was caused by the uplifting of the religious standard by the Mahdi, or "False Prophet," amongst the Soudanese tribes in rebellion against the Egyptian power. They defeated Hicks and Baker Pashas and the Egyptian armies, whereupon England, to rescue the Soudanese garrisons, sent General Graham and General Gordon on their missions.

MATTER-OF-FACT.—The story of Judith and Holofernës is given in the Book of Judith, uninspired, and thus relegated to the collection of historical books known as the "Apocrypha." Judith was an Israelitish heroine of Bethulia, who, at the imminent risk of her life, entered the tent of Holofernës, Nebuchadnezzar's general, and cut off his head. Her countrymen, taking advantage of this bold deed, rushed on the invading enemy deprived of their chief, and vanquished them. To clean lacquer-work, brush it with warm water and soap, wipe it before the fire to complete the drying, and then rub with a soft cloth. Beware of using pearlash, soda, or any kind of acid.

AN ONLY DAUGHTER wishes to know "what she is to do with her old diaries." Perhaps she might induce some publisher to purchase the copyright, and so do good service to herself, and possibly to him and us. She further inquires whether it be "right to keep a diary." This must depend on the description of entries made. Of this she must be a better judge than folks that have not had the chance of reading hers. For the sake of the dates recorded, we advise her to keep rather than otherwise dispose of them. Send your books to the Poplar Hospital, 303, East India Dock-road, Blackwall, E. The secretary, W. H. Beaumont, Esq., would thankfully receive and distribute them to the poor sufferers from accidents who are the inmates there.

E. RAY.—We never promise to "answer in the next paper." The custom of throwing a shoe after a bride comes from the Jewish custom of handing a shoe to a purchaser after the completion of a contract (Ruth iv. 7). Parents also gave a shoe to the husband on a daughter's marriage to signify the yielding up of their authority. The slipper in the East being taken off when indoors, is at hand to administer correction, and is here used to signify the supremacy of the husband, and the obedience of the wife. We are constantly endeavouring to give amusing articles for children.

MARY M.—We are much obliged for your recipes. Rubbing eggs over with grease and putting them point downwards in bran, packing them very tightly, is an excellent method of keeping them. Some people employ coarse salt, oats, and strong salt and water for the same purpose.

EIN MADCHEN IN DER FRUNDE.—In essential structure the eyes of all mammalia exhibit close agreement with the human type. Perhaps you have confounded the fact that the eyes of fish are veritable magnifying instruments in addition to being organs of sight.

DARKNESS.—We think that a past engagement of nine years, and a future one lasting two or three years more, is calculated to try the affections of any man and woman. Your love has stood the test, but that of your betrothed husband has not. Under the circumstances, you had better give him his freedom, however hard it may be to you; but we think if he be an upright man he will prefer to keep his promise to you, seeing you have given him your youth in patient waiting.

J. J. M.—Your simplest plan would be to hire a good waiter for your first party, and take careful note of how he lays the table.

DAISY.—St. Pancras was a Roman boy, who was a martyr at the early age of fourteen, during the persecution under Diocletian, A.D. 304. You will find what you want to know about "Judas the traitor" in the Bible.

PORTUGUESE MARGARET.—We read your letter with much interest, and are gratified to learn that our paper is so much valued by our Portuguese girls, that it tends to restore your spirits when sad, and "leads you to thank your Heavenly Father for His mercies when happy." Your English is wonderfully good.

EDDIE B. G.—We have often before declined to lay down any hard and fast rule for God-fearing Christians as regards recreations and the discretionary powers and liberty for which the silence of Holy Scripture leave considerable scope. Every man should be fully persuaded in his own mind, and should abstain from all appearance of evil. But some people find a stumbling-block in what others, and equally good people, find none. One laid down is, at least, equally binding, that no man may judge his brother. Remember the weightier matters of the law—judgment, mercy, and faith—rather than the "tithing of the anise, mint and cummin," which are of comparatively little consequence.

RUBY H.—The poem is too long for insertion. Your note is very well written.

HELENA.—The palpitation is probably caused by indigestion. Eat slowly and with moderation, and remain quite still for half an hour after meals.

A DOCTOR'S SWEETHEART must wear gloves and use glycerine for her hands. Everyone suffers in the winter.

SALLIE.—The first volume of the "G. O. P." would cost 6s., which can be sent by P.O.O.

ROSEBUD can take out the stain of paint with turpentine.

PETER COOPER.—We regret we cannot help you to find the poem you need.

AN ANXIOUS INQUIRER.—"Sir" and "ma'am" is the usual form of address to employers.

LIZZIE and NELSON will find a number of small shilling manuals of knitting and crochet with recipes in them for home comforts, price 1s.

DOT and CARRY ONE.—A woman over twenty-one years of age, being either unmarried or married since January, 1883, can make a will, and dispose of all property belonging to her at the time of her marriage, and of all she may acquire in future.

MAGNESIA.—The recipe you transcribe does not appear to be at all injurious. The depression might be relieved by change of scene or active employment.

RUTH HALLIDAY is a young lady of fourteen years old, who is so good as to say that she is "one of our supporters." We are deeply grateful, yet cast down at her dissension from the views expressed in our article, "Honour Thy Father and Thy Mother." She claims the right to "exercise her own judgment" in regard to what *she reads, and tells* us that, in direct disobedience to her father's command, she read some infidel tract! Her father was right in punishing her in some way; and further we must inform her that she is absolutely and legally subject to his will in all things (that are not sinful) until she reach her majority, at twenty-one.

CANDOUR.—Never intentionally leave uneaten a portion of the help given you at dinner. If too much, ask for a smaller quantity before accepting it. Of course, you are not expected to eat gristle nor a lump of fat, not being a Laplander; but if you be given too great a proportion of it, the fault and the blame of waste lie with the carver, who should be more careful in serving.

LILY should learn her lessons in the evening and repeat them the next morning. If she then make a mistake they have not been properly learnt, and need learning again before being taken to her governess. Her handwriting is not yet formed. All the letters should slope the same way, or they look like old tombstones.

VIOLA.—We do not undertake to tell characters by handwriting. You write fairly well.

THE POPE and GERMANIA.—*Pro* and *con* is Latin for "for and against," *con* being a contraction of *contra*. The "kick" is, we believe, where the bottle stands in process of making. "P's and q's" is derived from the time when scores were kept in public-houses with a "tally." "P" was set down for pints and "q" for quarts. There are many explanations of this saying.

A WOULD-BE USEFUL GIRL had better close her ears to gossip, and never mind it. She appears to be in the way of duty, and is trying to serve God. Can she not ask her mother to send a servant to walk home with her? That would be more prudent. She had better tell her little sister to say to all such inquirers, "I do not know, but mamma may. Shall I ask her for you?" Such impertinent prying into the affairs of others is wrong.

A COUNTRY CLERGYMAN'S DAUGHTER.—While we are very glad to hear of any effort made to relieve distress, our correspondent must not ask us to take up other objects than those we already advocate to the best of our ability.

LADY JANE GREY (Nottingham) can obtain the bound volumes of the "G. O. P." at 56, Paternoster-row, E.C.

ISABEL had better send the skins to a furrier and have them made-up properly.

NELLIE S., SYRINGA.—The title-page and index of the "G. O. P." can be obtained from the Publisher, at 56, Paternoster-row, E.C.

LAWYER'S DAUGHTER.—We do not know at what age a person may be considered an "old maid." Perhaps at fifty; certainly not at nineteen.

A SPRIG OF HOLLY.—We should use wallflowers and bees for the apron; as if you fancy something symbolic, the first would mean a "stay at home" and the latter industry.

W. N. H.—Say, "My sister Effie," not "Miss Effie," in giving the introduction. We are sorry to hear of your undecided state of mind.

L. BARCLAY BROWN.—We suppose you mean a waterproof of some kind, but you do not say so. If a waterproof, keep it hung up in a sufficiently warm room.

DOROTHY VERE.—Mary II., as daughter of James II., was really the queen; but she declined to accept the crown of England save in conjunction with her husband, William of Orange. William on his part declined to be Regent, and would only be joint ruler with his wife. So they were acknowledged as joint sovereigns; the actual administration resting with William alone. It seems surprising you did not learn this at school. On the subject of emigration, you must consult the secretary, Women's Emigration Society, Carteret-street, Queen Anne's-gate, S.W.

TROUBLED JENNIE.—Wait until the year be over. You cannot tell how God may open the way for your friend and her sister. If the grandfather propose to support her, she had better remain with him as long as he lives.

HATTIE A. ROSS.—You must obey your mother, and had better tell her what you have told us; but do not deceive yourself by believing that what you do will make any difference. If he be sincere in wishing to do right he will do it with God's help, never fear.

PERPLEXITY.—You are too young to marry just yet, so you had better ask for time, and say that unless you can marry where you love you prefer to remain single.

FROM A PERPLEXED GIRL.—If you intend to become his wife, we see no objection, as he has every right to ask you to improve yourself, both before and after marriage.

WATER-LILY.—To revive gilt picture frames, dust them carefully, and wash with a mixture made of one ounce of soda beaten up with the whites of three eggs. Otherwise, get a bottle of liquid gold and re-gild the frames yourself. We are glad you like the articles by authors you name, but we have no writer by the name of "Clanfield."

OILANTHUS.—Try to erase the inkstains with an ink-eraser. Swallows migrate to Africa in September, but cuckoos arrive here from Africa or Asia Minor in April, some journeying as far north as Lapland, leave again in August, and return whence they came.

EXPECTANT had better take the cloth jacket to a cleaner to get the spots removed. We had to do so under similar circumstances. See our advice to "Filia Torontoniensis."

FILIA TORONTONIENSIS (Canada).—We have received your kindly and grateful letter; accept our thanks. We can only repeat our oft-given advice—write small roundhand copies daily, and slope the letters evenly from right to left.

AIRAM.—See our numerous recipes for cleaning marble, and, amongst them, those at pages 415 and 707, vol. iv., and pages 96 and 304, vol. v.

PROTESTANT. — Between the years 1481 and 1808 34,658 persons were burnt alive under 45 Inquisitors-General in Spain.

THE MAY QUEEN.—Order the monthly numbers through your bookseller, or write to the Publisher, 56, Paternoster-row, E.C.

LOTTIE.—You had better adopt some gentle gymnastic exercises with the arms, which are said to be useful to the liver. Ten minutes, or even less, before breakfast would be enough, being careful to keep yourself warm both during the time and afterwards. See our answers to correspondents on the use of hot water to improve digestion.

A NORWEGIAN BANTAM.—Boys who break windows and destroy things in their games should be made to pay for a portion, if not for all of the repairing, out of their pocket-money. If this is not adopted, some favourite amusement should be cut off as a punishment that they will remember.

BERTA MORRIS.—We do "buy tales," but at present we are well supplied, and must decline your kind offer of assistance.

AIRAM EISLE.—Prester John is a corruption of *Belul Gian*, meaning "precious stone." This name was

like the Egyptian title Pharaoh, and belonged to whole lines of kings. Otto of Freisingen is the first author to mention him in a chronicle of the year 1156. He says Prester John was of the family of the Mani, and ruled over the country of the "wise men." The fact that Prester John was a title will explain the enormous diversity of the periods assigned respectively by different writers to him, which has puzzled historians.

ORLANDO.—We are asked by this young lady whether Dickens "writes under the name of 'Boz'?" Unless he does so at some of the spiritualistic seances, he certainly writes nothing under any name now, as he has been dead for several years, and "dead men tell no tales." He wrote at one time under the name you mention. We are also politely informed by this very superior young person that she wishes the tales in the "G. O. P." had a little more "go" in them, as nearly all she has read are different from Ouida and many more 'dashing' authors." We do not profess to supply our girls with "go" literature nor tales by writers, of whose books a reviewer in the *Times* lately said "the characters seem to plan and to do whatever he or she ought not to do!"

ALEX.—"The Last of the Knights" was a title bestowed on Maximilian I., Emperor of Germany, 1459-1519. He was beloved by the Austrians, and called, with affectionate familiarity, "Our Max."

APPRECIATIVE READER.—We acknowledge your kind letter with sincere thanks. You have our sympathy in your trying vocation, and best wishes.

SCOTCH ALICE.—We did not know that it was necessary to love a man to render you at liberty to accept a few apples. Ordinary friends sometimes send such presents at Christmas-time, and there is nothing specially significant about them. But if you think it wrong to eat them, we shall not consider you at all compromised if you send them, carriage paid, to us.

OLD MAID KIT.—We endeavour to answer letters from distant countries first on account of the greater length of time to elapse before the answer is received. The "g" is sounded in "recognise." The word "envelope" is French, and the syllable "en" is nasal in that language, the "n" not being sounded as in English. In the latter language the tongue is placed against the roof of the mouth; in the French it is not. We are sorry you have met with so many disappointments, and that you are naturally despondent. Try to see the bright side of all circumstances.

VENETIAN GIRL.—We regret that you were not thanked for your recipe for "risolto." It will be inserted when we can find it. We are glad that you like our Answers to Correspondents, and have pleasure in including you amongst the most pleasing amongst them.

TWO JUDYS.—Prize winners may have any volume of the "G. O. P.' they prefer, and have only to write and state their wishes.

GRATITUDE.—The bride being married in a travelling dress by no means interferes with the selection made by the bridesmaids. Nevertheless, we think that the effect of the party as a whole would be more harmonious and in good taste were the latter to wear colours that would not throw the bride into the shade and eclipse the individual who should naturally be the chief object of interest and central light in the picture. We recommend you to write direct to the University of Chautauqua, U.S., for all information respecting it. We thank you for expressing your appreciation of our paper so kindly. Your handwriting is good.

AN EARNEST ONE.—Perhaps you might obtain the servant girls you require on application to such a training school for domestic servants as that at Maidstone. The pupils are instructed in all branches of housework and needlework, and when of an age to take situations they are provided with an outfit. Write to Mrs. Whatman, hon. secretary, Vinters, Maidstone, or to Miss Kemp, the matron, 19, Romney-place, Maidstone, Kent. Old linen collars and cuffs may be soaked until all the starch be removed, and they can then be re-stitched. We thank you for the welcome flowers and good wishes.

MYRA B. appears to be suffering from want of fresh air and exercise and lack of proper recreation. She had better try change of air and scene, and try to acquire a healthier frame of mind by change of work and constant thought for others. She must beware of acting dishonestly towards her affianced husband from any fancied and foolish fears caused by overwrought nerves.

AN IRISH SUBSCRIBER.—We regret we cannot give addresses, which may be found in any directory of London or *Dublin*. *Better* have the sheep skins cured by a tanner.

TWO YORKSHIRE LASSES.—As we believe in Holy Scripture, we must also believe that dreams are sometimes sent to instruct and warn us. Take your Bible and look out all the texts and stories on the subject. Dreams have been used by God many times in His dealings with men, both for their instruction and guidance.

FAGIN.—We fear we could not help you in any way unless we knew more of your character. A clerkship or the vocation of a hospital nurse might, either of them, be suitable situations.

EXPECTANT.—We can only advise you to make your writing into roundhand. It is sufficiently legible, but you spoil it by too much haste.

BELGRAVIA.—We regret that you should not have been able to obtain our Christmas numbers. Orders for them must be sent up from the country in good time in order to be fulfilled, as there is always a great demand, and there is no second issue printed.

WOOD VIOLET.—The "G. O. P." was first published on January 3rd, 1880.

A. L. O. B. S.—You do not say on what occasion the swallow-tailed coat is to be worn. The evening is the usual time, except for waiters. There is no such word as "annoyous;" you mean "annoying."

CRYSTAL NEIL.—One volume of the "G. O. P." consists of twelve parts; quite enough for a thick volume.

BIBLE.—You have made a mistake as to the date of your Bible; it is 1658 or 1668, not 1558. There is no John Field previous to the first-named date. It is difficult to give any opinion as to value, but not more than 30s., we imagine.

LADY EVA.—We do not quite know what you mean. There is no need to go out with your cousins. If you feel averse to so doing, we should think there is no need for stating your real reasons if you object.

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

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"IT CARRIED HER BACK INTO THE PAST."

AUNT HESTER'S SECRET.

By
EGLANTON THORNE,

Author of "The Old Worcester Jug," "It's All Real True," "In London Fields," etc.

CHAPTER II.

ONLY FAITHFUL.

AN hour later Hester Armitage was alone in her own room. And now that the busy day was over, and the time for rest had come, there certainly was a sad and weary look upon her pleasant face. She took from her gown the rose that Dora had given her that morning. It was slightly faded, but still beautiful and sweet. Hester placed it in a vase full of water, and then stood gazing at it, lost in thought, for a few

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minutes. She was not thinking of that rose on which her eyes rested. She was seeing, as in a dream, the roses of a summer long gone by.

With a sigh she roused herself, and, turning to open a drawer, took from it a little, old-fashioned desk. The desk was locked, and she had to find the key and unlock it. Yet, when opened, it was plain that the desk was never used, nor did it hold anything apparently of much value. Within were only a few old letters, some locks of hair carefully wrapped in tissue paper, and one rather yellow envelope, round which a piece of blue ribbon was tied. It was this last that Hester wanted. Slowly she untied the ribbon, opened the envelope, and drew out—only a withered rose, a dead, brown, unsightly thing, contrasting sadly with the fragrant beauty which Hester had placed in the vase.

Yet Hester pressed the dead rose to her lips. It was dearer to her than any other rose could be. As she kissed it the dead flower seemed to give forth a faint, sweet odour, and that odour, too subtle for another to perceive, had power to make the past live again for her.

Yes, she had her heart-secret, this strong, capable woman. At thirty-four she seemed quite old to her nieces, yet all romance was not dead within her. The sight of this old rose thrilled her heart with a pain which had its element of sweetness. It carried her back into the past. She was a girl again, standing in the old garden, the dear old walled garden of her childhood's home, already vanished from sight, the ground it had occupied being now covered with rows of third-rate suburban houses. It was summer, and the roses were in full bloom. Ernest Marriott was with her. She had long been conscious of his love, conscious of it as a sort of fair, sweet sunshine which filled her life with joy and beauty, without considering what a hopeless love it was. He was poor, and almost friendless, whilst her father held a high position in society, and was a man of great personal pride. He would be but too ready to spurn any insignificant, fortuneless individual who should dare to sue for his daughter's hand. Moreover, Colonel Armitage was in feeble health, needing his only daughter's tenderest devotion and care. Hester could not have set herself in opposition to his will, or have done anything to bring a cloud on his declining days.

So when Ernest Marriott told her that summer evening how he loved her, and that he had determined to go abroad and there work his hardest till he had won such success as would justify him in asking Colonel Armitage to receive him as a son-in-law, Hester had little to say to him. She could not engage herself without her father's consent, but she had failed to hide from her lover the fact that her heart was his. No promises were exchanged, but each had given the other a rose in token of their resolve to be faithful. Ernest had said that when, at length, he saw his way to the accomplishment of his heart's desire he would send her back her rose as a sign that he was coming to her. And so they parted, each with hope, if also with sorrow, at heart.

For two years Hester lived on as before, a loving daughter, studying her father's comfort and happiness in everything, and devoting herself entirely to him, guarding her heart's secret the while, and, if sometimes sad, not unhappy, for hope was strong within her in those days. She heard nothing from Ernest Marriott; but that was not strange, for she could not communicate with him unknown to her father, nor would her lover have asked it of her. She knew that he had gone to Australia, and she was sure that he was living a true, hard-working, worthy life in that far-off land, and with that knowledge she tried to be satisfied. Then her father's worn-out life had ended after a few days' illness, and shortly after, whilst she was still perplexed as to how she should order her future life, there came the shock of her brother's sudden bereavement and his piteous appeal to her.

We have told how she responded to that appeal. She became the leading spirit of her brother's home, and his stay and comfort in his sorrow. But in the busy days that followed, Ernest Marriott was not forgotten. The thought of him was ever with her, and the hope of their union at some distant day was like a star of joy shedding its brightness on the horizon of her future. His name never passed her lips, for none of those around her had known him, and it would not have been easy to speak to them of him. But the months and the years went on and no tidings of him came. Hester had no fear that her friend's heart would change towards her. A love so true and constant as hers could harbour no doubt. She judged his love by her own, and she knew that that could never change.

But as time went on the long silence was hard to bear. If only she could know where he was! Had he seen the announcement of her father's death which had been in most of the newspapers, or was he far from the haunts of civilisation, in some wild region where no news of the world he had left could reach him? Hester's heart grew sick with longing as she asked herself such questions as these. She used to dream sometimes that Ernest had sent her the rose, but she saw no other like this which he had given her, and which she treasured so fondly for his sake. And so year after year passed on, and no token came till Hester began to fear that he was dead. Many a tear was shed in secret over this thought, yet she bore her trouble bravely, and, however sad at heart, was always outwardly serene. When sorrow pressed sorely she only worked harder, trying to throw her whole soul into the duties she had undertaken for others.

Hester had one strong consolation. She knew that Ernest Marriott was one with her in the Divine life. They acknowledged one Lord and Master, and desired to do His will. And in the keeping of that Holy Friend each was safe, ay, and near in heart, however far apart their lives might lie. The comfort of this thought did not pass away as the years going on deepened almost to conviction her fear that the one she loved had passed from earth; for behind the veil of death he would be still in the keeping of that Divine Friend, and in drawing nearer to the Saviour she would draw nearer to him. Cherishing this thought, Hester slowly grew resigned to the long separation, and ceased to expect anything else. She did not let her sorrow spoil her life. Rather it enriched it, filling her heart with a deeper love and sympathy for others, and making her desirous only of doing a true woman's work in the world. Thus she came to be such a helpful, loving woman that her nieces could speak of her as "an angel," whilst older, less enthusiastic persons sometimes said that Miss Armitage was the sweetest woman they had ever known.

But still there were hours when the old sorrow awoke in her heart. It had been stirred afresh by witnessing the happiness of her eldest niece, lately betrothed to a man whom all her friends deemed worthy of her, and to-night Dora's careless words had brought vividly to mind the bygone days of her early love.

Twelve years ago! Yet as she bent over the withered rose, all the life of that summer night seemed to come back to her. She could hear again the whisper of the leaves as the evening breeze swept through them, and breathe the wafted perfume of the roses. She could hear the thrilling, tremulous tones of Ernest's deep, manly voice, and feel the close, lingering clasp of his hand. She could see his eyes bent on her, those dark, love-radiant eyes, whose solemn, speaking gaze seemed to arrest all other consciousness.

And yet twelve years had passed since she saw him! Her youth had slipped away from her since then; but her love had not grown old—that was young and fresh and warm as ever. Her heart had ever been faithful to her early love. Others had wooed her during the years that were past, but for all Hester had one answer. To the end of her life she could love no one save Ernest Marriott.

As she thought of him now she took from her bookcase a little manuscript volume, in which she was wont to copy verses or passages met with in books that came home especially to her heart. She turned to a page on which she had copied some verses only a few weeks after Ernest Marriott's departure, verses written by a woman of true genius, who in her brief life must surely have tasted of life's deepest experiences, although she was ever so calm and glad and brave.

FAITHFUL.

"Only that, dear, neither wise nor fair,
Just as commonplace as bread you eat,
Or as water flowing everywhere,
Or the homely grass beneath your feet.
Only faithful! does the want alarm you?
Only faithful! will the world not charm you?

* * * * *

Faithful, dear, to keep or let you go,
Faithful to give all and nothing take;
Think you I should rave in angry woe,
If by time's fault you should me forsake?
Only be yourself, though mine no longer;
By your being I shall grow the stronger."

Hester's eyes were dimmed by tears as she closed the book. She, too, was faithful; but, oh, if she could only know something about him! She knelt to pray, not for herself alone, but for him whose name had been breathed in her prayer every night since she had known of his love. When she rose from her knees she was calm and strong again, and there was on her face that look of mingled sweetness and sadness which had made Dora liken it to that of an angel.

Yes, she was "only faithful," but a faithful heart is a rare and precious treasure in this world of ours.

(*To be continued.*)

THE HISTORY OF THE SUNDAY.

UNDAY is the name of the first day of the week, adopted by the first Christians from the Roman Calendar (*Dies Solis*), Day of the Sun, so called because it was dedicated to the worship of the sun. The Christians reinterpreted the heathen name as implying the Sun of Righteousness, with reference to His "arising" (Mal. iv. 2). It was also called *Dies Panis* (Day of Bread), because it was an early custom to break bread on that day. It is called also the Lord's Day, its sacred observances being especially in His honour. The Apostles themselves introduced the religious observance of Sunday, meeting for Divine service (Acts xx. 7; 1 Cor. xvi. 2), and the opposition of the Christian Church to Judaism early led to the substitution of Sunday for the Sabbath; and in the epistle of Ignatius to the Magnesians it is presupposed that even the Jews who came over to Christianity adopted the same custom.

In 696 the Lord's Day was reckoned from evening to evening, but in 958 from Saturday noon till light on Monday morning. Islip's "Constitutions" and the Councils of Aix (789), Frejus (791), and Frankfort (794), assign as the cause that vespers are the first office of the morrow. The mediæval tradition was that our Lord was born on Sunday, baptised on Tuesday, and began his fast on Wednesday.

The consecration of Sunday in a special manner to religious employments, and the abstaining from all worldly business, was established by a synodal law (canon 29, Council of Laodicea) with this restriction, that all Christians should abstain from worldly business if they were able. In the religious services of Sunday we note the following: All fasting was prohibited on that day, even in Lent, Tertullian (*De Cor. Mil. c.* 3.) declaring that is was accounted a crime to fast on that day, and other authorities were equally severe in their denunciations. The reason for this observance was that the day was considered one of joyfulness because of our Lord's resurrection. Yet this rule was not so strictly binding, but that when a necessary occasion required, and there was no suspicion of heretical perverseness or contempt, men might fast upon this day (Jerome, *Ep.* 28, *ad Lucinium Rœticum*).

It may here be remarked that another custom was to pray standing on the Lord's Day, in memory of our Lord's resurrection. The great care and concern of the Primitive Christians for the religious observance of Sunday is seen in their ready and constant attendance upon all the offices and solemnities of public worship, and this, too, even in times of persecution; from their studious observance of the vigils, or nocturnal assemblies preceding the Lord's Day; from their attendance, in many places, upon sermons twice a day, and at evening prayers; and from the censures inflicted upon those who violated the laws concerning the religious observance of the day. The celebration of the eucharist was a standing part of Divine service every Lord's Day, and every communicant was expected to partake thereof.

SUNDAY WITH THE EARLY CHRISTIANS.

The mode in which the early Christians spent the Lord's Day is thus described by Dr. Jamieson in his "Manners and Trials of the Primitive Christians":—

"Viewing the Lord's Day as a spiritual festivity, a season in which their souls were specially to magnify the Lord and their spirits to rejoice in God their Saviour, they introduced the services of the day with psalmody, which was followed by select portions of the Prophets, the Gospels, and the Epistles, the intervals between which were occupied by the faithful in private devotions. The plan of service, in short, resembled what was followed in that of the vigils, though there were some important differences, which we shall now describe. The men prayed with their heads bare, and the women were veiled, as became the modesty of their sex, both standing—a position deemed the most decent, and suited to their exalted notions of the weekly solemnity—with their eyes lifted up to heaven and their hands extended in the form of a cross, the better to keep them in remembrance of Him whose death had opened up the way of access to the Divine Presence.

"The reading of the Sacred Volume constituted an important and indispensable part of the observance; and effectually to impress it upon the memories of the audience, the lessons were always short and of frequent recurrence. Besides the Scriptures, they were accustomed to read aloud several other books for the edification and interest of the people—such as treatises on the illustration of their morals by some pastor of eminent reputation and piety, or letters from foreign churches, containing an account of the state and progress of the Gospel. This part of the service—most necessary and valuable at a time when a large proportion of every congregation were unacquainted with letters—was performed at first by the presiding minister, but afterwards devolved on an officer appointed for that object, who, when proceeding to the discharge of his duty, if it related to any part of the history of Jesus, exclaimed aloud to the people, 'Stand up, the Gospels are about to be read,' and then always commenced with 'Thus saith the Lord.' They assumed this attitude, not only from a conviction that it was the most respectful posture in which to listen to the counsel of the King of kings, but with a view to keep alive the attention of the people—an object which in some churches was sought to be gained by the minister stopping in the middle of a Scriptural quotation, and leaving the people to finish it aloud.

"The discourses, founded for the most part on the last portion of Scripture that was read, were short, plain, and extempore exhortations, designed chiefly to stir up the minds of the brethren by way of remembrance, and always prefaced by the salutation, 'Peace be unto you.' As they were very short, sometimes not extending to more than eight or ten minutes' duration, several of them were delivered at a diet, and the preacher was usually the pastor of the place, though he sometimes, at his discretion, invited a stranger, or one of his brethren known to possess the talent of public speaking, to address the assembly. The close of the sermon by himself, which was always the last of the series, was the signal for the public prayers to commence. Previous to this solemn part of the service, however, a crier commanded infidels of any description that might be present to withdraw, and the doors being closed and guarded, the pastor proceeded to pronounce a prayer, the burden of which was made to bear a special reference to the circumstances of the various classes who, in the Primitive Church, were not admitted to a full participation in the privileges of the faithful. First of all he prayed in the name of the whole company of believers, for the catechumens—young persons or recent converts from heathenism, who were passing through a preparatory course of instruction in the doctrines and duties of Christianity—that their understandings might be enlightened, their hearts receive the truth in the love of it, and that they might be led to cultivate those holy habits of heart and life by which they might adorn the doctrine of God their Saviour. Next, he prayed for the penitents who were undergoing the discipline of the Church, that they might receive deep and permanent impressions of the exceeding sinfulness of sin, that they might be filled with godly sorrow, and might have grace during the appointed time of their probation, to bring forth fruits meet for repentance. In like manner he made appropriate supplications for other descriptions of persons, each of whom left the church when the class to which he belonged had been commended to the God of all grace; and then the brethren, reduced by the successive departures to an approved company of the faithful, proceeded to the holy service of communion."

Those who neglected ordinances were severely censured. Absence from church for three consecutive Sundays was to be visited by excommunication. Irregularities during attendance, such as refusing to join in prayers or receive the communion, or leaving church during sermon, were strongly condemned. In later times severe measures were employed to secure Sabbath observance, which could only in many cases induce hypocrisy, or mere external attendance at church. The Kirk-Sessions in 1574 appointed "searchers," or "captors," to make the round of the parish, and take note of such as were "vaging abroad." The strange practice lasted for nigh a century and a half. Some of the records of the period are curious.

As soon as the Christian religion came to be recognised by the State, laws were enacted for the observance of Sunday. The Emperor Constantine made the first law (A.D. 321) to exempt the day from being juridical, as were the others. By this law and others he suspended all actions and proceedings of the law on this day, whether arrests, pleadings, exactions, sentences of judges, executions, excepting only such as were of absolute necessity or of eminent charity, as the manumission of slaves, the appointing of curators and guardians to orphans, and causes relating to matters of preservation and damage, legacies and trusts, exhibiting of wills, and all cases where great damage might be suffered either by delay or by death. Valentinian prohibited all arrests of men for debt, whether public or private, on this day; and Valentinian, junior, with Theodosius the Great, appointed all Sundays in the year to be days of vacation from all business of the law whatsoever. In like manner, all secular business or servile employments were forbidden, except only such as men were called to by necessity or some great charity, such as harvesting. By a law of Honorius, the judges were enjoined to visit the prisons every Sunday, to examine the prisoners, and ascertain from them whether the keepers of the prison denied them any office of humanity, and also to give orders that the prisoners, under proper guard, should be allowed to leave the prisons to bathe themselves. Later laws forbade all husbandry on the Lord's Day, allowing only such work as was necessary to secure food absolutely required. The Christian laws took care to secure the honours and dignity of the Lord's Day by forbidding public games, shows, or ludicrous recreations, and the Church was no less careful to guard the service of this day from the encroachment of all vain pastimes and needless recreations. The Fourth Council of Carthage made a decree excommunicating any person who should forsake the services of the Church to attend a public show.

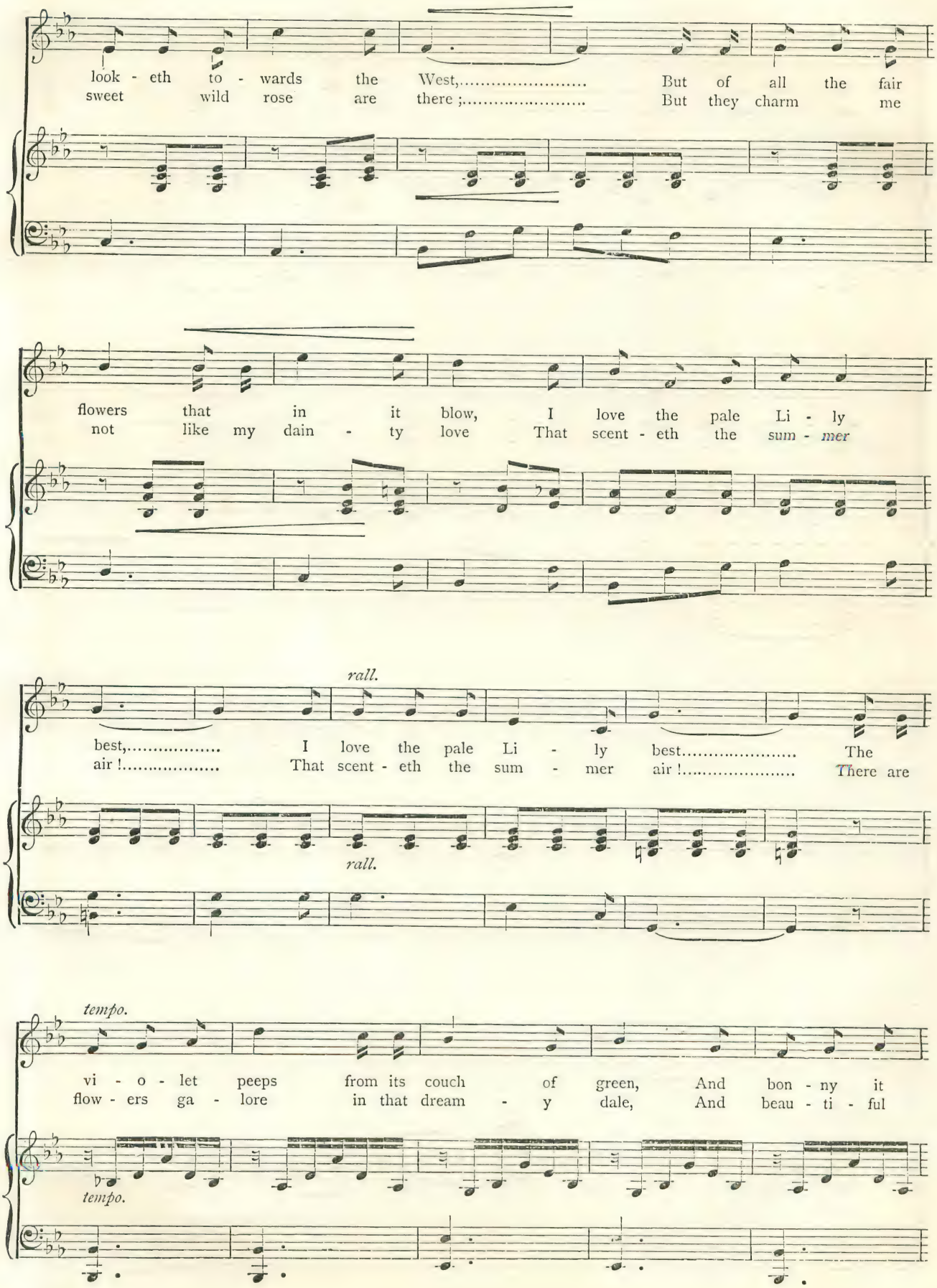
In England Sunday laws were of early date. The code of Ina, King of the West Saxons (about 693), punished servile work by fine. Alfred the Great (876) forbade work, traffic, and legal proceedings; while the statute 27 Henry IV., c. 5, enacts that all fairs and markets on Sundays, except in harvest, shall cease on pain of forfeiture of goods. The statute 5 and 6 Edward VI., c. 3, makes Sundays, with Christmas and Easter, holy days, but permits work in harvest and in cases of necessity. The statute 1 Elizabeth, c. 2, punishes by fine persons absenting themselves from church without excuse. James I., in 1618, issued his "Book of Sports" (q. v.), in which he declared certain games, sports, etc., lawful on Sundays after Divine service. This book was reissued by Charles I. in 1638. The statute 29 Charles II., c. 7, enacted "that no tradesman, artificer, workman, labourer, or other person whatsoever, shall do or exercise any worldly labour, business, or work of their ordinary callings upon the Lord's Day, or any part of thereof (works of necessity and charity only excepted)"; and "that no person or persons whatsoever shall publicly cry, show forth, or expose to sale any wares, merchandise, fruit, herbs, goods, or chattels whatsoever upon the Lord's Day, or any part thereof." This, somewhat modified by subsequent laws, is the present Sunday law of England, and is the foundation of the laws on the subject in the United States.

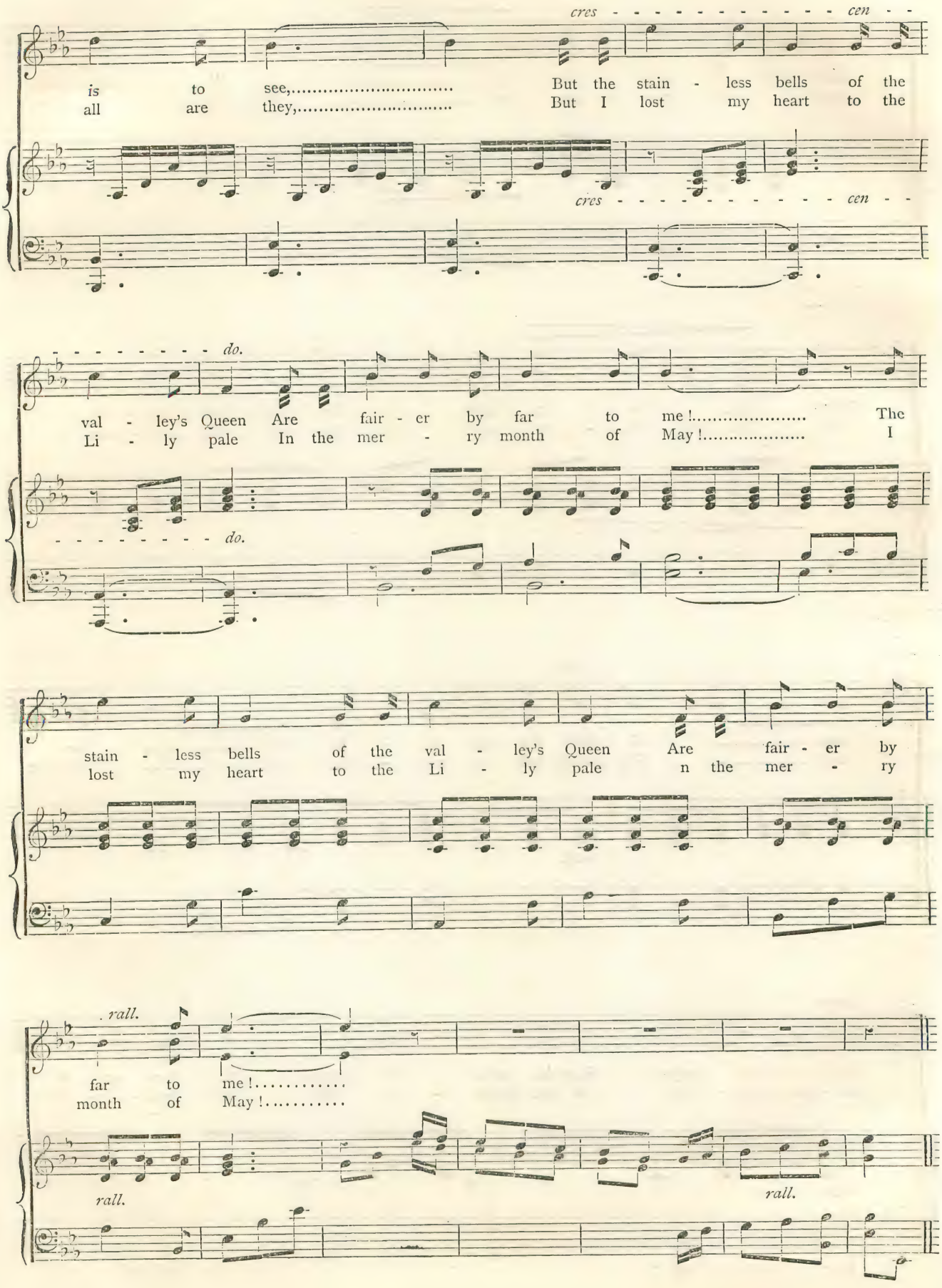
THE VALLEY'S QUEEN.

Words by F. B. DOVETON. *Music by* ELIZABETH PHILP.

PIANO. *Moderato.*

1. There are flowers ga - lore in a dell I know That
2. The speed - well, blue as the sky a - bove, And the


look - eth to - wards the West,..... But of all the fair
sweet wild rose are there ;..... But they charm me
flowers that in it blow, I love the pale Li - ly
not like my dain - ty love That scent - eth the sum - mer
rall.
best,..... I love the pale Li - ly best..... The
air !..... That scent - eth the sum - mer air !..... There are
rall.
tempo.
vi - o - let peeps from its couch of green, And bon - ny it
flow - ers ga - lore in that dream - y dale, And beau - ti - ful
tempo.


cres - - - - - - - - - - - - - - cen - -
is to see,..... But the stain - less bells of the
all are they,..... But I lost my heart to the
cres - - - - - - - - - - - - - - cen - -
do.
val - ley's Queen Are fair - er by far to me !..... The
Li - ly pale In the mer - ry month of May !..... I
do.
stain - less bells of the val - ley's Queen Are fair - er by
lost my heart to the Li - ly pale n the mer - ry
rall.
far to me !.....
month of May !.....
rall.
rall.

HOW TO READ.

IRLS read too much, and think too little," wrote the Rev. F. W. Robertson, and the remark is not unjust. Not only amongst girls, but amongst a large class of readers, there is an idea that the mere perusal of a number of volumes is sufficient to cultivate the mind, and to store it with reason and knowledge. But a cursory glance cannot take in all the beauties of a landscape, neither can a rapid reading impress upon the mind the contents of any work of value. A book in which there is any real worth, deserves and demands attentive consideration, concentrated thought, and earnest study to draw from it the wit and the wisdom which a superficial skimming of the surface will never discover.

It is too common "to brush with extreme flounce the circle of the sciences," too common to read history without finding out the great principles which have been at work through all the centuries, too common to admire a poem simply and solely for the beauty of its rhyme and the music of its rhythm. It is no uncommon occurrence for those professing to have read a certain poem, essay, or novel, to be obliged to confess that they have not observed some of its most striking points, or noticed its deepest meaning.

Of genuine reading, *i.e.*, reading for love of the subject, with the intention of obtaining a firm grasp of the matter of a book, there can hardly be too much, unless, indeed, the reader become a mere bookworm, peeping at life from a study chair, behind a pile of ponderous tomes, living in a world of fancy, and thinking the human beings around him unworthy of consideration.

Books—good books at any rate—are the outcome of the inner life of the writers, whether poet, philosopher, or sage; they are the expression of his inmost thought, the revelation of himself, his contribution to supply the needs—the deepest heart-needs—of those around him. If this be the case, is it not reasonable and natural to read his words with attention and consideration? Is it not showing to the great men of the past a disrespect which would not be permitted towards a present acquaintance, hurriedly and carelessly to glance through their writings? The letter of a friend receives an earnest perusal; surely the letters of men of genius to their contemporaries and to posterity deserve equal respect.

Mrs. Browning has said, with truth and beauty,

> "It is rather when
> We gloriously forget ourselves and plunge,
> Soul forward, headlong into a book's profound,
> Impassioned for its beauty and salt of truth,
> 'Tis then we get the right good from a book."

The purposes for which books are read are various. One reads to find arguments for a discussion, another to gain illustrations for a speech, another to pass away an idle hour, another (and this reason is alike common and despicable) to win the name, without the attainments, of a deep student. "I have read," says many a one, when he means only, "I have skimmed." To read books merely for the sake of talking of them is to show an utter want of comprehension of their real worth. Undoubtedly, conversation on this subject is deeply interesting. If the inhabitants of the library be friends, as they are to those who read rightly, one of the first impulses on making a new acquaintance is to discover how far our favourites are mutual. But this is a very different matter from rushing carelessly and rapidly through a number of volumes for the sake of rattling off their titles as "Books I have read."

The danger of the reading societies to which so many girls now belong lies in the possibility of their spending the specified hour or half-hour or day in reading, while their thoughts are elsewhere; when, by agreement, remarks must be made at the meeting, or in the circular letter, proving that the book has been understood and digested, the danger is removed.

How, then, is it best to read? The answer to the question is given in the words of Mrs. Browning, quoted above. "We get the true worth of a book" when we plunge into it with an earnest desire to learn, with keen eagerness to find out what the author has to tell us, with a firm resolve to "skip" no page or paragraph, and to leave no word or phrase not clearly understood. "We get the true worth from a book" when we fix in our memories its leading points, comprehend its characteristics, assimilate to ourselves its wise and true thoughts, and note the beauties of its language.

But another wide question presents itself, "What shall I read?" Space permits no further answer than "Read the best."

There are such countless numbers of scientific, historical, romantic, and poetical volumes that a catalogue, even of the best, would assume amazing proportions. To a large extent, the course of reading must be determined by the individual taste, but, undoubtedly, great dangers lie about the pathway which is entered in beginning to read. The advice of a friend is often of assistance, but by attention to a single rule safety is ensured. So soon as innate consciousness suggests that a book is harmful, that its ideals are not the highest, that its portraiture of life is false, that it connives at evil, and deprecates good, it should be put aside with a determined hand. A man cannot touch pitch and not be defiled—foul thoughts lie in the memory, and will not be ousted—the constant observation of evil presented in a form which is in the least degree attractive, gradually and insidiously weakens, if it does not altogether destroy, the hatred of wrong which exists in a pure heart.

"The world of books is still the world," and their authors are more powerful and less scrupulous than those who are with us in bodily presence. Their object is to win converts to their own opinions, and they employ all subtle reasoning to advance their cause; their course is unhindered by pity or remorse; they have the privilege of approaching us in our quiet and private moments.

Therefore, while bigotry and prejudice are as indefensible in the region of books as in any other region, it is necessary to be on the look-out lest the fact of a statement, or an opinion, being "in print" should seem a guarantee of its truth or righteousness.

Many parents carefully supervise the reading of their children. It is a good thing to be kept from evil; it is a better thing resolutely to refrain from it. When Ulysses was to pass by the Sirens, he filled the ears of his men with wax, that they might not hear the sweet music which would lure them to destruction, whilst he himself was bound to the mast that he might not respond to the seductive invitation. When Orpheus passed, he sang, in heavenly tones, songs far surpassing those of the guileful maidens. The firm determination to think only upon those things which are "pure" and "lovely" and "of good report" is the only way to ensure safety and to be gainers in wisdom, not losers in purity, by contact with the world of books.

My subject includes the consideration of the art of reading aloud. Two very common remarks are, "I hate reading aloud," and "I hate being read to." Probably those people who "hate reading" cannot read well, and those who "hate being read to" have never listened to a good reader. They may have heard, as children, the droning croon of a nursemaid, or they may have been tortured by the attempts of some of those who consider elocution the exclusive study of actors and orators.

It goes without saying that faultless pronunciation must be acquired by anyone professing to be able to read aloud. The hopeless confusion, both of reader and hearer; the shame of the one, and the misery of the other, during the distressing performance of a reader who stumbles over long words, and mispronounces difficult ones, cannot be exaggerated.

The habit of running one word into another, or of slurring over the less important words in a sentence, completely destroys the flow and the rhythm of prose or poetry. An opposite and equally prevalent fault, is that of accenting prepositions, conjunctions, and distinguishing adjectives, which should rightly be uttered with less stress than nouns, verbs, adverbs, and adjectives proper.

Another habit sometimes noticed is that of pausing occasionally to glance down the page, or to turn over a few leaves to see the end. Such behaviour is most impolite on the part of the reader, and is unbearably irritating to the listener who is not a pattern of patience. Who, in the midst of rendering some little service to another, considers himself at liberty to stop before its completion for some other business?

Very close attention is needed to secure good reading. There are some authors, indeed, whose sentences are so short, simple, and straightforward that they cannot easily be misunderstood; but there are many whose style is somewhat involved, and if for a moment the reader allows his thoughts to "go wool-gathering," he will find himself pulled up by a note of interrogation when he is using a positive tone, or confronted by an unexpected quotation, or reaching a full stop when he was aiming for a predicate. It requires the greatest care to render clearly and distinctly the sentences within sentences, known as parentheses.

Last, but of the first importance, to read well is to read according to the sense of the passage. It is beyond measure ridiculous to hear the "Battle of Ivry" rendered with a drawling, uninterested voice, or the "Elegy in a Country Churchyard" in a jaunty, lively fashion. Humour, joy, heroism, sorrow, passion, must all be revealed by tone. On the other hand, there are some who, delighting overmuch in contrast, and striving constantly after effect, produce amazement and amusement by their varying play of feature and alteration of voice.

Good reading is so important a factor in the art of pleasing others that it is well worth the trouble of acquiring. Once let the power be proved and there will be no fear of its exercise being unwelcome.

The best reader in the world will, however, fail to please unless the hearer's taste be consulted. The man who desires a dose of Dickens will not accept Tennyson's "In Memoriam" as a substitute; it will be useless to produce Carlyle and Browning for those whose favourite authors are Longfellow and Macdonald; he who wishes to hear the reasonings of Huxley will hardly tolerate Mark Twain, and he who is pining for the leading article of the *Times* will not be pleased with the most perfect rendering of Swinburne's roundels. In this matter, as in all others, self-pleasing must give way to the pleasing of those for whom the pleasant and by no means despicable service of interpreting the thoughts of great authors is to be done.

AUNT DIANA.

By ROSA NOUCHETTE CAREY, Author of "Nellie's Memories," "Not Like Other Girls," "Esther, etc.

CHAPTER IV.

GREVILLE TAKES AN OAR.

PEOPLE said Miss Carrington's Wednesdays were always fine, that she had better fortune in that respect than other folk; and certainly the weather favoured her on this occasion, for it was the very perfection of a June afternoon, with plenty of sunshine and freshness to mitigate the heat. The white butterflies that skimmed over the lawn scarcely revelled in it more than Alison did, as she ran lightly over the grass in her white gown, with a breastknot of her favourite roses, and her shining hair half hidden under her broad-brimmed hat. These Wednesdays were very popular in the neighbourhood. Miss Carrington was a charming hostess, she had just the right knack of entertaining people; she welcomed them heartily, put them at their ease with themselves and other people, then left them to be as free as her own butterflies. The little wicket gate between Moss-side and Fernleigh were always set open on these occasions; Miss Carrington's lawn was devoted to lawn-tennis; when they had finished their game the young people were welcome to stroll through Mr. Moore's garden, and make themselves at home in the cosy nooks and shady seats with which it abounded.

Very often the exquisite notes of a violin drew them towards the house; two or three times Miss Carrington had discovered more than half her guests clustered in the verandah, listening as though spellbound to the inspired musician.

As a general rule Mr. Moore seldom mingled with the guests; his habits were those of the recluse. A few of his old friends who were sure of their welcome, and one or two of his younger favourites, would sometimes cross the threshold and keep him company in the cool shaded room, to be charmed by his wise and cheerful talk, and to take away lessons of loving submission and uncomplaining fortitude.

To these he would speak of his boy; recounting endless anecdotes of his prowess and courage, and often making mention of his pupil Alison, or as he called her, Sunny, for the young girl had been a veritable sunbeam to her old tutor, making his darkened hours pass more quickly by her ready sympathy and aptitude for learning.

On this afternoon he was not alone. A young man in a light grey summer suit, with a sunburnt handsome face, was standing by the window looking out at the knots of people already gathering on Miss Carrington's lawn, with a humorous, half-vexed expression in his wide-open blue eyes.

"What a lot of people," he grumbled. "I believe all Riverston is there; there are three boats full, and two sets of lawn-tennis forming, and I do not know how many more; there goes Miss Merle—Miss Alison I mean. What a bore, grandfather, that I forgot all about Miss Carrington's Wednesday, and I shall have to go up to London to-morrow."

"Why, the more the merrier. Is not that the opinion of young folk like you?" returned Mr. Moore, smiling. "Now, if I said that I wanted you all to myself for this one day you have spared me, that would only be an old man's selfishness, and I should be ashamed of myself for giving it utterance! But you are not generally so unsociable, Greville."

"There is a regular crowd," returned the young fellow, still more pettishly, "I shall not be able to speak to Miss Carrington, or to Miss Alison, either; and you forget, grandfather, that I shall be off to Keswick the day after to-morrow for six weeks at least."

"I am not likely to forget that, my boy. Well, it is a pity if you are not pleased, for they are going to keep it up unusually late; there is to be music on the lawn. Sunny has been telling me all about it. The moonlight is so clear that Miss Diana has given in to the notion; and young Hepworth—you remember him—has brought his cornet. If I were you, lad, I would just make the best of it, and join in merrily with the rest."

"And leave you sitting here alone, grandfather? and I thought we should have just one of our old evenings on the river; and I should row you and Miss Carrington and her niece to the Long Island."

"Nay, lad, I am not likely to be long alone; the vicar will be in by-and-by for a chat; and most likely Mr. Hendrick and one or two others. Miss Diana will drop in just to tell me how things progress, and Sunny too; she never neglects me. Come, come, it is not like you to sulk, boy; I want to hear you laugh with the others; it will make me feel young myself. And, Greville," with a sudden tenderness in his voice, "we have shaken hands, but until I feel you, I shall not believe my boy is really with me."

The young man's cloudy face cleared in a moment, he left his place at once, and dropped down on one knee beside his grandfather's chair and a sort of laughing light came in his eyes.

"You foolish old grand-dad," he said; "you have not grown a bit wiser." And then he knelt patiently while the thin wrinkled hand passed softly over the merry face, and felt the broad, stalwart shoulders, and then rested lingeringly on his head.

"God bless you, lad; you are strong and broad shouldered like Gerard; you are every inch as fine a man as your father. Grow like him, my boy. Though he was my own son, I will always say there are not many like him; there, there, I must not keep you from the young folks to listen to an old man's maunderings. Tell Sunny that she is to be good to you, as you have not many hours at home. Oh, there's Mr. Hendrick's step on the gravel; he has stolen a march on the vicar. Now you can leave me with an easy conscience."

It was evident Greville needed no further bidding. He rose to his feet at once, and strolled out into the verandah, casting comprehensive glances over both gardens; then, satisfying himself that a certain broad-brimmed hat belonged to the person for whom he was in search, he went leisurely through the little gate, and tracked it by sundry winding paths to the river bank.

A little group of girls was gathered round a boat. They were evidently playing at hide and seek with their would-be escort, to the mischievous glee of a young Etonian of tender age, as befitted jackets and turn-down collars.

"Come along, girls," he shouted. "Letty and Dora, why don't you jump in? and, Miss Alison, you promised to steer. Quick, quick!"

"Not so fast, Jack; where's the hurry?" called out a fresh voice; and at the merry tones Alison turned round with a sudden start.

"Oh! Mr. Greville!" and her bright face looked brighter still at the unexpected sight of her old friend. "What does this mean? Mr. Moore never hinted at your coming. I do not believe Aunt Diana knows, either."

"I thought I would just run down and have a look at you all before I started for Keswick," returned the young man with assumed carelessness. "I forgot all about Miss Carrington's Wednesday Populars; never mind, I have just arrived in time for the fun. How do you do, Miss Dora? Miss Lettice, I should hardly have known you, you have so grown. Well, what's the matter, Jack?" for the boy was grumbling audibly.

"Only Fortescue and that other fellow will be down upon us directly, and the girls made me promise to get under way before they came to spoil everything. Letty and Dora want to pick forget-me-nots on the Long Island—there are quantities on the east side, where we had our picnic last year."

"All right, I'm your man. Miss Alison, if you will be good enough to steer, Jack and I will soon row you across." And suiting his actions to his words, Greville assisted the girls into the boat; and promptly taking an oar, they were soon gliding down the river.

As the little craft moved from the steps, a clear hallo sounded in their ears; but the mischievous girls only waved their hands gaily in answer, while Jack shouted out, "You are too late, Fortescue, you had better have a game at tennis," and then, as Greville's practised oar cut swiftly through the water, the hum of voices died away; garden after garden receded from their view, little islands clothed with low alder bushes, and masses of floating water-lilies, and other aquatic plants, calling for prudent steering on Alison's part.

Now and then they passed another

THE BOATING PICNIC.

boat with which they exchanged greeting; and once as they came to a reedy island, a swan came out with ruffled plumage, and angry and stretched neck, and would have pursued them, only Jack threatened her with his oar.

"I suppose there are some young ones in there," observed Greville thoughtfully; and then he let them drift a moment as he contemplated the scene. The broad gleaming river flowing so smoothly between its banks; the meadow-land dotted with groups of cattle worthy of the brush of Vicat Cole; the girls' happy faces, faces that had been familiar to him from boyhood, for Dora and Lettice Morville had been old playfellows of his; their simple summer dresses—all made up the adjuncts of a pleasant picture that he might carry away and remember when he rowed himself across Derwentwater, or looked at the purple hills that encircled him.

In a few minutes they had landed, and Jack, who was the hero of the hour, for it was he who had planned this little excursion, was leading them proudly to the little sheltered corner of the island, where the ground was blue with these tiny flowers; and in another moment they were all busily at work. In the intervals of his labour, Greville found time for a sentence or two with Alison; and by-and-by he induced her to rest for a moment on a mossy log, that had lain there for years.

"I suppose we must be going back now," observed Alison regretfully, as she watched the others' busy movements. "Aunt Diana will want me to assist her with the tea. She knew we were coming, for Jack was put in charge of us; but she told us not to be long. Dora and I have been wanting to come here for days."

"It is a bore going back to the other people," returned Greville lazily; "there is a host of things I wanted to consult you about. I have an idea! I will get Miss Dora to take my oar, and I know Miss Lettice loves steering, and then we can manage to get a little conversation." And as things were arranged after this fashion, Greville was soon engaged in an animated account of last term's doings. Jack listened eagerly, and his oar often remained idle as Greville proudly recounted a successful score at cricket, or some boating feat achieved by one of their men. Alison listened in sympathetic silence: she was quite used to these confidences. Greville, who had no sisters of his own, and who had grown up solitary under his grandfather's roof, found a great deal of pleasure and comfort in his young neighbour's society. Alison would take him to task sometimes in a good-humoured way, and would speak many a word of girlish wisdom in his ear, which he took with tolerable submission; she was longing to say some such word now, but as they were not alone she prudently forbore.

Their return was hailed with delight by the young people who were gathered on the lawn. While Dora put their treasured forget-me-nots in water, Lettice and Alison hurried into the studio, where they knew Miss Carrington would be busy over the tea-table; and Greville, after exchanging greetings with his friends, followed them more leisurely.

"Well, girls," observed Miss Carrington, brightly, "you see you have your work before you; all these good folk to serve with tea and strawberries. By-the-bye, Ailie, a little bird tells me that Greville has put in an appearance. Why, bless the lad, there he is," as Greville's amused face suddenly confronted her, and her hands were grasped, and then detained.

"Miss Carrington, I mean to have a good look at you. You are a sight for sore eyes, as old Bailey would say. I have not seen anyone so worth looking at since I left home."

"Go away, you foolish boy," was Miss Carrington's response to this. "I am too busy to listen to your blarney," but her grey eyes softened as they rested on the young man's handsome face. She had known him from babyhood. It was she who had closed his dead mother's eyes, in whose loving arms the little fellow had often nestled in those first sad days when the stricken household were too much engaged to care for the lonely child; when he would follow his dear Cara, as he called her, all over the house, with uncertain, toddling footsteps, to mend some broken toy, or help him out of some tiny difficulty: and he was dear to her now, dearer even than Alison.

"Go away, I am far too busy to be hindered," was all her greeting to her favourite; but her pleasant face beamed on him as she spoke, and her hand stroked the grey coat-sleeve with a caressing gesture.

"I am going to stop and help you," returned Greville, with gay defiance of her mandate. "Is that cup of tea for Mrs. Morville? She is sitting so cosily in the honeysuckle arbour with old Miss Effingham, that it seems a pity to disturb them."

"Old Miss Effingham, indeed!" ejaculated Miss Carrington, "you disrespectful boy, when you know she is my contemporary."

"Miss Carrington, you know you are immortal; you will never be old in my eyes," was the gallant reply. "I think you grow younger every time I see you."

"Humph, I hope not. I should be sorry to live for ever in this sort of world, unless you young people improve it very much. Now, Greville, you know our rules for these Wednesdays. This is Liberty Hall; if the ladies like their meal *al fresco*, there are plenty of gentlemanly servitors to gratify their whims. Now take this tray of tea and strawberries to the honeysuckle arbour, and I will get ready another for your grandfather and Mrs. Hendrick. Jack, what have you done with your sister Dora? We want all hands just now."

Miss Carrington certainly knew how to please her young guests. Tea and strawberries had a finer flavour in many a girlish opinion if they were enjoyed in all sorts of odd out-of-the-way places; pretty Kate Thornborough and Dora took theirs in the boat that lay moored to the steps, and Jack waited on them and kept them company. To be sure, half the tea was spilled in the transit, but the remainder tasted excellently well, and all their neighbours' ducks joined the feast. One young midshipman, Charlie Trevor, performed the surprising feat of carrying his tea-cup into the recesses of an aged willow that grew between the gardens, and then drank it peacefully on a branch that hung over the river; buns and other dainties being handed to him by the delighted Jack at the end of a cane, some of which fell to Charlie's share and some to the ducks. After tea the tennis nets were taken down, and the notes of a cornet began to make itself heard; then singing began in earnest, and Miss Carrington and her elder guests joined in the part-songs. Greville and Alison had been singing together, and when Alison was tired, they strolled down one of the garden paths in his grandfather's garden. Just now it was deserted, and they had it to themselves; this was the opportunity Alison wanted, for she began at once—

"Mr. Greville, I do hope you mean to work when you are at Keswick: Aunt Diana said the other day that she knew how disappointed Mr. Moore would be if you failed to take your degree. And I am afraid"—hesitating as though she feared to give him pain—"I am afraid, from what you told us in the boat, that you have not done much this term."

Greville bit his lip and a cloud came over his face.

"What makes you think so?" he asked, rather shortly.

"Your own words," she returned, so softly that his man's pride could not take alarm. "Please do not be offended with me, we have always spoken the truth to each other; but all this cricket, tennis, boating, and riding about must have hindered work. Aunt Diana says—may I go on?"—a little timidly.

"Yes, yes," rather impatiently.

"Aunt Diana says, and you know how wise she is, that though your grandfather has set his heart on your taking a good degree, he will never tell you so, or let you know if you disappoint him. It is just because he is so kind and generous, and gives you full liberty that, she says, you owe him a grand return—that your work and all you do must be for his sake."

"I see, I see," returned the young man, hastily. He had flushed a little over her words, as though they had gone home to his conscience. "Yes, grandfather is far too good to me. I do not half deserve to belong to the dear old man. I'll make a clean breast of it, Miss Alison. I have not worked as I ought, and that is the truth and the whole truth."

"Oh, Mr. Greville what a pity," fell still more softly from Alison's lips.

"Yes," he returned a little gloomily, "it is a pity, but I will promise you one thing"—his manner changing into earnestness—"I will work this summer. I will turn over a new leaf and try and make up for lost time. When I come back in August you shall not have to find fault with me."

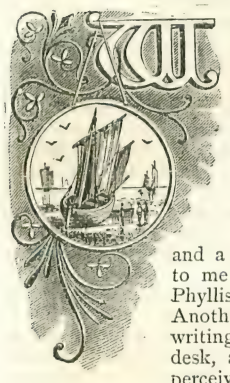
Alison smiled at him approvingly; she had gained her point, but a moment after a sigh followed the smile. When he came back in August, would he find her here? And if not here——but here the

notes of the cornet broke on their ear again, and Greville and she joined the company again.

(*To be continued.*)

LADY DISPENSERS.

By Medicus.



WHILE on a tour in the far north of Scotland last summer I happened to enter a druggist's shop of some considerable pretensions, for the purpose of writing a prescription.

A piece of paper and a pencil were handed to me by a neat-fingered Phyllis behind the counter. Another younger girl was writing in a book at the desk, and a third I could perceive in an inner room doing something at the table. There was no male person visible. Having written my recipe in terribly crabbed characters, and read it over, I stood waiting for someone of my own sex to appear.

"I'll take it, sir," said the aforesaid Phyllis.

"Oh, thank you," I replied, with a slight touch of sarcasm; "taking it is only one thing; I want it compounded, and that, too, at once."

"Well, sir," she said, smiling, but firmly, "I'll compound it. My sisters and I do nearly all the dispensing in this shop."

I opened my eyes, perhaps, but I kept my mouth shut and handed her the prescription.

It was a mixture, and while I stood there pretending to examine the various patent knick-knacks on the counter, I was silently admiring the deft and business-like way this young girl went about the work of dispensing.

Nothing escaped me. She took a six-ounce bottle from a drawer, turned it upside down and looked through it to see if it was perfectly clean; took down bottle after bottle, measured the contents with the graduated glass, giving now and then an eye to the prescription to make perfectly sure she was correct; added the *aqua distillata*; found a cork to fit in a moment; turned the bottle once more upside down to prove there was no leakage; wiped the bottle; took a label from the drawer; actually closed the drawer again; wrote the directions in English from my abbreviated Latin; damped the label—not with her tongue as some horrid masculine dispensers do; affixed it; capped the cork with a morsel of crimson goffered paper; neatly did the whole up in paper, using the sealing-wax without burning a finger or dropping a morsel on the counter, and handed it to me.

"Ordinary price," she said, "is so-and-so, professional price so-and-so."

And I paid her the latter.

She was quite cool all the time; she never even rattled a bottle, and she certainly did not switch her skirts about, as if dancing Roger de Coverley, and knock down things.

Her hair was neatly braided; her fingers were white and not stained; her sleeves tight, with pretty cuffs—behold how observant your Medicus is!—on the whole her personal appearance was everything one could desire.

Well, I said "good morning," and went away wondering rather. But I was no sooner out of doors than my thoughts reverted to my Girl's Own girls.

"Why!" I said to myself, "that lassie behind that counter looks quite in keeping with everything around her, and perfectly up to her work. And why shouldn't she? Why shouldn't girls dispense as well as young men?"

And the echo in my thoughts answered:

"Why, indeed?"

I found out, before leaving the place, that these girls were not passed dispensers; they were simply taught by their father to do the work of the shop. But I was told that they all three meant to pass.

Now, I am quite sure in my own mind that I have already interested many of my readers by what I have said. My object in writing, however, is not only to interest, but to instruct them. There are thousands of girls in these islands who have been brought up in genteel homes, and whose parents—not over rich, perhaps—are struggling to keep them happy and at home, but many of whom would gladly do something to ease the burden that lies so heavily on the parental shoulders, if they only saw a way. I believe myself there are many ways, but before entering on any of these, with what I may call a professional intent, outs and ins, pros and cons, ought to be most critically studied. As regards dispensing, I may say at once that no girl should attempt to "go out" in this line who has not both the wish and the will to do well. She must also have good business habits; she must be in fairly good health, energetic without being nervous or fidgetty, no sluggard, no dreamer of dreams (day-dreams I mean), and of a willing, thoughtful, and cheerful disposition.

Let me tell you to begin with, then, that in order to attend behind a druggist's counter and dispense medicines and make up prescriptions, it is not necessary to have passed the examinations of the Pharmaceutical Society, but before a girl would be allowed to dispense in any way, she would be required to serve a time of probation and prove to the owner of the shop that she was conversant with the routine of the business—in fact, well up in the various duties appertaining to it. To be so she would require to serve an apprenticeship for a time at a chemist's shop. This would be one way to push into the business.

But I am going to tell you of a far better plan than this, and one less derogatory. This plan is commenced by a course of home study, and something else, which I shall presently mention. Have you youth on your side? Yes. Very well; have you time? You can make a deal of time, remember, and I may tell you that even if anything should occur to prevent you ever going out as a dispenser, the studies that I recommend will be far more beneficial to you in after life than the smattering of music, etc., you are now trying to acquire. Well, there are two examinations you must pass, and a third you will do well to pass.

1. *The Preliminary.* For this nothing else but home study, or school and home study combined, are required. The subjects are Latin, arithmetic, and English. (1.) Latin grammar; translation of simple sentences from English into Latin; translation into English of a paragraph from Cæsar, "De Bello Gallico," book i.; or Virgil, "Æneid," book i.

Now, it is by no means difficult for a girl of ordinary brain capacity to acquire a sufficient knowledge of Latin to slide through on. But I can assure you a girl wants far more to succeed well as a dispenser. She will do well, therefore, to make Latin a special branch of education, for apart from the fact that it is the only true and solid basis of a good English education, I know of no better brain tonic. If we liken the brain of a young girl or boy who is meant to make a way in the world to a field of husbandry, then a course of Latin may be called the thorough cultivation thereof, preparatory to seed-sowing. Given a well-tilled field, you may sow what you like thereon, with a prospect of success, while you may scatter on your fallow ground the best seed obtainable, and results will be *nil*, or thorns and thistles will come up where you had expected golden grain. Or, liken the brain to a regiment of young soldiers, then Latin is the drill instructor; without him, without discipline, no matter what the courage of the men individually may be, they will remain what they began as, simply Johnny Raws.

2. *Arithmetic.* The more of this the better, though the examination board only insists upon a knowledge of the first four rules—simple and compound vulgar fractions and decimal fractions; simple and compound proportion; and a thorough knowledge of the British and metrical systems of weights and measures.

3. *English Grammar and Composition.* In awarding marks for these, spelling and the quality of the handwriting are taken into account.

Little comment is needed on this; I may merely add that English composition is too little studied by school girls.

The fee for the preliminary examination is two guineas; it is wholly in writing—not oral—and one hour and a-half are allowed for each paper.

This examination is held at the following centres throughout Great Britain, at eleven o'clock, on the second Tuesdays in January, April, July, and October in every year:—Aberdeen, Birmingham, Brighton, Bristol, Cambridge, Canterbury, Cardiff, Carlisle, Carmarthen, Carnarvon, Cheltenham, Darlington, Douglas (Isle of Man), Dundee, Edinburgh, Exeter, Glasgow, Guernsey, Hull, Inverness, Jersey, Lancaster, Leeds, Lincoln, Liverpool, London, Manchester, Newcastle, Northampton, Norwich, Nottingham, Oxford, Peterborough, Sheffield, Shrewsbury, Southampton, Truro, Worcester, York.

Candidates must give notice to the Registrar in London, on a printed form of application, to be obtained from him, and pay the fee not less than fourteen days prior to that on which the examination is to be held. Each candidate must state at which of the centres she desires to present herself.

So much for the preliminary examination, and if a girl be really in earnest she can study for it, as I said, at home. But it must be study, not a mere "cram," as it is called. The mind and memory both must be in the work.

Now for the "something else" I hinted at above. It is this, then: I wish you to learn young. I wish you, even while studying for the prelim., to arrange with some respectable chemist in the town where you live to let you come to his shop an hour or two every day and make yourself acquainted with the appearance, etc., of the various drugs in their crude state, and also of the same made up for medical use. Before you do this you ought to know enough Latin to read their names easily. You will thus become familiar with the various leaves, barks, fruits, roots, gums, resins, etc., used in medicine; while at the same time, at home, you may be studying the botany of these and all about them in some book on materia medica.

But you will also learn, at a chemist's shop, to recognise at a glance, or by smelling them, the appearance and character presented by the different tinctures, powders, salts, etc. This is all very practical education, and would greatly assist you in getting a situation in a shop or institution sooner than you otherwise would. For no amount of book learning is of avail by itself alone.

Well, having passed the preliminary examination, it is well you should know something of what is before you if you mean to go on with your studies and pass as a dispenser.

Now comes the push.

"Oh! there is a push, is there?" I think I hear some girl remark. "Yes," I reply. "and there is a push for everything worth having in this world." I passed along a street in Birmingham the other evening, and saw a crowd of about 2,000 persons waiting for the opening of the doors of a hall in which a popular lecturer was going to dilate. As the hall would only seat a thousand, of course only those who pushed could obtain places, and the worst of it—so it seemed to me—was that poor women-folks had less chance of getting in than men. "Such is life," I thought as I struggled on.

But here is where the push is needed in the case of lady dispensers. Before you can pass the second or minor examination, you must produce a certified declaration that "for three years you have been registered and employed as apprentice or student, or have *otherwise* for three years been practically engaged in the translating and dispensing of prescriptions."

The words I have put within inverted commas will bear reading over once or twice. The word *otherwise* I have put in italics intentionally; it may form a kind of side door through which our girls may get into the hall and present themselves for examination without having given all their daily time to actual shop-work behind a counter. I think, myself, that a few hours a day spent in a chemist's shop and laboratory would be enough to satisfy the registrar. Well, that is the reason why I advised the student to attend a shop even during the time of studying for her prelim.

Anyhow, proficiency must have been acquired, and classes attended at some good school in the following branches: botany, materia medica, chemistry and pharmacy. The following are the subjects for this examination, the fee for which is three guineas, and the age of the candidate not under twenty-one:—

Prescriptions.—The candidate is required to read without abbreviation autograph prescriptions; translate them into English; and render a literal as well as an appropriate translation of the directions for use. To detect errors, discover unusual doses, and have a general knowledge of posology; also to render in good Latin ordinary prescriptions written in English.

Practical Dispensing.—To weigh, measure, and compound medicines; write the directions in concise language in a neat and distinct hand; to finish and properly direct each package. (In awarding marks in this subject the time taken by the candidate in doing the work is taken into account.)

Pharmacy.—To recognise the preparations of the Pharmacopœia which are not of a definite chemical nature, and have well marked physical characters, such as extracts, tinctures, powders, etc.; to give the proportion of the active ingredients, and possess a practical knowledge of the processes, and the principles of the processes, by which they are made, and of the best excipients and methods of manipulation for forming emulsions, pills, etc.

Materia Medica.—To recognise specimens of roots, barks, leaves, fruits, resins, gums, animal substances, etc., used in medicine; give the botanical and zoological names of the plants, etc., yielding them, and the natural families to which they belong; name the countries and sources from which they are obtained, the official preparations into which they enter, and judge the quality and freedom from adulteration or otherwise of the specimen.

Botany.—To recognise the more important indigenous plants used in medicine. To possess a general knowledge of the elementary structure of plants, and the structure and distinctive characters of roots, stems, leaves, and their parts. To name and describe the various parts of the flower.

Chemistry.—To recognise the ordinary chemicals used in medicine. To possess a practical knowledge of the processes by which they are produced, the composition of such as are compound, and explain the decompositions that occur in their production and admixture, by equations or diagrams. To determine practically, by means of tests, the presence in solution of the chemicals in common use, and explain the reactions which occur in each case. To possess a general knowledge of the laws of chemical philosophy, and a practical knowledge of the means of determining specific gravities, densities, and temperature, and of the instruments appertaining thereto, and the physical and chemical constitution of the atmosphere.

There is a still higher examination, namely that for registration as pharmaceutical chemist. If a lady wanted to set up a large shop or dispensary, she being the owner or superintendent—to make, in fact, a business of life and career as chemist and druggist, then she must pass this examination.

But for lady dispensers it is not required.

Well, I may say, in conclusion, that I think there would be but little difficulty experienced by a well-trained, smart, earnest girl in obtaining a situation as dispenser, either under a medical man or in a hospital. The occupation is not only lucrative, but far more independent than that of a governess, for instance, or many other situations for which girls often work hard to qualify.

SEVEN YEARS FOR RACHEL;

OR, WELSH PICTURES SKETCHED FROM LIFE.

By ANNE BEALE.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE BIDDING.

ONG before daylight the whole household at Glenhafod were astir. Even little Tommy could not sleep—he must get up to put on his new frock for "Achel's" wedding. From nine to ten o'clock the guests were assembling. There appeared to be no end of them. Parlour and kitchen were filled, and Mrs. Shenkin looked complacently around her. But what was her complacency compared with Bill's, who was inwardly reckoning up the half-crowns and shillings that each individual was likely to contribute, and counting upon who would lend, and who give. Bill was a bit of a philosopher, and thought he might as well combine amusement and improvement, during the anxious moments of expectation, by an effort at calculation. He remembered, too, that there was a considerable quantity of ale, tea, coffee, and sugar to pay for, and that the money must be subtracted from the collection made at the bidding, for Mr. and Mrs. Shenkin's treat consisted in the eatables.

At about ten o'clock the party sat down to breakfast. As there were between seventy and eighty persons present, I am perhaps wrong in saying that they sat down, for seats failed, and many were obliged to stand.

The most conspicuous pair are Mr. and Mrs. Shenkin, who are doing the honours, the one at the top and the other at the bottom of a long table, upon which reek tea and coffee, beverages poured forth from large tea-kettles, and drunk with evident satisfaction by a considerable portion of the assembly. Some of the gentlemen, however, do not approve of this effeminate drink, but apply themselves with vigour to tankards of cwru da, which pass from mouth to mouth with business-like despatch. Toast-and-butter and bread-and-butter are distributed to the ladies—bread and cheese to the gentlemen. At Mrs. Shenkin's right hand sits William, who endeavours to cover his awkward modesty and conceal his restless feelings by helping everyone to more than they can possibly devour. Bill is similarly engaged at the bottom of the table, and supports Mr. Shenkin. He, however, unlike his fellow bridegroom, eats and drinks like the rest; cracks a joke with one—returns the banter of another—and does not forget the pounds, shillings, and pence; for in an occasional aside to his master, he mutters conjectures upon the probable effects of the bidding. Bolt upright on the left of Mrs. Shenkin sits the Corporal, and many a smart saying and grand word does he pour into the ear of that edified lady, who is heard to declare that "Rachel's father-in-law is an uncommon well-spoken man, and very handsome and civil too." Mrs. Corporal is likewise present, together with several other old friends, amongst whom Pally shines in her glory. Rachel's uncle smiles good humouredly upon William when he upsets a cup of coffee, whilst several of her cousins look bashful amongst so many strangers.

The voices swell—the conversation mingles—as each of the excited eighty

finds something to burst the barriers of his breast. Mrs. Shenkin can scarcely obtain a hearing, as she inquires first of one, and then of another, whether "the tea is agreeable, or the coffee sweet enough; or the ale to the general liking." But Mr. Shenkin's vigorous treble penetrates all ears, begging the guests to "eat hearty," his favourite recommendation when his heart is at ease. It is a merry scene, and all are happy if we may judge from the peals of laughter that echo round the old kitchen. A bright fire blazes upon the hearth, and the house is a bower of evergreens. Holly and ivy cover the walls—every brass candlestick on the mantel-piece bears its "bunch of Christmas"—every old picture is garnished by it—the very bacon-rafter overhead groans with leafy ornaments; whilst a huge jug, full of every attainable green thing, graces the table. And what a bunch of mistletoe hangs from the beam in the middle of the room! The Druids would have envied it. Why do the young men smile knowingly, and the maidens giggle as they look at it—and why does many a youth show a sprig of this ancient plant to his fair neighbour, with a sly glance of the eye? Time will show, but eleven o'clock is now warning the company that breakfast ought to be concluded, and that the wedding hour draws near.

There is a scuffle in the passage—a small sound of suppressed laughter is heard. Up jumps Mr. Shenkin—opens the door—disappears a moment—appears again, leading by the hand the blushing Rachel. Up jumps William, and sits down again, blushing almost as deeply as Rachel. Following Mr. Shenkin and Rachel, proceed Sally and Miss Corporal, with half a dozen bridesmaids. Up jumps the gallant Corporal, takes his daughter's place by the side of Sally, and leads her forward. She seems determined, like her future spouse, to laugh and talk away her shame and confusion; in other words, "to grin and bear it." Still, a deeper vermilion glows upon her ever red face, whilst an uneasy twinkle in her sly grey eye proves she is not quite as unembarrassed as she would seem to be. As to Rachel, she does not dare to raise her eyes from the ground. Her complexion varies with her breath, and one seems to hear her heart beat. That broad-brimmed, high-crowned, shining hat conceals none of her beauty, but gives character to her face; whilst the full border of her lace cap, with its broad white satin strings, displays to advantage the pure hues of her delicate face. A white shawl, pinned over a new flannel skirt and petticoat, white gloves, and a white satin bridal favour, complete her simple but characteristic costume. Everyone present looks at her with admiration, and William with deep delight.

But the bridal procession forms. First Mr. Shenkin and Rachel, then the Corporal and Sally; next William and his sister, followed by Bill and one of Sally's bridesmaids: the other bridesmen and maids continue the procession, whilst the party of bidding-guests conclude it. They walk over the hard, frost-bitten snow, until they reach the little church of Llanfach, the bells of which have been merrily ringing all the morning. The clergyman waits at the altar, and William and Rachel stand on either side of it. William's "I will" is audibly pronounced, and Rachel's voice tremulously repeats the words. Their hands are joined—the ring is placed upon the finger—the vows are plighted, and the newly-wedded pair kneel down. Solemnly the clergyman addresses them, and attentively they listen, and pray for the blessing of God upon their union. They rise from their knees, and the other couple approach. They are, in their turn, made man and wife, and Sally is now sure that she is married. I believe William has imprinted a kiss upon Rachel's cheek. I am sure Mr. Shenkin has availed himself of his privilege of father, and has given her a hearty paternal embrace. William and Bill lead their brides from the church—the rest of the party follow—the bells speak out again, and all return to the farm. They are received by Mrs. Shenkin, who has been "on hospitable thoughts intent" during the ceremony: and, to Sally's infinite delight, are joined by a reinforcement of Mr. Shenkin's friends, who, she hopes, will all give and not lend.

Now comes the bidding. At the top of the parlour table stands Sally, holding a large pewter plate; by her side sits Mr. Shenkin, with pen, ink, and paper before him. The Corporal flourishes a tankard of hot ale, spiced, and full of biscuits, whilst one of the bridesmaids displays a plate filled with sprigs of rosemary. The Corporal is honoured by the appellation of "tailor," alias bridesman for the day, and seems well satisfied with the part he has to perform. Bill grins by the side of Sally, and watches all that goes on with keen and penetrating eyes. First enters the great Mr. Thomas, Glanmere, and drops five shillings into the plate, begging to say it is a gift. Mr. Shenkin writes upon the large sheet of foolscap, "Mr. Thomas, Glanmere, five shillings, a gift." The Corporal presents his tankard, which Mr. Thomas, Glanmere, nothing loth, receives, and does not return it until he has proved, by his deeds, even better than by his heart-felt words, the excellence of the beverage that it contains. The bridesmaid offers a piece of rosemary as a receipt for the money, and Mr. Thomas retires, after having received the thanks of Bill and Sally, as well as of the latter's parents, who politely conduct him to the kitchen, and hope he will not leave until after tea. Mr. James, Llandewy, and other of Mr. Shenkin's friends, out of compliment to him, give, some three shillings, some two-and-sixpence, and receive the ale and rosemary in return.

The *grandees* having disappeared, enter, "Davvy Davvies." Five shillings—a loan. The Receiver takes the money; the Recorder writes, "Davvy Davvies, five shillings, a loan." Martha Howells, two shillings and sixpence, in payment of a loan made by Sally to her at her bidding. Lucy Lewis, one shilling, a gift. Tom Jones (Bill's farm companion), five shillings, a gift. Betsy Thomas, half-a-sovereign, a loan. The half-sovereign is placed conspicuously upon the edge of the pewter plate, and a particularly nice piece of rosemary given in return.

"Ha, ha," says the Corporal, "a smart husband for you, miss. What a pretty straight sprig you've got—he'll be a well made young fellow, I'm sure."

One after another the guests enter the parlour. There are nearly a hundred persons, and each contributes something. Some give, some lend; others repay bidding debts contracted by them to Sally or Bill; others, again, repay money lent on similar occasions to the relations mentioned in the bidding-letters — Bill and Sally's mothers, fathers, sisters, brothers, aunts, uncles and cousins. Crowns, half-crowns, shillings, and sixpences fill the bottom of the plate, whilst one or two sovereigns, and several half-sovereigns, glitter around its edge. By degrees the parlour is filled, for the young people linger to hear the Corporal's jokes upon the sprigs of rosemary they receive, and which are supposed to be portentous of the shape and size of their future husbands or wives.

"Dear me! what a little, crooked bit you've given me," says one fair damsel, rather pettishly.

"Oh! never mind, my dear; little people are as good as big, sometimes, though they don't make fine soldiers," consoles the Corporal. "Yours will be tall as a maypole," he continues, addressing himself to a diminutive youth, who looks inquiringly at the bridesmaid, who has presented him with a very long, thin sprig:—"and as for yours! why, bless my heart, if she won't be short and fat as a barrel," he adds, as a thick bushy sprig enters the hand of a dissatisfied-looking young man, of lank and gawky air.

These, and similar pleasantries, out of which the party draw immoderate mirth, proceed, whilst Mr. Shenkin indefatigably records the name of each contributor, and the sums given, lent, or repaid. William and Rachel, having dropped each half-a-crown as gifts into the well-filled plate, impatiently wait the conclusion of the bidding to take their departure. Bill stands gazing like one enchanted upon the plate, and at every gift that enters it, Sally's eyes meet his with an expressive twinkle of delight. Sally receives the compliments and banterings of her friends with a disembarrassed air, returns jest for jest with laudable spirit, and looks as sly and amusing as she can look. At last every one has advanced to and receded from the pewter plate now placed upon the table, and the two brides and bridegrooms, bridesmaid, tailor, and recorder, are alone left in the parlour. Mr. Shenkin counts up the money, and with hands uplifted in astonishment, declares the sum to be no less than thirty pounds. Thirty pounds for two farm servants! Never was there such good luck in the annals of biddings! Sally carefully puts the gold and silver into a yellow canvas bag, prepared for the occasion, saying as she does so, that "they'll have a house as good as their neighbours, and

perhaps better," by their "neighbours" meaning William and Rachel.

These latter now begin to think of leaving. The friends who are to accompany them come forward from amongst the crowd. Now begin the kissing, shaking of hands, and kind wishes. Mr. Shenkin, with real tears in his eyes, once more embraces Rachel, and says, "Don't be jealous, William; 'tis the second and last time: but I am sorry from my heart to part with her." Mrs. Shenkin wishes her every happiness. Sally won't say good-bye, because she means to go and see her soon: little Tommy puts his arms about her neck, and says she shall not go away from him. Tom, Bill, and the rest shake her warmly by the hand: whilst Rachel, to her surprise, feels sorrow and regret at leaving Glenhafod.

A song and a dance without, announce Mad Moll. She meets the party as they quit the house, displaying a bunch of white ribbon that she had snatched from some member of the wedding. She capers round Rachel with much glee, and stooping down, and taking off the remnant of a shoe, she throws it after her, crying out, "There's for luck, Miss Jones! I shall come and see you:" and then sitting down upon the horseblock by the door, she begins to eat and drink with great delight.

We will let Rachel and her party gain the bottom of the hill, whilst we hastily conclude Sally's bidding. No one who left the farm that night could cast a slur on its hospitality. Oatmeal-cakes, cheese and ale, followed the collection, after which came tea and coffee again. Dancing, singing, the mistletoe, and Christmas gambols of all kinds followed. Mrs. Shenkin was very amiable, and made an agreeable impression on the minds of those who had never before been agreeably impressed in her favour. Mr. Shenkin was convivial, and played the host with becoming dignity. It was late, or rather early, when they separated: and to judge by the merriment and fun—the alternate screams and laughter under "the mistletoe bough"—and the universal good humour that prevailed, Bill and Sally were not the only persons who were pleased with the bidding at Llanfach.

(To be concluded.)

VARIETIES.

LIVING IN HARMONY.—A rule for living happily with others is to avoid having stock subjects of dispute. It mostly happens, when people live much together, that they come to have certain set topics around which, from frequent argument, there is such a growth of angry words, mortified vanity, and the like, that the original subject of difference becomes a standing subject for quarrel, and there is a tendency in all minor disputes to drift down to it.

IN THE OTHER WORLD.

According to an Eastern notion, the evil-doer meets his deeds in the spirit-world. In a region of bleak cold wandered a soul which had departed from the earth, and there stood before him a hideous woman, profligate and deformed.

"Who art thou," he cried, "than whom no demon could be more foul and horrible?"

To him she answered, "I am thine own actions."

"GOLDEN VERSES."

Ne'er suffer sleep thine eyes to close
Before thy mind hath run
O'er every act, and thought, and word,
From dawn to set of sun:

For wrong take shame, but grateful feel
If just thy course hath been;
Such effort day by day renewed
Will ward thy soul from sin.

—*Pythagoras.*

THE ANSWER OF AN ORACLE.

When Junius Brutus and the sons of Tarquin asked the Delphic Oracle who was to succeed Superbus on the throne of Rome the oracle answered, "He who shall first kiss his mother."

The two princes hastened home to fulfil what they thought was indicated. Brutus, however, fell to the earth and exclaimed, "Thus kiss I thee, O Earth! thou mother of us all."

LITTLE ILLS.—The little ills of life are the hardest to bear, as we all very well know. What would the possession of a hundred thousand a year, or fame and the applause of one's countrymen, or any glory and happiness or good fortune, avail to a woman, for instance, who was allowed to enjoy them only with the condition of wearing a shoe with a couple of nails or sharp pebbles inside it?

DANGER OF MUSIC.—Some constitutions are much more sensitive than others to the effects of music. On not a few its influence is very singular. There is a well-authenticated instance of a man on whose nervous system it so acted that he was obliged to leave the room previous to music being introduced. He made two final experiments in hopes to overcome this weakness, but both ended in his being seized with a convulsion in the jaw, greatly to the alarm of his friends. Cases of fainting on hearing music are not uncommon. Mozart was so susceptible to musical impressions that in his young days he fainted away at the sound of a trumpet, an instrument of which, up to the age of ten, he had the greatest dread. Deaths have even resulted from listening to music. At the first grand performance of the Handel Commemoration, held in Westminster Abbey in 1784, Burton, a celebrated chorus singer, was, on the commencement of the overture to "Esther," so violently agitated that, after lying in a fainting fit for some time, he expired. "At intervals he was able to speak, and only a few minutes before breathing his last he declared that it was the wonderful effect of the music which had thus fatally operated upon him."—*Leisure Hour.*

A LADY'S TEMPER.

The butler of a certain Scottish laird, who had been in the family for many years, at last resigned his situation because his lordship's wife was always scolding him.

"Oh," exclaimed his master, "if that be all, you have very little to complain of."

"Perhaps so," replied the butler, "but I have decided in my own mind to put up with it no longer."

"Go, then," said his lordship, "and be thankful for the rest of your life that you are not married to her."

A CAUTIOUS DOMESTIC.

At a dinner-party recently the hostess observed that a lady had no spoon for her soup, and called the attention of the man-servant to the fact. He replied, in a voice which was heard all over the room—

"Mum, when the last lady of that name was here we lost a spoon!"

WHAT IS LIFE?

This life, which seems so fair,
Is like a bubble blown up in the air
By sporting children's breath,
Who chase it everywhere,
And strive who can most motion it bequeath:
And though it sometimes seems of its own might
Like to an eye of gold to be fixed there
And firm to hover in that empty height,
That only is because it is so light.
But in that pomp it doth not long appear;
For when 'tis most admired, in a thought
Because it erst was naught, it turns to naught.

—*William Drummond.*

MUSIC OF THE PAST.—We hear sometimes about the music of the future. Mr. C. Darwin, in his "Descent of Man," has a curious statement to the effect that "music has a power of recalling in a vague and indefinite manner those strong emotions which were felt during long past ages, when, as is probable, our early progenitors courted each other by the aid of vocal tones."—*Leisure Hour.*

THE JUDGMENT OF WOMEN.—The eyes and the heart are too often the source of a woman's judgment.—*Meilhan.*

A DEFINITION OF HATE.—What a fine definition of hate is that which Chaucer gives in the "Persones Tale," "Hate is old wrath." It is, however, borrowed from Cicero, "Odium ira inveterata."—*G. P. Marsh.*

VANITY OF VANITIES.

O vanity of vanities!
How wayward the decrees of Fate are;
How very weak the very wise,
How very small the great are!

—*Thackeray.*

THE FIRST LESSON AND THE LAST.—The first thing we learn is *meum*, the last is *tuum*. None can have lived with children without noticing the former fact, few have associated with men and not remarked the latter.

A THRIFTY WOMAN.—A friend declares that his wife is the most thrifty woman he ever knew. "Why, sir," he recently exclaimed, "she has made ten patchwork quilts during the last ten years—made them herself, sir, out of the samples she collected in her shopping tours during that time."

A MISSING LETTER.

T T W N N F T J H N S C T T
P L D S N,
T L K F R C S M M R T N S S N,
W H F R T H T X F R D F L L W S
J H N;
S G L D F R W R K L D S C T T
S N W N.

GIRL'S OWN HOME.

SUBSCRIPTION LIST.

A. M. W., 1s.; E. C. S., 1s.; Grange over sands, 2s.; collected by Miss K. Evans, 10s. 6d.; Two Scotch Lassies, 2s. 6d.; collected by Miss M. Hasted, 8s. 6d.; Miss Mary F. Hall, 1s.; Miss L. Mellish, 5s. Total amount received to February 28th, 1885, £981 5s. 8d.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

FREYGIA should write to the secretary at the college, enclosing a stamped envelope, for all the particulars she needs. We should advise her to procure a dictionary and look out all the doubtful words before using them.

TOTTY.—Lessons in shorthand can be obtained in many places in London. Consult the advertisement columns of the daily papers.

SHAMROCK.—We should say, considering the salary you receive, you were doing quite enough; but if the girl of fourteen intends passing any examination, she should think about preparing for it.

KITTIERNAU.—There are addresses of such schools to be found in the *Guardian* and *Times* advertisements, and you may generally depend on the English chaplain to help you with advice.

A HOME BIRD is still very young, and all her duties point to home work; but she can study during her leisure hours, and would find much help if she were to join a correspondence class, like that of Miss Robert's, Florence Villas, Torquay. Enclose stamp for answer.

ESTHER DALLAS.—Stoke Pog's is near Windsor. It was in this churchyard that Gray's celebrated "Elegy" was believed to have been composed.

LAURA.—There is at the present time a course of lectures and demonstrations, for ladies only, in connection with the St. John's Ambulance Society, at the Polytechnic Institute, 309, Regent-street, W., Andrew Clark, Esq., F.R.C.S., directing. The first lecture took place Feb. 17th, at 3 p.m., and the last of the set on March 17th. The terms for the whole course 7s. 6d. Doubtless other courses will follow on the same subject. You had better make inquiries there, as you are late for these; and students desiring to obtain certificates after examination at the conclusion of such a course should send in their names some time previously to their commencement.

HERCULES.—We see no difficulty in the way of your being trained for a medical missionary. Write to the secretary of the Zenana and Medical Mission Home, Dr. G. Griffith, 71, Vincent-square, Westminster, S.W. Having passed the Senior Cambridge Local Exams. with honours, you would be likely to succeed. 2. We do not give private addresses; but you could obtain what you require by referring to the "Post Office Directory." They would allow you to look at it in any post office, or large stationer's shop.

E. S. KNAPP.—We thank you for the kind expression of approbation respecting this magazine, and for giving us a circular of the improvement society, in which you are so much interested. The writing of essays, reading, music, drawing, and languages, constituting the departments of the education which you endeavour to promote in a private way by correspondence. We are happy to supply your address as, Hon. Sec., Ivy-place, Hamstead-road, Handsworth.

B. I. (Lancashire).—Write to Henry B. Carter, Esq., 91, Gloucester-terrace, Hyde Park, London, W., respecting the Nightingale Probationers. Candidates are generally required to be from twenty-five to forty years of age. Probably your best plan would be to apply to the secretary of the Middlesex Hospital, Mortimer-street, Berners-street, London, W., where probationers begin with a salary of £12 per annum, rising to £18 after the first year, and so on, up to £24; and remember to put two "h's" into the word "whether:" "wether" means a sheep.

WORK.

HELEN.—If you wish to make any communication to the writer you name of too great length to be answered in these columns, direct to her, "Care of the Editor of the 'G. O. P.' Kindly forward."

JOSEPHINE.—We have already given the name of "The Dictionary of Needlework" as being the most comprehensive work of the kind yet published (Gill, 170, Strand, W.C.) 2. The word "Mugwump" is borrowed from the language of the Algonquin Indians, on the New England Coast. It is used in American political slang, and to apply the term to any individual is equivalent to pronouncing him one of the most remarkable men. We presume, therefore, that as a name for a sweetmeat, it claims for it a character of great and unusual excellence.

MINNIE.—We have never given an article on the making of macramé lace. See our answer to "Josephine." You will find full directions and various patterns illustrated in the work to which she is referred.

MISCELLANEOUS.

LILY OF THE VALLEY.—Many thanks for the pattern.

SCREWMATICS will find the wished-for article on rheumatism in one of the last numbers of the "G. O. P." We sympathise with her very much.

INQUISITIVE.—It is silly to inquire how many correspondents we have. How could we calculate the number, especially as some of them change their names? But it is a fact, all the same, that there are legions of them, and multitudes must wait for answers. How many measles have you had, and what did you do it for?

BATH BUN.—You may tell your unbelieving associates that the dates or chronology given in the margins of the Bible are not claimed to be inspired. They were supplied by Archbishop Usher to the best of his belief; but we consider them to be incorrect. He did not claim to be inspired himself. The words, "In the beginning," fix no special date. Predestination must be understood in a partial and restricted sense. We are not fatalists, like Mahomedans. As to the Divine ordering and rule of this little world—a mere atom in the vast universe, created and sustained by God's almighty power—how could finite creatures expect to understand or presume to question the dealings of the Infinite? Were all the great fortunes in this country divided equally amongst the population, it has been calculated that the capital of every individual would amount to eightpence a piece! Were there no rich people, what would become of either trade and labour or the helpless poor? "What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter." Obtain the "Bible Handbook," by Dr. Angus, price 5s. (56, Paternoster-row, E.C.). See page 212.

CHRISTMAS ROSE.—There was an article on "How to Skeletonise Leaves" in our second volume. Write for the monthly part for September, 1880, and see page 582. Your handwriting promises well. Write rather smaller.

LUCY DAVIDSON.—The word pharmaceutical is pronounced as spelt—"far-ma-cu-te-cal." If written with your left hand, your letter does you credit. Your writing is, at least, perfectly legible, though rather cramped and lacking the graceful flow and freeness of an artistic hand. We thank you for the kind opinion expressed in reference to our paper. Accept our good wishes.

OLIVIA.—Study the seventh chapter of the Epistle to the Romans, beginning from the fifteenth verse to the end. If you hate and reprobate the evil thoughts that are instilled into your mind by that enemy that "sows tares" wherever he can amongst the "good seed," and if you endeavour to banish them by prayer, and then occupying your mind with a book or some useful employment, you may take the comfort and encouragement of the assurance given in the verse which opens the following chapter.

LLIHDLEICHS (Falkirk).—A "cousin german" is a first cousin. Such are the children of brothers and sisters. The children of first cousins are second cousins to each other, and so on. As to "forty-second cousins," they will be boys and girls, and possibly idiots and paupers, if descendents on one side of a certain querist unlikely to bequeath them a heritage of much common sense.

A. L. D. has written in violent condemnation of an article on keeping house on £250 per annum, and talks much about what she thinks is "Christan" or otherwise. Her disgraceful spelling shows her to be very ignorant, and this may offer some excuse for her unsuitable language. We cannot discuss the question of managing a family on very small means, but we must direct "A. L. D.'s" attention to two points quite overlooked. 1. That the distinctions in life were ordained and upheld by Christ Himself. If so anxious to act as a Christian, how is it that she does not see that great distinctions are ordained between masters and servants? See St. Luke xvii. 7-11, Ephesians vi. 5, Col. iii. 22, Titus ii. 9-10, 1st St. Peter ii. 18-21. The text "A. L. D." quotes does not upset the ordinance of Christ in these distinctions. Some He enables to earn plain food and clothing, others luxuries and the power to help those who cannot earn a living at all. The text means that you should not act unkindly or unjustly. When a servant is hired, if she think her worth as a cook or housemaid entitles her not merely to her wages, a good room, and wholesome food, but also to keep a table like that of her master, she should say so before engaging to take the situation. It is her own fault if she do not and is disappointed.

AUTUMN LEAVES.—Miss M. E. Braddon was born in 1837. Being a living author, we decline giving information of a personal character not already published.

G. Y. MAURICE.—August 15th, 1869, was a Sunday. We are glad to hear that our readers, between seventy and eighty, and of nearly ninety, think so favourably of our paper, and that one of them has become a subscriber for her personal pleasure. We thank you for your kind letter.

KATIE.—The "plan of salvation" needs but few words of explanation. "All having sinned" and deserved the wrath of God, the divine second person in the Holy Trinity was incarnate for our sakes, made a sacrifice for our sins, and bore our punishment, that "whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." But this believing must not be the mere acceptance of a historical fact—a belief in His supreme Godhead and His atonement made for you by His death on the cross—it must be a "living faith" that "brings forth fruit meet for repentance," a steadfast endeavour to amend in heart, in word, and in deed, and not only to check all that is evil, but to cultivate all the "fruits of the Spirit." At the same time, your only hope of salvation must rest on His merits and His atoning sacrifice.

WAITING ONE.—We never read so unreasonable a letter. How could you be "lost in a crowd," or Almighty God be unable to see, hear, or do anything for you, except through general orders carried out "by proxy"? Do you not know that it is a doctrine of the Christian faith that He is omniscient and omnipresent, as well as almighty? Were the circumstances of every human being precisely the same, one as another, in person, character, family, position, fortune, occupations, dangers, illnesses, locality, pleasures, afflictions, etc., such an idea as acting in the dark "by proxy" might have some show of possibility, for one standing order might apply to all alike. But as the conditions of no two persons are similar, every individual creature must be taken cognizance of separately by the Great Creator, and disposed of by Him, even though He may employ the ministrations of men and angels, and of all the elements and powers under His control. See Gen. xvi. 13, Psalm cxxxix., and Hebrews iii. 12-13. What sort of "answers" are you expecting to your prayers? Do you expect a vision or to hear a voice? Humble yourself before God for your wicked unbelief, and ask Him to give you faith, and strive to please Him in thought, word, and deed, and put your whole trust in the death and merits of that Saviour whom your profane doubts have so much offended.

GOPIAN.—1. See our answer to "A. Rawlins." 2. The competition is too great. You could not reasonably expect success in reference to the Post Office.

MRS. WEHRLE.—Sometimes people are said to be suffering from hip disease when the case is one of dislocation of the joint. Having personally known an instance of this kind, which was cured by resetting in a few moments, we advise you to have the possibility of this being the case investigated. If your child's be one of real hip disease, you should send her to the Hospital for Hip Disease, at 17, 18, and 19, Queen-square, Bloomsbury, W.C. Write to the hon. secretary, 18, Queen-square, Bloomsbury, W.C. There is a branch of this society at Bournemouth.

AN ESSEX GIRL.—Your qualifications for the situation of a mother's help are scarcely complete with "not much experience of children," and none of cooking. You ought to have a general acquaintance with these important matters; at the same time, if pleasant in manner and appearance, industrious, and willing to learn, you might find someone who would take you. Why do you use such writing-paper? Half the width of the border should be the deepest required.

A. K. D. (Queensland).—We regret very much to hear that you missed the two certificates. If we had any blank ones left we would gladly send them again. They were probably lost in the post. We have read your poem, and regret that it is too long for use in our columns. Many thanks for your kind and interesting letter.

FIR TREE.—We regret we can make no use of your manuscript, as it is not certificated, as all articles must be before we accept them for the amateur page. We should certainly advise you to write the Indian story, as it will give you something to do and think about; but you surely do not expect us to criticise it before it is written, nor prophesy that it will be successful?

ACACIA.—The best time for pruning roses is in the autumn; the worst time, in the spring.

EDITH URSULA is a foolish girl to imagine that anyone's happiness could depend on whether they dropped a looking-glass or not. Our happiness depends on ourselves, and whether we serve God and lead good and holy lives.

DAN CRICKET.—We are much obliged by your lines, and regret they are unsuitable to our paper.

SYLVIA is evidently giving way to impatience, and would be neither better nor happier if she did leave home. Let her try to improve matters there by acting as a peacemaker, and leave the subject of her possible future husband to Providence.

SUFFERER.—Use cold cream, or some simple emollient, and a little glycerine in the morning to prevent chapping. Fissures which do not heal readily may have a little citron ointment applied to them. This state of the lips often shows a disordered digestion, and you are right in observing a careful diet.

CATHINKA.—You should consult a Birmingham directory.

MARTHA.—We know of no method of helping you about the iron boiler, unless you can boil the clothes in a bag.

ONE OF THE MANY must wait until she is old enough to be trained as a nurse.

IRMA LEIGH.—No questions would be asked, and she could be married there if she wished.

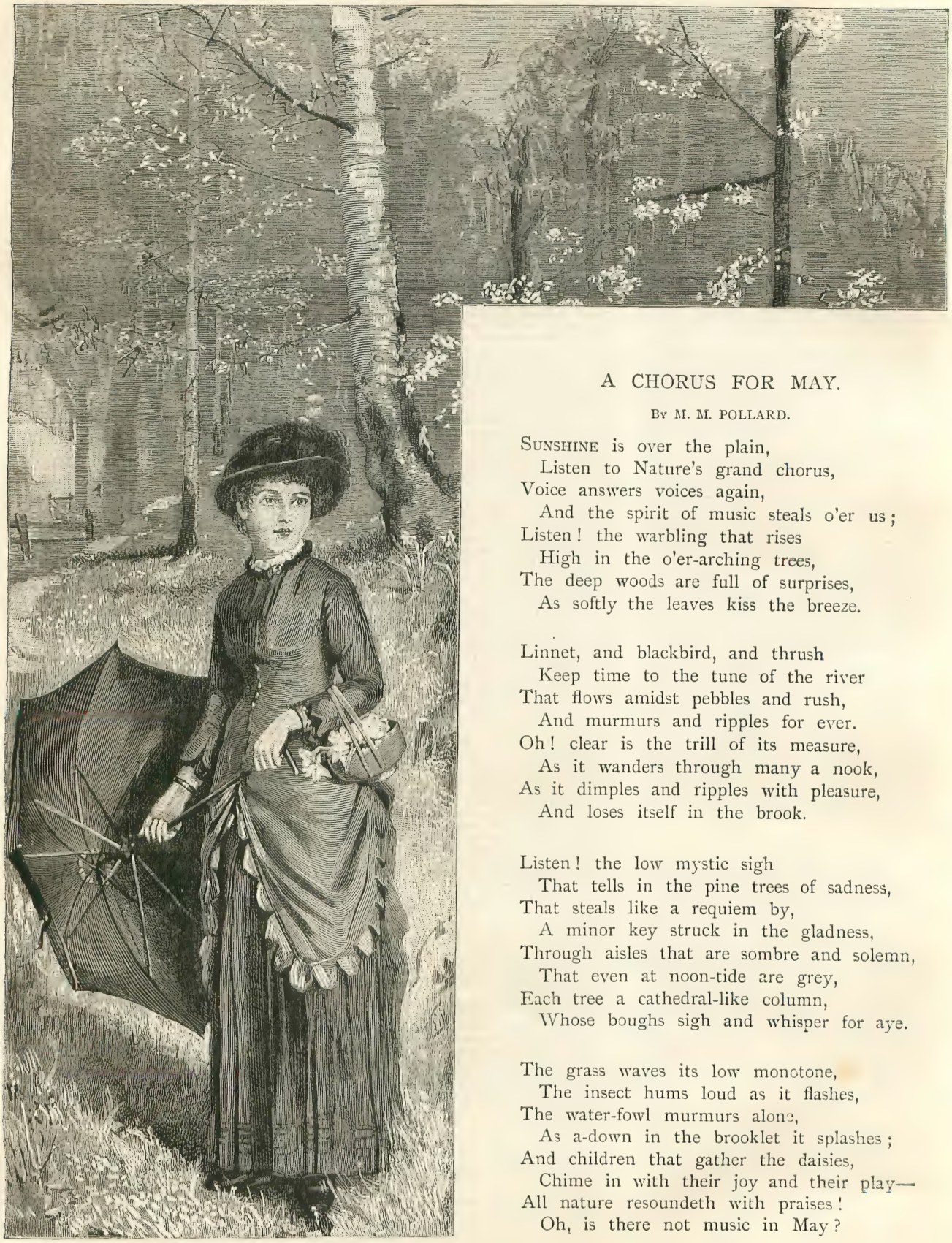
THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER.—Queen Victoria was born on the 24th of May, 1819.

A YOUNG CLEVEDONIAN.—We are much indebted to you for your kind letter, and are very thankful to know that our advice and influence have helped you to work for and to live for God and His service.

SPONX.—Send the gloves to a cleaner, and unless your sister can bake the moth-eaten contents of her sofa at home, so as to destroy the moths, she had better have it done up by a regular workman.

H. D.—You will see your query answered continually in our correspondence columns.

COPPER BEECH.—Your friend should have her ears thoroughly but gently syringed by a doctor or apothecary, as a plug of cotton has been pressed too far into her ear, and may press upon the drum. When this has been removed she should be careful never to place any substance within it any further inwards than just to fill the orifice; and the appliance should not be cotton, as that holds atmospheric moisture, but wool, which remains dry. We think it likely that the deafness merely arises from a removable impediment.



A CHORUS FOR MAY.

By M. M. POLLARD.

SUNSHINE is over the plain,
  Listen to Nature's grand chorus,
Voice answers voices again,
  And the spirit of music steals o'er us;
Listen! the warbling that rises
  High in the o'er-arching trees,
The deep woods are full of surprises,
  As softly the leaves kiss the breeze.

Linnet, and blackbird, and thrush
  Keep time to the tune of the river
That flows amidst pebbles and rush,
  And murmurs and ripples for ever.
Oh! clear is the trill of its measure,
  As it wanders through many a nook,
As it dimples and ripples with pleasure,
  And loses itself in the brook.

Listen! the low mystic sigh
  That tells in the pine trees of sadness,
That steals like a requiem by,
  A minor key struck in the gladness,
Through aisles that are sombre and solemn,
  That even at noon-tide are grey,
Each tree a cathedral-like column,
  Whose boughs sigh and whisper for aye.

The grass waves its low monotone,
  The insect hums loud as it flashes,
The water-fowl murmurs alone,
  As a-down in the brooklet it splashes;
And children that gather the daisies,
  Chime in with their joy and their play—
All nature resoundeth with praises!
  Oh, is there not music in May?

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

VOL. VI.—NO. 277. APRIL 18, 1885. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

SEVEN YEARS FOR RACHEL;

OR,

WELSH PICTURES SKETCHED FROM LIFE.

BY ANNE BEALE.

CHAPTER XXIV.

CONCLUSION.

WE left William and Rachel, with their bridal party, descending the hill that leads from Glenhafod to Llanfach. They are a joyous set, and their merry laugh and ringing voices are heard far through the frosty air. It is one of those winter days that every one blessed with good health and animal spirits delights in. Snow covers the hills and valleys; but it is snow frozen hard as the ground beneath it. The sun is shining brightly, warming the body and exhilarating the mind by his welcome beams. His footsteps are upon the mountains, his smiles upon the plains, and there is not a portion of the white world through which our party passes that does not glitter beneath his rays. The hedgerows have taken off their green leafy ornaments, and have hung jewels in their places. The long icicles are pendent from every spray, and sparkle like diamonds as the sun shines upon them. The exquisitely fine web of the untiring spider is strung with small beads that display distinctly its curious and geometrical shape—wheel within wheel—circle within circle—of sparkling threads. The streams have been checked in their course from their mountain homes, and instead of flowing broadly and smoothly onwards, work their way with elaborate impetuosity out of their icy chains.

But merrily trip on the wedding folk. Loudly resound the feet of the horse that carries old Pally and Nanny the Corporal. He has been well roughed; but what roughing can secure him on such a slippery road? It is cruel to laugh, but laugh they will at every stumble the old horse makes.

"Gee up, Taff!" exclaims Nanny, pulling at the bridle with might and main. "Don't you see you're just throwing Pal off, you old thing you!"

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"RACHEL LOOKED AT WILLIAM WITH GRATEFUL AFFECTION."

"There now, Nanny," cries Pally, "do take care. Corporal! Corporal! heigh there! Come you here and lead the horse over the ice, or we shall never get on."

Off runs the gallant Corporal, who has hitherto been escorting another lady, but alas! he presently tumbles flat upon his face. "Ha, ha, ha!" laugh out the party, and the echoes, as merry as they, laugh again.

"Laugh if you will," returns the Corporal, springing up and brushing the white evidence from his clothes. "I'll return the compliment by-and-by."

On he runs, and guides Taff and his double burden safely across the ice, not quitting his rein till they have reached a path beaten in the snow, but then returning to the young folks. Unluckily, in his haste he brushes roughly past the most hearty laugher of the set, trips him up, and laughs in his turn. Everyone joins, the youth seated in the snow not less loudly than the rest, until, "picking himself up," he shakes his fist good-naturedly at the mischievous Corporal, and declares that he is "ashamed to see an old man serving people such tricks."

One damsel slips, and her attendant beau clasps her up. The Corporal vows that the ladies make intentional false steps, and when another says that she shall never get on, he votes that she be forthwith rough-shod or carried. His mirth, which he passes for wit, is as unfailing as the laughter of his companions, which especially pursues Nanny and Pally as they trot on in advance. The sounds travel through the frosty air, and reach the old couple when they are half a mile before the rest, causing them to fear they are making no progress, they being anxious to arrive at the new house as soon as possible. The scarlet cloaks which the women have thrown over their wedding-dresses, contrast brightly with the snow—I might carry the contrast further, and say with red cheeks and red noses; but that would be personal.

William and Rachel have managed to hang behind the rest of the party, the true order of the bridal procession having been of necessity broken in their progress over the snow. Rachel looks serious, but happy, and William supremely blest. She has shown him the sixpence that he won, and gave her on the night of Pally's "All Hallow Eve" party, and has told him that she has worn it ever since. But they do not speak much—their feelings are too deep for words, for who can give utterance to thought when the heart overflows with happiness? William looks into Rachel's gentle eyes, and upon her blushing cheek, and reads his future domestic peace; whilst she thinks upon his steadiness and worth, and feels secure of his lasting affection.

The party in advance suddenly come to a halt at the bridge that Rachel found so much difficulty in crossing when her father, William, and herself reached it two years ago. The rickety plank is now rendered dangerous by the sheet of ice that has encrusted it, and the stream that then ran across the road is now subdued by large masses of ice, preparing to close over it. How are the people to pass? They are at a standstill. The bridge is out of the question, the ice is hardly formed in the centre of the current, and the stepping-stones are more slippery than the plank. The ever-alert Corporal sets his wits to work to devise the ways and means of crossing the ford, and urges that the ladies must be carried *vi et armis;* but they resist—womanfully resist—the proposal.

"Nonsense!" cries the Corporal. "Come you, Mary fach—I'm an old man, so you needn't be squeamish." And he forthwith raises a plump maiden from the ground, who, before she knows what he is about, finds herself on the opposite side. William follows his father's example, and bears Rachel across. He was about to say, "Do you remember this bridge, Rachel?" but a shadow crosses her brow, checks him, and assures him that she remembers it but too well. Oh! what entreaties and refusals—what laughs and reproaches are heard, and what expedients are resorted to, before the womankind are all on the other side of the brook. The Corporal does the greater part of the porter's work, since the bashful are brought to submit to be carried by him, though they refuse the offers of the more youthful swains, by whom they would have been transported with gratitude.

When they are all safely landed, on they go through the half-beaten lanes, passing here and there a snow-covered cottage, whence issue men, women, and children, to gaze after the bridal party. Now, a set of boys stay their sliding upon the frozen pond, to shout and throw snowballs after them, and now some old friend peeps forth from her cabin to bid them "God speed." They track the old horse Taff as they proceed, and calculate upon the number of slips he has made, by remarking the length of his hoofsteps upon the snow. "Pally was just off here," says one. "It was a near miss that Nanny wasn't over Taff's head here," cries another. "A good chance for a second wife, Corporal," says a third. "A miss is as good as a mile," retorts the Corporal; "and if Nan holds by me as strong as she holds by Taff, I may wait a long time for my second."

The good old oaks of the park appear once more, and the turrets of the castle, covered with snow, show themselves from amid the bare wood in the distance. The hearts of William and Rachel beat with anticipation.

"Where can the house be?" asks Rachel, looking about her as she walks in search of some dwelling she has never seen before.

"Not yet, dear—not yet," replies William, as they pass the shepherd's house, and descend the broad path leading into the high road.

It was growing dusk, being past four o'clock. William was devising the means of avoiding Rachel's old home, the sight of which he feared would revive sad scenes. The party were still far before, and out of sight. "We will play them a trick, Rachel," said William, "and go the short way, and then you can see our house before they come—it will be so much pleasanter." Rachel hesitated. She did not know—perhaps—but—— But William drew her on in an opposite direction, and by the short cut they went.

Half a mile's walk brought them into a lane that Rachel knew well—a lane famous in spring for a superabundance of primroses, wood-anemones, and hawthorn, and in which she used to fill her pinafore with flowers when a child. 'Oh!" she exclaimed, with almost infantine delight, "is it here? How I should like to live here! Do you remember the blackberries you used to gather for me—and the branches of wild cherry from the tree at the end—and the dog-roses, and the hawthorn? Oh, William! this is the prettiest lane in the world, and so out of the way of everybody. Can it be here? Just only tell me that—is it here?" William smiled, but did not answer. "There is a roof," continued Rachel: "no—only a branch of an old oak covered with snow. Yes, it is a roof; and there was never a house here before. This is it, William—I am sure this is it: there is the smoke. Oh! we shall never come to the turning in the lane."

A few steps brought them to the turning, and the house was really before them. Nothing looks to advantage in winter; still, Rachel thought she had never seen anything so pretty as her new abode. She could have stood long to gaze upon the pointed windows in the roof—the neat little wooden porch over the door—the palings that surrounded the garden—the flower-beds, the shapes of which she distinguished through the snow, and upon a hundred other interesting objects; but William wished to introduce her to the interior before their friends arrived, so he tapped at the door. Down came Pally and Nanny, who, thanks to Taff's jog-trot, had been there half an hour. They welcomed William and Rachel, and then considerately left the young couple to themselves.

Rachel looked first around her in delighted astonishment, and then at William with grateful affection. A bright fire blazed in the grate, casting its cheerful glow over the warm, snug room. Upon a new painted deal table in the midst was laid out all the china tea-set, whilst the hot buttered cakes smoked before the fire. There were eight new oak chairs of William's making, there was a good eight-day clock, and there was—oh, pleasant surprise!—there was a corner cupboard—a glass corner cupboard. Rachel was to possess this crowning treasure of a good housewife, and it was filled with valuables.

William opened wide the glass doors, and displayed, first, an empty shelf where the china had been; then a second shelf, filled with glass and very choice cups and jugs; and then a third, containing odd china plates, cups, and saucers, egg-cups, and various ornaments. It was of all corner cupboards the smartest. There were stained eggs in the egg-cups, and spoons arranged crossways in the wine-glasses; there

were peacocks' feathers hanging gracefully here and there, and china sheep and dogs beneath them ; there was, in short, everything that Rachel could desire. There were, besides, shining brass candlesticks and other brass articles on the chimney-piece, and several smart pictures round the room. The history of the Prodigal Son—that series of paintings which Rachel used to gaze upon every day with untiring satisfaction—was amongst them. But this was not all. The book-shelves were painted afresh, and Rachel's books arranged upon them ; the well-known rose tree flourished in leafless but strong health in a green pot on the window-seat, whilst just above it the bull-finch was giving his last chirp as he settled himself to rest upon his perch in a new cage. Stretched before the fire in all the luxury of extreme warmth and idleness, lay the tortoise-shell cat ; and last, though not least, in the best corner by the fire-place, stood poor old Jackey's arm-chair.

It was here, after surveying all the furniture of her neat, comfortable parlour, that Rachel paused, and that the tears, which had been struggling in her eyes, would burst forth. She sunk down into the chair, and said, "Oh, William ! if my father were here, how thankful he would be ! Do not think me unkind, but I cannot help these tears ; they are tears of happiness and gratitude. I only feel that no one would rejoice in our welfare as he would have done, my dear, dear father."

Rachel smiled through her tears as she looked into William's face, and put her hand in his, and he thought he had never loved her so much before. He imprinted a kiss upon her cheek, and bade her come and examine all her presents. "Look, dear," he said, "these two cut glasses are Pally's gift ; the two tablespoons and six teaspoons my father's ; mother bought the large china plates, and sister the cup on the table, with the Christmas in it. Even little Mary spent her only fourpenny-piece last fair in buying you that china man, and everyone has given you something, as you will see when you come into the other room."

They went into a tidy back kitchen, where were her father's old dresser, chairs, and tables, looking like new by dint of Pally's rubbing, and William's mending and painting. Upon the dresser was displayed all the common crockery-ware ; and William pointed out a dish as the gift of one friend, a jug or cup as that of another, until Rachel thought herself the most fortunate of brides. There was a sound of voices at the end of the lane. "Oh come, Rachel," cried William : "you must see one thing more ; never mind the cold, dear, but come quickly."

He led her through a little back door, to a shed, where, roosting warmly and snugly upon a pole underneath the thatch, she spied her old friends, chanticleer and his two wives, together with some half-dozen fat, feathered children. The cock mistook the candle for the first streak of dawn, and gave a very sleepy crow in token of welcome, but did not succeed in awaking himself. The hens half withdrew their heads from beneath their wings, but soon comfortably replaced them ; and Rachel, with a smile, begged William, who would fain have aroused the whole party, to let them sleep in peace. The grunt of a pig reached her ear, but the footsteps and voices drew near, and they returned to the parlour.

Down came Pally and Nanny, who had been gossiping upstairs, to see that the tea-kettle was boiling and all things ready. The door opened, and the Corporal made his appearance. "A pretty couple ! " he began : "that's you, Rachel, is it, leading us such a dance. Here have we been looking behind and before, and left and right, till it got too dark to look any longer, and we thought the goblins had run away with you. If it had been Sally, now, that had played us such a trick, I shouldn't so much have wondered, but you—such a sober, well-behaved girl—I am quite astonished ! "

Rachel looked, half-frightened, into her father-in-law's face, thinking he was displeased ; but a sly glance from the corner of his eye re-assured her, whilst a hearty smack upon her cheek told her that the Corporal was indulging a good-natured jest at her expense. Then began the clatter of the tea-things, and the ladies were invited up-stairs to take off their hats and cloaks. All officiously assisted in disrobing and adorning Rachel, after which they looked about them at the pretty dimity bed-curtains, an almost unheard of luxury, and the rest of the furniture.

"Dear me ! " cried one of the young ladies, "what a beautiful looking-glass ! If it isn't my very self ! "

"Yes," said Miss Corporal, "William bought it new. I wish I had one like it, I know that. Just come and look at yourself, Betto."

The old maid, alluded to heretofore, smirked and smiled, adjusted the borders of her cap, and smoothed her hair before the new looking-glass, whilst she thought of her dear widower. The other young damsels followed her example, saying, as they gave a satisfied look at themselves, that they had never before seen so handsome a glass. One discovered that her eyes were bluer than she supposed them to be ; another, that her cheeks were becomingly rosy ; a third, that her teeth were decidedly the whitest in the room, whilst all were elbowing one another out of the way, to obtain a peep at their beloved physiognomies.

"Well, girls, well ! " screamed Pally, from the foot of the stairs, "when will you a' done ? The tea's getting cold, and the Corporal vows he'll begin without you."

Down tumbled the maidens, laughing and blushing, and feeling proudly conscious of good looks.

Rachel performed her first matron tea-making with becoming modesty, though she was frequently on the point of following the example set her by William in the morning, of pouring the tea into the sugar basin, and the cream into the tea-pot. William, seated by her side to hand the water and the cakes, was the life of the party. Ever good-natured and polite, happiness, on that day, made him trebly so, and he sought to make everyone present partake of the warm glow of contentment that he felt himself. Betto and her widower, and many youths and maidens, made themselves happy in their different ways ; even Nanny the Corporal looked good-tempered. Pally was in her glory, and had stories of biddings to no end to relate, and as to the Corporal, his jokes were inexhaustible ; and since everybody laughed at them, and nobody criticised the propriety of their application, he thought himself the wittiest man in the world.

We could not, perhaps, take leave of these simple folk at a pleasanter place or period than at the new house, and upon the wedding-day ; still, like a true gossip, I feel an inclination to lengthen out my tale. I should like—but observe, I restrain myself, and do not give way to my inclinations—I should like, I say, to skip over some five or six months, and, taking my reader with me this lovely May evening, to peep in upon Rachel at the aforementioned new house. But it must not be, though I can just fancy how we should find her—probably sitting under her pretty porch sewing, or else fastening the creepers that are beginning to grow against the walls. William would either be by her side helping her, or working in the garden at no great distance. I know we should find everything, to use a favourite expression of Pally's, as neat as a new pin, and as pretty—what comparison can I make ?—why, as pretty as Rachel herself. There are flowers covering the green hedgerows and banks of the lane, the wild cherry is in full white blossom, the oaks are beginning to put on their yellowish spring garb, the stream—for there is no pretty nook hereabouts without its stream—is sparkling clearly and brightly along, hundreds of birds are singing their full-fledged young ones to sleep, and the glorious setting sun is casting a bright red glow over the whole picture. How I wish, after all, that we had peeped in upon Rachel ! Perhaps we should have found the Corporal with his pipe, or Pally with her knitting, taking their evening walk to see the young couple, whom everybody loves more and more ; or maybe we should have stumbled, it being market day, upon Mr. Shenkin and the grey mare, for he is sure to go out of his way to pay his favourite Rachel a visit.

But I am afraid you will say that what with my "probablys" and "perhapses" and "maybes," I have made a strangely sudden jump from winter to spring. My excuse must be that I am writing this, my last sketch, in spring, and that I have such an affection for Rachel myself as to suppose everyone who has any knowledge of her would rejoice in her happiness. Indeed, my love for her has led me far astray from the rules I laid down for myself when I began these sketches. Instead of Druidical remains, old heroes, and old castles, I find myself engaged with the men and women of to-day, and know not how to quit a girl to whom I have taken a fancy. I have

sadly changed my purpose, but I fear I have gone too far with my reader's patience to resume my forsaken themes. I will, therefore, take my leave, hoping you will treat me as kindly as you can, and believe that, though I have not described this lovely valley, with its river, its brooks, its meadows, its glens, its woods, its old romantic towers, its cheerful villages and hamlets, and, above all, its inhabitants, as they deserve, I have failed only because I wanted the skill; for a love for the beautiful, though it may prompt us to attempt to convey it to others, will not always impart the graphic power.

[THE END.]

OUR TOUR IN NORWAY.

THE DIARY OF TWO LONDON GIRLS.

Lindstrom's Hotel, Lœrdalsoren,
Monday, July 21.

A VERY merry and early breakfast this morning at Gudvangen. Mr. Brodie had procured marmalade for us, how or whence we know not, and he brought in a splendid salmon, twenty-five pounds in weight, to show there would be plenty for us to eat, and to induce us to remain in our pleasant quarters another day. The inevitable sausage is proverbial here as elsewhere, and Mr. Brodie told us that one day he interrogated the sturdy Hansen thus: "What! you have some of the old horse left still?" to which the dry reply was, "Oh, Ja! and old cows too." A new "pige" (maid-servant) was engaged; Mr. Brodie asked Hansen her name. Hansen raised his eyebrows, and deliberately murmured "Ingeborg." There had already been three maids answering to that appellation. Mr. Brodie says there was great grief when the favourite old cow Tino died. Every day when he was fishing, the cow would rub his shoulders and fidget him till she procured a piece of black bread. Mr. Brodie was very entertaining, and we were sorry to say farewell to him and Mr. Hansen, to go on board the little Laardal. Once it was off, but put back again for something a gentleman had forgotten.

The mountains rise five thousand feet nearly perpendicularly on each side of the Nœrfjord, and we were spell-bound with admiration. To see these glorious scenes is to love them, but to realise their beauty it is necessary to behold them. Description is utterly powerless. From the Nœrfjord we pass through a small part of the Aurlandsfjord to the Sognefjord.

"The prevailing rocks of Norway are gneiss and mica-slate, of which all the loftier mountains are composed. Granite is of comparatively rare occurrence. On some of the plateaux, blocks of conglomerate occupy a large part of the surface. Porphyry, argillaceous schist, and limestone occur, but in very limited quantities; and rocks of volcanic formation are so rare that their existence was at one time altogether denied."

Several stolkjœrres met the boat within a mile of Lœrdalsoren to convey passengers and luggage to Lindstrom's hotel. After dinner, equipped with kettle, a bottle of milk, a mug, tea and sugar, we strode forth to the fjord, by which we sat 'neath a lovely blue sky bathing our feet in the rippling tide, and sipped our delicate Assam.

Lœrdalsoren is not so bewitching as most parts, and we consider it rather lost time to be compelled to wait for Thursday's steamer. Doubtless we shall enjoy to-morrow at Husum, whither we go to Borgund church. To-night, as we came up the street, a man was being shaved, much to the amusement of the general public.

	kr.
Bill at Gudvangen	18
Ingeborg	1
Steamer to Lœrdalsoren	6
Luggage to hotel	1

Sitting by the River Lœrdal.
Tuesday, July 22, 1.30 p.m.

This is exquisite. The distant snow-tipped mountains verging on dense forests of pine and fur, the bright green grass, gently purling stream, azure sky, radiant warm sun, and the sweet scent of new mown hay, render this a delicious spot wherein to lie, and rest, and dream. There stands the quaint church of Borgund which we have just visited. It is almost an unique relic of wooden architecture, and was built in 1132. It contains some rude paintings and carvings of early Norse art. The bell in the belfry near the church bears the inscription "Sanctus Laurencius."

We made hay with four peasants, who were so entertained that they leaned on their rakes and watched us. A little child was with them, on whose head we strewed the perfumed grass; but she did not appreciate it, and stared in blank astonishment. Refreshing ourselves with tea, we offered some to the girls, who tasted, then drank, and pronounced it "meget god." They looked as if they could not understand our proceedings, but were evidently gratified, and, after shaking our hands most cordially retired to tell their friends. The drive here from Lœrdalsoren through Blaaflaten, fifteen miles, is most romantic—deep gorge, down which roars a maddening torrent. We are quite looking forward to the return journey to-night. Now we shall saunter over the old road to Husum to dinner at six. Dare I repeat that this is lovely? So soft and dreamy.

Lindstrom's Hotel, 11 o'clock p.m.

This evening, while musing near Husum, four carrioles approached, containing, to our surprise, Mr. and Mrs. Forrest, and Dr. and Mrs. Williams. We were glad of the opportunity to bid farewell to Mr. and Mrs. Forrest, who are *en route* for Christiania and St. Petersburg. We smiled secretly that they were not in a dignified carriage and pair to retain the prestige they acquired in Bergen. Dr. and Mrs. Williams returned here, and are glad to find Kate looking more salubrious, but have given us strict injunctions "not to do too much." This is awkward! I proposed that to-morrow we should go over the Jostedal glacier, but Kate says she will not go, neither will she allow me to do so, as she does not intend for either of us to sleep at a sœter which is declared to be infested with fleas. Mrs. Williams tells us that they were at Fleischer's Hotel, Vossevangen, on Sunday, and that at dinner the Rev. "Shout" was first to sit down, and placed himself next the kitchen door so as to be served first, instead of which everything was handed to him last. He read a novel during dinner, and constantly exclaimed angrily that he had to wait forty minutes between each course. At supper he took the seat of the individual who had happened to be assisted first, but the perverse waiters commenced the service where he sat at dinner. The obnoxious man, with his equally objectionable sister and pitiable wife, have gone to St. Petersburg.

	kr.	ore.
Stolkjœrre to Borgund ..	10	35
Middag for boy	0	50
Dinner at Husum	3	20
Visiting old church and new, and photo	1	75

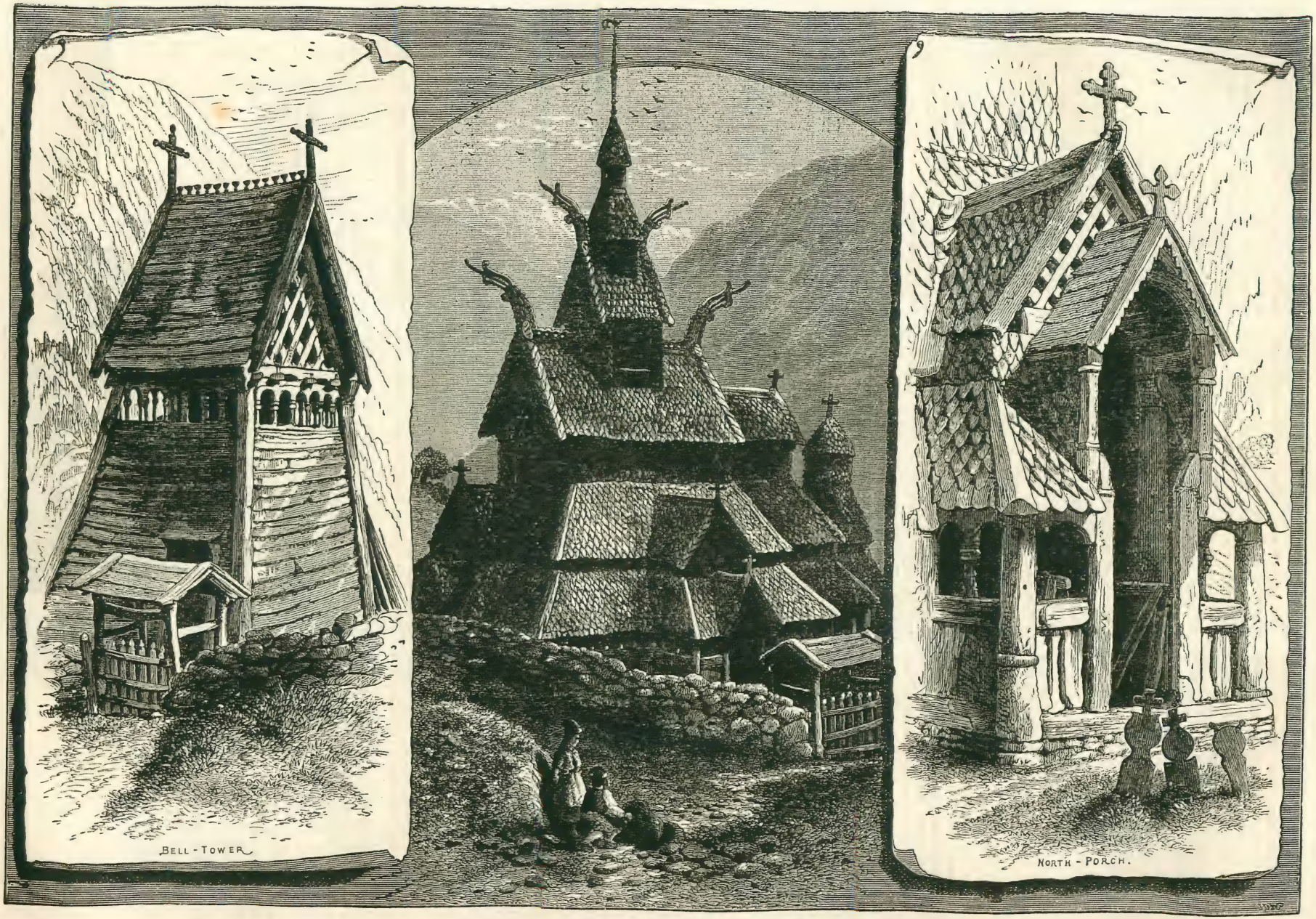
Lœrdalsoren,
Wednesday, July 23, 9 o'clock p.m.

I was dressed by seven this morning, and walked to the pier with Dr. and Mrs. Williams. They are off to Bergen, and thence to England. When there I trust we may renew the friendship formed under circumstances so auspicious. After breakfast, we engaged Lars Henriksen, aged fifteen, and who speaks a little English, to guide us up the mountain which is over the landing place, and whence is a fine view of the Jostedal glaciers and the Lesterfjord. Proceeding up the village, we entered the new church, which reminded me of the toy buildings we played with at five years old. It contains ancient carvings and a hideously-painted altar-piece from the curious old church of Tonjum, which was blown down in 1823. Here, as in the other churches, the surplice and vestment were lying on the altar-cloth. We then commenced our ascent, and it was a scramble. People thought us wonderful to attempt the Ringedalsfos; what would they think could they see us now, struggling and tumbling over these smooth, oblique stones, on ground where there was not the slightest track of animal or man? For about two hours we persevered, but, seeming as far from the top as when we began, we sank exhausted, and declined to move a step farther.

Lars kindled a capital wood fire, and glad were we that he had carried water in the kettle, for on this barren, rocky mountain, there was not a drop to be found. The struggle back to the hotel was nearly as distressing. Writing letters and dinner followed, and the entry of two young English tourists from Nystuen (who crossed with us from Hull) has cheered us, for all in this hotel are foreigners.

Mr. Burney tells us that during their late adventures at one sœter, where they put up for the night, they asked for milk. The woman looked about, then took from the floor a small bowl which she filled with milk, and they both drank. The pig (always a member of the family) showed signs of distress, squeaked, grunted, rubbed itself against their legs, and worried the old woman till they were compelled to ascertain the reason. Whereupon the old woman replied that they were drinking out of the pig's trough, and "the poor thing" wanted it back again.

Mr. Burney has lent us his phrase book by Bennett, and has written for us a little tour to be made from Rodsheim. My ambition is to see Lake Gjendin, and stay at Gjendesheim, described in "Three in Norway, by Two of them," but he thinks it would be very hard work for ladies, and attended with much discomfort. I do not value comfort in the least, if I can only see all I want; neither do I heed all that people say; there are so many who fancy women are weak and foolish,



BORGUND CHURCH, NEAR HUSUM.

and unable to walk more than half a mile. I dare-say it is the fault of our sex to generate these notions when we wear boots with thin soles and French heels, the cause of tender feet, corns, and all pedestrial hindrances. Thick boots, measured uniformly with the anatomy of the foot, slightly squared toes, low heels, and substantial stockings, ensure ease and elasticity. At this hotel we changed £1 10s. into 180 kroner.

	kr.	ore.
Guide up the hill	2	0
Bill at Lindstrom's	19	40
Laundress	2	20

Balholm, or Balestrand,
Thursday, July 24.

Last night at eleven we went on board the little steamer Laardal. While waiting on the landing-stage to see our luggage put on board, the horses took alarm at a sky-rocket, the arrival signal. We were nearly pushed into the water; as the horses with the stolkjœrres scampered away, the owners who were receiving the passengers made a rush to get after them, and great confusion ensued. Of course, we laughed at the desperation of the proprietors.

On Monday the captain agreed to reserve the deck cabin for us, as we hate the stifled atmosphere of the saloon cabins, but some gentlemen who wished to smoke therein refused to budge. The captain (these captains are always kind) interfered, and secured it for us. At two a.m. the distance between us and Lœrdalsoren became "smaller by degrees and beautifully less." At nine we should land for the Fjœrland Glaciers, and remain there till two p.m. Heavy and incessant rain, however, determined us otherwise, and we went ashore at Balholm, the scene of Tegnier's "Frithjofs Saga" about half-past five, where the two brothers who keep the hotel conveyed our luggage to a spacious room apart from the hotel. (The steward on board had been most attentive, but refused the fee we offered.) Hot coffee and cakes soon refreshed us, and we waited patiently for the breakfast hour, eight o'clock. "Frokost" was arrayed in a long room opposite the hotel, and there we met Mrs. Mills, Charlie, "Paddy," several others, and a number of Norwegians. We devoted the morning to a long walk by the Sognefjord, enjoying numerous views and admiring the orchards—the first time we had seen any. There are good farms, and the land is richly cultivated. Some red currants inspired us with longing, but the lady of the establishment to whom we pourtrayed our desire, benignly insinuated to us that they were sour. To us, indeed, they were sour, but their colour denoted ripeness.

During the afternoon a peasant woman rowed us to the church and priest's garden. In the churchyard there were fragrant "Gloire de Dijon" roses overhanging a grave. Our attendant instantly plucked one and offered it to us. I knew not how to express my vexation at so ruthless an act. That rose, the offspring of loving thought, was too soon to fade and die, mercilessly torn from its parent stem by the hand of a reckless stranger. And had we accepted it to tenderly cherish, the woman would conclude we approved, and possibly pick more another time. I wished I could impress her with the intense sanctity of a grave.

At supper was a fine, middle-aged man, who was deaf and dumb. We sustained a written conversation with him. The hotel proprietors are most civil and attentive, and speak English and German.

	kr.	ore.
Bill at Balholm	10	80
Luggage to steamer	0	30

Nedre Vasenden,
Friday, July 25.

The Sogn was due at Balholm at half-past four this morning, but, to our dismay, it came about half-past three. We were called only when it was sighted, and I scarcely know how we caught it. The steaming, outpoured coffee may be still waiting for us. We each had two cups on board to atone for our loss. In drenching rain we tried to appreciate the beauties of the Sognefjord, bade adieu to Mr. Burney and "Paddy," who are homeward bound, hastened from the steamer to the little inn at Vadheim, and at half-past eight obtained a stolkjœrre for Sande, eleven miles, where we did ample justice to a liberal breakfast quickly provided by Herr Sivertsen. Our skydsgut had run the whole way. The hotel looked insinuatingly clean and cosy in contradistinction to the rain outside. Several people were staying here for salmon fishing in the River Gaula. Another stolkjœrre was soon ready, and we drove to Langeland, where we had to change to another stolkjœrre. About a mile on the road we met a lady and gentleman in a stolkjœrre, and there was also a gentleman in front of us in one. We all stopped simultaneously, and the two skydsguts and one skydsguten (a girl about ten years) commenced arguing, the result of which was that all packages were turned into the road, and an exchange of vehicles effected, as we were to take to Hafstad the horse that had brought the lady and gentleman from there. At Hafstad we entered the hotel, and had some biscuits, then, in a fresh stolkjœrre, came here.

This is an unpretending inn, but most delightfully situated. One window of our dormitory opens to a foaming cascade, the other to a placid translucent lake. The whole journey from Vadheim is replete with interest, some parts being wild and majestic; I should like to go over the ground again on a balmy day. As it is, we have chilblains, and could not keep warm, although we muffled ourselves in everything we possess. The people at each station have been so good in lending us rugs or shawls for our knees, the stolkjœrres in these parts being destitute of aprons. Oh, for a glimpse of sunshine! Our supper-tea at eight was splendid. Excellent fish and fresh eggs; quite a treat. The best meal we have had since we left Gudvangen.

There is not a creature who understands one word of English; in consequence we have had constant recourse to the phrase-book. "Meget regn" (much rain) has been our ejaculation a thousand times to-day, and now we give vent indefatigably to "vœr saa god!" That tells wonderfully with the Norwegians. "Civility costs nothing" is a trite adage, whether at home or abroad. Our hostess is a fine old dame. When we want anything we cannot pronounce we point to a line in the book, when she calls "Katrine," her daughter, to read it. Just now in the passage we tried to express our wish to be called early, when about eight or nine people surrounded us, including "the mother" and "Katrine," and seemed highly amused. After producing some good hearty laughs we shook hands with all, and retired. In spite of the short hay-bed we wish we could spend a week in the solitude of these romantic wilds, and be cared for by these worthy people. We will renew our acquaintance with them some day if we can. We have ordered our horse for the morning; it is always wiser to do so over night.

In a trout stream close by, a gentleman in 1880 caught twenty-two fish in less than two hours.

The fisheries of Norway are of very great value. A large source of revenue is furnished by the cod and herring, which frequent the coast in vast numbers, and have been estimated to yield a gross amount of nearly one million pounds sterling. The rivers and lakes abound with salmon and salmon trout, and make Norway one of the best angling countries in the world.

The Norwegians are generally tall and vigorous, and distinguished for the lightness of their hair, particularly in childhood. They show a strong passion for a sea life, and make excellent sailors. They are remarkable for civility and courteous demeanour, being very obliging and willing to serve others, and that without gain. They have a reverent respect for religion and the laws, and a strong love of liberty. From the purity of the air they are naturally of a cheerful disposition, and fortunately enjoy excellent health. A Norwegian of one hundred years of age is not accounted past his labour; and in 1733 four couples were married and danced before his Danish Majesty at Fredericshall, whose ages when joined exceeded six hundred years. They are in general dexterous, active, penetrating, and ingenious, especially in all kinds of mechanical performances. Every inhabitant is an artisan, and supplies his family in all its necessaries with his own manufactures, so that there are few hatters, shoemakers, tailors, tanners, weavers, carpenters, smiths, or joiners by profession, all these trades being carried on in every farmhouse.

In the royal museum at Denmark there is a bust of Christian V. carved in a certain wood called been-wood, by a shepherd who, in the year 1688, when the king went to Drontheim, stood in the road to see his majesty pass, and received so strong an impression of his face that he was able to represent every lineament and feature to the life.

	kr.	ore.
Steamer from Lœrdalsoren to Vadheim	10	80
Stolkjœrre Vadheim to Sande ...	2	75
Breakfast at Sande	3	13
Stolkjœrre Sande to Langeland	2	25
Stolkjœrre Langeland to Hafstad	2	0
Stolkjœrre Hafstad to Nedre Vasenden	3	80
Bill at Nedre Vasenden—Supper, beds, breakfast	6	14
Pige	0	60

(*To be continued.*)

BITS ABOUT ANIMALS.

Our Feathered Friends.

Perhaps some of those who have read The Girl's Own Paper from the very beginning may remember an account of some feathered friends of mine, which appeared in the very first part of the then new periodical. It was called "How we Saved the Poor Birds in Winter," and told about the appearance of the first two rooks in the Polygon during the long frost in 1879, and of the bird dinner parties established at that time.

Ever since that severe winter, we have made provision for the larger birds which come to us with the cold weather, as well as for the smaller ones that are about our doors all the year round.

It may interest bird-lovers to know that for five years the rooks have continued to visit us, though, owing to our not having enough large and suitable trees in our immediate neighbourhood, they have not been able to settle in our very midst. Their real home is two miles away, but one or two adventurous pairs have built about midway, and pay us occasional visits during the summer.

On the first frosty morning a pioneer party is sure to arrive, evidently with a view of ascertaining whether the winter "spreads" have been begun. The members of the deputation wait patiently until past the time at which we are accustomed to put out the food. If we think it a little too early to begin feeding them and nothing is forthcoming, they sail off with a chorus of disappointed caws. If, on the contrary, the cook and her dish are seen outside, we hear a signal and down come a number of rooks, hitherto invisible, to carry off the dainty morsels.

About the middle of November in last year (1884) there were twenty-three rooks in waiting one Monday, and we have had as many as thirty-five. We have also had, what I believe is very unusual in such a locality, four jackdaws amongst our feathered bird guests, but not during the past winter.

The fact of the regular appearance of the pioneer rooks at the same time, and for five years in succession, proves that these birds have a very lively recollection of favours received, and a desire that they should be perpetuated.

Let me again plead with my many dear girl friends on behalf of our feathered favourites. A little thought, a little care in preserving bits and scraps that would otherwise be wasted, will save the life of many a bird, and we shall be repaid in summer time, when our tiny pensioners fill the air with grateful music.

A Swallow's Practical Joke.

A friend of mine has an overhanging roof which shelters one side of a large courtyard, and forms a covered way by which the servants can pass between coach-house, stables, etc., in all weathers, without getting wet. This pent roof is ceiled, and has always been a favoured resort of the swallows.

Last summer a pair built their nest in the highest and least accessible corner, a nook hitherto unappropriated. Whilst they were busy, a large cat often placed herself in such a position that she could watch the movements of the birds, and, no doubt, with a longing to make their closer acquaintance.

This, however, was quite impracticable. The swallows were well out of pussy's reach, and evidently knew it, for they made her the subject of a little practical joke.

Watching, as everybody knows, often becomes drowsy work, and waiting is always more tiring than active labour. So pussy found it as she basked in the warm rays of the summer's sun, and, as a consequence, she usually dropped asleep at her post. Pussy's nap made the swallows' opportunity. One of the birds would swoop down on noiseless wing, and give the cat a sharp peck on the head. This eventually roused the sleeper, but before pussy had time to recognise her assailant the swallow was far away, having passed like a flash of lightning.

Whether the birds did it by way of warning to let their enemy know what she might expect if she offered to attack the nest, or whether, knowing their impregnable position, it was a pure bit of fun, cannot be told.

Certain it is, however, that the trick was so often repeated that it afforded considerable amusement to the servants, who used to watch for its recurrence, and had many a hearty laugh at the cat's disconcerted look when roused from her sleep by this ever invisible assailant.

Pansy and Bob.

Pansy and Bob were a handsome pair of horses belonging to a gentleman who lived at about a mile from the nearest market town. Bob was a most docile, obedient animal that never shirked his work, or objected to make a little overtime, if needful.

Pansy, the mare, was a very different character. She held strong views on the subject of equality, and now and then gave herself very amusing airs. If she had lived at a time when the question of women's rights and the extension of the suffrage were agitating the feminine human mind, one might have thought that Pansy had pondered the matter in relation to horses. As it is, we can only conclude that she was in advance of the times when she and Bob ran together in double harness.

The home of their owner being at a distance from town, it was often necessary to send the groom thither on horseback to take messages or fetch articles required for immediate use. It occasionally happened, too, that the man had no sooner returned than he was obliged to go a second time, some new want having arisen during his absence.

If Bob had been employed for the first journey there would be no time lost in setting out again. It was only needful to turn his head townward, and the obedient beast went cheerfully off in that direction. But not so Pansy.

Let the groom try to induce her to go out again, and she met him with the most determined resistance. She would plant her feet firmly down, and neither coaxing nor the whip would induce her to move. Indeed, the latter would make her kick out in such a determined fashion that it was prudent to give her a wide berth.

In the end she was certain to get her own way. So much time would have been lost in the effort to make her go to town again that it was found easier to transfer the saddle to Bob's back, and leave Pansy to enjoy her victory.

The mare never shirked her work when running in double harness, and, in all other respects, was a docile and valuable animal. But she held strong views on this one subject, no doubt saying to herself, in equine language, "Turn about is the fair thing. I will do my share, but not my partner's. When I have gone a journey, long or short, Bob must take the next." At any rate, she acted on this principle for years.

In time, however, Bob and Pansy were parted, and the mare became the property of her late owner's daughter, who only required one horse for her carriage. Then a curious change took place in the wilful creature's conduct.

At first she tried her old game, and refused to go out a second time, however short the first journey might have been. But, finding there was no Bob forthcoming to take his turn, she gave up, yielding in a reasonable sort of way that was worthy of imitation.

She allowed herself to be persuaded by kind words and gentle treatment to do all the work that was required from the one horse of the establishment, and did it well and cheerfully.

One cannot help feeling that a valuable lesson may be learned even from the example of a dumb beast. Pansy had been used to have her own way when placed in certain circumstances. When these were changed and a new order of things established, she adapted herself to them. She still had a good home and a kind mistress, and instead of being discontented, vicious, or ill-tempered, she gave in, did her best, and was valued accordingly.

USEFUL HINTS.

Veal Cutlets à la Lyonnaise.—Stir together in a saucepan a small lump of butter and a dessertspoonful of flour, add slowly a tablespoonful of milk; to this put one tablespoonful of finely-chopped parsley, one very finely-chopped shallot, and twelve chopped button mushrooms, the yolk of an egg, a little cayenne pepper, and some salt; stir over a gentle fire until quite thick, then turn on to a plate to cool. Take one pound of very thin veal cutlet, divide into small nicely-shaped pieces. When the mixture is cold spread some of it on the top of each cutlet, brush them over with egg, dip them in bread crumbs, and fry in a basket, letting them be well covered with fat.

How to Finish Crewel or Silk Embroidery.—Embroidery should never be ironed; if worked in a frame, before taking it out make some strong boiled starch, let it get quite cold, when it should be a thick jelly; take some of it in the fingers and rub it well on to the back of the needlework; remove any surplus starch with a piece of soft paper, and leave in the frame until perfectly dry. Of course, the starch is only to be put on the work, not on the material. If the work has been done on the hand, it must either be put in a frame or nailed out as tightly and evenly as possible on a cloth on the floor. Mantel borders and other large pieces of work must always be done in this way. If you starch your work it is quite unnecessary ever to finish off the ends of your silk or wool, as the starch will keep them in place. Anyone who has noticed the Japanese embroiderers at work in the "village" at Knightsbridge will have observed that they only draw their silk through when they have finished a needleful. Work finished this way stands out well and wears much better, but it must be thoroughly dry always before it is unnailed.

Recipe for Making Marking Ink.—Put into a small blue glass bottle 100 grains of lunar caustic, two drams of gum arabic, one ounce of rain water, and sufficient sap green to make a strong green preparation; cork, and shake well before using. It is a good plan before marking things to wet them where they are to be marked with a little strong soda and water in which a little gum arabic has been dissolved; when they are dry, if rubbed with a spoon handle, it makes a very nice surface to write on. This is particularly needed when the articles have been washed, as otherwise the ink is liable to run. This ink must, like other marking inks, be set with a hot iron before being sent to the wash.

REPOUSSÉ BRASS WORK.

FIG. 1.—FINGER BOWL.

In the instructions as to the practical working of repoussé *given in our last article*, the two points of the most importance were the correct holding of the tools and the depth and form of the beating in. So important is the position of the hands when working upon brass, that we again call attention to this matter, and no amount of reiteration can impress upon our readers too strongly that the left hand must exert the same force as the right, and that on the third finger of that hand (the weakest of all) rests the guiding of the tool along the lines.

In most manual labour the left hand is used merely as an accessory to the right, and its strength, not being called out, is not developed. As in repoussé this strength must be exerted, every effort and watchfulness is needed, or the guiding of the tool will almost insensibly be slurred over and forgotten, and the hammer be more exercised than the punch. Practice, constant and unremitting, is the only means that will enable both hands to work in harmony, and several years' toil will be needed before work equal to a professional's will be produced. Remember that to hold the tool properly the thumb and first finger grasp it, the first finger only slightly bent; the second finger rests on the tool below the first, and touches both the third and first fingers, but not the brass; the third finger rests on tool and brass, and steadies the tool without holding it, and directs its course along the lines being made, while the two fingers and the thumb attend to keeping the tool upright but slightly slanting backward. The little finger is not brought into play, but it is allowed to rest on the third finger and to strengthen the latter's hold on the metal.

Again, with the methods of beating down the background and forcing up the pattern into full relief. In our first article we mentioned that certain tracers and punches were required to elaborate the designs, and vary the backgrounds; but in the instructions given for working out a door-plate, in order that the beginner should not become confused, only a few tools were brought into requisition. Other tools, both for finishing backgrounds, tracing curved lines, and completing the relief, are employed when the student is more advanced. These are the following:—

For outlining the design beside the straight punches or tracers with broad or fine points, there are the slightly curved, the curved, the half-round, and the round-pointed tracers.

The slightly curved tracer is required when a line only deviates imperceptibly from the direct perpendicular, but in so doing makes a bold curve. This tool is made with a broad point, straight at one end and slightly curved at the other, and when placed upon the metal with the curved end forward will accurately follow any rounded line, the curve, whether outwards or inwards, being made by turning the rounded edge of the point to the outside or to the inside of the work. This slightly-curved tracer is required when outlining some kinds of leaves, and for any conventional or arabesque designs, where large rounds or bold half-circles are introduced.

The curved tracer and the half-round tracer are used for smaller and more decided curves; they are required when outlining such fruit as small apples, for some kind of leaves, for chased lines on the design indicating shadows, and for the marking out in the same parts of the work the scales of fish, feathers of a bird, or the curves of the joints in grotesque animals. The half-round tracer makes a more decided curve than the curved, as it completes a half-circle; it is used upon the same markings as curved, but upon those that match it in outline.

The round tracer is a tool whose point

FIG. 2.—SMALL TRAY.

makes an exact circle; its use is varied, as it does equally well to punch out a border to a pattern formed of a succession of rounds, or to indicate with one clear cut holly or hawthorn berries in clusters on the design, or other small circles. The blows struck out with this tool must be sharp and decisive, and if repeated the tracer should be placed accurately over the first-made impression.

Any of the above tools may be used to form designs upon the background, and besides these there are the star and chequer already mentioned; the triune, with three lines diverging from a common centre; the crescent, shaped like a moon in its first quarter; the light point that makes small dots, and any other device the worker's fancy desires, and that he can have made at an ironmonger's, or file down himself.

To produce an effective background is one of the great secrets of success in repoussé; to simply beat down the spaces left between the designs will not satisfy after the handling of the tools is learnt, and when this is acquired the worker seeks to render his articles perfect by the minute and careful arabesques upon the background, the high relief of the pattern, and the delicate lines chased out upon the latter to indicate the form of the object or shading.

To illustrate some of the backgrounds that can be attempted fig. 1 is given. This design gives the third of a finger-bowl or round flower vase. To reproduce it the round piece of brass should be procured, and its interior filled with pitch before the design is traced. When the outlines have been marked out with clear lines, the ground behind the figures, animals, and birds is beaten down well so as to throw these objects into high relief, and when sufficient relief is thus obtained, fine lines are made with the edge of a pointed tool just beaten haphazard over the spaces. The parts between the medallions are treated in a different manner; their straight or curved lines are traced with a pencil, and then beaten down by using the straight or curved tools that have already been mentioned. Only upon the places heavily shaded in the illustration is it necessary to beat down the ground in the ordinary manner.

In fig. 2, representing a small tray, of a size useful as a pin or cigar ash tray, or as a tray for holding small flower vases, match boxes, etc., the dots made by using the round tool are shown. The round circles shown on the beaded border and the dots ornamenting the double triangle in the centre are produced by repeated blows upon round tools whose size corresponds to the circles made. To produce sharp and clear impressions, the tool must always be held exactly over one spot while that particular round is being beaten down. Most good work is surrounded by some kind of narrow border, and that made with a succession of fine rounds, either close together or at set distances apart, will always be found effective.

The cut-out edge of the tray shown in fig. 2 is managed by tracing its outline and cutting it round with a pair of shears, then turning the work wrongside upwards and beating the parts with a hammer. Unless the amateur is expert, he had better leave this edge to a professional to finish, or make it as an uncut into circle.

After the outline lines to the pattern, and the delicate working up of the background, have become easy, the next stage is the bringing out of the design in its various parts into more or less relief. By beating down backgrounds, the brass left untouched by the tools will form the depression of the other parts, and stand out as if pushed forward, but this relief will be uniform, and no particular part will be raised above the whole surface.

Such extra relief is required when working out faces, to bring into prominence the cheeks, nose, and brow; it is also required to imitate the roundness of plums, oranges, cherries, and other fruit, and to bring out in landscapes the trunks of trees, and other foreground objects, or the figures of birds.

This extra prominence is managed when the work has been removed from the pitch, and replaced with the beaten-in side upwards. The parts to be thrown into higher relief are now the depressed portions, and tools of peculiar make are used upon them to increase their depression. These tools are of various sizes to fit their various duties, and their finals are round and convex. Upon the spot that is to be most prominent, the convex tool that fits it is placed and gently beaten with the hammer until it becomes more prominent than the parts surrounding it. The tool is shifted a little now and

FIG. 3.—CABINET PANEL.

again, so that the relief is graduated from the highest part to the sides.

A tool similar to the rounded one, also made in various sizes, is used to force into relief such fruit as almonds, pears, figs, and objects that are smaller at one end than the other, and yet round in form. This tool is also useful to push out stalks of flowers, any flowers of a bell shape, patterns of mouldings and borders, oval leaves, and parts of the wings of birds and conventional animals. The tool is of an oval shape, and though convex at the end, less so than the rounded tool.

After the work has been thrown into higher relief the chasing of fine lines upon the pattern may require touching up. These fine lines, that give with their few touches so much expression to the design, are worked with any fine-pointed tool lightly beaten down on the surface. They can be done after the outline is worked and the background finished, and before the work is turned, if the relief is not required to be great; or the brass can be again fastened to the pitch, and the lines chased as the final working. These lines consist of the features in heads, with details of limbs, drapery, and jewellery, the shading of rounded fruit by a few round strokes, the marks upon flowers, the scales of fish, feathers of birds, etc. When making these chasings, work in as few lines as possible, and indicate what is intended by a few clear and perfect strokes in preference to a number of blurred and unmeaning lines. The amount of chasing required upon small figures, birds, and animals is shown (fig. 1 and fig. 3). The cabinet panel illustrated in fig. 3 is a difficult design, and only intended for good workers to copy if attempted in the size given; but it is a design which is capable of being enlarged to twice its original size without losing in attractiveness. Four specimens of groundwork are introduced into this cabinet panel in order to show some of the fancy backgrounds that can be done. The design, besides being used for a cabinet panel, is fitted for an over-mantel space, or for the back of a candle bracket; it could also be used for a door-plate, but is rather too elaborate for the latter, a simple pattern like that shown in the first article being good enough for that purpose.

When the piece of brass is sufficiently worked up, and is warmed and finally removed from the pitch, it will sometimes appear uneven, and curled up at one side, instead of being quite flat. To remedy this, place the piece upon a flat board, and beat down its sides and edges with a wooden mallet until they are straight, and should the beaten-down ground look crinkled, touch that also with a small and light hammer. The edges of brass objects cut out at home from sheet brass require to be flattened, thickened, and finished by being beaten down, and slightly curled over on the wrong side, while door-panels, mirrors, and other flat articles are backed with a plain sheet of metal to hide the beaten-down under-surface. This background is generally attached for the amateur at an ironworker's; there is no particular difficulty in attaching it neatly, but the process must be learnt.

Brass, when sold in rolls or sheets, is dull in hue, and must be polished and cleaned after the work upon it is done if its surface is to be bright and shining. Wash it thoroughly with vinegar and salt, and then dry it. When perfectly dry, warm the article, and while still hot rub it with rag steeped in oil and rotten-stone, or in methylated spirits. Put on several coats of one of these mixtures, and do not discontinue the process until a bright surface is obtained. When the brass article is in constant use, clean it every week by laying on a coating of cream of tartar made into a paste with water, and when the paste is dry, rub it off with a small but hard brush, then wash with soap and hot water.

Articles that cannot be regularly cleaned are lacquered.—After cleaning these once, and bringing up the surface, buy some shellac, dissolve this in spirits of wine, and lay a thin coating over the article. Use a large brush, and work quickly, as the varnish dries and looks uneven unless applied with rapidity. Methylated spirits are used to thin the shellac, or spirits of wine, if it is made too thick, also to clean off the varnish when it has been badly laid over the brass surface.

There are many ornaments that are enriched by hammered brass-work, and that can be made by amateurs. Amongst these, for flat work, are candle wall-brackets. These are made of all sizes and shapes, but always flat. The designs most suitable are fruit and flower subjects and arabesques.

Brass Trays, oval or round in shape, flat with a small raised rim. The largest size tray is useful for a tea-tray, the smallest to place small vases upon, and the intermediate sizes for wall decorations, salvers, and card trays. The designs upon trays are always either Moorish or geometrical.

Over-mantel panels are either long or square shaped designs for the long panels, figures, birds, or flowers; for the square, fruit or geometrical.

Blotting-book Cases.—The flat piece of brass is made to fit a strong wooden or velvet blotting-case, and is attached to its upper side with small brass nails, for which small holes are punched in the border of the design. These blotting-cases shapes are easily made, are most useful, and can be attached without professional aid. The designs upon them are fruit, flowers, Moorish, or landscape, with large figures as foreground. A variety in shape is an oval piece of brass fixed to the centre of the case, and allowing the velvet or wooden background to show beyond it.

Newspaper Rack.—A long square piece of brass is here required. This is beaten out, backed with plain brass, and hung on the outside of a plain brass newspaper stand. It is attached to the rack by holes punched in its upper surface, through which a brass wire is run, and fastened to the outside support.

Medallion upon Drawing-room Bellows.—An ordinary pair of small wooden bellows, or a black *papier maché* pair, forms the background, the piece of rolled brass is cut to the shape of the bellows but smaller, holes are punched at regular intervals along the edge and small nails hammered through these holes and into the foundation when the pattern is worked out.

Fruit and flower designs are the best; any design selected is enclosed in a plain border of an inch or three quarters of an inch in depth.

Squares of brass to ornament the front of a coal-scuttle are made and put on like the bellows ornament, as are squares for a four-sided flower pot, and for letting into the sides of boxes.

For round articles the shape is hollowed out at a shop and then filled with pitch, and the patterns are designs that fit the surface, and enlarge or contract as the curves of the article require. The most useful articles are finger bowls, ornamental drinking cups (used for holding flowers), round flower pots, oval and round jardinières, round card-trays and bread-baskets.

Any brass object used for holding flowers in earth should be fitted with a tin lining, while breadbaskets require a plain brass lining to them. The open round coal-scuttles are made of brass of extra thickness to that required for less heavy articles.

Instructions in the work are given in London by Mr. Karl Krall, metal worker to the Ecclesiological Society, and of the firm of Barkentin and Krall, 289, Regent-street, also by Madame Amélie, 40, North Audley-street.

B. C. SAWARD.

HOW I KEEP HOUSE ON £250 A YEAR.

OUR DRAWING-ROOM BAZAAR, AND WHAT WE MADE FOR IT.

To have a profitable drawing-room sale it is necessary to be very careful about the outlay; it is possible to procure all one requires for a very little money, if one makes up one's mind to suit the work to the materials, not the materials to the work.

I generally apply at the shops at which I deal, for patterns to be used for charity work; in doing this it is best to make the application by letter, as your name is then entered, and you will probably receive a parcel at the next distribution; it may be of cotton or it may be of woollen pieces. The last packet I received was a large bundle of patterns of French merinoes, of some of which I made little petticoats, matching the shades of colour as nearly as I could; of the remainder I made a quilt. I cut the pieces into nine-inch squares, joined them together with the sewing machine, and lined the whole with unbleached calico. At the sale a lady bought it as a gift for a poor woman.

I have also bought patterns and cuttings from dressmakers and upholsterers. In one parcel I received a lot of strips of cloth and coarse serge; these I made into boys' turban caps—they were too narrow for anything else. As I machine-stitched them and lined them with black cotton twill (at threepence-halfpenny a yard), they were not much trouble to make, and sold easily at eightpence each.

As I made a point of mentioning my intended bazaar to all my friends and acquaintances some time before it took place, at the same time informing them of the object to which the money received was to be devoted, I received several contributions of work, and, what was better, orders for various articles, such as illuminated texts for bedrooms. These I executed to the dimensions wished, and with the texts selected. A crimson plush cushion, on which I embroidered white passion flowers, was also an order. I drew the design on the plush myself in Chinese white, and then worked the flowers from an Easter card.

As regards the best and most saleable articles to prepare, I find nothing sells better than clothing for the poor. There are so many people who have all they want in the way of fancy work, who willingly purchase things they can give away, but these things must be well cut and put together, made to fit a living being, not, what one often sees, a frock apparently for a child of four or five years, with a waist or armhole suited only for the said child's doll.

Children's print frocks sell well, also little washable woollen frocks for babies and children, little coloured petticoats made with high unbleached cotton bodies, boys' thick woollen blouses trimmed with cheap braid and buttons, and children's bodices made out of scraps of flannel, lined. These I make three-quarters high without sleeves; they are very much

liked. I do not bind them, but stitch them round on the right side with ingrain red cotton, as they wash better than when bound.

Men's double (for chest and back) chest preservers sell well. I buy for these a cheap red flannel, almost a baize; it is inexpensive and warm. I cut them long enough to be a good protection for the lungs, leave them square at the bottom, both back and front, and make them to fasten at one side of the throat with a bone button. They are not lined, but are neatly bound with grey stay binding.

I also made some underclothing for women and children out of unbleached calico; children's and women's print aprons with bibs; postmen's cuffs knitted with coarse worsted or yarn (these were ribbed like sock-tops and knitted on three pins), infants' cloth and flannel boots.

For ornamental things we made pompadour bags of seal-brown plush lined with satin, with double drawing cords long enough to slip over the hand; the bags being the size to carry five or six tradesmen's books, square at the bottom, and large enough to leave a two-inch heading above the drawings; inside each bag a little pocket for pence was stitched to the lining. One of these bags was an order, and so had a monogram worked on the side of it in brown silk, outlined with gold wire. To work a monogram on plush or velvet, I find the best plan is to cut the letters out in card, colour them with water colour to match the silk, fix them on the plush with fine silk, and embroider over them. These bags were much admired, and sold directly.

I painted on two tambourines suitable Spanish figure subjects. These were done with ordinary oil colours, and no preparation or medium was used. They were eleven-inch tambourines, and cost 1s. 6d. each, but each took me four whole days to paint. When dry, I put a rim of Judson's gold paint over the edge of the wood where it touched the parchment. I then made some pompons of odds and ends of coloured wool. These pompons are made in the same ways as children's woollen balls. They must be about an inch in diameter, and it is best to fasten one on to each end of a piece of crochet-wool chain four inches long. Put three pairs of pompons on a tambourine, and three bunches of bright-coloured ribbons; these latter must hang about twelve inches. Where you cannot attach the trimming to the holes in the tambourine you must bore a small hole and fasten a wire in it; also fix a wire loop at the top for hanging against the wall. These tambourines, if nicely painted, sell for from fifteen to twenty-one shillings. I need scarcely tell readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER that they are not for playing on, but simply to hang up as pictures.

Door panels and screens painted in oils on lincrusta sell at a good price, and do not take long to do in comparison to many other things. Drawing-room bellows may be very prettily decorated if first painted with black or grey enamel paint.

For other artistic work Indian ink etchings on terra cotta plaques, painted terra cotta plates and vases, all sell, if well done. I sold a dozen very pretty d'oyleys; they were etched with marking ink on jean. The lady who did them was indebted to the pretty collection of poems and pictures called "A Crown of Flowers" for all the designs; some she copied, some she adapted to the purpose. We trimmed two palm-leaf fans with flowers and ribbons. I made some pretty shoe-bows out of pieces of black satin which I embroidered with silk and beads. They were not much trouble, and sold for eighteenpence and two shillings the pair.

I had a cosy made of crazy patchwork, and also one embroidered in silks on cloth. I made for a promised purchaser a set of cases for handkerchiefs, gloves, ribbons, and shoes for travelling. They were made of dark holland, bound with narrow dark blue ribbon, each case having a monogram worked on it in dark blue silk. They looked very neat, and, of course, had the advantage of taking up less room than more elaborate cases do. The handkerchief and ribbon cases were made like envelopes, the glove case to fold. We had also some shoe bags made of dark blue linen for gentlemen's shoes. These bags had rings sewn on the backs of them, and were meant to hang against a wall, or at the bottom of a gentleman's hanging wardrobe. Pincushions are now often to be seen on drawing-room tables; they are generally made four or five inches square, and must, of course, be very ornamental. I made a very pretty one thus: a five-inch square of crimson plush, with apparently one corner turned back showing a white satin lining (this was really a triangular piece of satin put on the plush the reverse way); this piece of satin was worked across with silver thread to form little diamonds, and a small white jonquil embroidered in silk showed itself on the corner from which the satin appeared to be turned. The cushion was made up with a piece of strong millboard at the bottom, so that it rested flat on the table, and finished with a cord and small loops at each corner; a few pins were stuck in the unworked side of the plush. I used silver thread instead of gold, because the pins looked better with it. Some long purses, made of velvet and plush and lined with silk, looked pretty.

We made a good many pretty little scent satchets, into which we put pot pourri of our own making.

We had also a bedroom screen made with a clothes horse; for this purpose we painted the legs and the top of the horse with grey enamel paint. We bought some pretty cheap chintz, which we put on the horse full, making three runnings in it, at the top, the bottom, and in the middle; we then put in a lining of pink cotton. The chintz and the lining were both made to take off, being fastened on with strings.

These screens are much lighter than others, and are very convenient in case of illness to put round a couch or bedstead. Besides all the things I have mentioned, there were many small ones that could be sold for a shilling or sixpence, such, for instance, as toilet mats, brush and comb bags, pincushions, hairpin cushions (these latter are knitted wool cushions, made like little bolsters, and hung by a ribbon, fastened at each end, at the side of a looking-glass), shaving cloths, tidy pockets, small round pincushions (made out of kid gloves) for gentlemen's waistcoat pockets, small leather cases, with almanacks in them, to hold season tickets; these were very neatly made, being bound and lined with silk, with a sort of half-pocket inside to hold, but show, the railway ticket.

A fortnight before the day fixed for the sale, I had one hundred notes of invitation printed on tinted paper. They were worded thus: "There will be a sale of useful and fancy needlework at the house of Mrs.——, Treherne Villa, Richmond-road, on Thursday, the 14th inst., from 12 to 6 o'clock. The proceeds of the sale will all be given to" (here must follow the name or names of charities that it is proposed to benefit). "Your presence will be much appreciated." These notes cost about three shillings to print. I sent them round by hand to people in the neighbourhood who I thought were likely to come, and to some few friends farther off.

On the day of the sale, as our rooms are small, I arranged to give up the dining-room as well as the drawing-room for the bazaar, so I was able to place all the clothing for the poor on the dining-room table, reserving all the pretty things for the drawing-room. In the latter we had an extra table placed, and the small ornaments, cushions, antimacassars, footstools, etc., were all taken out of the room to leave space for the articles for sale. Everything was ticketed at a reasonable price, rather below than above a shop price. What we can sell at the price affixed we do, but I make a point of only selling at the marked prices. I never "sacrifice" the things at less than their value, for if put away carefully they will probably sell another time, or, if suitable, can be given to the poor at Christmas. I provide myself with £5 worth of silver and copper before the sale, and am most particular always to give change, even if it is only a penny. I do not permit raffles or auctions, so our bazaars are very quiet. This year I asked a young friend to come to help us, for as we were using the two rooms it was necessary to have three to sell, but no one was pressed to buy anything; more is sold by allowing people to select quietly what they like, for, as a rule, no one comes to a drawing-room sale without intending to lay out some money for the benefit of the charity. When two charities are named on the invitations, sometimes people sending articles for sale, or purchasing, will express a wish that their contributions should be devoted to the first or to the second named charity, as the case may be. I placed on the mantelpiece, in a conspicuous place, the result of the last year's sale, with the letter of thanks from the treasurer of the charity to which the amount realised was sent. I made the room look as pretty as I could by having one or two nice plants about; they helped to show off the goods for sale to the best advantage. I also took care to let in as much light as I could by putting the curtains quite back, and leaving the windows free.

At four o'clock I had tea and cakes placed on a side-table in the dining-room; a servant attended to this, offering some to everyone who went in. Fresh tea was made as required, and it was kept there until six o'clock, when all left. When I made up my accounts in the evening I found that, without having spent much money, my returns were £27, of which I should have £25 to hand over to the charity.

The following is a list of some of the articles sold, with the prices they fetched:—

	£	s.	d.
4 children's woollen frocks, at 3s. and 4s.	0	14	0
9 children's cotton frocks, at 2s. 6d.	1	2	6
6 ,, warm petticoats with bodies, at 1s. 6d.	0	9	0
5 boys' woollen blouses, at 2s. 6d.	0	12	6
8 chest preservers, at 1s.	0	8	0
Women's and children's underclothing	1	10	6
6 children's print bib aprons, at 7d.	0	3	6
10 women's ,, ,, at 10d.	0	8	4
8 pairs postmen's knitted cuffs, at 1s.	0	8	0
1 dozen etched d'oyleys	1	1	0
1 Holland set, with monogram	0	10	6
4 illuminated texts	0	12	0
1 night-dress case and comb bag	0	8	6
2 sets gentlemen's boot bags, at 2s. 3d.	0	4	6
1 Roman satin-worked cushion	1	5	0
1 plush embroidered ,,	2	12	6
Horse for bed-room screen	1	1	0
Drawing-room pin-cushion	0	15	0
2 painted tambourines, at 15s. 6d. and 21s.	1	16	6
2 tea-cosies	1	5	0
1 embroidered tablecloth	2	10	0
6 collars and ties for ladies	1	1	6
3 ladies' caps	1	1	6
11 servants' muslin aprons	0	11	0
Dolls and many small articles	4	10	0
Total	£27	1	10

It is hardly possible to say exactly what a bazaar costs one, for so many things are used up that one has put away from time to time; for instance, embroidery silks, crewels, lining, bits of silk, etc., left from dresses. Many things of no appreciable value are used and become of actual value. If I am asked to do anything on an expensive material, such as silk, velvet, or plush, I deduct the price of the material from the receipts, giving my work; otherwise some orders for mantel boards, cushions, etc., would be more costly than I could afford. I was at a drawing-room sale a few weeks ago, where there was music during the afternoon; it made it very pleasant, but financially it was a great mistake; people stayed longer, so the rooms became too crowded, and they bought less; the music took attention from the object of the afternoon. The worst of these sales is that one has to depend so much on the weather; a really wet day is almost certain to make it a failure; the only thing to be done then is to fix a second day, and hope for the best. In deciding what to have it is very necessary to consider the people who are most likely to be purchasers.

(*To be continued.*)

AUNT HESTER'S SECRET.

By EGLANTON THORNE, Author of "The Old Worcester Jug," "It's All Real True," "In London Fields," etc.

CHAPTER III.

A WITHERED ROSE.

THERE was no occasion for Marian Armitage's wedding to be long delayed. Mr. Ralph Hunter was a man in easy circumstances. He had a pleasant country house within a short distance of London, which needed only a little fresh decoration and new furniture to make it a home worthy to receive his bride. He was not inclined to wait for his happiness longer than the weeks which these preparations would require, and ere Marian's visit to his parents' home was over he had persuaded her to name a day in August for their wedding.

Dora professed to be in despair at the thought of losing Marian so soon, and the other sisters shared her regret. Nor could Mr. Armitage look forward to the wedding day without a sore pang at the thought of parting with his eldest child, whose companionship was very dear to him, since she constantly reminded him of her mother. Lamentations were so general, indeed, that Aunt Hester had

resolutely to set herself to regard the prospect with a bright face, and endeavour to persuade the household that Marian's marriage would in the end prove a happy thing for everyone.

Fortunately the preparations for the wedding made everyone so busy that there was little time to indulge in melancholy thoughts. Aunt Hester was, of course, the prime mover in everything, and hard, indeed, did she work—sewing, planning, helping Marian to choose her gowns, or arrange the wedding finery, and taking upon herself all kinds of duties, for no arrangement seemed right unless Aunt Hester had had something to do with it. She undertook all with unwearying energy, and, however tired she might be, had always a bright face.

As the eventful day approached, the girls forgot their regrets in the bustle and excitement which inevitably precede a wedding, even in the best-ordered household. Dora was highly elated. Since the mere fact of her sister's engagement had had such an unsettling effect upon her, it may be imagined what her condition of mind was as she looked forward to appearing as a bridesmaid in the charming gown which was being made for her by a fashionable London dressmaker.

The thought of the coming glories of that day filled Dora's mind to the exclusion of every other idea.

"Whatever shall we do with Dollie when the wedding is over?" said Helen and Lucy to each other as they made merry at her expense.

But a yet more thrilling excitement was in store for Dora ere the wedding took place. As the day drew near, presents, more or less beautiful and costly, began to pour in on the bride-elect. Her sisters found almost as much pleasure in examining these gifts from her many friends as did Marian herself. One morning, only two days before the wedding, when the family were gathered about the breakfast table, a small, square parcel was brought in with the morning letters. It was directed to Miss Armitage, and was at once handed to Marian, for her aunt was usually addressed as Miss Hester Armitage, having long since conceded to her brother's eldest daughter the right to be styled Miss Armitage.

"Another present!" exclaimed Dora, looking eagerly to see her sister open the packet. "That makes the sixty-fourth. It has not come much before the time, has it?"

"Who can have sent it?" said Marian, examining it curiously. "The postmark is Plymouth. I know no one there. And the handwriting is strange to me."

"Oh, open it, and see," cried Dora, impatiently. "What is the good of looking all over the outside?"

Aunt Hester, seated behind the urn, engaged in pouring out the coffee, was paying no heed to what the girls were saying. But suddenly she was roused by a cry from Marian.

"Oh, look girls! Look, auntie! What can this mean? Someone has played me a trick. There is nothing here but a withered old rose?"

And she held up to view the dead, brown, unlovely thing that the cardboard box had contained.

But the next moment the rose she despised was taken from her.

"You have made a mistake, Marian," cried Aunt Hester, in a voice so strange and tremulous, that the girls hardly knew it for hers; "that packet is for me—for me!"

The words came from her like a cry of pain—yes, of pain rather than of joy—for the shock of having the past thus suddenly brought to life again was for the moment almost agonising. The girls would not soon forget Aunt Hester's face as they saw it then, absolutely white for one instant, and then crimson, whilst a light shone in her eyes such as they had never seen in them before. But they had not long for observing it.

Marian instantly yielded up the box and its contents, and Aunt Hester was gone from the room ere the girls could recover from their amazement at the revelation she had unconsciously made.

They looked at each other across the table with eyes large from astonishment. Dora was the first to speak.

"There," she said, emphatically, "what did I tell you, girls? You would not believe me, you only laughed; but I knew that Aunt Hester had a secret."

"What a pity you opened that parcel!" said Lucy, looking at her eldest sister.

"Yes, indeed; I am sorry enough now," replied Marian; "but how could I tell that it was not for me?"

Mr. Armitage looked up from his newspaper, surprised at the fuss the girls were making over so trivial an occurrence. He had been reading the news, and had but a vague impression of what had happened to disturb the breakfast-table.

"Never mind, Marian," he said, lightly; "another time you must make sure that a letter is for you before you open it. If your aunt was annoyed she will soon get over her annoyance. No one likes to have a private letter opened by someone else; but it is not an unpardonable sin."

"Oh, I know that Aunt Hester will forgive me," said Marian, smiling.

The girls said no more on the subject, but Dora's looks were more eloquent than words as she kept aiming at Helen and Lucy across the table glances which said, unmistakably—"I told you so!"

A few minutes later, to the surprise of her nieces, Aunt Hester came back into the room, and quietly seated herself in her place behind the urn. Her face was still pale, and they fancied they saw traces of tears; but she was quite composed, though the strange, glad light still shone in her eyes.

Her brother saw nothing unusual in her manner, but it seemed to the girls that Aunt Hester hardly understood what was said to her, and responded like one in a dream. She attended to her duties at the table in the same way, doing all mechanically as if only half conscious of her actions.

The girls were glad when the meal was over, and they could betake themselves to their sanctum, and discuss together the strange thing that had happened. And doubtless Aunt Hester, too, was glad to make her escape to her own room, there to feast her eyes on that flower, and read over and over again the wonderful, precious words that had accompanied it.

Various and remarkable were the girls' conjectures concerning the significance of that rose. It was clear that Dora was not the only one of the band who was gifted with a romantic imagination. Marian fancied that Aunt Hester's lover was dead, and with his dying breath had desired that the rose he had treasured for her sake should be sent to her. Helen thought that the rose must have been accompanied by a formal offer of marriage from someone to whom Aunt Hester had carelessly given the flower without meaning anything by it. But though their explanations differed, all were agreed on one point—that the rose came from a lover. And of all, Dora's guess was the one that came nearest the truth.

"Did you ever see a rose so utterly withered?" she asked. "You may be sure that it comes from someone whom Aunt Hester loved ever so long ago, and has never forgotten, and it means that he has not forgotten her, and that he is coming to claim her. Oh, we shall lose Aunt Hester after all, and then, with Marian gone too, what will become of us?"

"Oh, nonsense! Don't jump to such conclusions. I don't believe you are going to lose Aunt Hester," said Marian, good-naturedly anxious to comfort her young sister. But Dora responded with a groan of despair. She was not to be comforted; she knew that she was right.

It was about five o'clock on the same day, and Helen and Lucy were sipping their afternoon tea as they sat in the girls' sitting-room—which at this hour presented a somewhat remarkable appearance, being littered with all kinds of articles, most of which had some connection with the wedding—when Marian entered the room, a troubled look on her brow as she said—

"Can anyone tell me where Aunt Hester is to be found? She promised that she would mark these handkerchiefs for me, and now I can't find her anywhere. And I want to know whether she has sent to Newman's about changing those gloves.' She said that she would do so this morning, but I am afraid she has forgotten it."

"Auntie has forgotten several things to-day," observed Lucy, smiling. "It is strange; I never knew her so forgetful before."

"You had better look in the drawing-room," said Helen. "I met Aunt Hester on the stairs a little while ago. She was wearing her grey silk, and had a rose fastened at the neck. She smiled and kissed me as we passed, and she looked so pretty that I was obliged to give her a good hug—although, as you know, I am not, as a rule, demonstrative."

"That you are not," said Marian, laughing, "I believe you aspire to be a stoic, or whatever is the feminine of that term. But why should Aunt Hester don her grey silk gown? We are not expecting company. However, I will look in the drawing-room."

She turned to go, but in so doing well-nigh came into collision with Dora, who rushed in flushed and almost breathless from excitement.

"Oh, girls, he has come! I have seen him! It is all too true, alas! Oh, dear! Oh, dear!"

"Who has come? What do you mean? What is too true?" they cried in concert, whilst Marian's cheek paled with a momentary fear that some harm had befallen Ralph Hunter.

"That man, the creature who gave Aunt Hester the rose. He is here—I have seen him. He is in the drawing-room talking to auntie."

"Oh, poor Dollie! she has gone quite demented!" said Helen, coolly; "she has seen Aunt Hester speaking to the piano-tuner, or some individual of that kind."

"It is no such thing, Helen," cried Dora, warmly. "I don't care what you like to say; I know I am right. I ran into the drawing-room to get some music, and there I found Aunt Hester sitting on the sofa, and beside her there was a man I had never seen."

"What sort of man?" asked Lucy.

"Oh, he was a gentleman," said Dora. "I could only see that he was dark and had a thick brown beard, and he was holding both her hands in his. Oh, you should have seen auntie's face! I never saw her look so glad! I don't think either of them knew that I had entered, and I slipped out of the room as soon as I had sense to perceive what it meant. But I heard him call her 'Hester.'"

"Well, it is very strange," said Marian; "I will find out what Smith knows about this visitor."

She quitted the room, but presently returned, saying—

"Smith tells me that the gentleman's name is Marriott, and he drove up to the house in a

hansom about half-an-hour ago. He asked to see Miss Armitage, and when she inquired which Miss Armitage, he said, very decidedly, 'Miss Hester Armitage.'"

"It is a pity he did not put the full name on the little parcel he sent," remarked Lucy.

"Well, I should never have thought it of Aunt Hester!" said Helen, rather irrelevantly.

"I wonder if he did send the rose," said Marian, looking disturbed. "It is very strange. We know no one of the name of Marriott. I cannot make it out."

"But I can," returned Dora, dolefully, as she threw herself on the hearthrug in an attitude of despair; "it means that he has come to take auntie from us, and we shall be nothing to her any longer. Oh, that horrid, brown-bearded man! I hate him!"

"If it is as you suppose," said Marian, "and his coming causes Aunt Hester great joy, you ought not to be so selfish as to grudge her her happiness, Dora."

"I do not grudge her any happiness, but I do grudge him his," said Dora, morosely, being at that moment incapable of taking a wide and disinterested view of the matter.

(*To be concluded.*)

AUNT DIANA.

By ROSA NOUCHETTE CAREY, Author of "Esther," "Nellie's Memories," etc.

CHAPTER V.

"LET THE LITTLE ONE GO."

GREVILLE paid a brief visit to the studio on the following morning. He found both the ladies busy, as usual; Miss Carrington was still working at her unfinished picture and giving her niece a lesson at the same time.

"I expected to find you both dawdling over a late breakfast," he grumbled. "Miss Carrington, you look as fresh as a rose, and as brisk as a bee after all your exertions; I always will say that you are a wonderful woman."

"I am afraid Alison will not share in these compliments," observed Miss Carrington, with a droll expression; "I had just been telling her that she looks half asleep. I wonder why young folk always subside after a little excitement."

"Everything is tiresome this morning," complained Alison, who certainly did not quite carry out her *sobriquet* of "Sunny," for she looked tired and out of sorts.

"I shall have to wash this out again, Aunt Diana; I can't think what makes me work so badly this morning."

"I am afraid my pupil is idle," returned Miss Carrington, gravely. "Now, Greville, don't you mean to sit down and give us a little of your society."

"Impossible, Miss Carrington; the dog-cart will be round directly, and I must go back to grandfather."

"Then you have only come to bid us good-bye. Will you tell Mr. Moore, please, that as Alison is to spend the afternoon at the Morvilles, I intend to invite myself to tea with him."

"All right," answered Greville, a little laconically. He was wondering why Alison looked so quiet and wistful this morning; was she only tired, or had anything happened to disturb her?

"Good-bye, Miss Alison," he whispered, as he came round to her side; "I have not forgotten your lecture; I mean to act up to it."

"Good-bye," returned Alison, trying for one of her old smiles as she looked up at him, but she was conscious of failure, when she saw his grave look of inquiry. No one, not even Aunt Diana, knew how much of her heaviness was to be traced to the letter that lay in her pocket; a tiresome effusion from Missie that had spoiled her breakfast somehow.

"Good-bye, Greville," broke in Miss Carrington's clear, decided voice. "You know of old that I hate leave-takings, and always cut them short, if possible. 'Speed the parting guest,' that is my motto, so shake hands, and good speed to you, my boy."

"Are you going to turn me out of the room, you inhospitable woman?" laughed Greville, who would willingly have lingered a little, but as he knew her ways, and would not have teased her for worlds, so great was his love and reverence for this dear friend, he only raised her hand to his lips, always his parting greeting, and with another look at the pale little student beside her, took his leave.

"That is over," observed Miss Carrington, bluntly, as she mixed a fresh colour on her palette. "I wish sometimes I had lived before the Tower of Babel, when people come and bid me good-bye; congenial folk ought never to be separated, that is my opinion; but when such good friends as Abraham and Lot could not live near each other, because of the disagreement of their servants, it is not for me to complain." And after this general outburst of disturbed feeling, which went far deeper than Alison knew, she worked on in silence.

"Aunt Diana," exclaimed Alison, presently, looking up with a very pale face; "if you don't mind particularly, I will just put away my work, for I am only spoiling it, and carry the weekly basket to old Mrs. Guppins; it is such a lovely morning for a walk."

"Do, dear," returned Miss Carrington, in her usual kind voice; for she was pained to see the girl's restlessness and inattention. "When we are out of sorts—and I never knew a human being who was not out of sorts sometimes—nothing does us so much good as to try and make a little sunshine for other people; it is sure to reflect back on ourselves."

Alison's answer was to lay her cheek softly against her aunt's. It was a very usual caress with her, and spoke volumes.

"I never saw you out of sorts yet, Aunt Di. Mr. Greville was right when he called you a wonderful woman."

"My dear, good health and no worries have laid a pretty solid foundation for my virtues. Please do not credit me with so much undeserved praise. If I had a weak digestion I daresay I should be as cranky as other people—though," suddenly recollecting herself, "I would make a good fight for it before I got as cross as Mrs. Guppins."

"Aunt Di," whispered Alison, a little plaintively, "I have had such a teasing letter from Missie, and it is troubling me so."

"Have you, dear? I am very sorry for that."

"Shall I read it to you?"

'No," was the somewhat quick response; "Missie will not be a pleasant companion to me this morning; she will set my wits woolgathering, like a flock of starlings; no, we will let the little monkey be. Now run off, Ailie, and let the sunshine and Mrs. Guppins perform their healing work, and take Trip with you. I shall be glad of a morning's real solitude."

"Poor child," she observed to herself, with a sigh, as the door closed on Alison, "I thought something had gone wrong with her this morning. Well, well, I cannot live her life for her; Providence does not allow of dual existences. We women have faith for ourselves, why can we not have it for those belonging to us? It would not be good for Alison if I were to smooth her path and clear it from all the thorns and briars, even if I could. Life means something more than enjoyment to all of us; 'Bear ye one another's burdens' never meant that we were to deprive each other of the right and privilege of living our own lives. Mr. Despondency, and Miss Muchafraid, and Mr. Ready to Halt, were all as good pilgrims in their way as Mr. Valiant." And with this she resolutely shut out all troublesome thoughts, brushing them aside as she would flies on her canvas, and went on painting.

When Alison returned at luncheon time, looking refreshed and cheered, she found Miss Carrington still at work.

"Oh, you little Philistine!" she exclaimed, when Alison forcibly deprived her of the brushes, but she took her seat at the table, nevertheless, only grumbling a little that the morning hours had flown so quickly. As soon as Alison had started for Combe Lodge, where her friends the Morvilles lived, Miss Carrington put on her garden hat, and went in search of her old friend. She found him in his favourite seat, a low bench under the willow, looking over the river. A short terrace walk led to the little boat-house, where Greville's boat, the Fairy, was kept; a palisade ran along the path, and here the old man would pace securely and contentedly for an hour together, followed by his faithful keeper, who never left his side for a moment.

"I knew that was you, Miss Diana," he observed, as the dear lady sat down beside him, and looked thoughtfully at

the noble river view before her; "I should know your step among a hundred, for it never falters or swerves, straight and even, not hasting and not loitering; just like my Gerard's, only a little more womanly."

Miss Carrington turned her face aside for a moment, as though she forgot the old man's blindness. If her past life had ever held its woman's story, if loving hopes had only terminated in a long pain, no one but herself, and one who was dead, ever knew it; for speech is silver and silence golden in such sacred matters as these.

"He has led me by paths that I have not known," that was Diana Carrington's thought, when she reviewed past troubles, and looked at them in the light of her maturer wisdom. "Life is full of mystery; what I do, thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter," is, and must be, one's sole comfort.

And so her large sunshiny nature gleaned sweetness and strength out of troubles which many a feebler and narrower nature would deem unendurable; and so it was that peace and contentment gladdened her middle age, and the future held no terrors to her loving soul; for she welcomed every grey hair and each faint line or wrinkle as messages from the Father; that soon the heat of the day would be over, and by-and-by she might hope to come home to rest. By-and-by, not too soon, for though rest was good, work was good, too; "and I should like to take just a few gleanings when I go up there," Diana would say, in her quaint way.

"My good old friend, I have come to seek your advice this afternoon," she began, when they had talked a little about their dear boy; and she had gladdened Mr. Moore's ears with honest praises of his Benjamin, just to evoke the slow, tender smile that always greeted his name.

"Yes, he is that to me. Gerard's boy is almost as dear as Gerard; now, let me hear your story, Miss Diana; somehow I guess it is about Sunny."

Yes, it was about Sunny, she told him, a little sadly, for she knew it would go hard with the old man to part with his pupil and daily sunbeam; and then, in her own clear and concise manner, she told him about her own and Alison's difficulties; the state of things at The Holms, Roger's unhappiness, Miss Leigh's incapacity and perplexed doings, Missie's uppishness, and Rudel's rough complaints. And when she had finished, she sat perfectly quiet, with her hands folded in her lap; waiting while her old friend slowly revolved the matter.

"Well, Miss Diana," he said at last, stroking his beard as he spoke, "I am afraid there is no 'ram caught in the thicket' for us."

She understood his quaint imagery in a moment.

"You mean," she said, turning rather pale over her words; "that there is no avoiding the sacrifice; that you and I must part with the child."

"Yes, I am afraid we must let the little one go."

"Oh, Mr. Moore!" with a sudden catch of her breath, "but it will be very hard for us all, for you and me, and Alison, too."

"Yes, and with Greville, also, if I know anything of the boy's mind," but here she softly checked him with her hand upon his arm. This was the one thing Aunt Diana would not discuss, even with her old friend.

"Well, well; you are right," he replied, obeying the hint; "there is plenty of time, plenty of time for all that; but an old man's dreams are pardonable. Now, look here, Miss Diana, the little lady has twined herself round my heart strings: she is as fresh and sweet to me as my memory of what a May day used to be. If the good Lord has work for her to do, it is not for us to hinder her."

"True, but we must be careful not to make a mistake. Suppose, my good old friend, that we are putting her into a position for which she is not fitted. I confess I have my doubts; Ainslie is very peculiar and unsatisfactory with regard to his children, and Alison is proud and somewhat sensitive; she was fretting her heart out like a caged lark when I brought her away from The Holms; it was an uncongenial soil for a nature like hers."

"Perhaps it may seem so to us; but what if the Gardener has chosen just that soil for our little blossom?"

"If I thought that," she returned, doubtfully.

"My dear," he said, in his fatherly way, "if you had your will you would put your treasure in a glass case, where no adverse winds could get at her. Well, she might be beautiful to look at then, but her utility in this world, and the purpose for which she was created, would be frustrated. What if you have done your training, and now the Master intends to school her Himself?"

Miss Carrington was silent; she felt a struggle between her will and sense of right. Her reluctance was not for herself, but for Alison.

"Let the little one go," he repeated; "it will only be for a time. I have a conviction that she will be back with us in a year or two; let her go home and try and bring things more into harmony; when Mabel grows older and wiser she can come back to us, but there seems sore need of her at The Holms."

"Very well," returned Miss Carrington, with a sigh, and then she added in a low voice, "I know you are right in your decision; I have been fighting against it for days for Alison's sake, for I knew it would break her heart to leave us; but, all the same, I felt I should have to let her go." And after this she said no more, and they sat for a long time in silence, until the grey-headed footman, who had lived with Mr. Moore ever since his son's birth, came to summon them to tea in the library.

When Alison returned late that evening, pleased and excited with her afternoon's boating excursion and a gipsy tea on the Long Island, Miss Carrington met her as usual; listened with warm interest to her recital of the day's doings, and entered into her girlish experiences in her usual kind way. If Alison noticed anything, it was only to wonder why Aunt Diana looked so tenderly at her; for the quiet grey eyes generally kept their own counsel.

But a little later on, as Alison laid her head on the pillow, and watched the shadow of the rose-leaves in the moonlight, too excited and wakeful to think of closing her eyes, there was a light tap at the door, and Aunt Diana's tall figure, in its dark wrapper, came softly to her side.

"You are not asleep, Ailie?"

"Of course not, Aunt Di; I'm not even a bit sleepy. Are you come for one of our dear old chats?" starting up on her pillow.

"Yes," very gravely, taking the chair beside the bed. "How light your room is, Ailie; no wonder you do not feel inclined to sleep, with all those dancing moonbeams on the floor."

"I should like to dance with them," returned Alison, restlessly; "how delicious it was last night, and how well that cornet sounded!"

"Never mind about that," was the unexpected answer; "I have not come for a gossip, you little goose, the daylight will do for that. Do you remember what we were talking about that day when Miss Leigh's letter came, and you were so unhappy——?" But Alison interrupted her with sudden terror.

"Oh, no, Aunt Di, we will not talk about that to-night."

"Why not to-night, Ailie?" she returned, softly, as the girl's hands closed round her arm. "Procrastination will do nothing for us here. My dear, I said then that if I made up my mind that it was right, I would help you to go."

"Yes, yes, but oh, dear Aunt Di, do not say another word, I could not bear it."

"Well, I am going to help you," was the calm reply, and then Miss Carrington gently drew the girl's sorrowful face to her shoulder, and while the moonbeams glimmered round them, she talked of the parting that lay in store for them.

It was late before she left Alison's room; nevertheless, she sat down and wrote a brief note before she retired to rest.

"My dear Ainslie,

"Your daughter Alison has now finished her education. At least, my good friend Mr. Moore and I have brought her to that point where she may be safely trusted to carry on her studies alone. As it is only right that you should reap the advantages of having a grown up daughter to superintend your household, as, of course, Mabel is still in the schoolroom with Miss Leigh, I feel, and Alison agrees with me, that I can no longer conscientiously deprive you of her services, especially as her health has improved, and she is now better fitted to endure your northern climate. As delays are always useless, I shall fix the twenty-eighth of this month, a fortnight from this time, for Alison's return to you. Please let Roger meet her at the station, as there will be plenty of luggage to see after. I shall put her in the train myself under the guard's care. You know I am gener-

ally averse to young ladies travelling alone, but in this case it is unavoidable, unless you would kindly allow Roger to fetch her, or pay us a short visit yourself with that purpose."

"He will do neither," was her unuttered thought as she wrote this last sentence, and then she ended up by signing herself— "Yours truly,

"DIANA."

For ever since her sister had married him she never could summon up resolution to call herself his affectionate sister-in-law, feeling there was nothing sisterly in her intercourse with Ainslie Merle; toleration, bounding on indifference, was all she had ever vouchsafed to him.

When Mr. Merle received this letter an annoyed flush passed over his handsome face.

"Humph, vigorous and managing as ever," he muttered; "just like old Diana, not to let the grass grow under her own feet, or other people's. I suppose she has got tired of the girl, and has shunted her off on us, as though two daughters in a house are not enough for any man; but these old maids are so selfish. Well, she is rich, and one must not offend her, but I wish she had taken a fancy to Alison."

These remarks were happily made to himself, but the cloud lifted a little from his brow, and he smiled grimly over a postscript that had been hastily added.

"Of course, if Alison fails to give you any comfort, or things do not work well after a fair trial, say for a year, I am quite willing to have her again, for I am not tired of the child."

Mr. Moore smiled and shook his white head, when Miss Carrington owned that in a weak moment she had written that postscript.

"You have opened a door of escape for him there, you wise woman," he said, lifting his finger at her. "If you and I are right in our estimate of Ainslie Merle's character, Sunny will be back with us before the year is out."

(*To be continued.*)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MUSIC.

A FRENCH LOVER OF G. O. P.—French stamps are of no value in England. Why did you send one to a London shop? We do not engage to give advertisements of any kind, nor hold ourselves responsible for any that some contributor may have given. Twenty-five centimes could not have been sufficient in any case to have paid for both the music and the postage to France.

MURIEL.—You should strengthen your general health to strengthen your voice. If the throat be relaxed, tannin lozenges may be of use.

AUFWIEDERSEHN.—You should take your composition to various publishers, and make terms with them personally. The value of the piece must depend on its beauty and originality and the opinion of the publisher. All firms might not have a uniform rate of charge. In such cases you must act for yourself.

GRATEFUL CANDIENNE.—You should have a master for the guitar, as the training is, of course, different from that of the piano. Tell your fellow guests that you must leave the selection of performers to your hostess, and that should she invite you to play you would be happy to do so; but you must wait till asked to do so.

UNA.—How could we know what tricks any pianoforte player has without seeing their performance? You had better obtain all the information you require by writing to Dr. Otto Gunther, of the Conservatoire at Leipsic.

MISCELLANEOUS.

EMILIE WARREN.—The "oil tree" mentioned in Isaiah xli. 19 is probably synonymous with the olive tree, or with the wild olive (1st Kings vi. 23).

A SNUBBED ONE.—Beauty must always be more or less a matter of opinion, and often really exists in the eyes of the beholder only. The highest beauty is undoubtedly that of expression; without that added to it, the most lovely face would lack any charm. That beauty of expression shows an inward training of heart and mind that is alone worth having, and this training, with God's help, can be acquired by anyone. A good manner and address is also superior to mere good looks.

MAUDE.—We think your friend will do well not to pry into affairs which have been so carefully kept concealed from her, but wait until it is thought well to make her acquainted with them. Meanwhile, she has her adopted parents and someone who cares for her, and has no need to worry herself.

EVELYN.—The lady who wrote under the name of "A. L. O. E." was Miss Tucker. The initials stand for "A Lady of England."

IGNORANT.—The railways in Great Britain are not under Government, nor are the railway officials in any sense Government servants.

A. H.—Ealing, Streatham Hill, Finchley, or Upper Norwood, on the "High Level," are all considered healthy suburbs, and are within a short distance of London. You would have to make inquiries yourself.

URSULA.—The name Herbert means "glory of the army," from the Anglo-Saxon language.

INJURED SIXTEEN.—This little "injured" innocent touchingly complains, "I really must not take in the G. O. P. if my questions are not answered." But all we can say in reply to this little wail is that her too oft-repeated questions have not been put to the cruel Editor on the present occasion, so he can do no more than mingle his regretful tears with hers, and agree with her that she "really must not take in" a paper that has likewise taken her in too long already.

DUBLIN LASSIE.—Water the geraniums when the earth looks hard and dry, and sponge all dust and dirt from the leaves when the weather is mild. Your handwriting is not ill-formed, but too large and untidy looking.

HOPELESS EIGHTEEN.—Enlargements of the joints of the feet are often hereditary, or even more frequently the result of wearing those vulgar pointed toed and narrow high-heeled shoes. In persons advanced in life, rheumatism and gout may produce them. Chilblains in youth swell and redden the hands, but leave no enlargements of the bones and joints. Wear easy shoes with square toes and broad low heels. Iodine would do harm rather than good.

MACKER.—We should "manage to rise early" by putting the editorial feet out of the bed, and proceed then to stand up. Perhaps, however, Macker intends her query as a conundrum.

THE LAZIEST GIRL IN GREAT BRITAIN.—Your letter is a sorrowful one, although it shows you to be a very clever girl; it also shows you to have failed to grasp the great purpose of life, and your accountability for the use you make of your time and your talents. You say you have a very strong will. We should read a very weak one for good. But in the cultivation of that will and in the prickings of your conscience lie the means of your regeneration into life eternal. In this life you are called to be His faithful soldier and servant and you are not your own, being bought with a price. The frame of mind you have been teaching yourself for years is the reverse of the Scriptural "agonise," and you must begin the change by bringing the will into subjection to that of God. About the other question in your letter we need not discuss it with you, as you know you are acting in a foolish and unmaidenly fashion.

MADCAP ROBIN REDBREAST.—It is quite right to make the best of your youth, but you must also bear in mind that your powers for future usefulness in your life must be cultivated, and your education obtained then.

ELIZABETH S. WELLER.—You do not tell us your father and mother's reason for making an objection to your lover, so we cannot give any opinion, excepting that you had better do nothing clandestinely and against their wishes.

NELLIE.—You can only pray for your friend, and use any influence you may have with her, and leave the result in the hands of your ever merciful God, who cares for all His creatures.

HOLLY.—You may obtain a view of any will at Somerset House, paying the clerk who finds it one shilling for every search made. With reference to money in Chancery, you would have to consult a lawyer.

DAISY.—There are no special duties devolving on a mother's help. Her business is to do whatever the mother would do, but has not time or strength to undertake, and to be wherever she is required, more especially in reference to the nursery. You are not qualified to be a companion to a lady, as your writing is so bad you could not write for her. The address of the office for Home Helps is 366, Oxford-street. Direct to Mrs. Crawshay.

DAISY BROOKE.—The verses you enclose are tolerably correct in composition, though improperly arranged in the printing; but they are not poetry, and contain no original ideas. Of course, the age of the writer should be considered. If a little boy, the attempt would give promise for future productions.

E. W. writes to say that the little poem called "Through the flood on foot" was written under the initials "B. M.," by Mrs. McAndrew, author of "Ezekiel." We thank E. W. for her note.

A LOVER OF "G. O. P."—See "Fairy of the Family," page 699, vol. iv.

HEATHER BELL.—There is nothing unmaidenly in entertaining an affectionate regard for a man. The unmaidenly part in the matter is the showing it to him, or speaking of it to others. We thank you for your kind letter.

RUTH LAMB.—Inquire at the office of the firm for information respecting their predecessor, from whom the business was taken, and when you have obtained his address write to him for news of his brother. Information may sometimes be had by advertising in the *Times*, which goes out to the colonies, or by application to a private inquiry office. But when in reference to persons out of England the cost may be considerable.

ROSE FROM KASHMIR.—To restore faded MSS., take a flat camel's-hair brush and apply a solution of prussiate of potash in water, and the writing will appear again, provided the paper itself has not been too much injured. We could not undertake to sell the shells you offer for the benefit of the Girl's Own Home. The Editor is fully occupied with his own special work. We are glad you value our paper.

E. M. J.—The story, "Seven Years for Rachel," commenced in October, 1884; likewise "The Mountain Path" in the same month.

TEXAS.—Certainly do not bathe in cold water when you come out blue; it is exceedingly dangerous. Brush your teeth after using tincture of iron.

R. B. BRUCE.—Write for what you require to our publishing office (Mr. Tarn, 56, Paternoster-row, E.C.).

SPRIG OF HEATHER should ask her mother kindly to give orders that she may be called at seven o'clock, or earlier, if necessary. Otherwise, an alarm clock might enable her to waken at the time desired.

A. B. G.—If you have always been endeavouring to serve God faithfully, any change would be for the worse. Those who at any period of their lives did not endeavour to serve Him need what is termed conversion—a repentance for past alienation from Him and a reconciliation. There are multitudes of Christians who never knew a time when they lived in ignorance of *Him* nor in wilful rebellion, however feeble their faith or stumbling their walk. The experience of God-fearing people varies much respectively, and one cannot be judged of by another.

IGNORANCE.—We see no objection to your calling, as an old lady resides there and would be present on the occasion.

LITTLE GIRL OF 13.—You seem to have very little "religion to change," if at your age you dare to think of leaving the faith of your parents, and that without their consent.

HESSE.—Your first question would be best answered by the builders of the yacht, and as you know them, you can write yourself and inquire. 2. The moon revolves round the earth, and also rotates on an axis of her own, the time of one rotation being equal to the time of one revolution. In consequence of this law of correspondence in the periods of rotation and revolution one half of the lunar world is always hidden from us. Perhaps you would understand better if you imagined a person walking in a circle round a tree, and keeping his face invariably turned towards the trunk. On completing his circuit he would have looked east, west, north, south, entirely round the horizon, and thus have turned round upon himself, as the moon does. For this explanation and diagram see page 122, of the "Heavens and the Earth," by Milner.

SOILED CANVAS might perhaps clean it with some dry bread, or rub it with flour. But as it is the edge only, what does it matter? Before making the cushion up it should be all cut off.

DUCHESS HAZELL should put her feet in hot water at night, wear a flannel nightdress, and sleep between the blankets.

MILLICENT.—The difference is only in the spelling. "Marquis" is most generally used. We sometimes give portraits of famous people.

BELLA.—The salary, as we often remark, depends on the duties of the situation. A nursery governess to really little children would get £18 to £20, we imagine.

AUNTIE and Co. are warmly thanked for their very kind letter, and all the encouragement it contains.

MURIEL LITTLE (Sydney).—The "golden age" is that period of which poets write, but of which the blessedness is mythical. You will find descriptions of the men of those times in the Holy Scriptures. But chronology, as hitherto presented, is not to be relied upon. The archæological as well as geological discoveries made in recent years have brought many obvious errors to light. 2. Dissolve as much alum as the water will hold in solution, for covering the little baskets. Your letter interested us much, and we wish you and your work all success. Your handwriting would be improved by rounding the lower part of every letter. It should not be straight.

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

VOL. VI.—No. 278. APRIL 25, 1885. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

WHEN WE WERE GIRLS TOGETHER.

A STORY OF SCHOOL-GIRL LIFE.

By SARAH DOUDNEY.

"It seems to me but yesterday
Since we were girls together."—OLD SONG (*Adapted*).

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CHAPTER I.

SOME OF THE GIRLS.

It is a September afternoon, a day of golden leaves and calm skies; and the flower-beds of the Zoological Gardens are rich in all the deep colours of autumn. At one end of a bench, not far from those cages which contain the largest bears, sits a young lady, apparently absorbed in a book; and at the other end of the seat are two girls of fifteen or sixteen, engaged in close conversation.

"What do you think of her?" inquires one of these girls, a determined-looking young brunette, with an orange-silk neck-tie relieving the plainness of her black jacket. "If you were asked to describe her, how would you do it?"

"I should say she was decidedly countrified."

"I should say she was decidedly donkeyfied."

"Charlotte," says the lady with the book, speaking in a very quiet voice.

"Yes, Miss Thornhill."

"I hope I shall never hear you repeat that unkind and unladylike speech."

Charlotte Ashley's brown cheeks flush, and just for a second her eyes sparkle defiantly. If Miss Thornhill had only said "unkind," she might have endured it equably; but "unladylike" was intolerable! Could an Ashley ever be unladylike?

It is utterly impossible, however, to attempt to quarrel with Miss Thornhill. She is younger than the other teachers, and she has not been in the college more than six months; but Mrs. Mayfield is determined to uphold her authority in all things. Moreover, there is a quiet power in the young lady herself which makes it difficult to treat her with disrespect. She has an indescribable way of winning obedience—the kind of obedience that is yielded happily, with reverence and affection.

Having spoken her reproof, Miss Thornhill bends her head over her book again; and after a brief silence the girls renew their talk.

Charlotte Ashley always has a good deal to say upon a great many subjects; and Pamela Rye is her favourite companion. They are a well-matched pair, for while Charlotte loves to hear the sound of her own voice, Pamela decidedly likes to hold her peace. Her schoolfellows declare that she is too indolent to talk; and yet she listens, and remembers much that is said in her hearing.

She is pretty—very pretty, say some of her friends—and hers is a style of beauty that everyone knows. In your circle of acquaintances you can pick out at least two or three girls who bear a strong resemblance to Pamela. She is a little too thin, and her face is not capable of many changes of expression; but then you cannot fail to admire the delicate aquiline nose, clear blue eyes, and apple-blossom complexion.

"Look at that girl!" cries Charlotte, suddenly, with a little laugh of irrepressible fun. "Miss Thornhill, if you are angry, I really cannot help it. Look at her yourself—see how she is staring into that cage! I fancy I hear her exclaiming with Alice in Wonderland—'Curiouser and curiouser!'"

Miss Thornhill lifts her eyes, smiles, and is not angry in the least.

"I daresay she does feel something like Alice," she says, rising, and going towards the spellbound figure. "It always makes me quite dizzy to look long at that great black bear; he never changes his short march, and never stops for an instant. My dear, don't you think he is something like a bad dream?"

As she speaks the last words, she lays a hand on the shoulder of her fascinated pupil. The new girl starts, meets the smiling eyes, and then answers without restraint—

"Yes, I think he is. He reminds me of poor Beauty's Beast. This is a delightful place, Miss Thornhill; I hope we are allowed to come here very often."

"Oh, yes, very often. The gardens are new to you, and it will be a long while before they lose their charm."

"Everything is new," says the girl, with a little sigh, and a cloud comes suddenly over the blooming young face. "You know," she adds, falteringly, "I can't help feeling that old things are best."

"I think so, too," the teacher answers; and if Charlotte Ashley's sharp ears had been nearer, they would instantly have caught a faint tremor in her tone. "But, Jennet, you have not lost any of the old things. By-and-by you will go back to them all, and find them just the same."

"Ah, if one could only be sure of that!" says Jennet Fowler, looking into Miss Thornhill's face with great, earnest grey eyes. "Of all things I dread change the most. I want everything to stand still; and yet I know that I can't do with my home as I used to do with my doll's house—arrange all the things in the way I liked best, and be quite sure that they would stay so."

"There is One who ordereth all things, both in heaven and on earth," replies Miss Thornhill, answering the wistful look. "We must trust Him with all that we value most. And we must not forget that he is a Father, and loves to be trusted."

Charlotte and Pamela, a little tired of each other, get up from their bench by mutual consent, and walk slowly towards the teacher. She seems, they think, to be devoting herself quite unnecessarily to the new pupil; and Charlotte, especially, is disposed to be slightly jealous if Miss Thornhill bestows too much notice on new-comers.

"She will make that Fowler girl really conceited if she goes on fussing over her," she whispers to Pamela. And Pamela opens and shuts her blue eyes by way of assent.

"If Miss — aw — Fowler has had enough of bears," begins Charlotte, with a very good imitation of the manner of her brother, Captain Ashley, "don't you think we might go home, Miss Thornhill?"

"Are you ready to go, Jennet?" the teacher asks, kindly.

"Yes—that is, if you wish it; but I should like to have one glimpse of the bison."

"That's easily managed, my child; he isn't far off." And Miss Thornhill leads the way to the cattle-sheds.

"Great bore," mutters Charlotte, in the rear with Pamela.

"Oh, is there really a great boar here?" asks Jennet, turning with timid eagerness to her new schoolfellows.

"Lots of them," responded Charlotte. "They are turned loose into the gardens, and wander about wherever they like."

All four laugh merrily, as young people are apt to laugh at very mild jokes. But Jennet's cheeks are hot, and the burning blush lingers for some minutes. At home she has never been ashamed of being a little bit of a simpleton; but here she feels that somebody will always be on the watch for her blunders, and that the laughter of Charlotte and Pamela is not quite as good-natured and sweet as the old home mirth.

In spite, however, of a vague suspicion of sneers behind her back, she enjoys the sight of the bison. He is good enough to come to the door of his wooden cottage and show what he can do in the way of staring. Miss Thornhill lets her gaze for awhile; and then they take their way out of the gardens, and walk homewards in the waning light.

They go part of the way in an omnibus, and when at last they come to Brunswick-place, Jennet hails the thought of tea and bread-and-butter with great satisfaction. They pass through a small iron gate set in a high wall, a gate which makes the country girl think of a convent, and go up a gravelled walk, now strewn with leaves, to the house door.

Grave and dull as St. Ann's College looks from the outside, it is always cheerful within. Even Jennet, accustomed to the rustic homeliness of a farm-house, can see nothing gloomy in these comfortable rooms, and as to Mrs. Mayfield, the mistress of the school, she has that grand maternal air which sets shy girls at their ease at once. Better still, there is a true mother's heart beating in that ample bosom of hers, and none are too timid to pour their sorrows into her willing ears. Such poor little sorrows, some people would call them, such grasshopper burdens! But Mrs. Mayfield knows that the young believe every grief to be eternal, and look out, hopelessly, with dim eyes, into a future clouded over by their present woe. She understands the despairing cry of the untried heart that says "I shall never be happy any more." Later in life the same heart, made wiser by repeated trials, can say, "The way is dark now, but it will get light again when I have gone farther on."

Yet, comfortable as St. Ann's College really is, Jennet Fowler's spirit turns sadly and yearningly to the country home far away.

The tea-bell is ringing loudly; but, for an instant, she lingers at one of the corridor windows which overlooks the garden. And instead of these London trees, those smoky walls, and that dim

sky, she sees the red sunset burning through the wood above her father's fields, and the well-known figures coming homeward across the pastures.

"Ah," she sighs, brushing away a tear, "I wonder whether I shall indeed find everything just the same when I go back! How glad—how very glad I should be to lift the latch of the old door and look in on them all to night!"

(To be continued.)

NEW MUSIC.

Novello, Ewer, and Co.

Love-Lily and other songs. Words by Dante G. Rossetti. Music by Edward Dannreuther.—These songs are most æsthetic and advanced in style, and no one but a highly cultivated and exceptionally intelligent musician should purchase them. They are well worth study as being specimens of the ultra-modern school fashionable at present in our London drawing-rooms. There are six songs in the collection, and those most preferred by us are:

Autumn Song.—A most delightful poem, albeit of the sentimental and doleful order, set in a musicianly and highly sympathetic style. The second,

Plighted Promise, is more difficult, and full of exceeding great passion; while

My Father's Close is at once dainty, tuneful, original, and beautiful.

Weekes and Co.

Six Songs (separately issued), by Joseph F. Duggan.—Certainly a most wonderful collection, but full of interest and sometimes of great beauty. They are very varied in character, but all wild, and, generally speaking, uncanny. As Mr. Duggan is the composer of the quiet and charming song, "Many a time and oft," which used to be sung by Mme. Sainton-Dolby in a sincerely pathetic manner, it seems all the stranger that he should issue these. The collection is called "A First Series of Rhythmic Tentatives," and the motto employed is "rhythm alone is sufficient to recast the entire fount of musical idea." The first song of the series,

Anacreon, is a temperance song set in a bombastic spirit resembling the old drinking ditties, and reminding one of the Amen Chorus in Berlioz's *Faust*, sung in ridicule by men "in their cups." It is clever, though very trying to sing. Bass voice required. The next song,

Elleree, is the best in the collection, and when sung after much study is sure to be liked. It is weird and grand, with a splendid verse of a religious character at the end.

The Lily of the Lake is the third song, and is intended for a tenor. As it is written in 7-4 time, our readers will see that the song is of an original character; apart from this, however, it is a lovely composition, and one which will haunt the singer for many a day. The remaining songs we must beg our readers, who care to do so, to read and judge for themselves, as we are much limited for space this month.

Stanley Lucas, Weber, and Co.

Album of Six Songs. Words by Shelley. Music by Ernest Ford.—These songs are sure not to become popular, for they are too refined and thoughtful. Some of them, notably "Heart's Devotion" and "Bridal Song," are at once powerful and full of choice phrases. Every lover of advanced modern songs is recommended to try them. Written for soprano or tenor.

VARIETIES.

A Lost Donkey.

An Italian rustic used to carry corn to a neighbouring town on asses, which he frequently hired for the journey. Once on his return home from market he felt fatigued, and mounted the best donkey he had with him. When getting near his cottage he counted the asses that were in front, but took no account of the animal he was on, so that he fancied one was missing.

Full of anxiety, he left the asses with his wife, charging her to take them back to their owners, and forthwith returned to the market town, seven miles distant, still riding the same beast, and inquiring of all those he met on the way if they had not found a stray donkey.

All answered in the negative, and he came home at night, sad and grieved at the loss of the donkey. At last he dismounted, and found that he had before his eyes the animal he had taken so much trouble to look for.

Your Money or Your Life.

A gentleman who was on his way home one dark night was encountered by a foot-pad with the demand, "Your money or your life!"

"Alas!" said the gentleman, "you can't have any money; I have just been to a bazaar."

The highwayman immediately recognised the force of this reasoning, and even offered a contribution out of his own pocket.

The Judge and the Bandbox.

The famous chief justice, Lord Ellenborough, was on one occasion about to start on circuit when his wife expressed a desire to accompany him. "Very well," said he, "but remember there are to be no bandboxes tucked under the seat of the carriage, as I have too often found when honoured before with your ladyship's company."

She promised to meet his wishes, and they set out together. They had not gone very far when the judge, stretching out his legs under the seat in front of him, kicked against one of the flimsy receptacles which he had expressly forbidden.

Down the window went with a bang, and out went the bandbox into the ditch.

The startled coachman at once pulled up.

"Drive on," said the judge, sternly, "and let the thing lie where it is."

They reached the assize town in due course, and his lordship proceeded to robe for the court.

"And now where's my wig?—where's my wig?" he demanded, when everything else had been found.

"Your wig, my lord," answered the servant, tremulously, "was in that bandbox your lordship threw out of the window as we came along."

The Dogs of Shakespeare.—It is an interesting fact that Shakespeare had not only no love for dogs, but a real dislike to them. Horses he could admire, but for dogs he had no good word. He evidently looked upon them all more or less as curs, snappish and cowardly, and in having no corner in his heart for dogs he stands almost alone amongst large-hearted men.

Friendly Talk.—The world has few greater pleasures than that which two friends enjoy in tracing back, at some distant time, those transactions and events through which they have passed together.—*Dr. Johnson*

The Book of Nature.

One impulse from a vernal wood
May teach you more of man,
Of moral evil and of good,
Than all the sages can.

—*Wordsworth.*

THE PRINCESS LOUISE HOME.

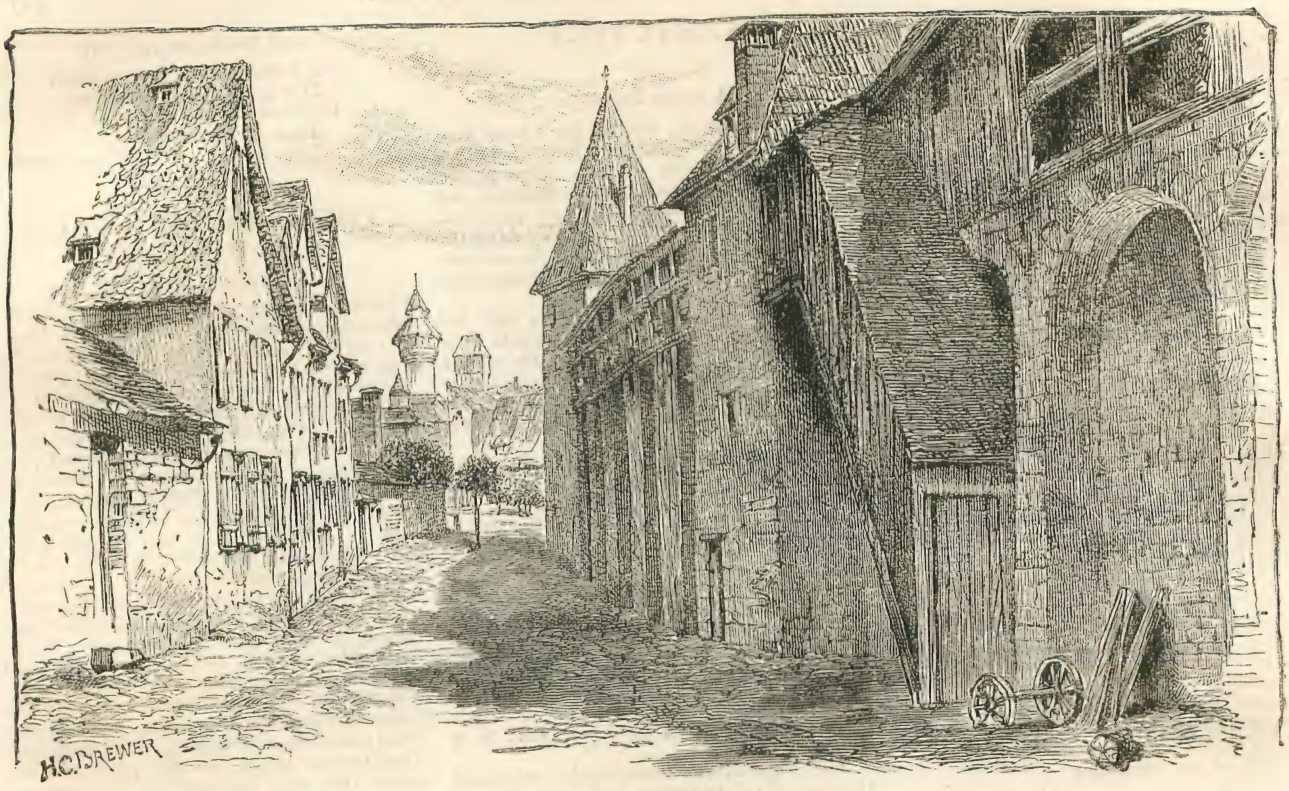
By Anne Beale.

Progress is one of the watchwords of this nineteenth century. We are in duty bound to "report" it. We have already chronicled that this is the jubilee year of the Princess Louise Home—its fiftieth birthday—and we have now to tell what is being done to celebrate it. In the first place, there are great projects concerning the amendment and consolidation of the Home itself. When its excellent founder, Mr. Talbot, inaugurated it the house at Wanstead was in better condition than it is now. It is not inaptly called "Woodside," for not only is it at one end of Epping Forest, but one wing of it is built of wood. This said woodwork is crumbling away, worm-eaten during this past half-century, and causing constant alarm on account of its inflammable character. An incautiously-dropped lucifer match, or carelessly-placed lamp, may set it alight, and cause a serious conflagration. The dining-hall and schoolroom are also in a very rickety and dangerous condition, and altogether Time has set his foot on the place, and left marks that need effacing. It is therefore proposed to keep this, our fiftieth anniversary, by repairing and building. Already the Marquis of Lorne has kindly presided over a meeting to consider the best means for effecting this. Of course "funds" are the means. One of the dreams of the secretary and his coadjutors has been to add a proper laundry to the establishment, so that the elder girls may aid in their own maintenance. This, as well as the reconstruction of the dilapidated hall and schoolroom, and the replacement of the woodwork by stone and plaster, has been well talked over by the meeting aforesaid, the results of which have not yet transpired. We will hope success may attend them.

Everybody is musical nowadays, and no festival is complete without the aid of the divine art. Accordingly the Fisk Jubilee Singers have generously promised a concert for the benefit of the Institution, and that patron of noble deeds, the Marquis of Westminster, has opened Grosvenor House for the occasion. It is to take place on the 20th of April—a date, we fear, prior to the publication of this paper, though subsequent to the writing thereof.

Of one date, however, we trust our readers will take heed. At 2 p.m. on Saturday, May 30, the fiftieth annual meeting of the Princess Louise Home will, D.V., be held in Exeter Hall. This is truly a great event in its annals, since such assemblies have usually taken place in the Home. But golden birthdays can only occur twice in a century. Those friends of unprotected girls, Lord and Lady Brabazon, have promised to be there; the former as chairman, the latter to present the prizes to the girls, transported from Woodside to the Strand for the occasion. And another friend of all the poor, our good East-end Bishop—of Bedford, so-called—will be there to speak for the Home and the waifs and strays of his unique diocese, of whom some of our girls form part. It must be a pathetic and interesting meeting, therefore we say to our readers, old and young, "Come!"

We are asked to acknowledge, with many thanks, the receipt of a parcel of stockings from Cumberland, knitted by the Misses Nixon, and 5s. contributed by Miss Nash.



A STREET IN NÜRNBERG.

TOYDONIA; OR, THE LAND OF TOYS.

By Mrs. BREWER.

Magnetic Toys and Military Toys of Nürnberg.

"Quaint old town of toil and traffic, quaint old town of art and song,
Memories haunt thy pointed gables, like the rooks that round them throng."
—*Longfellow.*

Our next visit is to the beautiful old city of Nürnberg, the mother of Toydonia; a city in which each street, church, bridge, wall, and tower speaks eloquently of the past. One cannot dwell here for even a short time without learning something of Albrecht Dürer and his work; of Hans Sachs, the cobbler-poet; of the Meister-Sänger; of Krafft and of Vischer; and it is a person's own fault if he leave Nürnberg ignorant of the landmarks of past ages.

Like many another great city, its origin is enveloped in mystery; it is supposed to have commenced its existence in the early part of the ninth and to have reached the zenith of its fame in the sixteenth century. There is no doubt, however, as to the period in which it became the nursery of industry, art, and science. It was in the year 1163—a year well remembered in Nürnberg as that in which its merchants obtained the privilege of travelling through the kingdom with their wares in security and free of toll or duty.

We ourselves have seen how the Nürnberg merchants used to call at Sonneberg for toys in the thirteenth century when on their way to the great towns of the north, and have also seen how even then they had obtained notoriety as the suppliers and makers of toys.

It is rarely that a city stands still; in the course of time its power inevitably increases or decreases, and thus it is we find that Nürnberg, the ancient mother of Toydonia, whose name and mark once made the commonest toy acceptable throughout the world, has gradually had to yield to younger hands the honour that once belonged to her alone. Nevertheless, the habits of her youth cling to her in her old age, for the little she now contributes to the toys of the world are of the best and most ingenious. It is true she is no longer the queen and arbiter of Toydonia, but she strenuously upholds its honour.

Journeys such as those we are making through Toydonia are rendered exceedingly pleasant by having a definite object in view, in pursuit of which it is wonderful how much knowledge of people and things we gain beyond that which concerns Toydonia. In no place is this more noticeable than in Nürnberg, where the fascinating past and the practical present each in its way offers subjects of interest, tempting us not unfrequently to pause over them to the neglect of the object which brought us hither.

The three principal branches of toymaking carried on here in Nürnberg are magnetic toys, Easter eggs, and military toys.

We unfortunately came to Nürnberg without letters of introduction, and had to make our way as best we could. Our first visit was to the magnetic toy works. This branch of the toy industry is not a relic of past ages, but has grafted itself on to the mother-tree, thereby gaining name and position for itself, and at the same time really appears to have made the old tree lift up its head again.

It has existed only since 1864, and from quite a small beginning has become a very important and popular branch. A peculiarity about these toys is that not only do they provide amusement of the best kind for children, but they form an easy and safe method of learning the powers and properties of magnetism, steam, and electricity.

This magnetic toy factory employs about sixty people, two-thirds of whom are women and girls. It is the first in which we have seen machinery used.

Herr Ubelacker said that originally everything was made by means of the hammer, a slow and consequently expensive process, and that for one dozen articles a man could then make, a girl in these days, at half the wages of a man, can make thirty dozen. This, of course, acts upon the price, and brings these beautiful toys within the reach of all. The toys consist first of boats, ships, and yachts of every description, perfect in form, and not wanting in the smallest detail. Most of these can take voyages of half an hour, and can be started by children without danger, as the flame is enclosed in a sort of mantle under the funnel. None of these articles are sold without special directions how to manage them — how much water to put into the boiler of the model steamer, and where to put the spirit lamp; these directions followed, steam appears in two or three minutes, when, if you give a turn to the wheel, it goes on its voyage following the direction of the rudder.

The master said he thought in these days the demand for boats and ships was greatly on the increase. I did not think this wonderful, seeing that he is careful to make use of the very latest inventions—as, for example, the application of electricity as the propelling power for many of his ships and boats.

The wonderful automatic swimming birds swim according to the position of the web — in all directions, forward, backward, in large or small circles, to the right or to the

left. After having fixed the web, the axis on which the feet are fastened must be oiled, the clockwork wound up, and the bird may be started on the water. Such a duck or swan makes exactly the same movement with the feet as a live bird, and goes along merrily on the water quacking loudly as though it were really alive. The mechanism by which all this is done is enclosed in the body and made waterproof.

Lastly, the magnetic automatic toys which swim in the water according to the special directions of the magnet consist of frogs, tortoises, lobsters, sprats, herrings, boats, and small ships.

These toys are for the most part made of thin brass, because a stronger material would prove a drawback to the swimming. All this we saw and learned in the showroom or Mustersaal; and now, under the direction of the master, we look into the workrooms.

The first was occupied by the boat and shipbuilders; it looked dirty, was noisy, and we could not bring away much of the detail. We next went into the master's room, with walls of glass, through which, while pursuing his own work, he could overlook and direct that of his people.

A room to the right of this was filled with machines and cauldrons of molten lead. The first were coining presses for stamping out the brass toys, and the second for filling the moulds or forms of animals, all of which were made in halves. Those, however, which were made of the molten metal were capable of division, so that one half would, by means of a blunt instrument, make perhaps a hundred thin ones. These were passed on to others in the same room, whose business it was to solder the halves carefully together, and render them water-tight. All the workers in this room were men, with the exception of a girl, whose daily work was to fix on the legs or claws of the creatures by means of an instrument which she constantly rubbed on a silvery pyramid of lead in front of her.

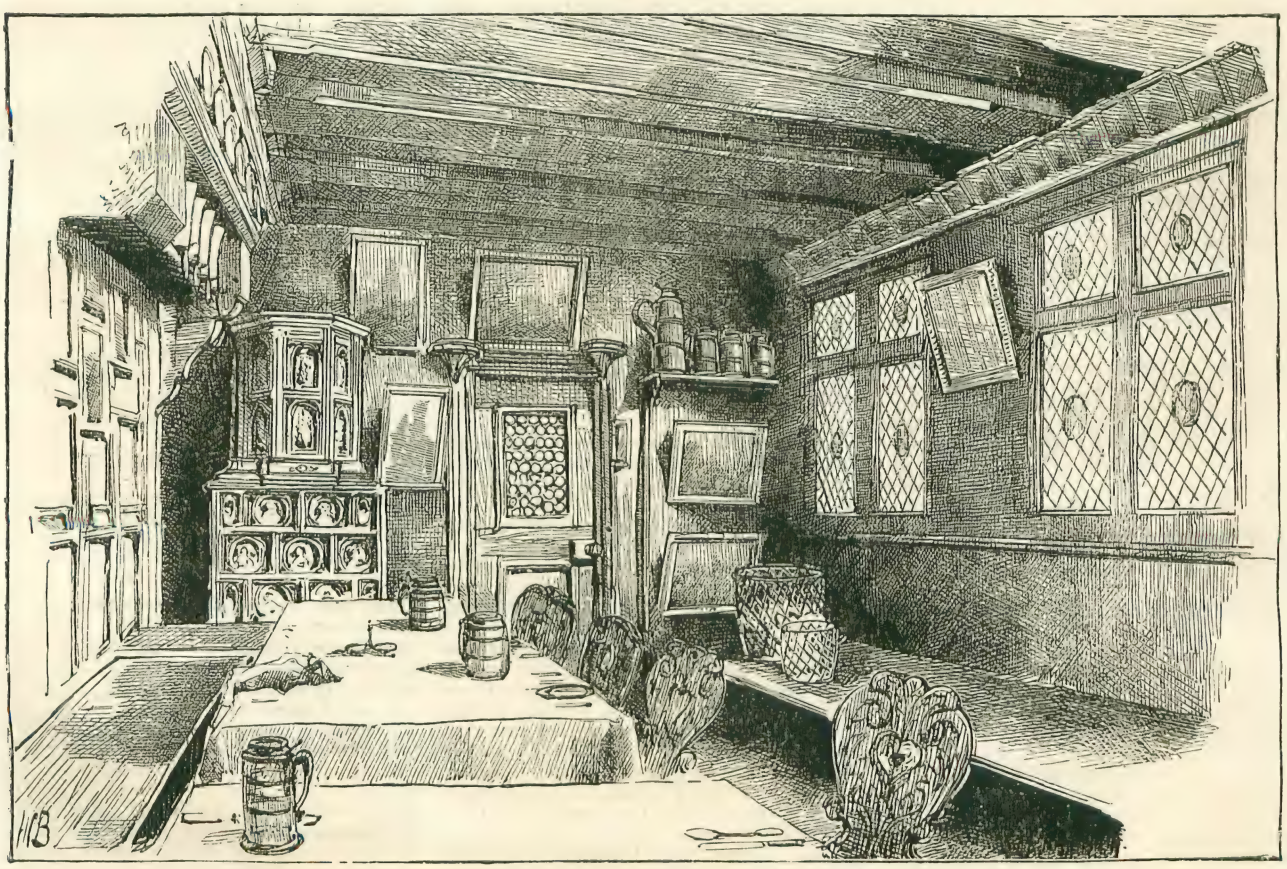
The room leading out of this was large, and mostly occupied by girls, who, with large aprons to save their dresses, were seated at tables with various paints before them, and a heap of little animals, wheels, or masts by their side. They were working vigorously, for to them "Zeit ist Geld;" they scarcely looked up while greeting us with "Good morning." The rapid and delicate manner in which they used their fingers gave us an idea of the meaning of "educated hands." They moved about among the paints, handling the tiniest specimens of legs or scales, yet without getting spot on table or dress. They were a very intelligent set of girls, and quite above the poorer class. The heat of the room, and the intense application to work, gave to them a delicate complexion, otherwise there was nothing to find fault with in their manners or appearance. The work of these girls is to paint every toy that is made; they apply at the office, and receive so many dozen, with a paper containing the worker's name, the number of articles, and directions. On returning these she receives a paper which she must show on pay-day. Everywhere there is order, punctuality, and intelligence. We noticed that when an animal was all one colour—a scarlet lobster, for instance—one girl completed it; but when there were two or three colours required it passed through as many hands. We saw also that the peculiar sheen on the backs, fins, and tails of the fish was produced by painting them first bright yellow, and while still wet lightly touching them with red. The girls can, by working steadily, earn from six to ten shillings a week; it depends greatly upon themselves, as they are paid for work and not time. All the paints used in this factory are non-poisonous. We were anxious to see the magnets, and learn about them. The best are made of German steel wire, well hardened and highly polished, and afterwards magnetised on an electro-magnet. Most of these were being painted red.

The packing-room is by no means an uninteresting part of this building. It is occupied by girls who fill boxes of all sorts and sizes with paper shavings, and cover them with fine white and pink carded wool. These are then passed on to another table in the same room, where girls and women lay on these carefully prepared beds a variety of toys, either boats or ships, or automatic swimming birds or automatic magnetic toys, or a mixture of all. The packing is quite an art; not a particle of space is lost, nor the most delicate part of a toy injured. All this is done according to a pattern made by the master.

Toys such as those made here must raise the standard in a child's mind of the beautiful and the orderly, and give it a distaste for the slovenly and degrading.

The more I see of Toydonia the more convinced I am that toys are doing a wonderful work in the world, elevating alike the makers of them and the children for whom they are made.

We next found ourselves at the Easter egg factory, where the master gave us a great deal of information, and showed us many beautiful specimens, but I am sorry to say we could not succeed beyond this. He appointed a day and hour in which to show us the people at work, but when we arrived we found him absent. This much, however, I can tell you about the eggs—they are made principally of



"THE CHIEF ROOM OF THE INN."

aspen and cherry wood; they are turned by men; polished and painted by girls. The most simple and common are three times painted, and must pass through the hands six times before they are complete. I am sorry not to tell you more of this interesting branch of the toy industry, but, as I am telling you only what I actually saw, I cannot write from hearsay.

Our next visit was altogether a pleasant one; it was to the factory of military toys, a large house situate in the midst of a beautiful garden outside the walls of the city. It looked so peaceful that it was difficult to connect it with any warlike action; yet we were assured that in this and a similar factory at Fürth, four or five miles off, an army of 100,000 men could be got ready in a single day with artillery, horses, weapons, in fact everything necessary for its equipment—a feat which even Moltke would find it difficult to imitate.

The articles made here come of very ancient lineage, dating back to the early part of the 14th century; but, although made of the same material, in the same manner, and for the same purpose, they are no more like their ancestors than the exquisite wax doll of the present day is like the old wooden Dutch doll of the past, or the papier-maché skin animal with its perfect form and finish is like the straight bit of wood put on four wooden legs, which represented an animal to our grandparents when they were children. Indeed, it is difficult to imagine that these well-formed, handsome soldiers, in their uniforms so true to nature both in colour and cut, could have any relationship with the lead figures of the last century, or even of fifty years ago, when one model served for every race and country, the same tub and plume for a hat, the same long-tailed blue coat, large epaulettes, and tight-fitting breeches, and whose only distinguishing mark was the colour with which they were painted, white, blue, green or red, according to the country they were supposed to serve.

The show-room (or Muster-saal) in this factory was quite unlike any that we had previously seen. The walls were covered with little lead figures, arranged in groups and in chronological order, showing the battles from the Trojan to the Afghan in 1880. Space was also allowed for the figures of great warriors and men of mark, together with the various regiments of different countries. The distinctive features of all these were so admirably depicted that it was easy to distinguish them. In this room were to be seen weapons of all ages, and a variety of groups representing ambulances, caravans, Indian hunting, and life in the Polar regions. Half an hour in this show-room did much to call to our minds history and geography long forgotten, besides teaching us something of the life of nations and the art of arrangement and order.

If any of you should ever enjoy the privilege of visiting this factory you will quite understand the love which boys have for military toys, and will be rather inclined to encourage it as a means of creating in them a desire for knowledge of a higher character than they would otherwise have chosen. An intelligent boy will never be content to possess a figure of Frederick the Great, for example, without wanting to know all about him and the time in which he lived, or figures representing the Trojan wars without a desire to satisfy his curiosity as to the cause, the time, and the circumstances of these wars; and, beyond this, the exceeding beauty and accuracy of detail which these toys exhibit must possess an influence over those who play with them to draw them from the crude and the ungainly to the beautiful and the harmonious.

It is the master himself who designs and draws these military toys, which, he says, must be done with the greatest care and precision, otherwise they would lose their distinctive character in the casting. These toys are made of lead and tin, and the more tin they contain the more pliable, durable, effective, and bright they are.

The number of people employed in this factory is not large—about seventy inside and sixty out—and the way the work is done is by minute division of labour. Each room has its special work. Take the first we enter; the men are sitting with the shallow moulds before them, two of which are fastened together, leaving a hole at the side through which the molten metal is poured. The next process is performed by women and girls, who trim off the superfluous lead from the figures, and put it aside for remelting. They then place the figures side by side on strips of wood which, being slit, hold them fast. These long rows are then ready for the painters, who can turn them about to paint them without touching them with their fingers. Another room is occupied by artists, who draw and paint on a card the exact representation of the figures as they are to appear on the metal toys when finished. These are beautifully done, with strict regard to the colour, dress, armour, and peculiarities as represented in the best portraits extant. Unless one is on the spot it is difficult to imagine the pains taken to produce a single toy.

The painting of the toys is done in oils and varnish, and forms part of the house industry, whereby many women and girls obtain a living.

These people come to the office of the factory, and receive in a basket a week's work, consisting of figures to be painted according to a pattern given on cardboard. Girls can earn seven or eight shillings a week at this work. All the painting on cardboard for patterns is done in the factory by experienced hands. The colours used are in all cases non-poisonous, but I hear they lack the brilliancy and beauty of many of the poisonous, which the workpeople regret not being allowed to use. The toys, when complete, are able to stand, and to take their places in any group or regiment, and can be packed in boxes or on very thick cardboard. I wish I could show you one of these last; it is quite a study.

The price of these toys varies according to the metal of which they are made, and the amount of labour bestowed upon them. Of the inferior you may get as many as 900 foot soldiers for five shillings, while of the superior you would probably not get more than four or five specimens of horsemen for the same money.

The average yearly production of toys in this factory and the one at Fürth is estimated at £25,000. The workpeople here are all of a superior well-to-do class, very intelligent and thoroughly interested in their work, and the sympathy between employer and employed is very marked.

As we walked away from Heinrichsen's Fabrik, we could not help thinking it the pleasantest we had visited; its situation was peculiarly beautiful, and not a sound of outdoor life to disturb the quiet which reigned there. We went without an introduction and were received with the greatest politeness by Herr Heinrichsen, who spared no pains to make us acquainted with the manufacture of these charming toys.

Before leaving Nürnberg I should like to call your attention to something which interested us greatly. It has nothing to do with toys, nor is it a church, museum, bridge, or fountain. It is neither more nor less than an eating-house.

It is a curious and interesting building, adjoining the Moritz Kapelle, and may almost be said to be under the same roof. It is known by the name of the Blaue Glöcklein (the Little Blue Bell.) It is quite close to the Church of St. Sebald, and to Albrecht Dürer's house. It is a long one-storied building, except at one end, where a second story has been added. You enter the door and find yourself at once in a fairy sort of kitchen, where a couple of pretty girls, daintily dressed, are cooking sausages, sour kraut, potatoes, and soup; you pass through into the chief room, which is enough to turn the heads of antiquaries, and sufficient to send an artist wild.

It is a picturesque, long, low room, the ceiling supported by oak beams, and the walls wainscoted and polished; the latticed windows filled with old stained glass representing certain armorial bearings, and almost covered on the outside with ivy; the chairs and tables of an antique massive old-time pattern and make. All this the eye takes in at once, but on looking a little more closely you see some curious old books, which, on account of the print and old-fashioned German, are almost incomprehensible; and on shelves high up round the walls are mugs and jugs of quaint blue and white china, and among them, in the place of honour, the identical mug used by Albrecht Dürer. Lower the eyes, and they will perceive hanging on the wall a series of old-fashioned pictures representing scenes in Albrecht Dürer's life from the cradle to the grave. Various antique prints and verses there are; among the latter, date 1400, we found the word Gerathen spelt without the *h*, so that the new method of spelling is not so new after all.

This is all very interesting, and worthy a visit if you should ever be in Nürnberg, but its chief interest consists in this, that the Little Blue Bell was known throughout the land in the Middle Ages; that it was here in this very room that the Meister-Sänger used to meet; here that Hans Sachs, shoemaker and poet, and Adam Krafft, the stonemason and sculptor, used to come for refreshment; here that the clever wood carver, Veit Stoss, and the great smith, Peter Vischer, spent many an hour over their sausages and beer; and it was here that Albrecht Dürer came to refresh mind and body. Surely the room is eloquent with the history of the past.

It is not usual for English people to come to this room, for it is frequented now by market women and people of that class who go for refreshment; yet people of every rank and nation, except English, visit it for its association of the past, and do not in the least mind sitting down to a meal there.

It was only in the July of last year that Elizabeth, Queen of Roumania, paid it a visit, and wrote some verses while there, which are framed and hung up in the room, and which the proprietor allowed us to copy—

> "Ich las was hier geschrieben stund
> Und weil ich die Herrn nit finden kund.
> So hab ich auf ihrem Platz gesessen,
> In ihrem Geiste mich satt gegessen."

SOMETHING MORE ABOUT SOUPS.

By Phillis Browne.

Many months ago I drew the attention of the girls of our cookery class to the subject of soups. I spoke of the different varieties of soup—clear soups, thick soups, and purées—and of the methods to be employed in making them. I did not however, if I recollect rightly, give actual recipes for making more than one or two particular sorts of soup. I was obliged, partly on account of want of space, to confine myself to general principles, and leave my friends to make particular applications of the same for themselves. I propose, therefore, now to furnish a supplement to these former remarks of mine and to supply a few clear directions for

making half a dozen appetising and nourishing yet simple and inexpensive soups.

For, be it understood, I have a great idea of good soup, and a great respect for those who can make it. I have found that soup making is a very weak point with the majority of amateur cooks. Young people who can make jellies, creams and sweet dishes most skilfully, and who can accomplish the fine art and ornamental part of cookery most cleverly, come to grief deplorably when they try to turn out a little good soup. They either produce a compound which is too salt or too peppery, too watery, too pasty, or too insipid, or they make use of materials the cost of which would go a long way towards paying for the rest of the meal. This is really quite unnecessary.

Soup which is to be served at the commencement of dinner and to be followed by substantial viands is not required to consist of essence of meat, it needs only to furnish light liquid nourishment which shall be easy of digestion and shall be sufficient to relieve the feeling of exhaustion with which so many people in these hard working days sit down to dinner. Those who feel, as it is called, past their food, and consequently in a state of depression and despair and quite unable to grapple with a slice from a joint of beef or mutton, find that a spoonful or two of soup is just the thing for them, and after they have swallowed it, they feel that after all there is something in life worth living for, and that roast beef is exactly what is wanted next. This is what we wish to get people to acknowledge —the wonderful restorative power there is in soup. We hear of the restorative power of alcoholic beverages. Good soup can restore exhausted nature almost as quickly as sherry, and it is not harmful. If I could have my way, I would make it a law of the dining room that instead of certain wines being served with soup, no wine at all should be permitted, even amongst the most moderate of moderate drinkers, until after the soup had been removed. If this rule could be universally observed, we should have fewer victims to intemperance than we now have.

It is in attention to details of this kind that good cookery assists morality. I hope that the girls of our cookery class will see that when they are learning to provide food which will make people strong, heavy, and healthy they are also very materially advancing the progress of the race. For my own part I try never to forget this. I could not have reconciled it with my conscience to give all the time and thought I have to cookery, if I had had no other aim than that of providing something nice for people to eat. However, it has not been so. As the good George Herbert said:—

"Nothing can be so mean, but, with this 'tincture for Thy sake,' may not be great, helpful, and glorious." Certainly it is so with cooking food, and if we only do it in the right spirit "for thy sake," we may infuse what a great writer has called "the lifting power of an ideal element" even into a dish of hash, and while humbly getting dinner ready join in setting up a Jacob's ladder which will enable men, women, and children to climb to what is best and highest.

When I was writing before about clear soup, I gave one recipe for making stock and then clearing the liquid with raw meat, and another for making it with extract of meat. I will now give a very excellent recipe for making it straight away, without clarifying it at all. If carefully prepared exactly as I shall describe, this soup will be quite sufficiently bright, clear, and delicious, and the meat of which it is made can be eaten separately and with satisfaction and advantage. Only, if this result is to be attained, the small details must be strictly attended to—that is, the liquor must be thoroughly skimmed at the right time, for if the scum is not removed in the first instance no pains which may afterwards be taken will make the soup clear; and also no bones containing marrow must be put into the stewpan.

Clear Soup.—Take two pounds of fleshy beef, without fat (silverside, buttock, or thick flank will answer excellently for the purpose); procure also two pounds of fresh bones, being careful that there is not a particle of fat about them, and especially that they contain no marrow. Tie the beef compactly together, rub the inside of the stewpan with butter, lay the meat in it, and set it over a clear fire to brown it and draw out the juices. In about ten minutes it will be ready, and it must be moved once or twice, turned over once, and watched closely during the time to see that it does not burn or stick to the pan. Put the bones under the meat, pour on three pints of cold water, and add a small tablespoonful of salt. Bring the liquor gently to the boil, and as the scum rises take it off carefully. Throw in a teacupful of cold water and skim again; do this three times. When no more scum can be obtained, throw in two carrots, a turnip, four bay leaves, two onions, one leek, a bunch of parsley, and four cloves. Let the soup simmer gently for four hours, then take out the meat and strain the liquor through a fine cloth which has been laid in a hair sieve. It will be like sherry. Keep back the vegetables which have been stewed in the soup, and put in a spoonful or two of prepared mixed vegetables, which have been cut into shreds and cooked separately. A few asparagus points, a little Italian paste or savoury custard, cut into small diamonds or dice, will be a suitable addition.

To use the meat employed in the preparation of this soup, let it go cold, then cut it into very thin slices and mix it just like a salad, with oil, vinegar, pepper, salt, and mustard. Cut the vegetables taken from the soup into small neat slices, and lay these prettily in rows to cover the meat, alternating the colours to improve the appearance of the dish. Cold meat thus prepared is known to the initiated as cold meat à la vinaigrette, and it supplies an acceptable and appetising addition to the luncheon or supper table.

The liquor in which meat has been boiled supplies excellent stock for soup, while that in which a couple of rabbits and a piece of bacon have been boiled is really quite a treasure, for it possesses a good flavour to begin with, which cannot so easily be obtained from anything else. When, however, this stock is not to be had, very good soup, especially white soups, may be made from water, the nourishing and flavouring elements being supplied from milk and other ingredients. I will give recipes for two or three of these soups.

Milk Soup.—Put on the fire in a clean stewpan two quarts of water; peel four large potatoes, or six small ones, and as they are peeled throw them into cold water till wanted; prepare also and cut up small two leeks or two small onions. When the water boils throw into it the potatoes and onions, add half an ounce of salt and two ounces of butter, and boil for one hour. Strain off the water into a bowl, rub the vegetables through a sieve, return both to the saucepan, and add a pint of boiling milk. Stir the soup till it boils, sprinkle in by degrees three ounces of crushed tapioca and a little white pepper, and boil for fifteen minutes, or till the tapioca is clear. Keep stirring after the tapioca is added, or it will get into lumps. The tapioca in this case forms what is called a *liaison;* it binds the thickening ingredients with the soup and helps to keep all together.

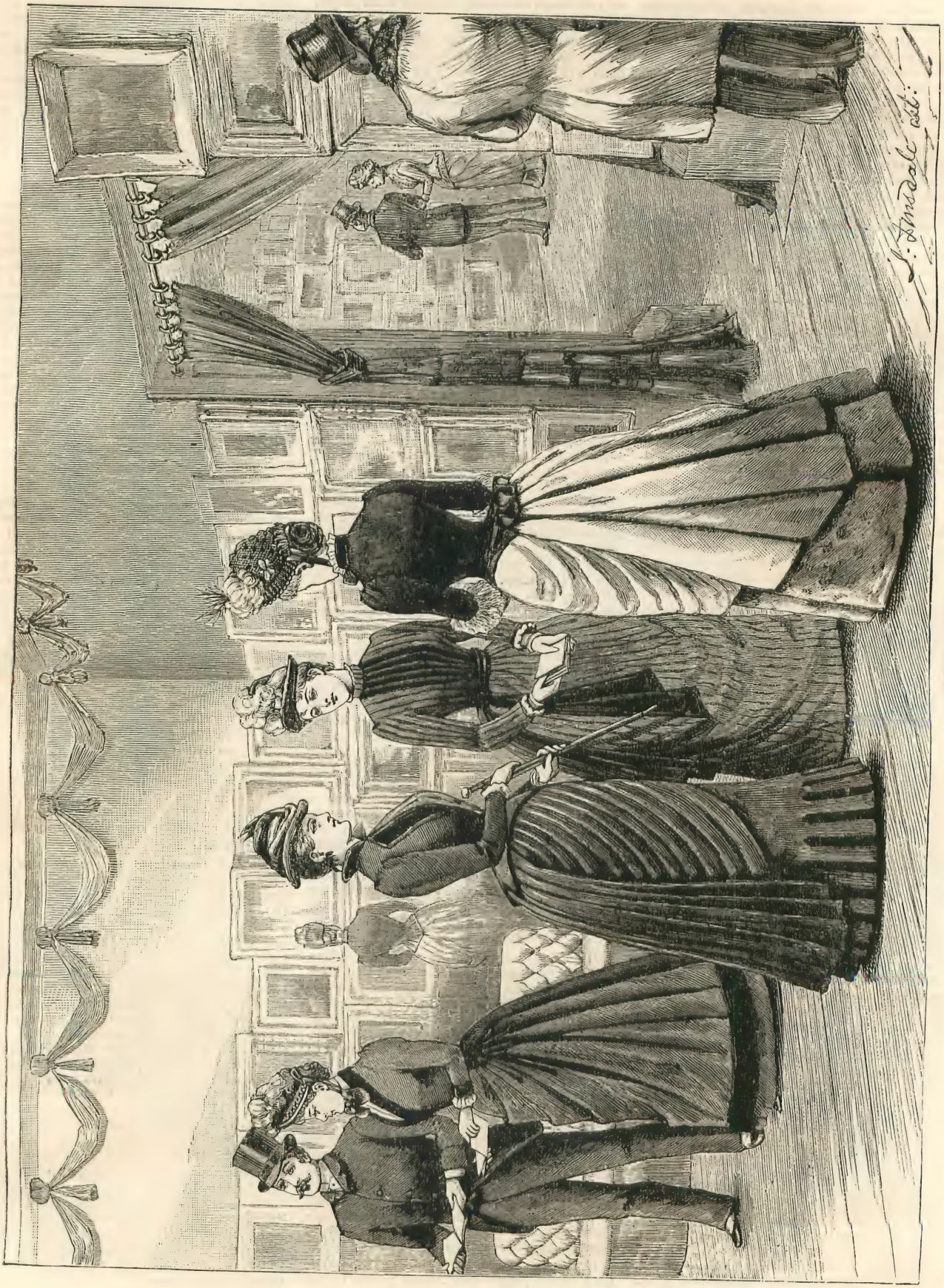
If we were to give this soup its French name (and many people very much prefer to use French names for their preparations), we should call it "Soupe maigre au lait." Like other white soups, however, it is much more appetising in appearance when it is really white, and not drab; therefore, an enamelled stewpan should be employed for it. Of course, one would scarcely take this soup to build up the strength of anyone who was needing the best nourishment which could be supplied, but it would furnish an excellent soup for the commencement of dinner for all that, and would not cost more than fourpence a quart. If a quarter of a pint of cream might be added to it it would further be enriched and improved.

Another white soup, *Palestine Soup*, is one of the most delicious which can be made. Wash and pare two pounds of Jerusalem artichokes, and put them into an enamelled stewpan with a slice of butter, two or three strips of bacon rind which have been scalded and scraped, and two bay leaves. Put the lid on the stewpan and let the vegetables "sweat" over the fire for eight or ten minutes, shaking the pan occasionally to keep them from sticking. Pour on water to cover the artichokes, and stew them gently till soft. Rub them through a sieve, mix the liquor they were boiled in with them, make the soup hot, and add boiling milk till it is as thick as double cream. Add pepper and salt to taste. If permitted, and just before serving, mix with the soup a quarter of a pint of hot cream. The addition will be a valuable one, but may be dispensed with.

Kidney Soup.—Take half an ox kidney, cut this into very small pieces, season with salt and pepper, dredge a tablespoonful of flour over, and fry in hot dripping, stirring the pieces about for a few minutes. Put two quarts of hot water into a stewpan and turn the fried kidney into this. Have ready prepared (that is, cleansed and cut up very small) a moderate sized turnip, a large carrot, a small onion, two outer sticks of celery, and fry these in the dripping; then add them to the soup with a bouquet garni (that is, a bunch of parsley, a sprig thyme, and a bay leaf tied together); boil gently for three hours. Mix a tablespoonful of flour to a smooth paste with cold water, add gradually a pint of the hot liquor, and turn the whole into the soup; stir the soup once more to prevent its getting lumpy, let it boil for a few minutes, then add salt and pepper to taste, a teaspoonful of ketchup, and a few drops of browning, if this is needed. Remove the bouquet garni and serve very hot.

Ox-Tail Soup is a great favourite with English folks (deservedly so!) and I will conclude with giving a recipe for making it. Divide an ox-tail into lengths of an inch and a half; melt an ounce of butter in a stewpan, and fry the pieces in this, turning them about for five minutes; add two quarts of stock or water, bring this gently to a boil, throw in a teaspoonful of salt, and carefully remove the scum as it rises; add a small carrot, a turnip, an onion with two cloves stuck into it, a little celery, a blade of mace, and a small bouquet garni. Stew gently for two hours and a half, strain the soup, and put the pieces of ox-tail into cold water to free them from fat. Mix an ounce and a half of flour smoothly with a little cold water, and add the stock gradually; simmer for twenty minutes; add a little cayenne and a few drops of lemon juice, with a glass of port if approved; then serve.

Clear ox-tail soup is made just in the same way, but the thickening is omitted, and the soup is clarified. The same recipe may be followed for giblet soup also, if the giblets, instead of being fried in butter, are, after being carefully cleansed, blanched by being put into cold water, boiled, and then strained, the water being thrown away.



A PUBLIC VIEW.

DRESS: IN SEASON AND IN REASON.

By A LADY DRESSMAKER.

THE changes in dressmaking and draping this spring are seen more in small details than in any general outlines of absolutely new creations. The full effect of the back drapery is increased, but no dress improvers nor crinolettes are worn by well-dressed people, and the full appearance seems only the clever effect of drapery much bunched-up. But where this effect is not liked it seems equally good style to allow the tunic to hang straight and bag-like in the same way that it did last year. The basques are short and cut quite round, about two inches below the waist, with no back-trimmings nor folds in many cases. The edges of the whole bodice, when cut in this way, are often edged with bead *passementerie*, or a kind of silk bead, which is a Parisian novelty this year. The front darts are now cut very high indeed.

Flounces are still used; most of them have four or five tucks run in at the edge, and they are kilted in various ways in wide and narrow plaits, and these are fastened down flatly, so as to prevent their giving the least *bouffant* or full effect. In dresses made for young people flounces are less used, and all kinds of flat trimmings are in vogue—folds, tucks, braiding, and also the new woollen yak laces, which are so plentifully used for every description of dress. These laces will form one of the very distinguishing marks of all the year's fashions. They appear to wear very well, so far as can yet be seen, when used with care, and they are not more expensive than the different kinds of imitation laces that have been so much employed during the last two or three years.

All skirts of dresses, costumes, etc., follow the same styles, having plain foundations, over which the tunics and draperies are arranged in long folds, the puffy ones being reserved for the back. Young ladies' summer dresses will very probably be made with narrow flounces to the waist, with perhaps small panier-like overskirts, or only back drapery.

Two or even more materials will continue to be used for all dresses to be worn on all occasions. In an ordinary gown the bodice and tunic are of the same material, and the cuffs, collar, and front plastron would match the skirt. If there be a jacket, it would match the upper skirt, while a waistcoat would be like the lower. Tunics are worn very long, and nearly all are arranged so as to hang on one side of the dress. A very generally used model has a shawl point in front, or

A PRIVATE VIEW.

rather at the side front, and very full folds at one side, while at the right the end of the drapery is caught by an ornament of *passementerie* and jet. Some of the new tunics hang quite straight, without any folds, and are open on one side quite to the waist, showing the under-petticoat its entire length.

The perfectly plain, or "housemaid" skirt, is still favoured by the young and very slight in figure, but it is undoubtedly hard in effect, and trying, and has been worn by persons to whom it was eminently unsuitable. The other day I met a widow lady, of not much under fifty summers, who had made herself a perfect guy by adopting a rough *foulé* dress, with a "housemaid skirt," a style which would have suited her daughter, aged seventeen, but which was a most ungraceful garment on the mother. After all, dress consists not half so much in its richness as in its suitability to the wearer, and also to the time and place in which it is to be worn. I hold each day more firmly to my ancient belief that the really well-dressed woman or girl will aspire to have as few dresses as possible, and to wear them out, as far as she can, before making fresh purchases. Three dresses for an ordinary woman's use seems quite enough; in having more she only runs the risk of having a sorry-looking collection of old and useless garments, difficult to wear out.

The great material for the present season is, without contradiction, "canvaserie" or canvas-cloth, as it is called by some people. It is what may be described as semi-transparent, and is made up over coloured silk or satin skirts, viz.: a dark blue over scarlet satin, brown over yellow or red, and black over red also; the red showing through it, particularly on the bodice. There are several descriptions of canvas-cloth, variously named. Some have the appearance of being plaited, others are woven in plain and fancy stripes, and others are plain, with very coarse meshes; all, however, being of wool, give fair promise of good wear, so doubtless they well deserve their popularity. The skirts made up in these semi-thin materials are all wider than they have yet been worn, some of them measuring as much as three yards round. The canvas-cloth is always loosely draped over the foundation, and, from all I can see, the favourite colour will be *écru*, of rather a light shade, that will go well with the favourite red with which it is so often mixed. These thin black canvas-cloths will be a very useful and economical addition to the dress of this year, as they will make up over old silk and satin skirts, and even over sateens and cashmere foundations.

Black, the favourite colour of the Englishwoman, will be more worn than ever, but it will generally be relieved with some colour. Black silks will be more popular than they have been for some time back. They are trimmed with velvet, and much ornamented with beads, not only in the form of fringes and *passementerie*, but in elaborate designs carried out in very fine cut bugles on net, which is then laid over velvet and satin, and the net becoming invisible the designs have the appearance of being carried out on the richer material. Black and white, too, have become popular, and black lace and insertion is now frequently laid over a white foundation of white silk or satin as the trimmings of black dresses. Black and white "Pekins," in stripes of varying breadths, will also be popular again; in fact, stripes are quite the order of the season, as spotted materials were last year. Sometimes the striped materials are made to run horizontally, instead of vertically, a change which is not becoming to the wearers.

I cannot say that I much admire the striped wincey skirtings, which it is so fashionable to turn into underskirts at present, made quite plainly, the over-tunic and bodices being of some unpatterned woollen material, such as serge or vigogne. I have recently seen one in the street, the stripes being two inches wide, of black and yellow, and the black bodice having a waistcoat of the same, but I did not like the effect; it seemed staring—too gaudily bright. It seems likely, however, that this style will be very much used for making up sateens and zephyrs when the season is more advanced.

Many gay striped patterns are amongst the new materials, some of them in canvas-cloth; and as yet they are made up in entire dresses, without any relief from the admixture of other materials. The stripes are of coarse lines or threads thrown up to the surface. I do not know whether this plan of making up will last, nor do I know how the quantities of Roman sash-like materials will be used—probably for sashes and trimmings. Ginghams and zephyrs will be both striped and embroidered; and a new material will probably replace nun's veiling in public favour. It is called "oriental crêpe" by some houses, by others only "crêpe," but all these crinkled crêpe materials are made in woollen and cotton under many names, and are one of the season's novelties. Silk is very much mixed with all the woollen materials of the year; and even Scotch tweeds, when striped, have a glistening thread running through them, which makes them look lighter and more glossy.

So far as colours go, very pale and delicate are the hats as yet produced for the washing dresses of summer—pale blues, greens, buffs, and pinks, the patterns being small, and pretty Watteau-like flowers and bouquets. We shall see many combinations of colours, such as scarlet and blue, yellow braiding on blues and browns, and blue and white in stripes. Yellow and black also promises to be a favourite mixture. The popular shades, so far as we have yet advanced, are Noisette, almond, café, chamois, tan, and ripe corn. These, as my readers will see, are all of the same family of yellowish wood-colours, and they promise to be more used than anything else for the early days of spring. They are economical, too, for they do not show the dirt very much, although they may be considered light. Meerschaum, chaudron, and two greys called "smoke" and "elephant," are also new colours, and to my surprised eyes a whole family of reds are visible of the dark handsome Pompeian or Venetian order. Terra-cotta, too, and dark browns are all to be seen, and also an ugly idea, which has been invented by someone without taste, to my mind, viz., that of trimming them each and all with black yak lace. In satins and silks all the last hues I have named will be popular.

The new spring mantles do not show much change, but are only the mantles we have latterly been wearing; in the "Visite" and "Dolman" shapes all the newest ones are very short in the back, with long fronts and high shoulders. The backs are certainly less ornate, less full and bunched up, and have fewer ornaments added to them. Coloured mantles of cloths, plushes, and velvets are very much worn; in plush, I think grey is the popular hue. In cloth, red seems preferred, the cloth being thick and coarse-looking. I imagine from this that later in the season we shall have a majority of coloured mantles; but I fear that people to whom economy is an object will have to confine themselves to brown, and not stray into the more inviting pastures of red or grey, both of which are too remarkable for the adoption of those who have only one mantle, or at most two, during the year. It is never wise to choose any article of dress that is fashionable enough to show age within the year. This is especially the case with mantles, which have to be selected with great care. The one chosen should always be of the latest style, but should never be of a kind or shape to be remarked for its special peculiarities. To do this requires a very observant eye, and the expenditure of some thought. This thought the more conscientious of my readers, if they agree with me, will not object to give, always bearing in mind that the right and honest expenditure of money is a duty, that much of our rightful share of personal influence in this world is derived from our outward appearance, and that here is one, at least, of our duties to our neighbour.

I must not leave the subject of outer garments without a mention of the small Zouave, Corsair, Spanish, Prussian, and Giaour jackets, which promise to be much worn, and also to be rather a useful addition to our dress. I have put down all the list of names, for they seem to be called almost indiscriminately by all, and, indeed, in most instances they really do form a part of the national dress of the country named. They are made without sleeves, are fastened at the throat, and are either cut round at the corners at the waist, or else fall over it in square corners. Some of them have hanging sleeves, but the majority have none. They are edged with beads, and lined with a colour, and they are sometimes very richly embroidered and braided.

The stiff ungraceful bouquet of many years' duration will be soon superseded by the Elizabethan posy, and at the March drawing-rooms ladies were seen with natural flowers in bunches, just as they were gathered. The true posy has no wires, and spreads out its leaves and flowers at its own sweet will. The stems, as of old, are tied with ribbon; a bunch of daffodils, with daffodil-coloured ribbon, and white lilacs with pale green. Being thus very simply prepared, they are easily carried in the hand, and their scent and beauty can be really enjoyed and admired. Real flowers will be used instead of artificial ones to decorate Court dresses this year, and one cannot help rejoicing at every change that brings so charming an industry as gardening into requisition, for it is one that ladies, young and old, can follow; and it is, moreover, remunerative and not too fatiguing.

Our illustrations this month represent the private view of a separate picture and the public view of a large London picture gallery. The gowns shown are suitable for the spring days before the warmer ones come on. Velveteen, serge, and Scotch tweed are the general materials, and they are made up with the straight cut tunics, simply draped and trimmed, which we have endeavoured to illustrate. The bonnets shown in the larger illustration are both of the same order, jetted fronts and lace backs, the lace being laid over a colour, the pompon of feathers matching it, the strings being of black velvet. For the paper pattern this month the pattern of the black velvet bodice worn by the figure with her back toward us will be given. Though made in velvet, it is suitable for any material or dress. The front is pointed and buttoned up plainly, but one of the many plastrons illustrated may be worn with it.

The paper pattern may be had for tenpence, including postage, by writing to the "Lady Dressmaker," care of Mr. H. G. Davies, 73, Ludgate Hill, London.

AUNT HESTER'S SECRET.

By EGLANTON THORNE, Author of "The Old Worcester Jug," "It's All Real True," "In London Fields," etc.

CHAPTER IV.

HAPPY EVER AFTER.

YES, it was none other than Ernest Marriott who was with Hester Armitage in the drawing-room. The rose had been sent by him, and with it were a few lines entreating her to let him know if her heart were unchanged, and he were at liberty to come to her. The little packet had been posted at Plymouth on his landing at that port from the steamer which had brought him from Australia; but he had told her that he would be in London by the time she received his token, and had given the name of the hotel at which a note from her would find him. And for response Hester had despatched to him that morning the dead rose which she had treasured so long, with the one word "come" written on the paper that enfolded it.

Ernest Marriott lost no time in obeying that acceptable word "come." Within an hour of receiving it he drove up to Mr. Armitage's door.

And so they were together at last, the faithful hearts that for twelve long years had been parted. At first every other thought was lost in the joy of re-union. It was enough that they were side by side, that hand could clasp hand once more, and they could look into each other's eyes, and read there the witness to unfaltering faith and unswerving constancy.

"So you did not forget me, Hester?"

"Forget you!" she repeated, almost reproachfully; "as if I could! As if I should ever forget you!"

"But, dearest, think of twelve years! Many a woman would feel justified in ceasing to think of one who had kept silence for half that time."

"Some women might," she said, slowly; "but I—I simply could not forget. And I felt sure—I knew," she added, with a flush of pride, "that you would not forget me."

"Hester! as if I could! but I must own that I hardly thought that you could be so constant. Many a time as I sat alone by the fire in my hut, out in the wilds yonder, I pictured you the happy wife of another man, and fancied that it would be better for me to remain away from England altogether, since I might only return to find that I had come too late."

"How wrong of you to think so," she said.

"And then," he continued, "I used to look at the rose you had given me. And that likeness, do you remember how I stole it? It was such a comfort to me. Your sweet face seemed to tell me that you would be true."

"Oh, that likeness!" said Hester, "it was never good, and now it cannot be in the least like me."

"Indeed, you are mistaken," he said. "You have changed very little; it is I who have grown old. Ah! now that you smile, you look just as you did when I went away. And yet twelve years have passed. Twelve years! If we had known!"

"It is well we did not know," she replied, with a little shiver; "it would have been terrible to look forward to such a separation. I could not have borne it."

"And yet, how bravely you have borne it!" he said. "You have not been unhappy all these years?"

"Oh, no; not unhappy," she answered. "I have had my work to do here in my brother's home. I have lived a full, busy life with dear ones about me who needed my love and care. I have much to be thankful for; but—I thought of you every day, and sometimes it was very hard to be resigned. But I knew that you were the Lord's, that we were each in His loving care, and that He would order our lives as would be best for each."

"I cannot say that I felt such calm confidence," replied Ernest Marriott; "my faith often failed, and I had a sore trouble with rebellious thoughts. But I must tell you what my life has been since we parted."

"Yes, do; I want to hear all about it," she said; "but first tell me, when did you hear of my father's death, and how did you know that I was living here?"

"I heard nothing of you, Hester, literally nothing, till I was on my way home. And then on board the steamer I had the good fortune to meet with a gentleman who was acquainted with your brother. He had not long left England, and was merely travelling for the sake of his health. From him I learned, to my joy, that you were still Hester Armitage, and that I should find you here in your brother's home."

And then Ernest Marriott went on to give Hester a detailed account of how he had spent those dreary years. It was a sad tale of toil and suffering and disappointment, with hope again and again deferred. He had worked hard in his rough bush life, resolved to gain the end he had in view. But for a while it seemed as if nought but misfortune attended his efforts. Then brighter days came, his sheep-farming prospered, and he began to accumulate capital. One good year followed another, till at last he could sell his farm and make preparations for returning to England. Like Jacob, he had toiled seven years to win the woman he loved, and now he hoped to receive his reward. But, alas! like Jacob also, he was to know sore disappointment. At the very last, through the dishonesty and treachery of a comrade, whom he had trusted too well, he lost the fortune he had gained.

Inexpressibly bitter was it that his hopes should be thus dashed. He was well-nigh driven to despair; but, like a brave man, he would not own himself beaten by fortune. There was nothing for it but to set to work again, though his resources were now so crippled that he could only recommence farming in a very small way. Resolutely he set to work to regain what he had lost.

"I needed all the faith I could muster then," he said to Hester; "it was not easy to be strong and of good courage when it seemed as if God had forsaken me, and I was tempted to think hard things of Him."

But the faith he had was not exercised in vain. Again prosperity smiled on him. His farming succeeded far beyond his expectations, and with marvellous rapidity he was able to remake his fortune. But though his progress was rapid, another five years passed ere he could think again of returning to England.

However, the toil and sore suspense were over at last. He had come back to his native land not a wealthy man, but with sufficient capital to enable him to buy an estate and settle down at home for the rest of his life. And since he found Hester still all his own, and sweeter and dearer than ever, what did it matter that the last twelve years had been full of hardship and care? With her they had passed serenely, despite her secret sorrow, for her heart and mind had been kept in the peace of God.

As they talked over the past or glanced forward into the future, neither had any consciousness of the flight of time, till at last the striking of the hall clock made Hester aware that it was close upon the family dinner-hour, and that she had not yet informed her brother of the arrival of this long-lost friend. She went in search of Mr. Armitage, and had some difficulty in recalling Ernest Marriott to his recollection as a young man with whom he had had some slight acquaintance many years before. Naturally hospitable, Mr. Armitage was very willing to welcome the gentleman of whom his sister spoke as an old friend. He went to Mr. Marriott in the drawing-room, and soon received from him a fuller explanation of what his coming signified.

Aunt Hester was stealing upstairs to her room when Marian waylaid her, and it was impossible to hide her happiness from the niece who was so soon to be a happy bride. Of course Marian could not keep the news from her sisters; so that, before they sat down to the dinner-table where Ernest Marriott took his place as an honoured guest, all knew that the stranger was Aunt Hester's long-lost lover, come to claim her, and were prepared to give him as warm a welcome as was possible amidst the mingled emotions which his coming inspired.

The girls were much excited by the event. Marian's courtship seemed commonplace and her marriage a most ordinary affair in comparison with Aunt Hester's love-story. Many a covert glance was directed to Ernest Marriott during the course of dinner with the purpose of discerning whether he were good enough for Aunt Hester. The dark, bearded man, with his sun-bronzed, roughened face, had not the aspect of a hero of romance in the eyes of these girls, but one glance at Aunt Hester's countenance, beaming with blissful satisfaction, told them that she had no doubts on the score of his worthiness.

"How could she bear to go on living year after year without knowing whether he was dead or alive?" said Dora that night, addressing the conclave of sisters assembled in Marian's bedroom. "It would have driven me mad to live in such suspense. And yet Aunt Hester has always seemed so cheerful. I cannot understand it."

"I think auntie's religion has helped her," said Lucy, gently. "Have you not often heard her say that whatever God ordains is best, and that the will of God is only another name for the love of God?"

"Yes, I know," said Dora, remembering the words Aunt Hester had uttered on that May night when she had ventured to express her wonder that her aunt had not married; "but I could never feel like that. It would break my heart if anyone I loved were taken quite away from me. I don't understand it. It is not natural that Aunt Hester should have seemed so happy."

Dora was right, it was not natural; it was supernatural. It was the result of the spiritual mind, which is life and peace. The girl had yet to learn the deep peace they know who can resign themselves utterly to the will of God knowing it to be but the love of God in action. The time would doubtless come when she would have to learn this lesson, or her woman's heart would know no rest, for in this world of care and trouble human spirits must ever be restless, anxious, and troubled till they have learned to love the will of God, and leave the control of their lives entirely to Him in a spirit of childlike submission and trust.

On Marian's bridal-day there was some surprise felt at the appearance amongst the

guests of one whom no one had expected, and about whom few persons seemed to know anything. The wedding passed off well, although at the last one or two of the arrangements went wrong owing to some forgetfulness on Aunt Hester's part. The bridesmaids looked charming in their white frocks adorned with real summer roses, and the bride was radiant with happiness as a bride should be. It was remarked by more than one of the guests that Miss Hester Armitage looked almost as young as her nieces, and as happy as if it were her own wedding-day. Yet her escort, that dark, worn-looking stranger, could hardly have been a very cheerful companion, although his face did light up wonderfully when she smiled on him. But most persons would have been pleased to meet such a look, and it was just like her to try to make the best of her grave companion.

In truth Aunt Hester could hardly have been happier had it been her wedding-day. Marian's bridal joy seemed poor in comparison with the deep, solemn gladness which filled her heart, and was breathed forth in many a silent thanksgiving. The love of the younger pair was warm and true, but what was it to the strong, tried, faithful love which had lived on for long years, keeping guard over itself for its own sake, resolved to continue pure and strong though hope grew ever fainter, and there seemed little likelihood that love would ever be crowned with joy. Hester knew that the grave quietude of Ernest Marriott's demeanour on this festal day was the expression of a happiness as solemn and thankful as her own, and in her eyes her lover was neither old nor worn, but as dear and admirable as in the days when he won her heart.

Mr. Armitage and his daughters had to make up their minds to part with Aunt Hester ere many weeks were past, for she could not withstand Ernest Marriott's persuasions when he urged that after their love had been so fully tried by a probation of twelve years there was no need to further delay their union. They were married ere the roses were gone, and roses in abundance graced the simple wedding. The girls donned again the pretty gowns they had worn as their sister's bridesmaids, decked with fresh roses. They carried baskets of roses, and there were roses in the bride's bouquet, and she wore at her throat a cluster given her by her bridegroom, roses of snowy whiteness—"emblems of her pure, sweet soul," as the sentimental Dollie was heard to say. So Aunt Hester passed from the home which she had helped to make happy, and went to be the light of Ernest Marriott's home. Helen had now to take the reins of domestic management, and she was resolved to fulfil her new duties to the best of her ability, since she was sure that "nothing of that sort" would ever occur to make her resign the responsibility.

It was long ere the girls ceased to talk about Aunt Hester's secret.

"It was like the third volume of a novel," Dora used to say; "all came right in the end, and now they are going to be happy ever after."

It was not too bold a prophecy, if by happiness be understood, not absolute freedom from trouble and care, but the deep, inward peace of those whom our poet describes as "thrice blessed"

"Thrice-blest whose lives are faithful prayers,
Whose loves in higher love endure;
What souls possess themselves so pure,
Or is there blessedness like theirs?"

[THE END.]

AUNT DIANA.

By ROSA NOUCHETTE CAREY, Author of "Nellie's Memories," "Not Like Other Girls," "Esther," etc.

CHAPTER VI.

ALISON'S WELCOME HOME.

It seemed to Alison as though the weather sympathised with her sad mood. Grey skies and a perfect deluge of rain blotted out the landscape, as she sat alone in the comfortable first class compartment, looking out at the dreary prospect of dripping hedges and flying telegraph wires, realising every moment, with an aching heart, that a greater distance lay between her and the beloved Moss side.

All round her lay the evidence of Aunt Diana's thoughtful care—the new book for which Alison had long wished, the bouquet that loving hands had culled for her, the delicate luncheon in the pretty new basket that had been bought for this especial purpose, the dainty little strap and rug; while her travelling box was stored with all sorts of surprises—sketches that Alison had often admired, books for which she had vainly longed, ornaments such as girls love, and which had been chosen out of Aunt Diana's own jewel casket, presents for the other nephews and nieces, and a propitiatory offering to Miss Leigh.

By-and-by Alison would take pleasure in these things, but just now the poor little heart was too much broken for any such comfort; she was pining already for the dear face that had looked so strangely pale and grave when she had taken her leave of it; she wanted to feel those quiet, earnest kisses again.

"Oh, Aunt Di, Aunt Di! how could you send me away from you," she sobbed, over and over again, in the first bitterness of her grief; for, contradict as wiseacres will, there is a keenness, an intensity in youthful sorrow, that would astonish older people; the present grief seems so overpowering, that any future consolation appears only a mockery. It is only those who have lived long and experienced suffering in its bare reality that know the healing effects of time.

Never since her mother's death had Alison shed such bitter tears; never had her young heart felt that terrible grip of pain which a long and uncertain parting from those we love so often entails. It seemed to her, as she sat looking out listlessly at the driving rain-clouds, as though happiness and she had parted for ever; that, away from Moss-side, Aunt Diana, and Mr. Moore, there would be no peace or comfort for her, nothing but a wearisome round of monotonous duty.

It was at this point of her sorrowful cogitations that her eyes rested on the little basket beside her. Aunt Diana had charged her most impressively not to let the noontide hour pass without taking some refreshment.

"You must promise me, Ailie," she had repeated more than once as they stood together in the station; "you have made only a miserable pretence at breakfast, and you must try and do justice to the luncheon I have provided for you."

As Alison remembered this injunction, she dried her eyes and opened her basket a little unwillingly; feeling, as young people will under such circumstances, that the thought of any material comfort in the shape of food and drink was simply repugnant to her; but in another moment a quick flash of joy passed over her face, for among the strawberry leaves lay a little slip of folded paper—a hidden message of comfort for the young exile.

"My poor, tired, little Ailie," it said, "I just know how you are feeling when you open this basket; how my pet will have been crying her eyes out over that weary word, good-bye; and how dull and heavy her loving heart will be with this sad parting. Poor child! if I could only have spared you your share of pain by taking a double portion myself; but, alas! that is not possible. Now, my dear, if you love me, which I know you do, for we have always been a great deal to each other, and always shall be, you must dry your eyes, eat your luncheon, and begin to look things bravely in the face; our parting may not be for long; one of these days, if you have worked well, I shall hope to claim you again; and wherever you are, either at Moss-side or The Holms, you are always Aunt Diana's child; please remember that; but then my child must not disappoint me.

"We are both making a great sacrifice; now, I look to you to carry it out nobly; be brave, put self in the background, remember where daily strength is to be found, and draw your supply daily; there is no such thing as laying up for the morrow, every day brings its own cares and its own joys, every day must furnish its own prayers, and its own thanksgiving as well.

"My dear little Ailie, this is a hard, stony bit of road for your feet to traverse, but if you look beyond it, you will see the signpost—duty. I do not say, do not think of me, but think of me happily, as your mother's friend, who will be journeying with you every step of the way. We think too much of visible partings, and too little of the real loving communion of hearts; what if you are nearly two hundred miles away from me, I am beside you still. Now, little pilgrim, good-bye. Always your devoted

"AUNT DIANA."

"ALL ROUND HER LAY THE EVIDENCE OF AUNT DIANA'S THOUGHTFUL CARE."

What matter if the tears were set flowing again over these tender words, they were not now so bitter; and something in Alison's heart seemed to stir into life at this touch of wise sympathy.

"I must not disappoint Aunt Di," she thought; "she and Mr. Moore will look for me to do great things at home; they would have me brave and humble, and loving to everyone, even to Missie. It will be hard, I know it will, a stony bit of road, as she says. Miss Leigh so uncongenial and depressing, and father so cold and difficult to understand; but as Aunt Di's favourite verse says:

"'Holy strivings nerve and strengthen,
Long endurance wins the crown,
When the evening shadows lengthen
Thou shalt lay thy burden down."

And as Alison softly repeated the lines, a watery sunbeam suddenly broke through the clouds like a faint sweet promise of better days.

It was still early in the afternoon when the train steamed slowly into the Chesterton station. Alison gathered up her numerous articles of travelling gear, and looked out with some eagerness, but Roger's tall figure, and fair, closely-cropped head was nowhere in sight; and, much disappointed and perplexed, she gave a porter instructions about her travelling boxes, quite ignoring the fact that a sturdy, clumsily-built boy, with a Scotch cap set rakishly on his rough

stubbly hair, was eyeing her sheepishly, and restraining the alarmed restlessness of a small yellowish dog that he had in his arms.

"Will you fetch me a cab, please?" faltered Alison, feeling ready to cry again at her loneliness, and wondering at Roger's unkind desertion; and then all at once she encountered a pair of round blue eyes, very wide open. She started; yes, there was the wide mouth, the droll, freckled face that she remembered so well; of course, it was Rudel, grown, but not otherwise altered, grinning affably at her, but making no other attempt at approach.

"Why, Rudel," she exclaimed, reproachfully, "why did you not speak to me or touch me? I was looking for Roger, and nearly passed you by."

"Oh, but I should have holloed all in good time," he returned, with another grin, shaking hands with her, but refraining from any warmer fraternal greeting; and, seeing the lad's agony of embarrassment, Alison, with much tact, left him to himself; and, identifying her trunks, watched their transit to the roof of the cab, putting in her own hand-packages without any offer of help on Rudel's part.

As soon as she was seated in the cab, he got in after her, and proceeded to put down both windows. "You would not like me to go outside, I suppose," he said in a good-humoured, dawdling voice; "these cabs are so stuffy, they make a fellow feel queer."

"Go outside if you like," returned Alison, willing to humour him, but rather disturbed at the boy's coolness.

"Oh, it does not matter," was the contradictory response, "we have not far to go, and cabby is so unusually stout, there would not be room for Otter. Oh, by the bye, Roger told me to tell you that father told him that somebody else must come to the station, as he could not be spared. Roger was awfully put about, for he said I should be no help, and I have not been much, eh?" with another grin that threatened to become a laugh.

"I wish dear old Roger could have come, but I am glad to see you too," was Alison's polite reply. "You are grown, Rudel, are you not?"

"Oh, yes," indifferently, "I am heaps fatter. Roger calls me 'the fat boy in Pickwick.'"

"Oh, no, I should not call you fat."

"I have plenty of muscle," returned the boy, with sudden animation; and it was strange to see how the heavy, unattractive look vanished from his face, and showed him in a pleasanter light. "I can fight anyone in the school, now, even Booby Richards, who is double my size. Father says I should make a capital navvy; he declares he shall send me out to the colonies by-and-by. Hurrah for a jolly life, say I, among the squatters. Shouldn't I like to be a wild cattle driver, or have a sheep farm, and live in a little shanty of my own with Otter and half-a-dozen other dogs. I don't care about people, they are so shoddy sometimes, but dogs are capital comrades."

"So that is Otter, the dog you wrote to me about?"

"Yes, is she not a canny little beast? Look at her short, sturdy legs, and her nice sharp little head; she is a real beauty, aren't you, old girl? and, Alison, I must take you to see Sulky; he will make you die of laughing, he will indeed."

"All in good time," returned his sister, much amused at this sudden garrulity. "Any mention of his pets always loosened Rudel's tongue; "but, Rudel, you have not told me you are glad to see me."

"Oh, haven't I," shifting his seat, uneasily.

"I thought you would have kissed me after two years of absence."

"Oh, I never kiss girls," reddening visibly.

"Not your own sisters?" exclaimed Alison, in a grieved voice. "Oh, Rudel, you used not to be so stiff and unkind."

"I ain't one or the other," rousing up at this reproach. "I think it is first rate—your coming, I mean, and you are no end of a brick to do it," and, with a sudden burst of confidence, "I shouldn't mind giving you a kiss now and then when you wanted it particularly, if you would promise not to tell Missie; I would not give her one—no, not if she were to ask me on her bended knees—a stuck up little minx."

"Oh, Rudel, for shame. Mabel is as much your sister as I am."

"No she isn't, and never shall be," growled the lad. "I tell you what, Alison you are an out and outer, and no mistake, and I will help you fight all your battles, that I will, as sure as my name is Rudel, and that is better than ever so many kisses."

"Dear Rudel, I am sure you mean kindly, though you have such a funny way of showing it; but I have no wish to fight anyone."

"Oh, but you will be obliged to fight Missie, whether you wish for it or not," was the cool rejoinder; but Alison was spared any further argument on this subject, as they had reached The Holms, and in another moment were driving up the gravelled sweep between rows of dusty evergreens.

Alison looked out a little curiously and sadly. Everything was unchanged, and yet everything looked older and more dreary than she remembered it; the square, grey stone house looked grim and uninviting, with no mantle of ivy or creeper to clothe its weatherstained walls; the front garden, with its dusty shrubs and ill-kept lawn, seemed a wilderness after the fresh greenery of Moss-side and Fernleigh; the grass quite brown and burnt up until to-day's rain had soddened it. As the cab stopped, the heavy whirring and straining of machinery were disagreeably audible. Over the low laurels Alison had a glimpse of the large vegetable garden, and high black walls with grimy ivy festooning them; above was a hideous crank for hoisting the timber. A mighty plank quivered in mid air as it was slowly lifted to its place. Alison averted her eyes with a shudder as she passed into the house, and so she failed to perceive another message of peace, a robin singing in the ivy, undisturbed by the grinding iron music overhead; for many such loving tokens and little lessons are to be seen and learned, if we only open our eyes and read what the Father sends us.

The Holms was a singularly built house. A square, stone hall, uncarpeted and chilly looking, led to the kitchen and other domestic offices, all on a large scale and unusually roomy; a wide flight of stone steps, differing from the modern staircase by being also uncovered, led to the sitting-room, dining-room, drawing-room, schoolroom, and study, all opening on to a narrow corridor, fitted from end to end with books—books literally lining it from floor to ceiling.

As Alison wearily ascended the steps, a thin, ladylike woman in a black gown, with a depressed gentle face, came to the head of the staircase.

"I am so glad to see you, my dear," she said, kissing her affectionately. "Why, I do believe you are grown, Alison; you are taller than I expected to see you, but you are looking pale."

"Oh, that is nothing," returned Alison, hastily, "I am tired with the journey." For just then she did not wish her looks to be too keenly criticised. "Where are the others, Miss Leigh—father, Mabel, and Poppie?"

A flush passed over the governess's careworn face.

"I am so sorry, Alison, that I am the only one to greet your home-coming. Mabel and Poppie are out; they had an invitation to an afternoon party at the Brownlows; it is little Stacy's birthday. I wanted Mabel to stay at home and let Poppie go without her, but she would not hear of it."

"Never mind," returned Alison, quietly; but she was conscious of a hurt, chilled feeling as Miss Leigh brought out this lame excuse. This was her return home after two years' absence, and yet Roger could not be spared to meet her at the station, and Mabel could not give up an afternoon's amusement to welcome her sister. Her father was busy as usual; probably he had forgotten her existence by this time.

"You are very tired, my dear," continued Miss Leigh, disturbed at the young girl's sudden gravity and paleness. "Shall I take you to your room, and send you up a cup of tea? I daresay you would like to be quiet a little; there is no regular dinner to-night, as your father may be a little late; so we have a substantial tea at half-past seven."

"Thank you," replied Alison, gratefully, touched at this unexpected thoughtfulness on Miss Leigh's part. But as she followed her, somewhat slowly, Rudel skipped up after her, three steps at a time.

"I suppose you do not want to see Sulky now, Alison?"

"No, no," interrupted Miss Leigh, "your sister is tired, Rudel; you had better go down and leave her to rest."

"Oh, I was not talking to you, mother Leigh," was the boy's rude retort; and as Alison turned round to shake

(Drawn by W. J. Hennessy).

MAY BLOSSOMS.

her head at him, she discovered him in the act of making one of his favourite faces at the back of the unconscious governess.

Her shocked "Rudel!" brought his puckered features into order at once; he put his hands into his pocket and executed a prolonged whistle.

"I say, missus," he observed, when he had sufficiently relieved his feelings, "have you told Alison about her room?"

"No, not yet, Rudel," returned the much-enduring Miss Leigh.

"Then, I shall. I call it a nasty trick of Missie's; no one but a girl would do such a thing; here she has been and taken your room, Alison, with mother's things in it; and nothing the missus can say will get her to give it up. Missus is awfully wild about it, ain't you, missus?"

"Oh, Rudel! do be quiet," remonstrated Miss Leigh, in the old worried voice Alison knew so well. "What a tiresome boy you are! and I wanted to tell your sister quietly. Alison, my dear, I am very sorry, but Mabel has appropriated your room, and most improperly refuses to give it up. I spoke to your father about it last night, but he only said it did not signify, that he expected you would not mind, as your visit to us might not be a very lengthened one. I think you had better speak to him yourself."

"I will see about it," returned Alison quickly, anxious to stem the governess's nervous flow of words. "Am I to sleep here to-night?" as Miss Leigh opened the door of a back room.

"I have made it as nice as I can," returned Miss Leigh, apologetically, "but I am afraid you will think it an ugly room; it wants re-papering, and the carpet is dreadfully old."

"Oh, it will do very well," observed Alison, quietly; but she looked round her with a sinking heart, nevertheless. It was Mabel's old room, and very shabbily furnished, and looked over the kitchen garden and the saw-mills. A perfect forest of timber in neat piles stretched as far as she could see; in front were the hideous pulleys and cranes. For one moment a very different prospect seemed to rise before Alison's aching eyes; a little room with soft green walls and covered with Indian matting; a snowy tent bed in one corner, a dainty couch, with a low table and a vase of crimson and yellow roses on it; outside a shadowy lawn, and a gleam of water shining between the willows; but, with a vast effort, she shut out the bitter sweet recollection.

She listened with well-assumed patience as Miss Leigh pointed out the various little improvements she had effected. Though Alison did not know it, the easy chair and little round table were taken from Miss Leigh's own room; the fuchsias and geraniums in the blue vase were Roger's gift; and even Rudel had contributed the big green fern that stood on the window ledge.

"Now, I will send you up your tea," observed Miss Leigh at last, when the boxes had arrived, and Rudel had assisted to unstrap them; "there is no hurry, my dear; you will have nearly two hours to yourself to unpack and rest."

Alison tried to answer cheerfully, but her head was aching in earnest now; the tears were very near the surface again, but she battled with them bravely.

"I will have my tea and then rest a little; the unpacking can wait for to-morrow," she thought. "Oh, Aunt Di," laying her head against the frilled cover of the easy chair, "are you thinking of your little pilgrim now?" And then she took out the dear letter and read it over again.

(To be continued.)

"LORDS AND LADIES."

EARLY in May, while fresh flowers greet us continually, and the hedge-rose grows richer as the sweet spring days lengthen, quickly unfolding their treasures, you will find beds of broad shining leaves among the brambles and young nettles, where you have looked in vain for primroses, and thought to find hidden violets. But these beds of shining leaves will soon hide some treasures of their own—a "lord" or a "lady" shall give us some message from among them to-day. These arrow-shaped leaves grow straight out of the ground without the help of branches; they are often spotted with purplish black, and are so glossy that they reflect the spring sunshine by hundreds as the leaves lie packed together on the hedge bank.

Presently we see among them a pale, leaf-like sheath, sometimes spotted like the leaves, protecting and hiding the strangest flower; for that crimson or violet-coloured, or still green column *is* a flower, or at least the flower is on it. In botanical language, the hood or covering is a *spathe*, and the curious collection of bodies within form the *spadix*. *Stamens* and *pistils* surround the coloured columns, and by the end of August the delicate rows of pink and white beading will have disappeared, and there will be large scarlet and orange-coloured berries in a dense cluster, standing half a foot high. Leaves and flowers will have passed away, and only the roots and fruit of this beautiful plant will remain.

This arum, or cuckoo-pint, is an irritant poison; and there have been many fatal cases known from children eating the berries, and even the leaves.

The root is a tuber, which with great care can be so prepared that it will make a wholesome food, very much like sago. In Portland Island this preparation formed quite a little trade, but it is less carried on now than formerly. In Queen Elizabeth's time the arum was called "starch plant," because starch was made from its roots for stiffening lawn, which was then just becoming fashionable, and being so thin, needed strong starch to stiffen it. The Dutchwomen, it is said, who came over to teach the English ladies how to starch their linen, made them such proficients that the ruffs soon grew to be more than a yard deep! True "lords and ladies" to be so useful in their generation!

Let us gather a handful of these green hoods, and sit down and sort them over, as we used to do when we were children, and put the dark "lords" on one side, and the fair "ladies" on the other. Quickly discern at a glance, that is just what the true "lady" will be—"fair," because fair words and fair deeds will be always hers; delicate in colour, because *true* refinement and outward show are *never* found together; seen best in its green protecting hood, because the true "lady's" home is the place where she shines, where her beauty and fairness, and gentle life is quietly ripening to its full usefulness.

But our wild arum lady is full of poison. Ay! so is our gentle young lady too, by nature. And just as the poison can be overcome by various processes, so must the real lady's nature be changed; and much will have to be tried by fire, and much ground to powder, and much *cast aside*. When all the purifying is over, there will be nothing but the good and wholesome left. You see the good and the bad were always there, side by side; but the bad overcame the good always, while it was left to itself, and there was much hard work to get rid of it. If our life is to be the true life, it will have to be the same with us. Good and bad are side by side, and God only knows the strength of the bad in the very best of us. Till we learn it in some measure ourselves, and in His strength fight against it and conquer it, we can not be said to be leading the noble life, we are neither blessing others nor blessed ourselves. It is no easy thing to be always fighting and struggling against the besetting sin, it is no pleasant picture of life, the struggle of good and evil; but it is a true one, and one the young must learn if they would be conquerors in the strife. The happiest side of the picture lies in the thought of One who can turn all "hearts as the rivers in the south." We shall never be able to rest on the blessedness of that thought till we have utterly given up ourselves, our own resolution, our own struggles, as being of the least use alone, and taken our hearts to Him and given them up utterly to Him to change for us. Then the time life begins—the noble life of the true lady that has known self-restraint and mortification, and much patient endurance, before it gained its full beauty. Girls! if you would attain to this, begin *now*, now this very day, take some of the poison that is in you and fight against it bravely; lives never will be lovely with poison lurking in them; you know its signs—pride, envy, vanity, selfishness, slothfulness—ah! we will not go on with the ugly list, you know it for yourselves!

There are a few words in the beginning of this paper that we may *fitly take for its close*. The metaphor will not hold good if we think of the arum as a poisonous plant, as it is to man; but rather let us consider it as the birds' dainty autumn fare, who feed on its brilliant berries and suffer no harm. "By the end of August, leaves and flowers will have passed away, and only the roots and fruit of this beautiful plant will remain." So may it be with us! The leaves and flowers of youth, the beauty and gaiety must pass and be no more. In the time of our autumn may there be a firm root of faith hidden, and the fruits of a holy life visible.

The leaves and flowers have helped to attain this blessed end. This is your leaf and flower-time, see that it lead to the fruit time by-and-by. All nature teaches us "*patient continuance* in well-doing!"

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MISCELLANEOUS

FEARFUL (C. Y.).—You are by no means called upon to reprove those older than yourself. We can feel a love for goodness and truth to begin with, and that will bring love to God and Christ.

JENNY'S BAWBEE.—Snowdrops are propagated by bulbs, not seeds. *Perhaps* you mean bulbs when you say seeds, and in that case if they failed to come up you probably planted them too deeply in the soil.

SELKIE.—We think you have been misinformed about our competitions. You will find the full announcement at page 64, vol. vi.

NELL PARK.—If your mother has no objection to the young man to whom you are engaged, and he has the means for supporting you, we see no reason why you should break your promise to him. Your mother only gives an opinion (as to single life being preferable); she does not do more.

A. RAWLINS had better read our series of articles on good breeding, etiquette, and habits of polite society. Full information is given in these. Much depends on her own position in life, and her age, as compared with that of the gentleman. If customary in her rank of life to rise when one of the latter enters the room, of course, she would be considered very rude if she did not. In such minor matters—not having to do with universal good breeding, but mere points of etiquette in the upper circles of society—it would be a great mistake for a girl in a different position to ape usages unknown amongst her own associates, and it would probably lead to much annoyance.

LOBELIA.—When people suffer from a weak digestion or nervousness they usually blame the use of tea. A single breakfastcup at the first meal, and two teacups later in the day would not do harm nor make a sufferer who was not already such. But delicate persons would do better to take good cocoa for their last meal, and perhaps might feel the better for leaving off tea altogether, amongst other things, but that alone would do little towards their restoration. You write very well for your age.

M. D.—You will find some information on the subject of botany in section ix. of our own "Home Naturalist," by Harland Coultas. We do not undertake to advertise the works of other firms.

L. A. H. (Australia).—We could recommend no other method than extraction. The new prize competitions were given out at page 64, vol. vi. Your handwriting is excellent.

DUNBAR.—*We should advise* you to show your face to a skin doctor and obtain his advice. We know of no cure but time for scars. The blueish red of the new skin becomes pale and white after a few years.

WILFUL ONE.—The Latin phrase or motto, *Dum spiro spero*, means, "Whilst I breathe I hope." Writing fairly good.

HELENE.—The leaf is darker or lighter as it is exposed to sun and light.

KITTY.—Your little sermon does you great credit for its good feeling and principle, but it is not suitable for our pages. We should think you were a great help at home to your mother, and we are sure that under proper home control your sister's manners could be much improved.

LITTLE DOT appears to allow her imagination to run riot. We cannot but think she is mistaken in the story she tells. If she be really quite certain, she had better speak to the rector of her parish.

ACCURACY.—If writing for your father, the terms of address are quite correct. We do not see that if you wrote for yourself you could begin in any other way than "My dear Mr. So-and-So," and end "Yours truly."

DARKIE.—Dark people are quite as good looking as fair ones, we think, and often have much more expression and feeling in their faces. Do not let your looks trouble you. You can make yourself lovely by being good and holy, and in loving God and man. This beauty of holiness" is a priceless possession. It is a pity that elder sisters will try to excite evil feelings in the minds of younger ones by such weak and wicked speeches. But we are glad to think you were wise, and tried to "overcome evil with good." Beauty is also a talent, and God will demand an account of how it was used, for good or to do evil.

A SERVANT.—We return MSS. sent to us if they are rejected. A stamped envelope or cover should always be sent. Your letter does you very much credit.

TERTIUS.—Unless we had the dates of the coins we could not give their approximate values. An Irish George II. halfpenny, 1760, is worth 1s. 6d. if in perfect order. Twopenny pieces of George III. (the first coin of the kind struck in 1797) are worth from 1s. to 2s. 6d., and the others are valued in relation to the condition they are in, from 6d. upwards.

WEEDY PLANT should read "Occupations for Invalids," pages 75, 202, 364, and 715, vol. ii.

FRIDEVYDE.—Prince Henry and Prince Louis of Battenberg are the sons of Prince Alexander of Hesse by his morganatic marriage in 1851 with the Princess Julie of Battenberg. The offspring of these marriages, so common in Germany, are noble but not royal, as they take their mother's rank. Battenberg is a small town of about 1,000 inhabitants in the Grand Duchy of Hesse Darmstadt.

NANCY LEE.—We can only suppose you have been reading some historical tale, and have forgotten that many of the people introduced into them never had any existence in reality.

ETHEL.—The plaid of the Clan Dounchaiah or Robertson is red, crossed with a darker red, and showing small squares of green and blue. A small white stripe is also introduced. The motto is, "Dinna waken sleeping dogs."

MAUD LILY L.—Accept our best thanks for your lovely card and all the good wishes in behalf of ourselves and our work. May you be happy and prosperous yourself.

ALONA HEMMENS and KENNY PATERSON are thanked for pretty card and good wishes, We are overstocked with MSS., and are fully supplied by our regular staff of well-known and experienced writers. Thus, regretting to disappoint our young readers, we cannot invite them to send in amateur contributions with any hope of probable acceptance. Very small children still wear Tam o' Shanter hats.

JEANIE and LADY COPLAND.—Accept our thanks, and with them our good wishes.

BARBARA D.—When engaged it is only natural to consult the feelings and wishes of the man you have chosen as your future husband. In all such trivial matters as you name we wonder you can appeal to us, from the dictates of your own good feeling, not to say your heart. We think it is quite time now to cease your "kissing of big boys of sixteen because they are friends and seem to like kissing you." A cordial shake of the hand is sufficient as a friendly greeting.

PUPIL TEACHER.—We give answers unhesitatingly on all subjects of doctrine, but decline to draw a hard and fast line in reference to disputed points of minor importance. If you read our replies to correspondents you would not ask us such questions, as we give one invariable answer. Your handwriting is good.

EARNEST INQUIRER.—Ask your clergyman to preach on the divinity of our blessed Lord, and to lend you any books that demonstrate that great doctrine—the very basis of Christianity. Study carefully the Gospel according to St. John. "In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word *was* God . . . All things were made by Him . . . and the Word was made flesh and dwelt among us, and we beheld His glory" (i. 1, 3, 14). "He that hath seen Me hath seen the Father" (xiv. 9). "I and my Father are *One*" (x. 30). We feel exceedingly sorry for you in so sad and dangerous a position, and one of so much delicacy and difficulty. Pray earnestly that your faith may be strengthened, and let your clergyman see that you desire to have it confirmed, and ask for his prayers likewise. Also lend the books he gives you to the member of your family who has drifted into such grievous error. We recommend you to get "What do I Believe?" by Dr. Green, at our office.

AN INVALID.—Rinse the crewel work in tepid soapsuds, and wring exceedingly dry. God is not the author of any evil—that is to say, anything wicked; but His forbearance is great, and the wicked are allowed to live on, however evil their ways, to give them space for repentance. See the case of St. Paul, and what he says of the long suffering shown him.

CRATCH CRADLE.—You might keep a day school in your parents' house even at seventeen only, but you would not be old enough to keep house for yourself nor have the care of children.

M. A. B.—The monthly parts of the G. O. P. can be forwarded to any of the continental countries, to Canada, and the United States, at the same rate as for Great Britain—viz., at 2d. each, by book-post. To Australia and Tasmania they are charged 8d.; to the Cape of Good Hope and West Coast of Africa, 6d.; to the Gold Coast, 4d.; to India, 6d.; to Ceylon, 4d.; to New Zealand, 8d. You forget the number of pages contained in one of our monthly parts, and difference of weight between one of them and an ordinary newspaper.

A SCOTCH LASSIE IN H.—It is a pleasure to us to hear that our paper has been so great a comfort to you in your foreign home and under all your trials, leading you to the supreme source of all hope and consolation. We draw your attention more especially to our articles on "The Duties of Governesses," in the parts for July and September, 1884. Your German verses do you credit; your English ones are not always correct in composition. We wish you God speed in your vocation, but we warn you to desist in the practice of studying till 3 or 4 a.m. You thus wear out the strength God has given you, and induce disease of the nerves and whole system, which is a sin. Make it your rule to be in bed at 11 p.m. every night.

MARJERY.—We are very glad to help you if possible. The glycerine has probably proved too strong for your skin; some people cannot use it to the face at all. Try oatmeal water to wash the face, and use no soap. Avoid beer and wine, and any stimulant, and take plenty of exercise in a pure good air.

NANNIE.—The second Temple did not contain the Ark of the Covenant, nor is it known what became of it; but probably it was seized when Jerusalem was sacked, or, if it were concealed, it was afterwards destroyed to prevent its falling into the hands of the enemy. There is an Irish legend that it was brought to Ireland and buried in the Hill of Tara. No money was enclosed in your letter.

BOSJIE.—There is no need for you to go, if not well or out of sorts. Such duties must be willingly and happily performed to be a true service to God.

VIOLET STANLEY.—Ten o'clock is too late for you to go to bed. Your lack of sleep probably arises from over-weariness, mental and bodily. Do not eat after seven o'clock, and go to bed at 9 p.m.; rise at 7 a.m., and take plenty of exercise.

A LOVER OF THE G. O. P.—Alexandria was only partially destroyed, and is still a seaport much used. We could not say how far your education will be advanced in two years!

BLUNDERBUSS.—*Sempre piu piano e stentando* is a Italian musical phrase, meaning, "always more soft and retarding; slower throughout."

M. M. S.—Fleet marriages were clandestine marriages performed without banns or licence by needy clergymen in the Fleet Prison. They were suppressed by the Marriage Act of 1754. As many as thirty a day were sometimes celebrated, and 2,954 were registered in the four months ending February 12th, 1705.

READER OF OUR PAPERS (Southsea).—We will not forget your request; but we think you are probably living in a place not suitable for your health, and that if you removed from the sea or went to a mild place in Devonshire, such as Sidmouth you would be better.

VOL. VI.—No. 279. MAY 2, 1885. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

GOLDEN DEEDS.

BY HELEN MARION BURNSIDE.

WHILE we read of ancient heroes
Who are sung by bards of old,
Whose great deeds with pens of silver
Are inscribed on shields of gold,
Dream we not of days far onward,
When, perhaps, some golden deed
Of our own may be recorded,
Which for glory thus may plead?

Dream we not a crown immortal,
Such as theirs, may deck our brow,
In some dim and misty future,
While the precious, potent Now—
Now, the real time for doing,
Slips so fast and far away,
That we find, when we awaken,
It is lost to us for aye?

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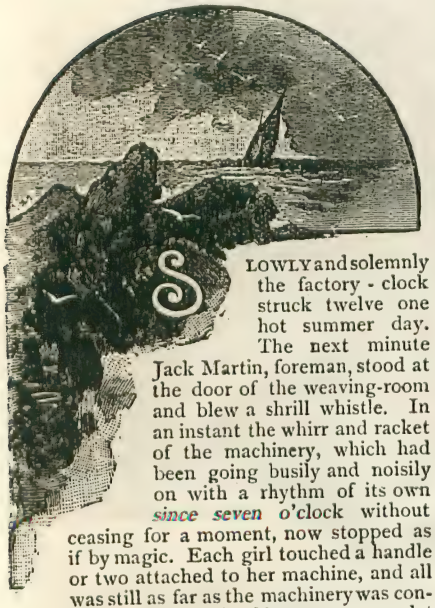
Let us up and dream no longer;
There are golden deeds enow
To be done in life's sad byways,
That for many a nameless brow
Yet may win a crown in heaven
Richer far than human ken,
And on earth a record graven
On the grateful hearts of men.

THE LOST FLEECES.

By DARLEY DALE, Author of "Spoilt Guy," "Cissy's Troubles," &c.

CHAPTER I.



SLOWLY and solemnly the factory-clock struck twelve one hot summer day. The next minute Jack Martin, foreman, stood at the door of the weaving-room and blew a shrill whistle. In an instant the whirr and racket of the machinery, which had been going busily and noisily on with a rhythm of its own since seven o'clock without ceasing for a moment, now stopped as if by magic. Each girl touched a handle or two attached to her machine, and all was still as far as the machinery was concerned; but, immediately, fifty tongues were let loose, and made more noise than the looms; then fifty girls seized their hats and baskets and rushed downstairs to eat their dinner in the open air and amuse themselves as best they might till one o'clock, when the factory-bell would summon them in to their work again until six o'clock.

Boys and men were flocking out from other departments of the mills, all intent on the same errand—dinner and rest. The dinner was soon disposed of—ten minutes sufficed for that—and then they all dispersed in groups, the younger boys to play in the meadows or loll over the bridge and watch the lock-gates of the canal open and close as a barge laden with coal or wood for the saw-mills was towed through; the men, for the most part, to smoke and talk under the shade of the poplar and beech trees which fringed the basin of the canal. Many of the girls slipped off in a shamefaced way with the bigger boys and younger men in couples to the lanes, to find some nook where they would be unobserved by curious eyes; but the women generally were too tired to care to venture far, and sat down on the nearest stone or log of wood they could find where they were sheltered from the fierce rays of an August sun.

The girls were for the most part pale and sickly looking, the close confinement of their life, the hard work, and the noise of the machinery soon telling upon them. One notable exception to the pasty-looking group she stood among was a girl of about twenty. She was tall, and rather broader than perhaps was altogether pretty. Her coils of soft brown hair, wound smoothly round her small round head and brushed smoothly over her white forehead, made a striking contrast to the untidy heads of many of her companions. She had soft brown eyes and regular features, but her great charm lay in the calm, peaceful expression of her gentle face, and the simplicity of her dress and manner. All the women were obliged by the rules of the factory to wear large white aprons, some of which looked as if they rarely or ever were washed, while Alice Jordan's was now, as always, clean and spotless, except for the fluff of the cloth she was weaving. Her hat, too, had no dirty artificial flowers or feathers, like those of the other girls, and her brown stuff dress was plainly made, though it fitted to perfection. A stranger would soon have noticed, however, that Alice did not seem to be very popular among the other girls, many of whom eyed her with looks of envious contempt, as she seated herself by a thin, ghastly-looking woman of thirty or more, whose hacking cough told too plainly that she was in an advanced stage of consumption.

"Don't sit there, Alice Jordan, with all the old people; come for a walk with us," exclaimed two or three giddy girls, who had been joking with some boys over their dinners, and were now going off in pairs to flirt till work began again.

"No, thank you. I am very comfortable here," said Alice, smiling.

"Ah! she is too proud; let her be, we are not good enough for her," said one girl, with a sneer.

"Too proud and too good; she thinks it wicked to speak to a man, I believe," said another.

"Well, I hope she'll never do anything worse than we are doing in going for a walk together. I hate your saints, for my part," was the parting shaft of the first speaker.

Alice said nothing, but she coloured deeply and bent her head over a book she had in her hands.

A minute later a bold-looking girl came up, and asked Alice to go for a walk up the valley with her. Rather surprised at the proposal, for she had no reason to think the speaker, Polly Gould, bore her any goodwill, and yet anxious not to appear disobliging, Alice consented, and, rising, soon disappeared across the meadows which lay around the Oafham Mills in which she worked. This girl, Polly Gould, worked at the next loom to Alice, consequently they stood back to back in the narrow passage which divided their machines all day long, and when Alice first came to these mills, three months ago, she had offended Polly by telling her it was her duty to watch the loom as closely when the foreman's back was turned as when he was looking on. Since then Polly had never lost an opportunity of annoying Alice by sneering at her when she showed her disapproval of the rude, rough play that often went on during the dinner-hour, and as the hands went home from their work. Indeed, Alice had reason to think that Polly was at the head of a party banded together to work her some mischief, if they could only find an occasion. She was, therefore, astonished at Polly's civility.

Before following the girls it may be well to explain to what other causes Alice owed her unpopularity. In the first place, she was an interloper; she was not a native of Oafham or its neighbourhood, but had recently come from the north of England, where she had worked in another cloth factory larger than the Oafham Mills, to live with her grandfather and grandmother on Litcham Common, a mile and a half from Oafham. Caleb Jordan, her grandfather, had been for fifty-two years in the Oafham Mill, and was now earning four pounds a week; he was at the head of the fleece department, and was considered an infallible authority on the subject of fleeces, which, by the way, is a trade of itself, and requires an apprenticeship of seven years before a man is considered to have mastered it. Caleb and his wife felt they were getting old, and all their children being married and scattered, they had asked Alice Jordan, their eldest grandchild, to come and live with them, Caleb naturally having sufficient interest with his employers to get the first vacancy in the weavers' room promised to his grandchild, who had a first-rate character to bring with her from her former master.

Then Alice was undoubtedly the prettiest girl in the factory, which at first made the other girls envious; but when they found she resolutely refused to walk about the roads and lanes in company with any of the young men who admired her, and persisted in walking home with her grandfather every day quietly instead of joining in the rough horse-play that often went on among the "hands" as they went home, the jealousy of the girls turned to hatred. They felt Alice was superior to them; she was right and they were wrong, they knew, and the knowledge was very galling to them; while the boys and young men, who still admired her, were angry with her for shunning their society. One man, Patrick Kelly, was very bitter against Alice, whom he admired exceedingly, and worried her daily to give him some encouragement, which she, knowing from Caleb, in whose department Kelly worked, that he was not at all a desirable acquaintance, refused persistently to do.

It was his sister by whom Alice was sitting when Polly carried her off. A sense of duty, and the hope that she might influence Susie Kelly for good, prompted Alice to overcome the dislike she felt for the Kelly family, so far as to be friendly to this poor woman, who she knew had not long to live, and who she feared was so unfit to die.

"Where are you going?" asked Alice, as Polly led the way across the meadows.

"We can get on the towing-path soon; this is a short cut, and we are not so likely to come across any of the others so far off."

"Shall we get back by one, though?" said Alice.

"Oh, yes, we have three-quarters of an hour; we have only to get over that stile, and there we are. We can walk back by the canal, it will be cooler than in these fields."

A few minutes more and they were on the towing-path, when, to Alice's disgust, as they turned a rather sharp bend of the canal (she was walking in front of her companion), they suddenly came upon Patrick Kelly, who was evidently lying in wait for her. She saw now why Polly had brought her here, and, turning round to reproach her, found she had disappeared. Her first impulse was to walk straight on, and take no notice of Kelly beyond a civil nod, but she soon found he was bent on going with her, so she turned the other way, hoping to overtake Polly, but Kelly was determined to go with her wherever she went, and told her so. Alice felt in a fix. Caleb had told her on no account to be seen speaking to Patrick Kelly, and here she found herself alone with him some way from the mills. In vain she tried to rid herself of his company; walk with her he would, he declared, and Alice, who had a vein of obstinacy in her composition, was equally determined he should not, so she leant up against the stile, and telling him plainly she would neither move from there till he was gone nor speak to him while he remained, she took her book from her pocket and began to read. Patrick tried first entreaties, then threats, to induce her to walk back with him, but in vain. Alice sat silent and almost motionless until they were both of them startled to hear the factory bell, the signal that the dinner hour was over. Muttering some vague threat under his breath at Alice for her pride and obstinacy, as he called her conduct, Kelly leaped over the stile and ran back to the mill. He was very tall and thin, and his long legs carried him back just in time to escape being late, but poor Alice knew she could never be in time, run as fast as she would; moreover, her workshop was at the top of the factory, while the fleece room was on the ground-floor; besides which, she was by no means anxious to return in Patrick's company; so she made up her mind to accept the penalty of being late, which would probably be a sharp reproof from the foreman, for to be late from dinner was considered a serious offence, and Alice had never before been guilty of it.

She rose with a sigh, and walked quickly back across the meadows, feeling half inclined to go and tell her grandfather why she was late as she passed his workshop; but, reflecting that this might get Kelly into a serious scrape, she went on with a beating heart to her own department. She saw by the foreman's frown as she entered the room she was in for a scolding, and knowing she could not defend herself, she walked, with her trembling hands tightly clasped in front of her, to the foreman, who beckoned to her to come to him.

(*To be continued.*)

LETTER FROM THOMAS CARLYLE TO AN AMERICAN GIRL.

A YOUNG lady in New York wrote to Mr. Carlyle asking information concerning his translation of the works of Goethe. She sent her photograph, probably to show the age and ingenuous character of his correspondent. The reply was as follows:—

"Chelsea, London, Oct. 21, 1866.

"You pretty but unreasonable child! I never translated 'Goethe's Works,' nor any part of them but the 'Wilhelm Meister' and some short fractions scattered up and down among my own writings. The 'Wilhelm Meister' (both parts) I would willingly send you, but the publisher here informs me that the conveyance, etc., to New York will outweigh any advantage to you, and that the direct and easiest plan is that you apply to 'Johnson and Co.' (address enclosed), who are close at hand, in case you actually want a 'Wilhelm Meister,' which is itself uncertain to me. Don't calculate on seeing me when you next come to London. I am grown very old; have no desire—but the contrary—for being 'seen'—and find my little remnant of time all occupied with infinitely more important things. Read me, read Goethe, and if you will be a good girl, and feel a call to do so, read all the good books you can come at; and carefully *avoid* (like poison) all the Bad, so far as you can discriminate them, which will be more and more, the more faithfully you try. Happy is he (still more is she) who has got to know a Bad Book by the very flavour, and to fly from it (and from the base, vain, and unprofitable soul that wrote it) as from a thing requiring to be left at once to leeward! And let me tell you further, pretty little Juliette, reading, even of the best, is but one of the sources of wisdom, and by no manner of means the most important. The most important, all-including, is, that you love wisdom loyally in your heart of hearts, and that wherever you learn from a Book or elsewhere a thing credibly *wise*, you *don't* lose time in calling or thinking it 'wise,' but proceed at once to see how, with your best discernment, energy, and caution, you can manage to *do* it! That is the rule of rules: that latter. May your years be many, and bright with modest nobleness; 'happy' enough they will be in such case—and so adieu, my pretty child.—Yours truly, T. CARLYLE."

VARIETIES.

IN A MISERABLE CONDITION.

A silly young fellow saw an aged hermit go by him barefoot. "Father," said he, "you are in a very miserable condition if there is not another world."

"True, son," said the hermit, "but what is thy condition if there is?"

OMENS FOR TRAVELLERS.—It is common among the Arabs to draw a lucky or unlucky omen from the first object seen on going out in the morning, and accordingly as that object is pleasant or the contrary the person says, "My morning is good," or "My morning is bad." A one-eyed man is regarded as an evil omen, and especially one who is blind of the left eye. Many a person is related to have suffered from having an unlucky countenance.

WHAT IS CHEERFULNESS?—What does not the word cheerfulness imply? It means a contented spirit; it means a pure heart; it means a kind and loving disposition; it means humility and charity; it means a generous appreciation of others and a modest opinion of self.—*Thackeray.*

ABOUT VINEYARDS.—A vineyard is by no means so pleasing an object as our ideas of beauty and plenty would lead us to imagine. The hop-plantations of our own country are indeed far more picturesque. In France the vines are trained upon poles seldom more than three or four feet high, and are little more pleasing in appearance than raspberry-stocks in England. In Greece and Italy their luxuriance is seen to better advantage, but it falls short of the vineyard of poetry and romance.

EVER CHANGING.—Nothing is more variable than the sky and one's own soul.

THE DISCONTENT OF THE IDLE.—Multitudes repine at the want of that which nothing but idleness hinders them from enjoying.—*The Rambler.*

A HAPPY GIRL.—A girl, says an Eastern tale, spent many a happy hour beside a fountain. "I have been so happy here," she said one day, "that I am resolved somebody else shall be so too," and then she threw down a diamond ring that the next comer might find it.

A CATARACT OF CALVES.—A tourist once went to see the Rhyadr Waterfall in Wales, and whilst gazing at it a calf which had fallen into the stream above came tumbling down the cataract. "Wonderful!" said the tourist, and going away he reported that it was not only a fall of water but of calves, and he was much disappointed on visiting the waterfall on another occasion to see no calf come tumbling down.

LITTLE VEXATIONS.—When we meet with the little vexatious incidents of life by which our quiet is too often disturbed, it will prevent many painful sensations if we only consider—*How insignificant this will appear a twelvemonth hence.*

REALLY CONTENTED.

Nasir-Eddin had a board put up on a part of his land on which was written, "I will give this field to anyone who is really contented."

When an applicant came, he said, "Are you contented?"

The general reply was, "I am."

"Then," rejoined he, "what do you want with my field?"

HEARING AND SEEING.—Between the eye and the ear there may be little more than two or three fingers' breadth, but still there is a mighty difference between hearing and seeing.

TRAVELLERS' LETTERS.—People who are travelling are very apt to make their home-letters too much like guide-books. Descriptions of scenery and famous places are generally tedious. It is the little things that are entertaining; a droll adventure, a peculiarity in dress, or speech, anything which especially strikes the writer, will be certain to be given vividly, and will add colour and interest to her letter.

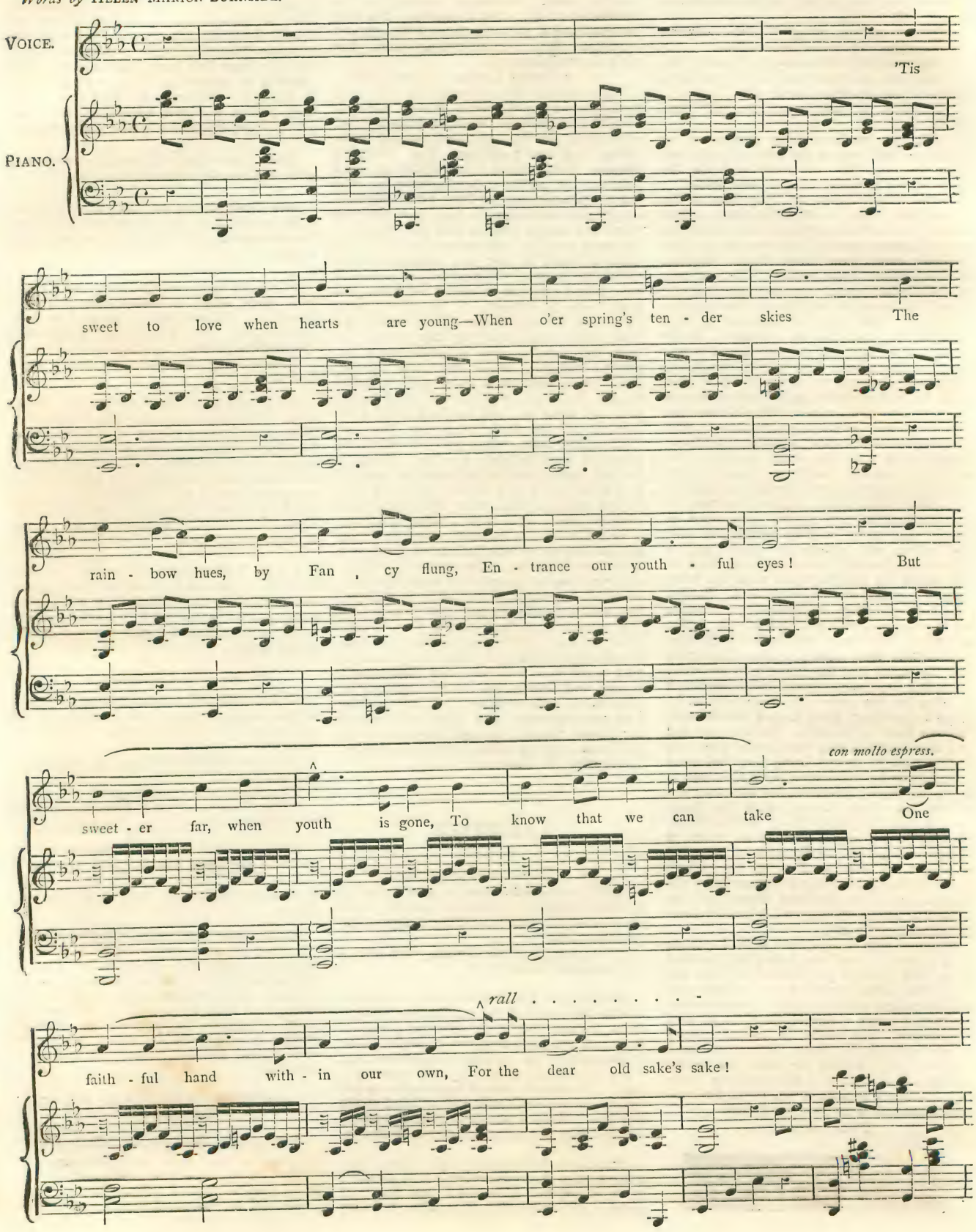
ANSWER TO CHARADE (p. 419):—
LACEDÆMON.

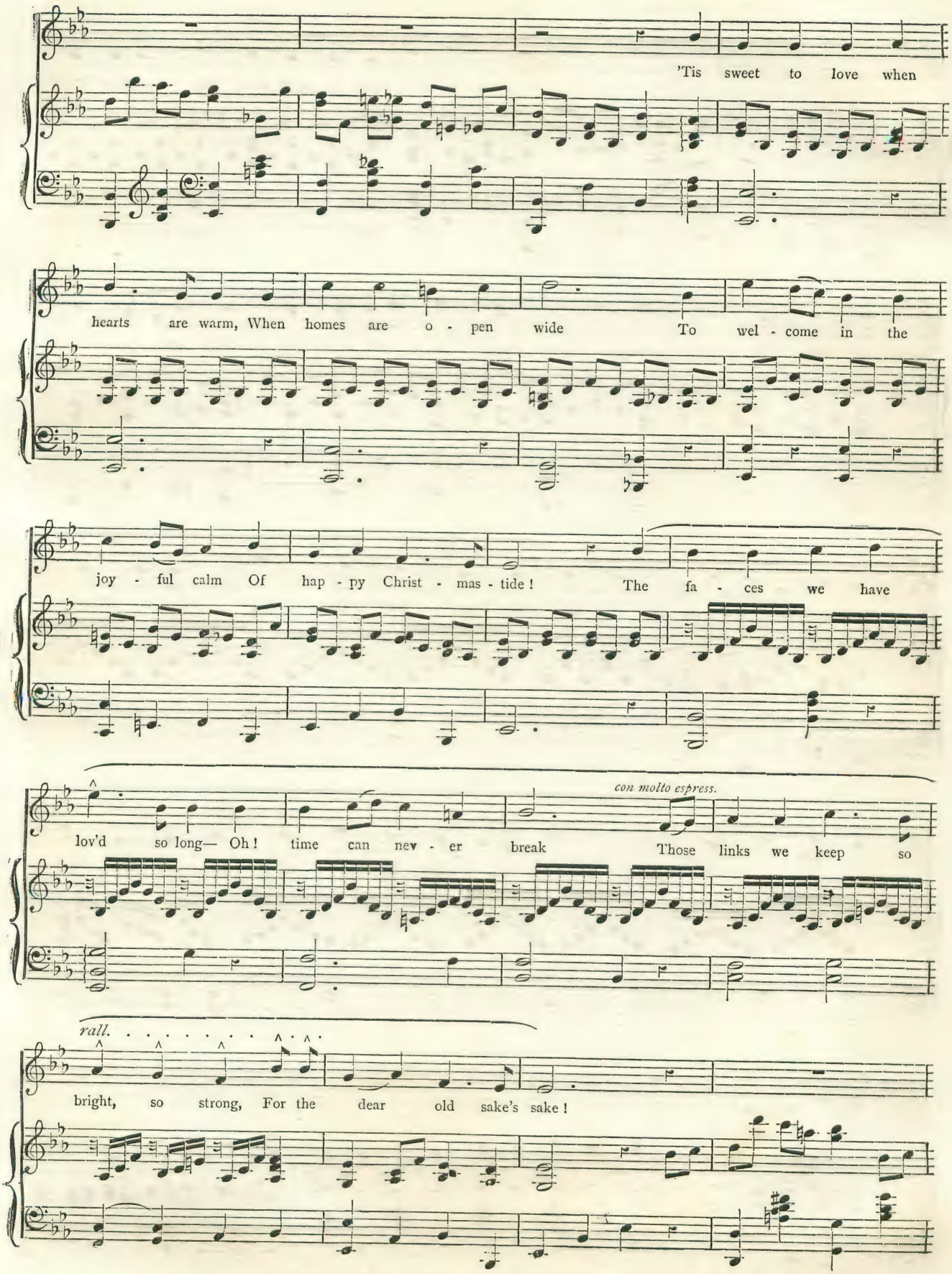
SOLUTION TO MISSING LETTER (p. 446):—

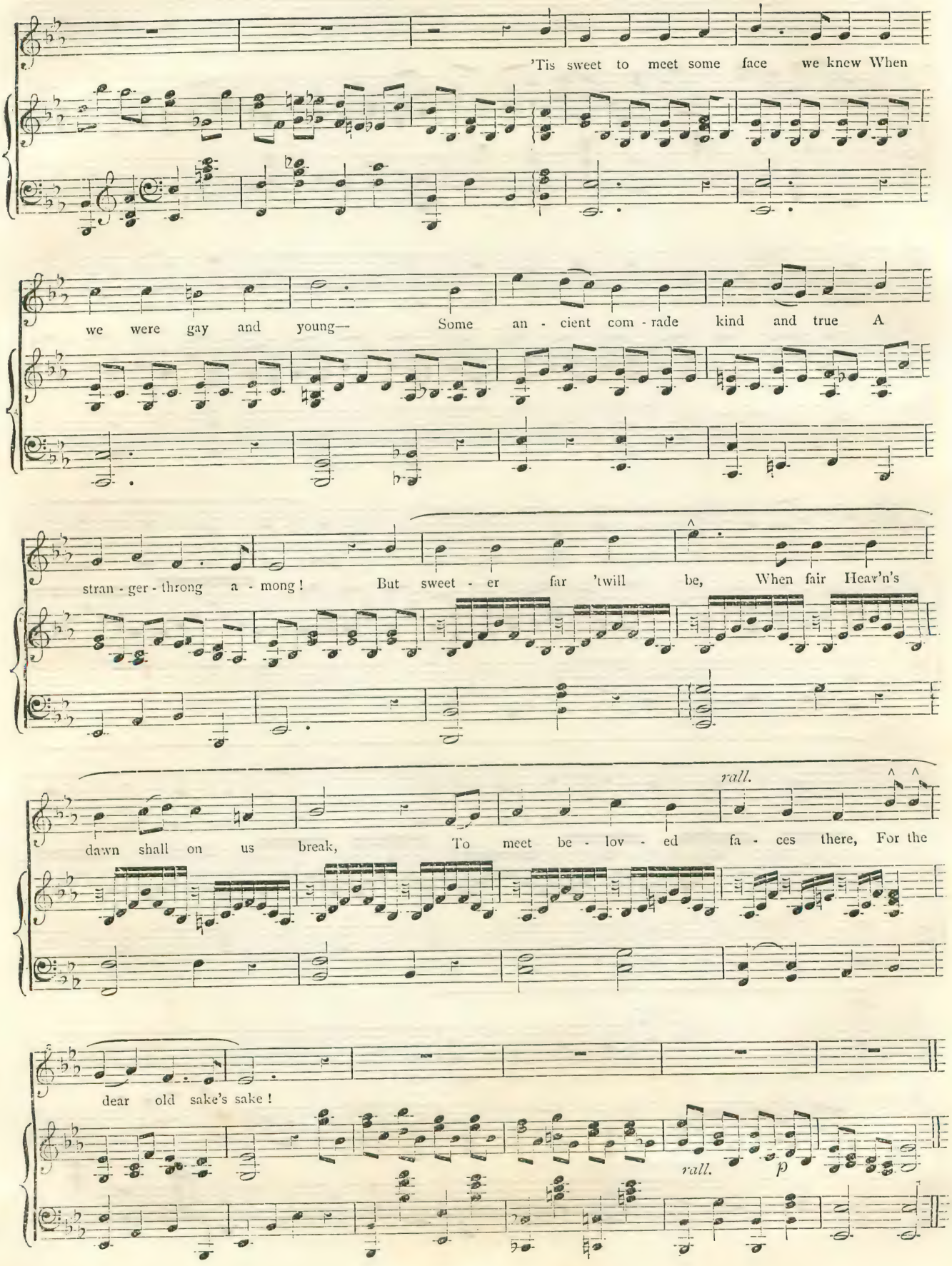
To town on foot John Scott plods on,
To look for Cosmo Morton's son,
Who forth to Oxford follows John;
So gold for work old Scott soon won.

FOR OLD SAKE'S SAKE.

Words by HELEN MARION BURNSIDE. *Music by* LADY WILLIAM LENNOX.




'Tis sweet to love when
hearts are warm, When homes are o - pen wide To wel - come in the
joy - ful calm Of hap - py Christ - mas - tide! The fa - ces we have
con molto espress.
lov'd so long— Oh! time can nev - er break Those links we keep so
rall.
bright, so strong, For the dear old sake's sake!


'Tis sweet to meet some face we knew When
we were gay and young— Some an - cient com - rade kind and true A
stran - ger - throng a - mong! But sweet - er far 'twill be, When fair Heav'n's
rall.
dawn shall on us break, To meet be - lov - ed fa - ces there, For the
dear old sake's sake!
rall.
p

WHEN WE WERE GIRLS TOGETHER.

A STORY OF SCHOOL-GIRL LIFE.

By SARAH DOUDNEY.

"It seems to me but yesterday
Since we were girls together."—OLD SONG (*Adapted*).

CHAPTER II.

CONCERNING JENNET'S RELATIONS.

THE Fowlers of Chestnut Farm, Downshire, had never succeeded in making a fortune, and yet they had been hard-working people from generation to generation.

No farm in the whole county ever gave more unmistakable evidence of care and industry. Farmer Fowler's fields were kept as neat as a garden; a broken fence or an untrimmed hedge was never seen; the land was always skilfully managed, and the rent was ready at the right time. And yet the Fowlers certainly grew poorer as the years went on.

The fact was that their receipts did not increase and their expenses did. There were eight children in that quaint old farmhouse, which had sheltered several generations of Fowlers. Two sons and six daughters—all strong and hearty, save one—had to be fed and clothed and provided for, and it was no wonder if the father and mother were sometimes over-anxious about the future of them all.

Neither was it surprising if the good people of Brambletree said among themselves, "Why does not Mrs. Belfont do something for the folks at Chestnut Farm?"

Of course, they had no business to talk about their neighbours' concerns; but on the whole they were a kind-hearted set of busybodies, and regarded the Fowlers with genuine goodwill; and holding, as they did, to the old saying, that blood is thicker than water, they wondered that Mrs. Belmont did not show a deeper interest in her own sister, Mrs. Fowler.

Mrs. Fowler herself—that woman careful and troubled about many things—was more hurt by her sister's indifference than she would ever confess. To her, it sometimes seemed only a little while ago that she had sat at work with Judith, turning gowns, patching, piecing, and mending, as hundreds of other poor parsons' daughters have done from time immemorial. A very poor parson indeed was the father of Judith and Kate Maurice; but the girls had made the best of their poverty, and had loved each other well.

But if poverty unites, wealth often sunders. When Judith married Mr. Belfont, a rich lawyer, she soon discovered that her husband meant to claim all her care and attention. He was many years older than herself; and the pair lived a quiet life, selfish and luxurious, in their large house in the old market-town of Parkley. Brambletree was only twelve miles from Parkley; but none of the young Fowlers were ever asked to stay with Aunt Judith. Uncle Belfont was not particularly fond of young people, and was always rejoicing in the fact that he had no children of his own.

But, when Mr. Belfont died, and the widow was left sole mistress of a handsome fortune, it was naturally expected that she would turn towards her sister and her sister's family.

"Now that he is gone, Judith will want to see more of us," said Mrs. Fowler. "She will be lonely enough in that large house of hers, poor thing."

"Don't make too sure of anything," the farmer replied. "If she had wanted you she would have sought you long ago."

"But her husband was a most exacting man, and he ruled her absolutely, Robert."

"Yes, yes; but where there's a will there's generally a way."

"People have to give up using their wills, sometimes," said Mrs. Fowler, a little vexed at the farmer's tone of doubt. "You are not a tyrant yourself, Robert, and you don't know how harsh tyrants can be."

"Very true, Kate. But Mrs. Belfont is a stronger-minded woman than you are; and I think she could have been a match for her lord and master if she had liked."

Mrs. Fowler reflected.

"Yes," she admitted at last, "Judith's mind is stronger than mine, and she always succeeded in getting her own way in old times. But, Robert, she was an affectionate sister before her marriage, and I can't believe that her love for me has ever died."

"I don't say that it is dead. Yet I do think that sisterly love, like anything else, may be choked up with weeds. And self-indulgence, and laziness, and stinginess are weeds that grow thick and strong, especially when they've been growing for years."

Mrs. Fowler reflected again, and looked gravely into her husband's face. He was by no means a great talker, but he astonished her sometimes by clothing his ideas in forcible language; and experience had convinced her that his judgment was generally to be relied upon. But in this case she devoutly hoped that he was wrong.

She had always persuaded herself that Mr. Belfont was the sole cause of Judith's indifference. If the husband were removed (she had thought) the wife's heart would turn back lovingly to the companion of her youth. She would remember that sister Kate was the only relative left to her on earth, and no time would be lost—old impulses would be gladly and eagerly obeyed.

Her conversation with Mr. Fowler cast the first shadow of doubt on her mind. She did not want to believe that he was right; and yet, in nine cases out of ten, she had found his predictions come true. He had not said positively that Judith would continue to neglect her; but she knew that he expected nothing from that quarter. He would not encourage her hopes. He evidently believed that Judith Belfont was absorbed in self, and wanted no intruders into her comfortable life.

How could she be comfortable? Mrs. Fowler felt that her own life, cumbered as it was with many cares, and beset with many anxieties, was a thousand times happier than her sister's. She had a husband whom she loved with all her heart, children who all but idolised her. There was not an empty corner anywhere in her little world. Every nook was filled with affection. But Mrs. Belfont, poor soul! had had none of these blessings. Love had played but a very small part in her existence. Instead of love she had contented herself with all the luxuries that money can buy.

"But they can never satisfy her," said Mrs. Fowler to herself.

She was wrong. Incredible as it seemed, Judith Belfont really was satisfied with her good things, and did not want to go beyond them. At first, but that was long ago, there had been the cravings of a higher nature within her—the pining after those things that must be bought without money and without price. And then the yearning was stifled, the weeds of sloth and self-indulgence began to grow, and, as the farmer had said, they had grown thick and strong.

Months went and came; and Mrs. Belfont, living on in her luxurious widowhood, still seemed utterly forgetful of her sister. In reply to Mrs. Fowler's affectionate letter of condolence she had sent a mourning card, inscribed (as such cards too often are) with a most inappropriate text in memory of the departed. And then came silence—unbroken silence—and the farmer's wife tried hard to hide her disappointment and pain.

"I thought she would have helped us, Robert," she said to her husband. "But it was not only the help that I desired; I wanted to brighten her life; it must be such a gloomy life, you know. I wanted her to see my children, and have some of their love. And oh, I did long to talk over the old, old days at The Parsonage!"

"I was afraid you would be hurt, my dear," replied Mr. Fowler, sadly. "You have a tender heart, Kate! and then, you see, all your affections and sympathies have been kept awake, while hers

were fast asleep. What's that story the children are so fond of? Isn't there something in it about a boy who was spirited away to a palace of snow, and yet didn't realise that he was blue with cold?"

"Yes: Jennet is always reading it to the younger ones."

"Well, that boy is rather like your sister. She isn't at all conscious that she is sitting in the middle of an icy lake, and has a frozen heart. She feels quite comfortable, I can assure you. And, Kate, dear, you must leave off fretting about her, and just quietly let her alone."

"I will try," returned Mrs. Fowler, meekly. "But it's hard, Robert—it's very hard indeed. I do love her still."

(*To be continued.*)

OUR FLOWER MISSION.

By A. W.

In the many hospitals scattered throughout London and the larger towns of England and Scotland, thousands of suffering invalids lie day after day, separated from their friends, and tended only by professional nurses, whose time is too much occupied by their duties to permit of their doing much to amuse or beguile the weary, idle hours to which their patients are condemned. Even among the adult men and women a very large proportion are insufficiently educated, and unable to lessen the tedium of confinement by the aid of literature; while in other cases the result of illness is a lassitude which takes away for a time the possibility of effort to undertake reading which would at other times be enjoyed without much mental exertion. And if this is the case with the grown-up inmates of these benevolent institutions, how much more is it so with those children, the brightness of whose young lives has been darkened by disease, and shadowed with suffering. Surely it is a noble work to attempt in any way to bring to these patients in hospitals some of the consolations of friendship; to carry to them some rays of light from outside, which may diffuse a little sunshine upon the dull lives of the suffering inmates.

The object of this paper is to show our girl readers how an experiment for this purpose was successfully undertaken and accomplished in a hospital with which the writer was at one time connected; and to point out to them how, by the exercise of a little self-denial, and a little effort, they may imitate that example; and by so doing not only benefit those to whom they carry pleasure and comfort, but also exercise some influence, small though it may be, in improving the social character and circumstances of their poorer neighbours in general.

The writer of this paper was at one period of his life a resident physician in the hospital of a large county town, at a time when some thought was being given to the rather unæsthetic condition of hospital wards in general. A movement had been promoted, chiefly by the medical students who carried on their studies in the wards of the hospital, to provide engravings and other pictures for the walls; and some of the nurses, who took a pride in the cleanliness and neatness of the rooms under their control, had bought some plants in flower-pots, and had them blooming on various tables. The idea occurred to a lady who was one day visiting the hospital, that an exceedingly nice effect would be produced if, during the summer, regular supplies of cut flowers could be introduced in all the wards, and replaced as they withered. Being one of those energetic individuals whose charitable acts do not terminate in good resolutions which are never fulfilled, this good genius of the hospital proceeded to plan an arrangement for carrying out the idea which had occurred to her, and with the aid of various friends, some of whom lived in the suburbs of the town and had large gardens, it was arranged that any flowers which could be spared should be delivered one afternoon every week at a room which was to be hired for the purpose. Happily a charitable society in which this lady was interested had a room which was not required on certain afternoons, and an offer being made to allow this room to be utilised, this part of the scheme was carried out without any cost. But the collection of the flowers was only one part of the plan; there remained the rather more difficult part of the distribution, and some prejudices had to be overcome before a body of young ladies could be obtained to meet, and after arranging the flowers, carry them to the hospital and enter the wards with them. The general public has a very vague and erroneous idea of the usual appearance of the wards in a hospital. Very many people seem to fancy that if they enter one they will be faced by all forms of repulsive illness, and by the groans and tears of suffering patients, and the young ladies whom our friend now tried to interest in the cause had their full share of such prejudices. Some, however, were persuaded to volunteer their assistance, and the relatives of some of the staff who were in a position to know better were induced to come, and in the end a staff of from twelve to sixteen young ladies were enrolled. These undertook to meet weekly in the room to which the flowers were sent, to arrange them into bouquets, and to visit the hospital afterwards and distribute them among the wards. The permission of the superintendent and staff of the hospital was obtained and an hour fixed for their visit at a time when the ward cleaning would be finished for the day, the doctors' visits completed, and the work of the dressers and others also finished. The work commenced with probably a very incomplete idea of how it was to be done, but in a short time became organised in a very complete manner. Flowers were sent in such abundance by friends who became aware of the movement that during the first summer, not only were there large central bouquets for every ward of the hospital, but when time offered it was possible to tie up a small bouquet for each individual patient, and very much prized these small gifts were.

But the small bouquet presented to each individual patient had a much greater value than intrinsically belonged to it, a value which was only discovered after a little time. These little flowers served the purpose of an introduction to short conversations between the patients and the young ladies who brought them; and as many patients were in the hospital for many weeks, necessarily quite a friendship arose between the visitors and those sufferers whom they visited weekly, to whom they brought flowers, and whom they cheered by their kindly interest and gentle sympathy. The writer can testify to the manner in which these little flowers were cherished from week to week, and, even from a medical point of observation, can tell how the weekly visit, soon ardently anticipated by all the patients, exercised a beneficial influence upon their physical health. Another happy element now was added to the distribution of flowers. Shortly before this movement was inaugurated the city to which the writer refers had been visited by the American evangelists, Messrs. Moody and Sankey, and the hymns which were introduced to the notice of this country by Mr. Sankey had taken a deep hold upon many of the lower classes of the population. Not only the lower classes, for many of those in higher positions had appreciated the sweet simplicity of many of the hymns, and had recognised their adaptability for those who were unable to sympathise with a higher class of devotional music. Some of the young ladies who were assisting in the flower mission, as it soon came to be called, had been members of a choir formed by Mr. Sankey on his visit to the city; and it occurred to them that some of the patients might like to hear a few hymns sung in a quiet manner when the distribution of flowers was completed. The experiment was made; without any instrumental accompaniment these girlish voices were raised in song throughout the wards of the hospital; and this addition to the mission turned out a complete success. Requests were constantly made for more hymns, until the singers' voices were almost exhausted; and even those patients who were very ill seemed to enjoy the sweet music, which, quiet and simple as it was, did not in any way disturb or harass them.

That the flowers and singing were thoroughly appreciated by the patients, was proved in a most satisfactory manner to the writer. Part of his duty in the hospital was to issue permits to those of the patients who were sufficiently convalescent to leave the hospital for two or three hours in the afternoon; and, as a rule, from six to eight of these permits were asked for every afternoon. But on the day on which the flower mission was expected, he was rarely asked for even one permit; the patients being unwilling to be absent during the looked-for visit. He can bear testimony also to the fact that in no case was the influence on the invalids other than beneficial. If some patient happened to be very ill, a request might have to be made that no singing should take place in that particular ward; but the distribution of flowers took place; and the short conversations to which they led up, and the inquiries and mutual interest excited, were not at all interfered with. And with the vast majority of patients, many of whom are accustomed to a wandering and eventful life, the weekly relief from the monotony of the ordinary *régime* of hospital existence was an occurrence to be hopefully anticipated for some time before the day, and joyfully remembered afterwards. At a time when, perhaps more than at any other, attention is being given to the sad conditions under which most of the poor classes exist, and to the chasm which existed between the well-to-do classes and those who have to struggle for a bare existence, any means, however humble and small, which may present themselves for alleviating that sadness, for bridging that chasm, should be taken advantage of and utilised.

And I would be wrong indeed if I left it to be assumed that all the advantages of such a scheme are on the side of the hospital patients. Rather would I point out how such opportunities of witnessing the patience with which such hospital patients bear their sufferings, of sympathising with their sorrows, and of lightening the tedium of their sickness, must waken the minds of the visitors to the responsibilities which lie upon them as members of a civilised and of a Christian community. It has too much been the habit to bring up girls in the belief that their main object in life should be to conduct themselves with propriety, and consult their own interests and happiness; and it has been left out of view almost entirely that they, equally with men, have sacred duties, duties to society at large, which, though of a different kind, are of equal importance as regards the happiness of the community at large. The theoretical idea of a perfect commonwealth is one in which every individual works in harmony with others for the common happiness and good, or, to repeat the word in another form, for the common weal.

AUNT DIANA.

By ROSA NOUCHETTE CAREY, Author of "Nellie's Memories," "Esther," "Not Like Other Girls," etc.

CHAPTER VII.

A DOMESTIC SYMPHONY.

AUNT DIANA'S letter and a cup of excellent tea were both very restorative in their effects, and when Alison had freshened her tired face with cold water, and brushed her dishevelled locks, and exchanged her travelling dress for a light, cool-looking zephyr cloth costume, she felt less reluctance to present herself to the critical eyes of her father and Mabel.

"I am far too pale, and I am afraid my red eyes will betray me," she thought, as she anxiously scrutinised herself in the small looking-glass, "but they will not be hard on me, surely, after my long journey;" but here her reflections were broken by a hasty knock.

"May I come in?" questioned a voice that she knew at once was Roger's, and, in a moment, she had sprung joyfully to the door.

"Oh, Roger, you dear old fellow, I am so glad to see you again," she exclaimed, forgetting all her troubles in the sight of his familiar face. Evidently her pleasure was reciprocated; a pair of strong arms almost lifted her off her feet, and bore her across the room towards the window, and, after a hasty kiss or two, Roger put his hand under her chin and gravely inspected her.

"I suppose you are glad to see me," he observed at length, in a dissatisfied voice, "as you have been crying evidently at the pleasurable anticipation. So you are sorry to come home, Alison, eh? and yet"—rather reproachfully—"you are wanted very badly here."

Alison's only answer was to lay her face down on his arm; this was a little too much for her jaded spirits, a few more tears would come. Roger had found her out, as she knew he would.

"Come now, this won't do, Ailie," he said, with a sort of soothing roughness, "we shall pack you back again to Aunt Diana if you are going to fret. I looked for rather a different greeting after two years' absence."

"I can't help it," she said, trying to dismiss her tears; "I am tired, and everything seems strange to-night, and I do miss Aunt Diana."

"Yes, she has spoiled you for us; you have grown a dainty little lady, Ailie."

"Oh, no; I am not spoiled in that way," she interrupted him breathlessly. "You cannot quite understand, Roger; but there is such a mixed feeling. I have wanted you all these two years; you have never been out of my mind a single day. Please do not think me unkind and disagreeable, or that I am not glad to see you because I cried a little. It is only one of my stupid ways."

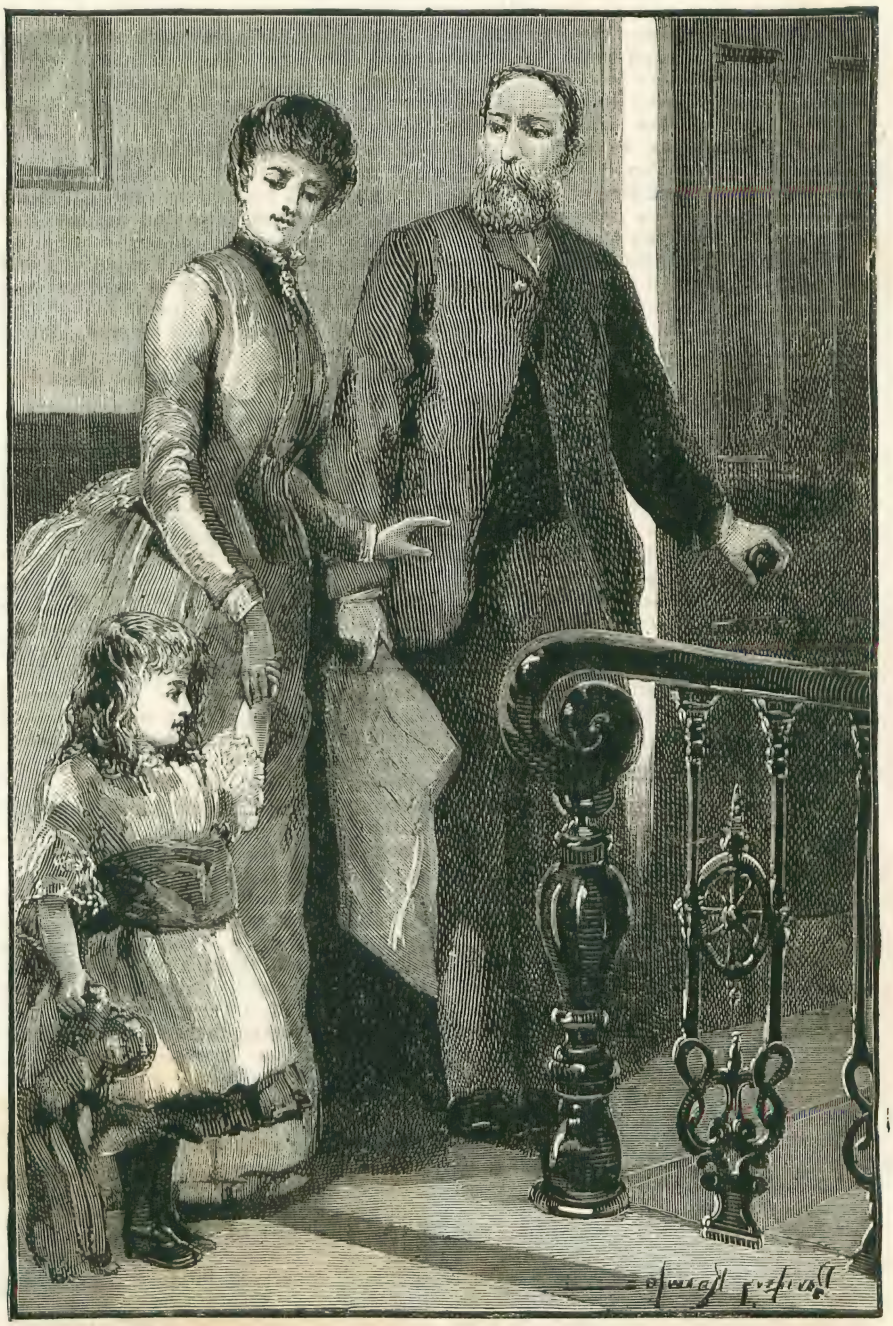
"Well, well; I suppose I must forgive you. Anyhow, I am too glad to have you back to scold you properly. What colour are your eyes generally, Alison? They are as pink as an Albino's to-night."

"It is my turn to look at you," she returned, trying to pluck up a little spirit. "Why, you have grown a moustache, Roger. How well it suits you," glancing at the rough, sandy appendage to his lip with much sisterly complacency; but Roger only broke into a merry laugh.

"Did you ever see such a handsome fellow? Really, Rudel and I are marvellous specimens of manly beauty. He beats me in freckles, though, ha, ha!" and Roger quite rocked himself in merriment.

"I like the look of you very much," returned Alison, gravely, quite ignoring this satirical outburst.

Strangers might not consider Roger handsome; in fact, he was regarded as a clumsy, somewhat heavy-looking young man; but his good-natured face and open blue eyes always redeemed him from any charge of plainness in his sister's opinion. He was so tall and well grown, too, and though he did not carry himself as well as Greville Moore, and was somewhat awkward in



"HE ALMOST STARTED AT THE SIGHT OF HIS DAUGHTER."

the use of his limbs, Alison never would find fault with him on this score. He had not had Mr. Greville's advantages. If Roger had gone to Oxford instead of being put at those horrid mills he would have been *polished too*. "If mamma had lived he would have learned little things from her. He only laughs at me if I try to teach him things," thought Alison.

"Your hair is a little rough—and, oh! your boots are muddy," she continued, after eyeing him as "careful robins eye the delver's toil." "You have wanted me to keep you in order."

"I don't seem to match you, somehow," he observed. "Do you always look as though you were just turned out of a bandbox? I wish you would take Missie and Poppie in hand; they drive Miss Leigh crazy with their untidiness. Oh, we are a happy family, Ailie—nothing but billing and cooing and that sort of thing going on from morning to night. You might take Rudel and Missie for a couple of love-birds, the sweet young creatures are so fond of each other, and as for Poppie and Missie—look, there is a specimen of the home-music dulcet strains floating up the staircase. There goes Missie."

Alison's brow knitted with some perplexity as she listened. "Flora, will you go into your own room. I insist on it—you are not fit to be seen in that torn frock," in a sharp, girlish voice.

"What does it matter? she won't mind," in a shrill, childish treble; "you are so cross, Mabel. Do let me come in with you and see Alison."

"No, no; do as I tell you; you shall come in presently. There! you have trampled on my dress and torn some of the trimming, you horrid little thing. I will tell papa if you are so naughty, and then he will not let you come down to tea." Here an expressive roar on Poppie's part interrupted the discussion. Alison, who could bear no more, moved quickly to the door and opened it. A pretty-looking, fair-haired girl, dressed somewhat untidily and in bad style, with rather a vixenish expression on her flushed face, was standing just outside Alison's room, and behind her a somewhat plain little girl between eight and nine years of age, rather small in stature, and with a droll, freckled face like Rudel's, only it was just now puckered up with crying—a red, inflamed spot on one cheek was evidently the result of a smart blow on her sister's part in payment for the torn trimming.

"How do you do, Mabel?" she said, with a somewhat cold salute of Missie's cheek. "*Please do not* prevent Poppie coming to me. I could not help hearing, you spoke so loud, and I do not mind one bit how she looks. Come here, Poppie dear;" but the child, evidently shy and upset by the late *fracas*, held back in an embarrassed manner, until Missie gave her a rough push.

"Why don't you go to Alison, you stupid little thing?" she said, crossly, for she was put out at her sister's sudden appearance on the scene. Missie, in spite of her temper, never liked to look undignified, and here she was caught red-handed in the act of boxing Poppie's ears.

"Please do not force her to come to me; we shall be very good friends directly," returned Alison, sorry for the poor child's awkwardness. There was bad management here, or why was Missie allowed to control her after this fashion? "Come with me, Poppie, dear; Roger is in my room, and I will show you the pretty new game I have brought for you."

The child's face brightened in a moment, and she moved instantly to take Alison's hand; again Missie interposed.

"She must change her frock, Alison; tea is just ready, and I hear papa's step in the garden. He will be very angry if Poppie looks rough or untidy; and I cannot allow him to be vexed," pursing up her lips with a virtuous expression.

Alison controlled a quick retort with some difficulty. She had fully expected to find Missie a most aggravating little person, or why should Miss Leigh complain of her so bitterly? But the reality was worse than she anticipated.

"Never mind," she said, calmly; but she could not help an expressive look at Roger, who was leaning against the doorway, an amused auditor—"we must not vex papa, must we, Poppie? I will help you change your frock, and perhaps after all we may have time to look at the fishponds;" and without another glance at Missie, Alison made Poppie cheerfully lead the way, as she did not know her room.

"Well, I am sure!" observed Missie, with a little toss of her head as she marched off to her own—or rather, to Alison's room; but she did not much enjoy the sound of Roger's laugh behind her. "Alison scored there," he observed, audibly, as he followed her, still chuckling to himself. Alison sighed heavily as she heard him. What a miserable state of things, she thought; laughing at Missie would only inflame her naturally bad temper. Was this their notion of family life? Hasty words and recriminations, constant teasing on the boys' part, and mutual aggravations. "Live peaceably with all men," was the command. And this was how they obeyed it; no wonder Alison's gentle nature felt saddened as she followed Poppie to her room, a little one leading out of Miss Leigh's.

Poppie speedily grew confidential as Alison brushed out her tawny mane, and fastened it into a neat pigtail—when nicely dressed, Poppie was not such a bad-looking child. She had a funny little face, and a turned up nose; but though not pretty, there was something piquante in her expression. She had brown eyes, like Alison—only very bright and sparkling—and long beautiful eyelashes; and though she was far too small for her age, there was a fairy-like lightness about her. When Alison had finished dressing her, she kissed her and told her pleasantly that she was sure she was a good girl, for Miss Leigh always said so. "Mabel does not say so, though," observed Poppie, with a reflective frown; "she says very often that I am a horrid little thing, and a tiresome monkey, and——"

"Come and look at the fishponds," observed Alison, cutting short this string of compliments on Missie's part; and as the delighted child stood beside her she made her hold her frock, and poured into it a delicious *mêlée* of bonbons, crackers, and games; after which they sorted and inspected them until the tea bell rang very furiously, making Poppie start and say they must hurry down.

As Alison came down the staircase with the child still clinging to her, Mr. Merle suddenly made his appearance from the study. He almost started at the sight of his daughter, and an expression of pain crossed his handsome, careworn face. In the dim light, Alison recalled her mother too plainly to his eyes. How often in their happy life he had stood just there waiting, as she came down to him with one of her children holding her hand, and with such a smile on her face.

"Oh, papa," she said, hurrying to him, and putting up her fair young face to his. He kissed her kindly, patted it, told her that she had grown into a woman since he had seen her, and questioned her with some interest about her journey.

The dining room—a large, handsomely furnished room, looked sufficiently cosy as they entered it. Though the daylight was not gone, the lamp had been lighted, and the table fairly groaned with all the good things that were necessary to a heavy Lancashire tea. Missie was in the seat of honour; she gave a little simpering laugh as Alison entered with her father. "I suppose this will be your place to-morrow," she said, rather with the hope of being contradicted, Alison thought; for, as Alison replied simply, "I suppose so, but I need not disturb you to-night," a vexed look crossed Missie's face, but as Rudel was already grinning in hopes of a row, she prudently disappointed him.

Alison sat by her father, and gave him most of her attention; it would take time, she felt, to reconcile her to look on at Missie's airs and graces with anything like tolerable equanimity. Alison's refined taste grafted on Miss Carrington's opinion could ill tolerate the young girl's appearance. Missie was certainly very pretty; she had regular features and a good complexion, and her figure promised to be pretty too. But she was singularly overdressed for so young a girl, and not in the best possible taste; there were rings on her childish hands, bangles on her round bare arms, a fair, untidy-looking fringe hid her nice white forehead, and a mass of ragged-looking plaits overweighted her small head. In fact, as Roger afterwards observed, she generally looked like a gaudily-dressed doll, pretty in a dollish way, if she would not spoil the good looks with which providence had endowed her by her conceit and silliness. Alison was not looking at her much to-night. Her father's altered looks were making her anxious. How much older he had grown in these two years! How pale and grey he looked! His manner was more absent and dreamy than she remembered it. He seemed more self-absorbed; now and then an irritable nervous light came into his eyes at the sound of the boys' voices, and he

would speak a sharp word or two, but Miss Leigh's plaintive remarks, her attempts to lead him into anything like connected conversation, always failed. Poor Miss Leigh was evidently a nonentity in his eyes.

Missie's "dear papa" always roused him in a moment. Alison tried hard not to feel a pang of jealousy as she saw his loving glance at his favourite. How Missie had managed it no one knew, but she could turn him round her little finger; that she could coax him to anything was evident as Alison looked at Missie's sparkling hands. Mr. Merle had not waited for his eldest daughter to come home before he had opened his wife's casket. Alison had her mother's watch and chain, but only one of her diamond rings lay locked up among her treasures. Aunt Diana did not approve of diamonds on girlish hands, and Alison never cared to wear it.

When they rose from the table Missie's first words were a peremptory order for Poppie to put away her toys and go to bed. This led to a feeble protest on Miss Leigh's part.

"It is not so very late, Mabel, and Poppie has not seen her sister for two years. I think she might wait a little longer."

"I am not going; there, now!" observed the child, defiantly, quite oblivious of her father's presence.

"Go it, Pops. I'll back you," whispered Rudel, rubbing his hands; "she shan't touch you as long as I am here, or her cat shall rue it to-morrow."

Mabel's eyes flashed. "You horrid rude boy. Papa ——," but here Alison gently interfered.

"You will go to bed now, dear, will you not?" she whispered in the child's ear, "and I will come and tuck you up, and wish you good night." And thus propitiated Poppie's sullenness vanished, and she trotted off at once.

"Papa, dear, you will not go into the study to-night," observed Mabel in a coaxing tone, as Mr. Merle looked at the door as though he intended to follow Poppie's example; "please come with us into the drawing-room, and I will make you so comfortable."

"Very well, Pussie," was his good-humoured answer, as he got up a little wearily from his chair.

Alison waited a moment before she followed them.

"Are you not coming too?" she asked, as Roger threw himself down on an easy chair, and Rudel began to play with Otter on the hearthrug.

Roger shook his head smilingly.

"Rudel has got to do his lessons. Missie never admits him into the drawing-room of an evening. She says it is not the room for boys."

"I would not go if she were to ask me ever so much," returned Rudel, wrathfully.

"But surely, Roger," pleaded his sister, "you will come in with me this evening?"

"Well, if you wish it very much," he replied in a bored tone; "but you have no idea how stupid it is in there. Father never opens his mouth, and if anyone speaks he shuts up his books and goes off to his study, and then Missie flies at us for disturbing him. I generally keep Rudel company, or go out and amuse myself."

"But not to-night, dear," she returned, gently; and he got up at once, shaking himself like a shaggy dog.

Rudel looked up rather wistfully.

"I have almost a mind to come too," he muttered; but as Roger said hastily "Better not, Rue; we don't want any rows to-night, Alison is tired," he remained kicking his heels in suppressed ill-humour.

Alison threw a critical glance round the room as she entered it. No changes had been effected since she had last entered it. The furniture had once been costly, but the damask coverings were worn and faded. A few yards of cretonne would have effaced the shabbiness, but neither Miss Leigh or Missie had thought of such a thing. Missie had worked a few chairbacks, but there all her ideas of renovation had stopped. The furniture was not disposed to the best advantage either—the chairs and tables were awkwardly placed, and seemed to have no sort of relation to each other—no cosy nooks invited people to sociable *tête-à-têtes*.

Miss Leigh sat bolt upright by the big round table, with her work-basket and a pile of the boys' socks. Mr. Merle had a little table and a reading lamp to himself; and Missie sat on a stool at his feet with a novel on her lap. Alison guessed at once that this was their ordinary position.

"Oh, is that you, Roger? You don't often honour us with your company of an evening," observed Missie, with a toss of her pretty head. "This is a compliment to you, Alison, I suppose?"

"We ought to put our books away to-night," said Mr. Merle, rousing himself reluctantly, and making Alison feel as if he were treating her like a visitor. "Mabel, my dear, suppose you give us one of your little songs?"

"No, indeed, papa," returned Alison, eagerly, "I hope you will go on just the same as though I were not here. Of course, I should like to hear Mabel sing, but not if it disturbs you."

"Oh, I always sing to papa of an evening," replied Missie, walking to the piano with much dignity. "Roger, I think you might offer to light those candles for me, but you boys have no idea of waiting upon ladies. You will find them dreadfully rough, Alison."

"On the contrary, I am rather fond of waiting upon ladies," was Roger's nonchalant answer, laying a peculiar stress on the last word that brought an angry flush to Missie's face. "I always wait on you, do I not, Miss Leigh?"

"Yes, indeed, Mr. Roger. I always say you are so kind and thoughtful."

Missie struck a chord sharply. "If you will be good enough to leave off talking I will commence my song," she said, crossly, and as Roger made a low bow and retired, she began the prelude of a German song.

Alison listened with much pleasure. Among her other natural gifts Missie certainly possessed a very good voice, and it had been evidently well trained. Her notes were clear and sweet, and, if she could only have got rid of a certain affectation in her style, Alison could have praised her still more warmly.

As it was, her admiration was so sincere that Missie began to thaw for the first time.

"I suppose you sing?" she said, a little bluntly.

"Not much. I certainly cannot compare my voice to yours," was the modest reply; "but I am fond of instrumental music, and play a good deal."

"Then you will be able to play my accompaniments," returned Mabel, brightening still more. "Will you take my place, Alison? Papa will like to hear you, I am sure."

"Not to-night," returned Alison, feeling as though she were not capable of any further effort. "I am rather tired; and if papa would excuse me, I think I should like to go to bed."

"By all means, my love," observed Mr. Merle, looking up from his book. "Pussie, dear, I hope everything is comfortable for your sister. Never mind singing to me to-night, if there is anything you can do to help Alison."

"I will come with you and see," returned Missie, a little ungraciously; and though Alison would rather have dispensed with her company, she thought it better policy to accept this faint offer of help. On the landing Missie stopped, and said rather awkwardly, "I hope you don't mind about the change of rooms, Alison; but as you do not live at home, I thought I could please myself."

"I suppose I have come home to live now," returned her sister wearily; "but if you do not want to give it up, Mabel, I will try to be content with my present one; I only want things to be comfortable, and to do my best for you all."

"Oh, as to that, we have got along very well," returned Mabel, hastily, "you need not put yourself out on our account. As papa says, I am grown up now—nearly seventeen—and able to take care of myself and other people too. I hope you are not going in to see Poppie; I think it is a pity waking up the child, and she is so excitable."

"I shall not wake her; but I promised to go and see her," returned Alison with gentle firmness, as she bade Missie good-night. Missie need not have troubled herself about her little sister's wakefulness. Poppie was sitting bolt upright in the darkness, waiting for Alison.

"Now for a good cuddle and a talk," she said, stretching out her arms to Alison; "you are a nice old thing to keep your promise." And as Alison sat down on the little bed she forgot her weariness, as Poppie laid her warm cheek against hers, and called her her dear, nice Ailie.

(To be continued.)

GIRL LIFE IN INDIA.

By A ZENANA MISSIONARY.

How varied are the surroundings amid which THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER is perused by its multitude of readers! While numbers are reading it around English fire-sides, others are enjoying it in the height of an Australian summer, and others again in a burning tropical clime. Let us look at some of these last on "India's coral strand," and when we have made acquaintance with our English and Eurasian,* or Indo-British, sisters there, we will go on to visit the less-favoured native girls of the same land, millions of whom are spending lives strangely different from our own under the sway of the same sovereign.

Suppose that we land at Bombay, that vast and beautiful city. We drive from the pier for about a mile across a grassy plain called the Esplanade, intersected by broad avenues shaded by stately trees, many of which in the hot season are aglow with flowers of crimson and orange, called "May" by Bombay girls. We then turn into a densely-populated native quarter, but just as we do so we catch sight of some English texts in the windows of a corner shop; this is the depôt of the Tract and Book Society, and if we step in we may find THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, and the *Sunday at Home* and *Leisure Hour* on the counter, with other well-known periodicals and English books, side by side with a host of vernacular publications; and we may meet some of the young ladies of whom we are in quest purchasing books or selecting birthday and Christmas cards as in a bookseller's shop at home. Passing, on we traverse a long and winding road with native and Chinese shops at each side, many of the houses being of several stories in height, and singularly ornamented with carved and painted woodwork. Presently the dwellings stand back from the road in gardens, and here and there are ugly temples, where of an evening a bell rings the hideous idol's lullaby. By-and-by we are altogether in a region of bungalows or villas surrounded by compounds;* we then ascend a hill, gaining lovely views of the palmy shores of a glorious bay.

In one of the houses in this delightful situation we receive a warm welcome from an English family whose daughters have just come out from home, where they received their education. We find their home-life much like our own, excepting that they cannot in the middle of the day take a turn in the garden, or go out on some little errand, unless in a carriage. They take evening drives, or walk and ride very early in the morning. Alas! how sad it is that few of the ladies in such homes give any thought to the poor native women around, for whom they might do so much. Did it ever occur to you that there could be English girls who have never seen snow in the winter, nor primroses in the spring, and who have no idea of the autumnal glory of our woods? Yes, there are many born in India who know nothing of these things, because their parents, from not being wealthy or for other reasons, have not sent them to pass their early years in their native land. For these and for the numerous other English-speaking girls of all classes there are schools in the large cities, and at hill-stations, while at Calcutta and elsewhere some are trained as zenana missionaries. If you were to look in upon these girls at their studies, you would find much the same lessons going on as in a schoolroom at home, only that more attention is paid to the history and geography of India, and that you would see in some of the atlases the map of Asia placed before that of Europe.

Now we must look at a darker picture—girl-life among the natives; and we will first take the case of a Hindu. At her birth great lamentations are expressed at her not being a boy. Female infanticide was formerly practised to a frightful extent, but it is now prohibited by the English Government. There are indirect ways, however, of letting girls "cease to live," without throwing them into the river as of yore; infant mortality has been noticed to be greater among girls than boys, because the latter are so much more tenderly cared for in sickness.

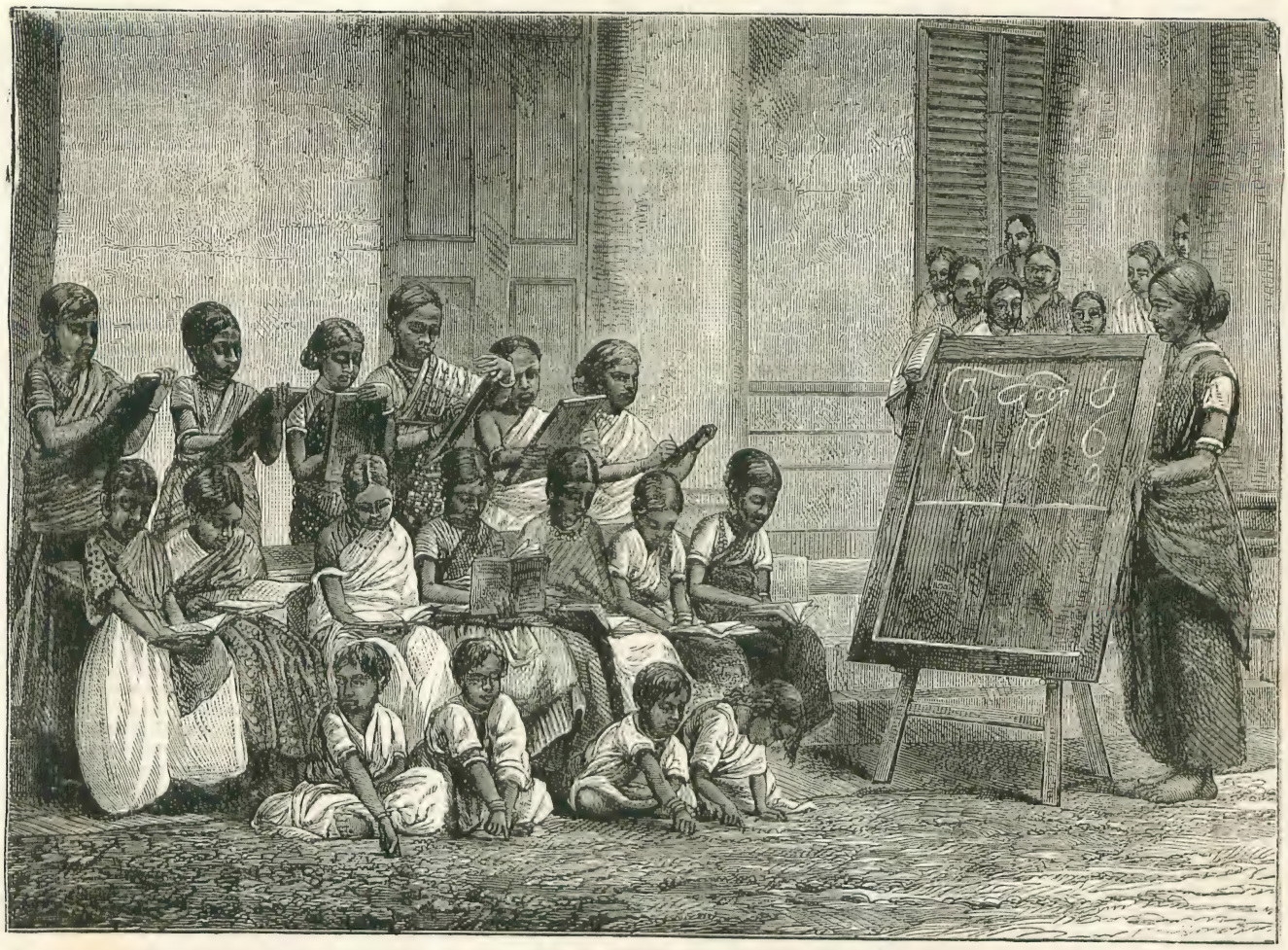
A poor little girl may be happy for the first few years of her life, and she can do much as she pleases, for her mother will indulge her as much as possible, reflecting what a dreary lot hers must afterwards be. She must be married, however, at the age of five or six, perhaps earlier, and never later than twelve, lest her father should be excommunicated for not having done his duty. The bridegroom may be also young in years, but very often he is a middle-aged or an old man who has lost his wife and cannot take another of a suitable age owing to the pernicious customs which oblige every Hindu girl to be married so young, and prevent widows from re-marrying. The wedding is a succession of feasts and processions; the poor little bride is carried about in a palanquin or on a horse, and the first time she sees her future husband is during the ceremony. I have read of a doll being put into the palanquin to amuse a child-bride. Matches are always arranged as matters of business between families without consulting the couple to be wedded, and enormous sums are spent on marriages. One reason why sons are preferred to daughters is that such large dowries have to be given with the latter.

After the grand doings are over the little bride pays at intervals long visits to her mother-in-law, who is not, as a rule, very kind to her. At length comes the time when she must be under her tyranny for good. It is the custom for each son to bring his wife to his father's house, where his mother rules over the company of daughters-in-law, sometimes called bows, who live with her in the women's apartments, or zenanas. These rooms are usually most comfort

* Eurasian means of partly European and partly Asiatic descent.

* Compound is corrupted from "campagna," and meant in the original Portuguese "a country house;" now it is used in the sense of "garden."

THE FORMER METHOD OF LETTING GIRL INFANTS "CEASE TO LIVE."



A GIRLS' SCHOOL.

less, even in the household of a very wealthy man, who furnishes the rest of his mansion in a sumptuous style.

These poor young bows have very little to occupy their time; they were taught neither to read nor to sew until of late years missionary ladies have found their way into zenanas. Their chief employment is cooking, and they play some few games, plait their luxuriant hair elaborately, deck themselves with jewels, perform pooja or worship, take part in weddings and idolatrous festivals, and enjoy the gossip of their solitary visitor, the barberess, and the tales she relates, which are generally of a class to poison their minds. They never sit down at a meal with their husbands, much less with the other gentlemen of the family, whom they are never allowed to see after their marriage. They are literally imprisoned in their zenanas, never going out for air or exercise, save on exceptional occasions in a carriage with the shutters so carefully closed that they can see nothing. I have heard of a Hindu girl who did not know what a tree or a butterfly was, and of another who had not visited her sister's house in the same city.

All this is bad enough, but when a girl ever so young becomes a widow, her condition is far worse. Instead of loving sympathy she has hard words of blame, for it is considered to be her sins that have incensed the gods to take away her husband. She cannot, under British rule, be burned with his body—that might have atoned for her wickedness, and the only thing she can do is to suffer a life-long penance. Her beautiful dresses and jewels are taken away, her long hair is cut off, she is dressed and treated as a menial, allowed only one meal daily, and on certain days is obliged to fast entirely, not taking even a draught of water in that torrid heat; it is inculcated on her companions that whoever gives her a drop risks the loss of her own husband by so sinful an act!

What sad lives are these! and no hope lies beyond which might render them tolerable. No, their highest hope is that by good deeds they may obtain the supreme felicity of being transmigrated into that sacred animal the cow!

I have been describing the life of a Hindu girl of the upper or of the middle class. The poor, amid all their privations, have more liberty; but among them, too, the custom of early marriage prevails, which is a great drawback in teaching even those who can be gathered into mission schools, for they have to leave so early. I wish you could look in on such a school, and see the bright little scholars arrayed in all sorts of brilliant colours, with garlands of yellow and white jessamine encircling the glossy plaits coiled at the back of the head. How these little ones delight in singing hymns set to English tunes as well as to their own quaint melodies! One of their native airs is familiar to children at home, who often sing it to the words of "There is a happy land."

Even poor children are not allowed to walk alone to school; they have generally to be brought. Sad to say, it is not a rare thing to hear of little ones being murdered for the sake of the jewels which they wear. The poorest women and girls (and boys too) may be seen with heavy anklets and numerous bracelets and earrings; sometimes there are six rings in one ear, and none in the other, one side of the face being covered by the *sari*, a piece of cloth several yards in length, arranged so as to form skirt, mantle, and veil in one. I have heard of a single earring as a gift, and this may explain why Eliezer presented only one to Rebekah, if our translation of the word is correct; some think it should be nose-ring, an ornament likewise worn by some of the women of India. One jewel worn in the ear is of a pattern which would be sought in vain in any jeweller's shop at home, and is of a truly barbarous description; it is a large stud inserted into a buttonhole in the ear, which is kept open by a piece of stick when the ornament is removed.

Some of the favourite names for girls are those of precious stones, such as *Heera* (diamond), *Maneck* (ruby), *Motee* (pearl), *Rutna* (emerald), and there are also *Sona* (gold) and *Rupa* (silver). Oh, that all the bearers of such names knew the Pearl of great price, and might be numbered among the Lord's jewels! Some of those who read these lines may be deliberating on the purchase of some new ornaments; could they not deny themselves in this matter and lay out their money to better account in winning Indian gems for their Saviour? I am thankful to say that

many have already been won to Him, and that there is a large and increasing class of native Christian girls, among whom are many well-educated young ladies. Scattered over the country are many missionary orphanages and normal schools, and from these many light-bearers go forth to dark homes around; but such girls can hardly be counted by hundreds, while there are millions of heathen.

Much of what has been said above applies equally well to the Mohammedan women, although those of the particular class that I am best acquainted with at Bombay enjoy greater liberty, and the word zenana does not properly apply to their homes, neither do they marry so very early as a rule. They lead very monotonous lives, however, only a few enjoying such a break in them as the weekly visit of an English lady; for what can some half-a-dozen zenana missionaries do in a population of seven or eight hundred thousand in one city alone? These bibis (ladies) are very particular in observing their hours of prayer, but they use only vain forms, and do not know that God is love, nor do they realise that as sinners they have need of a Saviour. The floor of a bibi's room is generally covered with China matting, which is much used in India instead of carpets. An extra piece, or a mat of some kind, often of carpet manufactured for the purpose, is spread in an assigned portion of the room as the prayer-mat, and a visitor may be asked not to tread on this with shoes on. The bibis themselves and their servants drop their shoes at the door of the room, although they often wear worked slippers within. A singular kind of pattern may often be seen among shoes at the threshold; it is formed of a wooden sole with small feet below, and it is kept on by a peg which goes between two of the toes. Around the walls of the room are ranged couches and piles of cushions covered with white, and sometimes chairs. There may be cupboards also, and two or three large chests, and a swing is a very favourite article of furniture, formed of a large polished board suspended by brass rods at the corner to a hook in the ceiling. When a bibi goes out to some festivity, she is gorgeously attired in a silk or satin skirt, with a jacket and a flowing veil of different brilliant hues, all spangled with gold. Underneath the veil the hair is festooned in countless plaits, among which strings of pearls may be twined. She is conveyed in a close carriage, and, as a double precaution against her being seen, she is muffled up in a large black or white veil, which covers her entirely, excepting that she can peep out through a hole left for the eyes. Some women are allowed to walk in the streets if they put on such veils. The bibi's hands and feet are stained red with henna, and one may sometimes see her teeth also of a bright vermilion tint, as she is fond of eating pan-sopari, a preparation of betel nut, which she rolls up in tiny triangular packets made of pieces of leaf, and keeps in a box like a jewel-case, with lock and key.

These bibis work most beautifully with gold and silver thread, or fine wire, and they are fond of learning crochet patterns for the gold lace with which they trim the round velvet or cashmere caps worn by their little girls before they put on veils. They also like to make infants' boots and jackets of fine wool, for the little ones are sensitive to cold even in such a hot country; very trying winds prevail at times. THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER has been carried by the writer into a zenana to teach a bibi the pattern of a jacket depicted in it, and I think you would have admired the tiny garment when worn by a dear little girl of olive complexion.

Favourite Mohammedan names are Zaina, Zobeida, Fatima, Latifa, Maryam, *i.e.*, Miriam, which is the same as Mary. The term "bibi" is attached to each name thus, "Maryambibi," but when the Virgin Mary is spoken of the words are transposed to "Bibi Maryam."

I cannot tell you much of the Mohammedan ladies in other places than Bombay, but I know that they are usually very strictly secluded in zenanas, a Persian word properly belonging to those of this religion, and which they introduced into India.

Parsee girls are much in advance of Hindus and Mohammedans in respect of education, but they are equally ignorant of the light of the Gospel. This intelligent race, who came originally from Persia, have schools of their own for their girls, and a desire for higher education is increasing among them. Their ladies dress in silken saris of the most lovely tints, bordered with a kind of crewel-work. Their hair is bound up in a white handkerchief which comes over the forehead; they always wear this from a superstitious idea that without it evil spirits would have power over them. They believe in one supreme god, Hormuzd; but they also hold the divine nature of Ahreman as the creator of evil. They worship the elements, especially fire, as manifestations of Hormuzd. A Parsee girl likes to have a nicely-bound prayer-book, out of which she recites words which she does not in the least understand in a dead language called Zend. A pretty Parsee name is Serene, meaning "sweet" "Bai" is added like "bibi." There are Jewish girls, too, in India, some wealthy and educated, others very poor. All learn to read Hebrew, but it is not considered necessary that they should understand it. All the Bible names are common among them, and in addition, Flor, a name which, in the form of Floria, seems to have been exclusively that of Jewesses in Europe in the Middle Ages.

To one more class of Indian girls I will introduce you, and this is a very small one indeed; it consists of the few who are emulating young ladies in Great Britain by passing university examinations; they are mostly reformed Hindus. Several at Calcutta, among them some native Christians, have obtained the degree of B.A., and at Madras and elsewhere there are students of medicine. It will be a great boon to the women of India, whose lack of proper medical attendance is lamentable, when there are more lady doctors and trained nurses, both European and native. A few have already gone out from America, as well as from England. A wide door of missionary effort is open to all who will devote themselves to this work, and in entering it there can be no question of trenching on the province of medical men, for the poor ladies shut up in purdah, or seclusion, must have medical women to attend them, or be left without doctors, for a gentleman could not be admitted into a zenana. There is a story that on one occasion an English physician was called in by the husband of a rich lady; this doctor would not content himself with descriptions of her symptoms at second-hand, and insisted on seeing his patient's tongue, whereupon a slit was made in a curtain that she might put it through for him to look at!

Now, dear girls, I have not been telling you all this simply to entertain you; I want to interest you for a higher purpose, that you may do what you can for the poor Indian girls who are without your advantages.

USEFUL HINTS.

TO KEEP STEEL ORNAMENTS IN GOOD ORDER.—Procure from a builder's yard a piece of quicklime, break it and roll it with a rolling-pin, put it in a box, and keep your ornaments in it; when wanted for wear, give them a shake and brush. We know of steel combs and brooches that have been in wear for 20 years; they have always been kept in lime, and are still as bright as when they were new. A good-sized piece of lime costs twopence.

WHITE SOUP WITH PARMESAN (Excellent).—Take three pints of white stock, made from the liquor in which a leg of mutton, a couple of chickens, or a couple of rabbits have been boiled, and be sure that the stock is free from fat; put it in an enamelled stewpan to boil. Boil separately four ounces of macaroni which has been broken into inch lengths. Mix in a basin a tablespoonful of flour with a gill of cream, and add the yolks of three eggs. Pour the boiling stock gradually upon the eggs, etc., return the whole to the saucepan, and stir it over the fire till it thickens, but do not allow it to boil. Add the macaroni, turn the soup into the tureen, add a pinch of cayenne, and, last of all, three tablespoonfuls of grated Parmesan.

A GOOD many people have a difficulty in utilising pieces of broken bread. An excellent way of using them is to employ them in thickening BROWN SOUP. Dry the crusts in the oven till they are brightly browned, then crush them to powder and pass them through a wire sieve so as to make them smooth and free. Stir them into a stewpan with as much water as they will thicken (say two quarts) and keep stirring till they are incorporated. Add five or six good sized onions and a little pepper and salt, and simmer gently for an hour and a half. Melt a little dripping in a stewpan, fry in this a carrot (cut up small), a turnip, a little celery, and some chopped parsley; sprinkle on them a pinch of savoury herbs, and add whatever agreeable flavouring ingredients there are to be had. Melt an ounce of butter, mix smoothly with it an ounce and a half of flour, and moisten with half a pint of the soup, add the fried vegetables, and boil all together till the carrots, etc., are tender. Press the whole through a sieve, make hot once more, and serve.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL

ELEANOR ROSS (South Africa).—You may enter various hospitals as a probationer without paying for admission or training. At the Middlesex Hospital, Mortimer-street, W., probationers begin with a Salary of £12, rising to £18 the second year, and after that by £2 yearly up to £24. At St. Thomas's, Albert Embankment, S.W., pupils are trained as Nightingale probationers for one year, receiving £10, board, and uniform. During three years, after completion of training, they are required to take situations as hospital nurses, at a usual commencing salary of £20.

A NEGLECTED ONE.—Write a copy of a few lines daily from a good small round-hand copy-book, and look out every word in a dictionary about which you are uncertain; and continue to read our paper.

CIGARETTE.—You do not tell us what your age is, but you would not be received for training as a nurse at any hospital under the age of twenty-five, excepting in the Children's Hospital in Great Ormond-street, where they are received at twenty-one. Certainly no young girl, even were she trained, should be allowed to nurse men on a battle-field.

NORTH of IRELAND GIRL.—You would not be received into any hospital unless your health were really good, as much strength is needed for the arduous work of nursing. 2. Try to improve your writing, and you may be able to get employment in a shop.

AMY.—There is a training school for domestic servants at Maidstone, where girls are admitted from twelve years old, on payment of £3 5s. a quarter. They are there instructed in every branch of domestic work, as well as in needlework; and, when of age to go to service situations are found for them by the committee directing the institution, and an outfit is given them. They are likewise entirely clothed as well as fed during their residence in the school. The honorary secretary is Mrs. Whatman, Vinters, Maidstone; the matron is Miss Kemp, 19, Romney-place, Maidstone, Kent. There is a similar home and training school in Somersetshire.

MOLLY BAWN.—The age at which you should leave school must be dependent on your parents' means, and their convenience. Your education will be of a very limited description, however, if obliged to leave at the early age of fifteen. You having "got rid of short dresses" forms no reason for your return home; however, you should do so cheerfully, if required, and be thankful for what teaching you have had. Read our article on "Wives and Mothers" for advice on the subject of completing your education at home.

H. BURDOCK.—The member of our staff to whom you addressed a letter, requesting her to undertake the business of your education, is not a teacher of any description, beyond the information and advice given in her writings. Other writers in the G. O. P. give good counsel likewise, to those desirous of improving their education; and "H. Burdock" should follow their suggestions.

E. L. ASHBURTON.—If your young friend be not strong, a clerkship in a bank would scarcely be suitable for him. The holidays are very few, and the hours of work irregular in length. Although the bank may close at 5 p.m., the work sometimes continues until ten o'clock. This is the case at an old and respectable private bank at which we have made particular inquiries. The same rules may not be maintained in all alike, but in this case the young unmarried clerks were required to reside in the house. Before deciding on the course you should adopt, you would do well to consult the last edition issued of the "Guide to the Civil Service." You will find it most valuable, and will also see whose interest may be essential. Your kind appreciation of our paper is very gratifying. We thank you.

CHARITY.—We do not "advise a hospital," but we may recommend one, and "advise" you to avail yourself of it. You do not, however, name your age, which you should have done, and you should learn to write a better hand. All inquiries respecting admission as a Nightingale probationer should be made in person to the matron at St. Thomas's Hospital, Albert Embankment, S. W.

HON. SEC. ST. GEORGE'S HALL CORRESPONDENCE CLASSES.—Many thanks for your note. We regret that the name of the post town should have been wrongly given as Bolton, instead of Polton; such slight mistakes are easily made in a great amount of printing.

S M A A.—We think the St. George's Hall Correspondence Classes would suit you for all subjects. They are used by pupils at home and abroad. Address the Secretary, St. George's Hall Classes, 7, Randolph-place, Edinburgh, Scotland. You could send a postal order when required, but the prospectus would be sent to you free. Both your letter and its contents do you credit, and we wish you every success in your studies.

MUSIC.

WHITE GERANIUM.—It is possible that you have been over-straining your voice, and singing songs too high for you. Rest your voice entirely for some time. We do not give advertisements of publications in reply to correspondents, although we volunteer certain notices of both music and books.

A KING'S DAUGHTER.—See 1st Chron. xvi. 42. The musical instruments employed in the Divine Service were called "musical instruments of God." Allusion is made to those ordained by Him in 1st Chron. xv. 16, 2nd Chron. v. 15, vii. 6, xxiii. 13, xxxiv. 12, Luke xv. 25, and Rev. v. 8, xiv. 2, xv. 2. If musical instruments were a prohibited source of enjoyment to Christians, such mention of them would not have been made in both the Old and New Testaments. Learn to play the violin with an easy conscience.

B. B. P.—Write to the secretary of the Guildhall School of Music for their prospectus. Your handwriting is free and legible, and looks well.

COOKERY.

A. H. M. G.—The cooking of food on a gas stove has never been regarded as prejudicial to the health of those for whom it is thus prepared. Gas stoves are employed in the School of Cookery, South Kensington.

KATE VAUGHAN. — Soda, cream of tartar, or tartaric acid are used in bread-making; but you had better use baking powder and leave out the soda. It will be sufficiently light. 2. We cannot possibly tell you which tonic would suit you best—iron or quinine. You should obtain a medical man's opinion, and ascertain in what quantities you may take either. The effect of iron on some is accompanied with headache, and quinine might disorder the liver or tend to the spitting of blood if the lungs be affected. Yet both are valuable if wisely selected to suit the patient.

POLLY.—We do not give recipes for the making of wine. The specimen of Catherine's writing enclosed is that of a carefully-executed copy of the orthodox copperplate. It will prove the foundation of a beautiful running hand by-and-by, when with practice she can write faster and with greater freedom.

AMY.—It is supposed that the name "crumpet," associated with "muffin," is simply a corruption of "crumb-bread"—that is, a cake baked without crust. There is a Saxon word "crompeht," but that means "wrinkled," not honey-combed, like our crumpet cakes. It is quite true, we believe, that by an ancient Act of the Scottish Parliament, dated about the year 1228, women were allowed the right to propose to men in leap year; but remember that Gretna Green marriages were also till lately recognised, and we should have no desire to retrograde in our civilisation. The idea of a woman assuming the masculine position of being the wooer is disgusting to any woman possessing mere ordinary self-respect and delicacy.

ELLA.—To make Italian sauce, place a dessert-spoonful of salad oil into a saucepan, as much finely-chopped shalots, a bay leaf, and some thyme. Stir all over the fire long enough to fry the shalots without browning them at all, then add a large tablespoonful of chopped mushrooms, a glass of sherry, one of mushroom catsup, a teaspoonful of anchovy, half a pint of stock, and one ounce of thickening. Stir all again over the fire until the sauce shall boil; then set it by the fireside for ten minutes to throw up the scum; then skim it, and set aside ready for use.

ROBINA.—To make chocolate cream drops you must roll small scraps of the cream into balls like marbles, and place them to harden a little on stiff glazed paper. Then put some chocolate in a vessel, and stand it in boiling water contained in another until dissolved, then drop the cream balls into it, a few at a time, and then lift them out and replace them on the glazed paper to dry in a cool place. The glazing is accomplished by a solution of shellac and spirits brushed over them with a soft brush. 2. American cream requires 8 oz. of white sugar, a quart of milk, half a box of gelatine, and one and a-half teaspoonfuls of vanilla. The gelatine must be soaked in a small quantity of cold water for about twenty minutes, and, having beaten the yolks and sugar together and set the milk on the fire, stir them into it as soon as it boils—afterwards the gelatine, and lastly the whites of the eggs beaten to a froth. Then stir all the mixture together, add the vanilla, and pour it into a mould till cold and firm.

CISSY.—Dough-nuts, otherwise called "krullers," are made thus:—Take two cups of sugar, one cup of sour milk, four eggs, four tablespoons of melted butter, and one teaspoon of baking soda, dissolving the last in the milk. After the dough is well mixed with sufficient flour to stiffen, let it stand for an hour before frying. Your hand is free and legible, but not suited for note-paper, as two or three words fill an entire line.

G. M. B.—1. We have given recipes for making toffee more than once. Refer to them. 2. Tea stains will come out if the cloth be washed in boiling water. See our articles entitled "The Fairy of the Family," and consult our indexes.

A WEARY ONE.—Ginger comfits are made thus:—Flavour some gum-paste with ginger, make into small balls, dry, and proceed as you would for Scotch caraways. To make rusks, rub a half pound of sugar into three pounds of flour. Sift it, and then add half a pint of good yeast, six eggs beaten up, and half a pint of milk. Knead the dough well, mixing all together. Its consistency should be softer than that of bread, so milk must be added as required. It should be made in the evening, as it should stand all night to increase its lightness, and in the morning, when well risen, work six ounces of butter into the paste, cut it into rolls, and bake. We sympathise with you. Have you tried magnetic treatment under a good medical rubber? It would be worth the trial, in your case especially. The lower part of all your small letters is defective. The turning should be rounder; you make it straight.

YOUNG COOK.—It is quite true that in some foreign countries—France, Switzerland, and Germany especially—snails, like frogs, are used as food, quite apart from their employment for medical purposes. They are made into soup, fried in butter, boiled and eaten with salt, and are much in request during Lent, being regarded as shellfish. There are snail farms in Wurtemburg, where they are fed on strawberries; also near Dijon a snaillery is said to bring in a return of some hundreds of pounds sterling to the proprietor. As a sale is found for them in Covent Garden for the use of consumptive patients, the industry might be taken up by necessitous and enterprising ladies at but little outlay and still less risk of failure through foot-and-mouth disease. The French make cough lozenges of them. This manufacture might be set up by the snail farmers.

MISCELLANEOUS.

FRED.—We should recommend your going to a school for calisthenic and Indian club exercises. Consult a good surgeon on the subject. The wearing of any padding on the side that has gone in tends to make it waste away and weaken it. We suppose there is at least a gymnasium in your town, if you cannot come up to London to a private school for the purpose—Swedish or English.

R. B. (Yorkshire).—We are obliged for your kind letter of approval. Boils may be the result of excess or deficiency of nutriment; eating heartily when overtired and unable to digest, and so becoming half-starved. If there be any appearance of weakness of the system, a tonic (bark, sarsaparilla, or wine) may be necessary, and change of air, especially to the sea; also "Friedrichshall water" will be found of use—half a tumbler before breakfast. Hot linseed poultices frequently repeated will reduce the inflammation.

ANXIOUS YOUNG WOMAN.—We decline assisting you to make known your wants to the Editor of the publication you name. At the age of twenty-seven years you ought to have more sense than to act as you propose to do. Try to earn your bread quietly and respectably, or you will repent your folly.

LILY.—Yes, you have guessed the word correctly as "Edgware" in answer to the charade.

MAORI.—What a travelled little girl you are! You must feel quite like "a little woman cut short." The occurrence you name appears to have been an instance of electricity.

KATRINE CAHERAGH.—We advise you to read our articles entitled "Work for All," and the suggestions given to others making similar inquiries, in our Answers to Correspondents. We are glad that your blind father finds our paper so interesting. We thank you for your good wishes, which we cordially return in your behalf.

PENELOPE.—We do not supply business addresses.

5TH MONTH.—We should not say that high cheek bones were a Welsh characteristic, as they are of the Scotch people.

FRIENDSHIP. — The text you require is in the 1st Epistle of St. Peter ii. 23.

A MAUD.—The so-called "underground railway" for slaves was merely an organised system of friendly help and concealment. *The definition of "sociology"* is that branch of philosophy which treats of human society, "social science."

DARK LIZ.—Your hours of work seem unmercifully long; but now that the days are getting longer, we think you might tell your mistress that your health is being affected, and that you should like to get an hour's exercise in the early morning, if possible. If you rise at six o'clock you will accomplish it easily.

HELEN DOUGLAS.—The holes are punched by a jeweller usually. November 29th, 1869, was a Monday.

JARDINIERE.—The small green insects with which your rose tree is covered are called "aphides," having a kind of beak with which they pierce the softer parts of the stems and leaves, and extract the sap. Syringe the plant well with either tobacco juice or with lime water, which will destroy them and save the plant. You write a pretty hand, and just of the right dimensions. The too general fancy amongst girls of the present day is to write huge, coarse, ungainly, inartistic hands, without one atom of grace or refinement.

AMY.—Your gracious letter and kind expressions with reference to us and our paper are in harmony with your very pretty handwriting, and all do you credit. Accept our thanks and our best wishes of all kinds. We shall always be glad to hear from you.

EDYTHE and IRENE.—See Acts iv. 12, Phil. ii. 9—10, James ii. 7, 2 St. John 9, 10, 11. We pronounce no judgment against individuals. We can only warn and pray for them; but we must not pass lightly over what is said, by Divine inspiration, respecting the denial of the Godhead of our Saviour. Only an infinite sacrifice could make an atonement for the sins of the whole world, prospectively and retrospectively, nor purchase at the same time eternal blessedness for them. No mere man nor angel could suffice for that. Strong delusions exist amongst persons of high moral character, and the more upright in conduct the harder to convince them that they need such a Divine Saviour. Count the feet in each line of every verse, and make a mark on the syllable on which you have placed the beat or measure in each of the first two lines; then place another mark exactly in the same place in the corresponding lines. In the verses on Isaiah xxvi. 23, the beat falls on every second word, "not," and "pass," and "shower," and in the corresponding line on "a," and "ing," and "the," where the line of six feet should conclude. So "perfect peace" must be cut off! We have often tried to explain all this to our readers, but, apparently, with little success.

E. A. B.—You would do best to put your writings into book form and try to get them published.

UNLUCKY DAPHNE.—Much benefit has been derived by some of our girls from lightly rubbing some dry mustard flour on the skin at the first appearance of tickling and redness. This application appears to restore the circulation and checks the chilblain.

JACQUELINE.—We should think washing the hair every day would do it great harm. The camphor and borax mixture is an old-fashioned and simple recipe for cleansing and slightly stimulating the hair. We feel for you much in your family troubles, but if patiently and uncomplainingly borne they are often "blessings in disguise." They turn the heart and its best hopes to higher objects, and, enduring with Him the cross, we look forward to share His crown.

MARION.—According to the latest advices received from New South Wales by the Women's Emigration Society, there is no opening at present in that colony for governesses; but we are told that there is every inducement for active and domesticated women to proceed there with all possible despatch, provided that they be prepared to do household work.

MARY W.—There is a Home for Incurables at Cheltenham—Belmont House, Winchcombe-street. Our last communication with it was dated January, 1883, so we suppose it still exists. You had better write to the secretary.

LITTLE NELL.—There is no natural cause for the existence of anything under the sun without the aid of a Divine Being. Read Genesis i. 1; then turn to St. John i. 1, 2, 3, 14, 34; x. 30. You will thus find your question answered.

CHARITY.—You inquire "How am I to make myself liked?" We need only refer you to the name you have taken, and its full explanation given in 1 Cor. xiii. 4, 5, 6, 7. Emulate that beautiful example, and the more nearly you attain in gentleness, long-suffering, unselfishness, self-restraint, abstinence from evil speaking, misjudging of others, combined with active kindliness and generosity, the more lovable you will become.

ONE PENNY, NURSERY MAID, ALWAYS IN MY THOUGHTS should read the series of articles called "Work for All" in last year's G. O. P. The whole subject of what girls can do to earn a living was discussed in them.

M. C. W.—Gustave Doré died January 23rd, 1883. He was never married, but was devoted to his mother all his life. We think that a Colonel Doré, an elder brother, was his heir. "Hawarden" is called "Harden."

MAGPIE.—You will be shown numbers of small manuals if you inquire at any good London bookseller's, and can choose for yourself. It is a personal matter.

AN AUSTRALIAN ORPHAN.—We do not think with such a beginning that the union would be very happy, and we advise you to consent to the conditional engagement for two years, proposed by your lover. At the end of that time matters may look brighter, or you may have changed your minds. At any rate, you must be at peace with your husband's family, and with your only brother and relative, to find happiness in any marriage.

A. B. T.—We think your letter was answered. We can only suggest that medical men sometimes take charge of such slight cases privately as boarders when not thought suitable for asylums.

GWENDOLINE.—You will find the addresses and most recent information about the Princess Louise Home at page 339, vol. vi. The office is at 32, Sackville-street, Piccadilly, W. The 17th October, 1860, was a Wednesday.

MOTHERLESS ONE.—On no account should you consent to remain in the house with your uncle, considering all the circumstances of the case, after your great aunt's death. If the friend to whom you are attached should actually propose to you, tell your father at once, and ask for his consent. You ought to be "dead" to your relative. Even if you did not become engaged to anyone else, you could not now consent to his request, which, in any case, was a most unreasonable and improper one to make.

MUSIDORA.—The *Times* is an excellent medium for such advertisements. The salary of a companion would depend on her special duties, but would vary from £20 to £35 per annum probably.

COUTE QUI COUTE means "Let it cost what it may." A *cul de sac* means the end of a sack, and as applied to a situation means closed in on all sides but one.

E. NEWNHAM.—Ask leave to write and tell your friend that you cannot come to her, because your mother does not wish it.

INNOC.—The 7th October, 1864, was a Friday; the 31st July, 1867, was a Wednesday.

ESTELLE IRENE.—We have read your letter with much sympathy, and should imagine you are suffering from dyspepsia. You should take as much exercise as possible; and, if your doctor allow it, try a few electric baths to set you up.

AN OLD HOUSEKEEPER (Bristol).—We thank her most sincerely for the pains she has taken in our service.

IRIS.—The prices we give of current coins struck under George III. and IV., William IV. and Victoria, refer to specimens in matchless preservation.

EXPECTATION.—Introductions are usually required in society; and before bowing you certainly ought to have one. But, of course, there are cases which circumstances alter, and yours may be one.

A. B. C.—The best kinds of tuberose to grow are the Italian, American, and American Pearl. The second is an early kind, flowering freely; the last, a dwarf variety, with large and fragrant flowers. The same treatment as for hyacinths is suitable for them.

BOMBAY POLLY.—See "Girl's Own Pets," under "Foreign Birds," 731, vol. iv. Those parakeets are exceedingly delicate, and generally die.

DAISY.—You would probably find no difficulty in obtaining a situation as governess, owing to your knowledge of languages.

VOL. VI.—NO. 280. MAY 9, 1885. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

THE LOST FLEECES.

BY DARLEY DALE, Author of "Spoilt Guy," "Cissy's Troubles," &c.

CHAPTER II.

"WHAT is the meaning of this? You are seven minutes late," said Martin, the foreman, sternly, to Alice, as she stood before him with her head bent.

"I could not help it; I am very sorry," was all Alice could find to say.

"What were you doing? Where were you?"

"By the canal when the bell rang, a long way off."

"And what business had you to go a long way off?"

Alice made no reply to this; she knew there

"I HAVE NEVER TOUCHED FINER WOOL SINCE I HAVE BEEN A FLEECE-SORTER."

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would have been plenty of time for her to go much farther than where she had been if no Kelly had detained her.

"Whom were you with?" proceeded the foreman.

Alice gave him an imploring glance from her gentle eyes, but Martin had no intention of sparing her; he was obliged to be sharp with the girls, or he would never keep order, and he appeared to think the same treatment did for all alike.

"No nonsense. You answer my question, Whom were you with?"

"Patrick Kelly was there as well," said Alice, colouring with vexation.

Then followed a very bad five minutes, during which the foreman scolded Alice roundly, telling her she was as bad as the other girls, and in his anger saying many very unjust things, quite unconscious that to a sensitive nature like Alice's such harsh language was cruel.

The girls with whom he had to deal were frequently insolent and bold, and very difficult to make any impression upon, so he was accustomed to use sharp reproofs and to exaggerate their offences. Alice said nothing, but stood with bowed head listening to the storm of hard words which fell from the foreman's lips like so many darts, each carrying its little sting; her one consolation was that the noise of the machines prevented the others from hearing what was passing. The knowledge that all this lecture was undeserved did not make it much easier to bear at first, but Alice was proud, and she managed to keep down the sobs which were rising in her throat, and to force back the tears which were ready to fall, till she reached her own place, and even there she would not let Polly Gould see how deeply she had been hurt and how well her scheme had succeeded. Polly only noticed her enemy looked paler than usual, and, judging her by herself, began to abuse the foreman whenever Alice was near enough to hear her.

"He only did his duty; there is no reason for you to abuse him," said Alice, coldly, whereupon Polly changed her tone, and treated Alice to some sneering sarcasms every time their work brought them together.

Never had the hours dragged so slowly to Alice as she stood and watched the shuttle dash backwards and forwards across the woof and warp of her loom, her principal duty being to join the yarn every time it broke. She tried to forget the scenes she had just been through, and to fix her attention on the broadcloth she was weaving, wishing she had lived in the days when weavers plied their own shuttles, feeling it must have been much more interesting work than watching a machine which, when once fairly started, required constant watching, but very little more work than the occasional joining of broken threads. At last the welcome bell rang as the clock struck six, and the work suddenly ceased; five minutes later the tired girls were on their way home, Alice as usual pausing at the door of the fleece-room for her grandfather.

"Come in, Alice; I shall be ready directly," said Caleb, who was alone in the fleece-room.

Alice walked through the piles of fleeces to the desk at which her grandfather was standing, and, without speaking, sat down on a bundle of fleeces not yet unpacked.

Caleb Jordan was a venerable-looking old man of seventy, with white hair and a long white beard, a fresh complexion, and a pair of piercing dark eyes which had a trick of peering at people over the tops of his spectacles. He was dressed in a long white smock which he had not removed—not being so particular at leaving off work at the first stroke of six as the younger "hands" all were.

"Aren't you ready, grandfather?" said Alice.

"Yes, my dear, yes. Those German fleeces have come to-day, and I went through them all myself. I have never touched finer wool since I have been a fleece sorter, never; it beats the Australian, and every fleece is as good as the sample. It will make a lovely cloth; would you like to see the sample?"

"No, thank you, not to-day; I don't know one fleece from another, grandfather, and it is getting late," said Alice, anxious to hasten Caleb's very deliberate movements, for he had never been known to be in a hurry in his life.

He took Alice's hint, though, and having slowly locked up his desk and divested himself of his long white robe, in which Alice often thought he might have sat to an artist as a model for one of the patriarchs, he at length announced that he was ready to go home.

Their road lay over one of the hills which formed one side of the valley in which the Oafham Mills stood; a lovely valley it was, too, in the west of England, where for many miles village after village was dotted about the hillsides, while the factories stood in the valley through which the canal wound its way. A steep climb of twenty minutes brought Alice and her grandfather to the top of Oafham Hill, and then a few minutes' walking took them to the great breezy common on which Caleb Jordan's cottage stood. It was a lovely place. On the one hand miles and miles of blue distance melted away in the horizon, while from the Oafham side a beautiful view of the valley with its wooded hills and nestling villages delighted those who had eyes to see.

Alice enjoyed the scenery thoroughly, for she loved beauty, and, coming from a large manufacturing town, she appreciated this lovely country all the more.

To-night she was unusually silent, and never once called her grandfather's attention to a light on the distant hills, or to the shadows of the clouds on the valley beneath. Caleb was so full of his German fleeces that he did not notice her silence, but Mrs. Jordan was more observant, and before Alice had been seated five minutes at the table she asked what was the matter.

To the surprise of both Caleb and his wife, Alice burst into a violent fit of crying, which for some minutes prevented her from gratifying her grandmother's very natural desire to know what ailed her. At last Alice grew calmer, and with her head on Caleb's shoulder—for he had drawn her to him—she sobbed out all her trouble.

"Don't cry, Alice, my dear child; it shall never happen again. Martin is a martinet, but it is the girls who have made him so; and as for Kelly, leave him to me; if he ever speaks to you again, he goes. No one but me would have kept him on as long as I have, a lazy, good-for-nothing fellow; and I do it more for that poor girl Susan's sake than his, as he knows well enough," said Caleb, in his slow measured tones.

Alice felt relieved, for she knew her grandfather would keep his word; he was slow enough to take any steps, but whenever he had made up his mind to act, no person on earth could move him from his decision.

The next day Martin, Alice's foreman, was unusually civil to her. Whether it was he felt he had been too hard on her the day before, or whether Caleb had spoken to him, Alice did not know; but certainly from that time he always spoke kindly to her, and frequently praised her for her industry and attention.

Martin's favour did not tend to make Alice more popular with the lower class of girls, who, led by Polly Gould, were constantly sneering at her; and when they found that Alice's good example was already being followed by some of their companions, who in many little ways copied her, they grew more bitter against her. One day matters seemed to reach a certain climax, though what the sequel was to be Alice had then no idea.

It was in the end of October, when the girls usually began to eat their dinner in the factory, going out for air and to play with the boys afterwards when the weather permitted. This dinner-hour was always a trial to Alice. Naturally, all the girls were anxious to get out of their workshop for the hour, and it was better for them to do so, that the air might be changed and they get a breath of fresh air; but, on the other hand, there was nowhere for them to go except the fields and roads, and in wet or cold weather this was impossible.

A few slipped out however bad the weather was, but the greater number remained in the factory, where, after their dinner was eaten, they had nothing to do, and spent the time in laughing and talking, and very often in rough play. Polly Gould and her friends were very indignant because Alice had brought a book with her; and as soon as dinner was over on wet days she read aloud to the other girls. That Polly and her friends chose to make as much noise as possible to drown the reader's voice, Alice could not help; but when one day Polly appeared with a book and read against Alice, whose hearers one by one dropped off, and seemed attracted to the new reader, Alice stopped reading, and listened for a few minutes, when she suddenly rose, and, with burning cheeks, walked across the room to Polly Gould.

"Polly Gould, I have heard you say things here that I would cut my tongue out rather than repeat; but this is too much. That is a wicked book—one that can do no one good to read—sneering, as it does, at holy things; and unless you shut it up this moment, I'll fetch my grandfather."

"What do I care if you do? Old Caleb has nothing to do with us, and what I read is no business of yours; I don't interfere with your canting books when you read," said Polly.

"Am I to go for grandfather?" said Alice, calmly.

"Yes," hissed Polly; "go, take the book with you—there it is. Won't I pay you and old Slowcoach, too, out for this, my lady! Your pride will be taken down in a few days, I can tell you."

And with this Polly flung the book at Alice, who pocketed it, and then resumed her own reading as if nothing had happened, and in a few minutes most of the girls were listening to her, for they were interested in the story, and all but two or three of Polly's familiar friends felt Alice was right. She had begun these readings without much hope of getting a hearing, but to her joy the girls had taken to them, and she determined to go on with them through the winter.

A few days later an order came to the fleece-room for the German fleeces to be prepared for weaving; and Caleb at once ordered the fleeces to be got out and sent to the washing-room. Presently Kelly, to whom he had given the order, appeared with a bundle of fleeces in his arms, which he deposited at Caleb's feet for him to verify and enter in the book before they left the fleece-room.

"These are not the German fleeces. Where did you get them from?" said Caleb, sharply, after a mere glance at the bundle at his feet.

Kelly answered sulkily he did not know where they were if these were not the right ones; and after bringing at least half-a-dozen lots, none of which would Caleb allow to be the right fleeces, Caleb at last went himself to the place where he had last seen them. To his consternation there were no German fleeces there; the place where they had been left was empty. True, they might be mixed with the others, but this was not likely, as Caleb was most methodical, and never allowed the bundles to be moved without his consent.

However, the German fleeces were missing, and until they were found, no other work in the fleece-room could be continued, Caleb decreed, so he, Kelly, and the three other men who worked with them spent the whole of the day in searching for the lost fleeces; but all in vain, they were not to be found.

"Well," said Caleb, "all I have to say is that if these fleeces are not found it is a very serious matter for all of us; if they are not here, they are stolen. Fifty years have I been here, and never lost a sample even in my life. What the master will say I don't know; but at six this evening, if they are not found, I must tell him."

Another search was made, but in vain, and at six o'clock, in spite of all the other men's prayers to the contrary, Caleb went to the owner.

(To be continued.)

FOR LISTENERS AT INSTRUMENTAL CONCERTS.

II.—Wind and Percussion Instruments.

STRINGED instruments were spoken of in our last article, and these, we pointed out, form the backbone of the orchestra. We have now to describe the remaining members of the band. In them may be discovered even more individuality than exists in strings—they have almost all a more remarkable physiognomy and a more characteristic voice.

To recognise them alone and in combination with other instruments should be the study of everyone who wishes to be an intelligent musician. It is not easy at first, and some may say they do not go to concerts to exhaust themselves with mental efforts; but the habit will gradually become easy, and what girl of sense will avoid taking a first step in a praiseworthy direction, merely because first steps are as a rule painful?

The instruments we have now to speak of may be divided into two classes, wind and percussion—the first blown by the breath, the second encouraged to sound by means of blows with a drumstick, or by some such employment of muscular force. Wind instruments are divided into wood and brass, and with wood we shall begin.

The flute—the first of these—is one of the most ancient of instruments, and in principle one of the simplest. It is a hollow tube, the sound being obtained by holding it transversely and setting the air inside in vibration by blowing into an oval hole near the upper end. There are six holes in the lower part, stopped by the first three fingers of each hand, and various intermediary keys. Of the two flutes in the illustration, the one to the left descends to D, and that to the right, by using the two long lower keys, to middle C. The upper part of the instrument is shown in the illustration, in section. The small open and shaded circles on either side of the flutes show whether the keys or holes are open or closed. Great improvements have been made of late years in the construction of the instrument, the Boehm flute—so called after the inventor—being especially in advance in simplifying the fingering and equalising the difficulty of the different keys.

The compass of the flute now embraces three whole octaves, beginning with the C immediately below the stave, and including all the semitones. The upper notes are of a penetrating, brilliant, bird-like quality, well adapted for light and lively passages; the middle notes are sweet and tender, and there is a mysterious sadness about the lower tones. It is, altogether, a beautiful instrument when one knows how to make use of it, but in the hands of the amateur it too often lends itself to melancholy and depression, and justifies the saying that "the only thing worse than one German flute is two German flutes."

In the orchestra the flute is valuable chiefly on account of its higher notes, the lower ones being easily overpowered by the other instruments. Ever since the time of Bach its place in the band has been a prominent one. Haydn made much use of it, so did Handel, who employed it with fine effect—to speak of only one example—in the "Dead March in *Saul*," where two flutes move in thirds against the reiterated bass of the kettledrum. The leading wind part in the orchestra has been given to the flute by Beethoven, Mendelssohn, and all later writers.

The piccolo is an octave higher than the flute, and, except in point of size, resembles that instrument. It has a piercing timbre, and is very effective in certain orchestral effects—tempests, savage dances, combats, and such like. The second flute player usually takes up the piccolo when required.

The oboe or hautbois—the next wood-wind instrument to be mentioned—possesses a more striking individuality than any of its companions in the orchestra. It is played with a double reed—the reed is shown in our illustration—and the mechanism of the best instruments of the present day is decidedly elaborate. The compass, beginning with the first B natural below the stave, extends upwards for two octaves and a fifth.

The sounds of the oboe are pastoral and naïf, and easily to be distinguished even when a great many other instruments are playing. It is essentially melodic, and rarely produces much effect in rapid passages. When properly treated it renders great service in dramatic music. Gluck has given it an important part in his operas. So has Mozart. Beethoven also made great use of it. We have only to recall the funeral march of the "Eroica," the *scherzo* of the "Pastoral Symphony," the *scherzo* of the "Choral Symphony," and the air of Florestan in *Fidelio*, to see what variety and expression can be got from it by a composer of genius.

One of the difficulties of oboe-playing consists in the necessity of retaining the breath in order to soften the sound and avoid the accidents, vulgarly known as quaacks. These take place when the reed alone vibrates without causing an emission of sound from the instrument. Sometimes, also, the oboe octaves, that is to say, when one plays too softly it gives out the octave above the sound the performer wishes to produce.

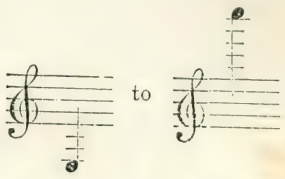
From at least before the time of Handel the oboe has held the right of giving the tuning A to the other instruments of the orchestra, but it has been urged very sensibly by Mr. W. H. Stone that for acoustical reasons a different course should be followed, and that the function should rather devolve on the far more refractory and untunable clarinet than on any member of the double-reed order.

The cor anglais is an instrument of the oboe family: really a larger-sized oboe. Its pitch is a perfect fifth lower. The sounds of the cor anglais give beautiful expression to tenderness and melancholy, but all its tones are not agreeable. It is sometimes entrusted with solos in the orchestra, and very effective use has been made of it by Wagner in his *Lohengrin*, *Tristan und Isolde*, and the *Ring des Nibelungen*.

The clarinet is a single-reed instrument of great utility. It is of modern invention, and only made its appearance in the orchestra about the middle of the eighteenth century, recommending itself to composers by the mysterious tones of its lower notes contrasted with the brilliant sounds of its upper register.

One may look on the clarinet as the woman's voice of the orchestra, combining in its own person both contralto and soprano. This is most marked in military music, where its feminine timbre is emphasised by the masculine voices of the brass.

The compass of the clarinet ranges from



the extreme high notes, however, are so harsh as to be valueless. The practically useful register of the instrument is divided into three parts; the first octave, which is very reedy in quality; a middle portion from F on the first space ascending to the first B flat, which is decidedly weak; and a full and rich upper portion, resembling the tones of the flute, but more powerful, extending from B flat to C on the second ledger line above the stave.

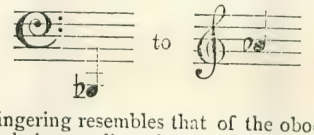
There are various clarinets made of different pitch, and used for playing in different keys. Those employed in the orchestra are ordinarily clarinets in C, in B flat, and in A. It is to be observed that each clarinet has its own distinctive character as regards tone.

The instrument has some weak points. It is readily affected by changes of temperature, and after being played on for some time should be flattened—a caution too often lost sight of. The player, too, is very much at the mercy of the reed. Given a bad reed, and one has no security against the "quaack," or "goose," as the horrible shriek is called.

The basset horn stands in the same relation to the C clarinet that the cor anglais does to the oboe. It is, in fact, a tenor clarinet in F, and has a fuller and more reedy tone than that instrument.

The bassoon is played with a double reed like the oboe, the wind being introduced into the body of the instrument by a metal canal. It may be considered as the bass of the oboe, and is, so to speak, the violoncello of wind instruments. It is one of the most important members of the orchestra.

The compass of the bassoon extends from



The fingering resembles that of the oboe, but the scale is complicated and capricious.

No wind instrument is capable of more variety. It has a sympathetic timbre, and excels in rendering tenderness and melancholy. There is a peculiar sweetness and telling quality in the higher tones, which have led to their being called *vox humana* notes. But there is another side to its character. "For the production of grotesque effects," says Mr. E. Prout, "no instrument equals, or even approaches, the bassoon; it may, indeed, be called the clown of the orchestra."

What is known as the double bassoon is an octave lower than the ordinary bassoon, and occupies the same relation to it that the double bass does to the violoncello.

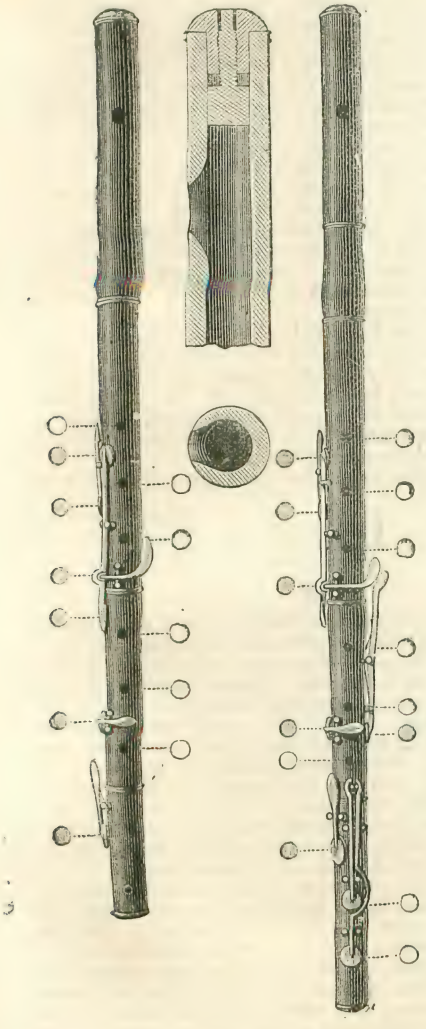
We come now to speak of brass instruments. By the different character of their sounds these contrast very happily with the strings of the orchestra, and colour the music with an infinite variety of tints. They are not easy in-

struments to play upon, particularly those whose intonations are modified by the movements of the lips, such as the horn and trumpet. A great difficulty is to soften the tone and play piano, and nothing can be more coarse and vulgar than the loud braying of the brass one too often hears.

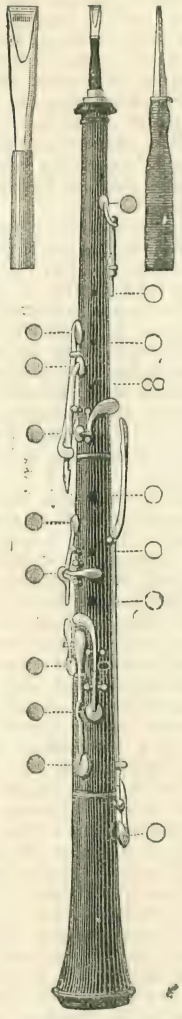
In the trumpet the lips of the player produce the effect of the reed, the sounds being formed by the varying force of wind in the tube, according to the pressure of the lips. Any faults of intonation or otherwise are very readily perceived, the sounds being particularly acute and penetrating. So penetrating, indeed, are they that a single trumpet note will make itself heard through all the strings and wood of the orchestra.

The trumpet plays an important part in festival music. Composers of operas make much use of it in songs of triumph, energetic finales, and such like. Played piano, it produces very beautiful effects. In the *andante* of the introduction to *Iphigénie en Tauride*, Gluck has an interesting passage of two trumpets, *pianissimo*. Beethoven, in the *andante* of the Symphony in A, has an effect of the same kind. Weber has also employed the trumpet piano in many places very happily, and most of us are acquainted with the brilliant use made of it by Wagner, in the march in *Tannhäuser*, for example, where three trumpets are employed.

In many orchestras there are no trumpets, but the cornet-à-pistons take their part. This is a mistake, for the quality of tone is very inferior.



FLUTES.



THE OBOE.

The clarion is a sort of trumpet, essentially military.

The horn is of great use in the orchestra; indeed, it is in many respects the most important of brass instruments. Like the trumpet, it is played by means of a cupped circular mouthpiece. The construction of the instrument, and the mode of playing, are interesting subjects, but considerations of space forbid our entering upon them.

All the great composers have employed the horn, and some in a very remarkable manner. Amongst these, Weber deserves the first place; his writing for it is by a long way the most original, the most poetic, and the most picturesque. Méhul and Beethoven have also thoroughly understood its character. So has Meyerbeer, and Gounod in his *Faust* has drawn from it some remarkable effects.

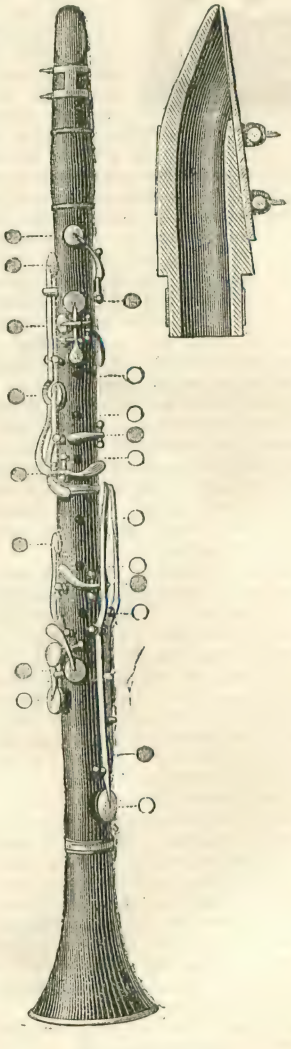
When combined with other orchestral instruments, horns are used to fill up the harmony, their open notes being chiefly employed. As solo instruments, they are of a noble and rather melancholy or dreamy character, but they adapt themselves very well to lively passages, and are sometimes entrusted with the performance of hunting strains.

The trombone is what is known as a "slide" instrument—that is to say, its tube can be lengthened at the will of the player, thus obtaining sounds of a different pitch without any alteration of the embouchure. We meet with three varieties of the trombone in modern orchestras—the alto, the tenor, and the bass. The only difference between these is in the pitch; they are all the same as regards mechanism and method of playing.

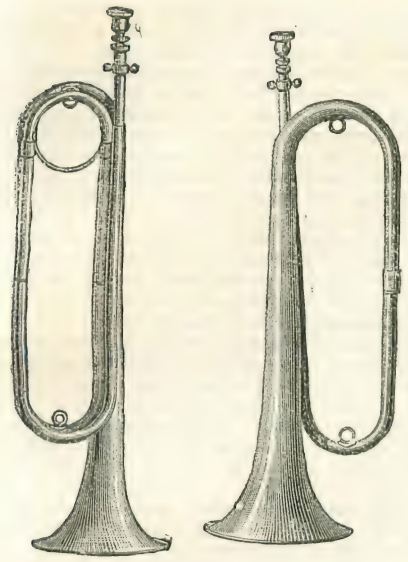
According to Berlioz, the trombone is the chief of heroic instruments. It has a peculiar vibrating and solemn energy of great effect in martial choruses and in triumphal processions. The *piano* and *pianissimo* are as rich and full as the *forte* is pompous and sonorous.

Very rapid passages are impossible upon the trombone, which is fortunate, for they would not harmonise with its character. In the orchestra it is an instrument which should not be made too much of. "It may be laid down as a safe general rule," says Mr. E. Prout, "that the effect produced by the trombones will be in inverse proportion to the frequency of their introduction into the score. Even in full passages they should be employed sparingly and with great discretion, both because of their power and because the constant prominence of their tone, colour gives a coarseness and vulgarity to the orchestra, and soon becomes wearisome to the hearers."

A fine example of the use of the trombone is met with in the "Tuba mirum spargens sonum" of Mozart's "Requiem Mass." Beethoven, Weber, and Spontini have drawn from the trombone surprising effects of power and colour. In his "Requiem" Berlioz made



THE CLARINET.



TRUMPET AND CLARION.

the most of the instrument, employing no fewer than eight tenor trombones.

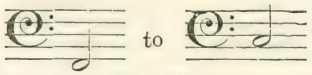
The ophicleide is an example of a brass instrument with keys. It is of quite modern invention, and was first heard in the orchestra in the early part of the present century, being introduced then as an improvement on an instrument called the serpent, of which we have also given an illustration.

The tone is very powerful, and to call the ophicleide a "chromatic bullock," as a German writer has done, is not much of an exaggeration. It is not adapted for rapid passages, and performers who play upon it airs adapted for the violin or flute only show their bad taste or their love of musical joking.

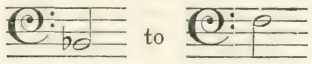
"There is," says Mr. W. H. Stone, "very little concerted music for the ophicleide. Indeed, Mendelssohn, who employs it freely in some of his works, such as *Elijah* and the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, where it has an important part in the overture, may be considered as the only classical writer who systematically introduces it in his scores. Wagner has replaced it by bass and contra-bass tubas. It figures in modern operatic music."

The bass-tuba has almost taken the place of the ophicleide in the orchestras of the present day. It blends better with other instruments, and has a more extensive compass downwards. In the second act of Wagner's *Die Walküre* there are some magnificent effects produced by the sustained use of the lowest tones of the tuba.

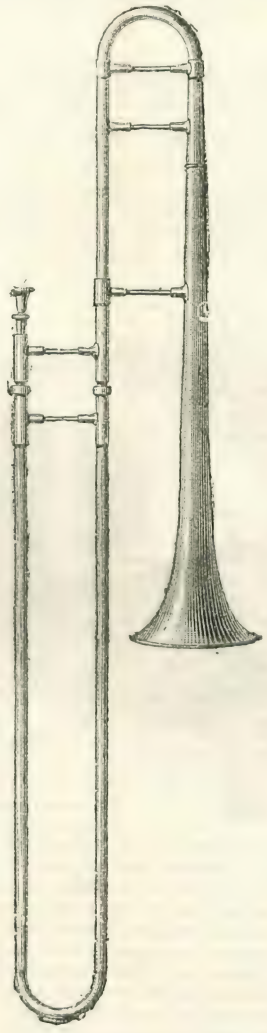
Last of all we come to speak of percussion instruments, and the most important of them—indeed, the only really artistic one of the class—is the kettledrum. In an orchestra there are usually two kettledrums, the compass of the larger being from



and that of the smaller from

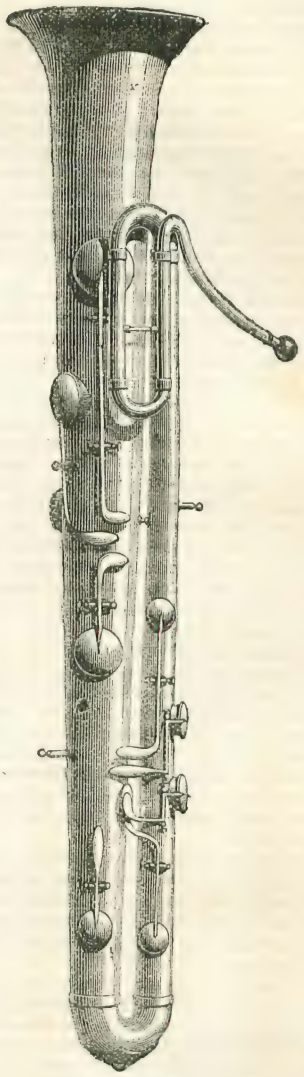


They are tuned by screws fixed round the rim of the instrument. It is in its ability to produce a distinct tone that we find the great superiority of the kettledrum over other percussion instruments, such as the bass drum, cymbals, and triangle.



THE TROMBONE.

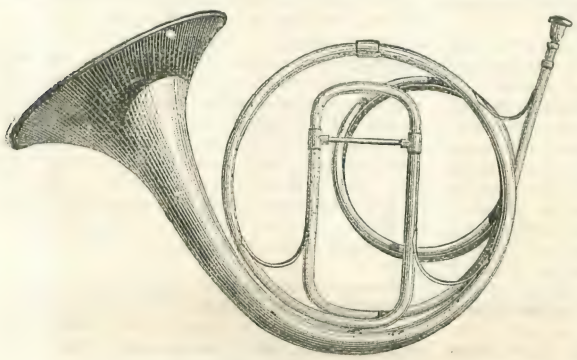
The two drums, as we have seen, give the tonic and the dominant, but some composers have found two notes not enough. Beethoven in his 8th and 9th Symphonies has them occasionally in octaves, and Mendelssohn in his Rondo Brillante puts them in D and E. In *Robert le Diable*, Meyerbeer uses three drums, C, G, and D; and Berlioz, to obtain a powerful sound, adds, in his "Requiem," to fifty brass instruments eight pairs of kettledrums, played by ten drummers, two of the pairs having two drummers each.



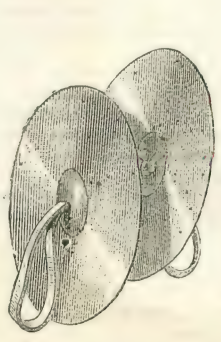
THE OPHICLEIDE.

"To play the drum well," says George Hogarth, the musical critic, "is no easy matter. A single stroke of the drum may determine the character of the whole movement; and the slightest embarrassment, hesitation, or misapprehension of the requisite degree of force, may ruin the design of the composer.

The bass drum is a drum of large dimensions, which the player carries or holds



THE HORN.



CYMBALS.

THE SERPENT.

before him in a horizontal position. It does not require tuning, as its sound is sufficiently indefinite to suit any key or chord. When not abused, the bass drum can render valuable services. "In a crescendo of all the instruments," remarks a French writer, "by gradually increasing the force with which it is played, one obtains an effect of formidable energy. Struck all alone and pianissimo, there is something menacing about it, and it recalls the firing of distant cannon. If the beats are always pianissimo, and at long intervals, but during a slow, grave movement, they have something solemn and mysterious."

The side-drum—a wooden or brass cylinder, with a skin or head at each end—is often employed in the orchestra, but its chief use is in the army, for marching and for various calls, both in barracks and in action.

Cymbals are a pair of circular metal plates, which when sounded are not so much struck as rubbed against each other in a single sliding motion. "The part for cymbals," says M. Victor de Pontigny, in Sir George Grove's "Dictionary of Music," "is generally, but not always, the same as that for the bass drum, and, from motives of economy, it is generally played by the same performer. One cymbal is then tied to the drum, and the other held in his left hand, while his right hand uses the drumstick."

It has been pointed out by Mr. E. Prout that Wagner, in his *Ring des Nibelungen*, has employed the cymbals in several different ways. Besides the ordinary clash of the two together, he obtains peculiar effects by the sharp stroke of a large drumstick on one cymbal, which, being allowed to vibrate, produces a tone somewhat like that of a gong; he also uses the roll made on one cymbal with a pair of drumsticks.

The triangle is often met with in piano passages of modern operatic music, but its use has been abused by too many composers. It has a crystalline timbre, and is the great instrument for marking the rhythm both of dance and military music.

Percussion instruments, when too much used, give a vulgar air. In symphonies they are out of place—kettledrums, of course, being excepted. We meet, however, with examples of their employment in the Military Symphony of Haydn, and in the finale of Beethoven's Choral Symphony, where all the voices and all possible instruments are united for the sake of a grand effect.

We have now come to the end of our space, but only a few instruments of secondary importance remain unnoticed. Amongst these is the cornet-à-piston, which is often, as we have already said, employed to take the place of the trumpet. It would be better, however, kept out of classical music, for it has a comparatively coarse and vulgar tone. The harp also must not be forgotten—an instrument which combines well with brass. It has been used with much effect by many modern composers, as in the *Athalie*, *Antigone*, and *Œdipus* of Mendelssohn, and the operas of Meyerbeer, Wagner, and Gounod.

It may be interesting if we add a table from Sir George Grove's "Dictionary of Music" showing the average numerical strength of a band of fair proportions, such as would be needed for the effective performance of the later works of Haydn, or all those of Mozart, Beethoven, Weber, Cherubini, Spohr, and Mendelssohn, and with it we shall conclude this article.

STRINGED BAND.

First Violins (from 6 to 12).
Second Violins (from 6 to 12).
Viola (from 4 to 8).
Violoncelli (from 4 to 8).
Contra-bassi (from 4 to 8).

WIND WOOD.	BRASS AND PERCUSSION.
2 Flutes.	2 Trumpets.
2 Oboes.	2 or 4 Horns.
2 Clarinets.	3 Trombones.
2 Bassoons.	2 Drums.

"An orchestra," says Mr. W. S. Rockstro, "consisting of these component parts is generally looked upon as sufficiently complete for all practical purposes, including the performances of the oratorio, the opera, or the symphony. It may, however, be necessary on special occasions to make additions to it."

GIRLS' ALLOWANCES, AND HOW TO MANAGE THEM.

DRESSES, WINTER CLOAKS, AND SUMMER MANTLES.

"There are many reasons for thinking that we do not at present attach enough importance to beautiful dress, as one of the means of influencing taste and character."

—*Ruskin.*

In the present paper we shall discuss the two most important considerations in the disposal of our allowance, *i.e.*, the winter cloak and the dresses for summer and winter. It will be seen by a reference to articles on the above subject in last year's volume that in the list for three years' expenditure I have provided for a winter dress at 30s., a nun's cloth at 16s., and washing dress 10s. This I have allowed every year. But taking one year with another there are some for which you will not need a winter dress, and many when you can manage without a new summer one. Indeed, these last few years I have found many girls adhering to their costumes of cashmere and serge in all seasons, winter and summer, purchasing the skirts ready made, and making the bodices themselves.

Washing dresses, if properly chosen, will last several years, and nothing is prettier nor more economical for the summer weather (if warm enough) and more especially if you have not to pay for your own washing. There are several fabrics that wash and wear well, and of these nothing is better nor more becoming than gingham. All the colours shown are quite reliable, but of them all I prefer the pink; that never looks washed out, and it can be so prettily trimmed with Swiss embroidery or lace, that it may be as "dressy" as you please. Besides, by changing the trimmings you may nearly make a last year's dress into a new one for the present year. Next to this come white dresses of all kinds of material, for, provided they wash, they all look well when trimmed with plenty of good embroidery, which you will do well to work for yourself. In this case it will wear double the time of any you can purchase. Workhouse sheeting is also a good material, and should be trimmed with lace to match, and looks well with a black velveteen skirt. One of the most useful of textiles is the coarse Indian tussore silk. Nothing surpasses it for wearing and for washing, and a well-made polonaise can be worn with a black velveteen or a Turkey-red skirt. I fear the newer introductions of sateens, chintzes, and cottonettes are not to be recommended, unless, indeed, you prefer to purchase a fashionable dress and wear it until it be past its work. This is the case with some young ladies, and they consider it saves much trouble, and enables them to devote time to other things which they would be obliged to give to dress.

Having discussed the dress for hot weather, we must now turn to the winter one, which should not on any account be too heavy, as you will be obliged to take turns out of it during the whole course of the year. At the seaside or in the country, warm dresses are never out of place, and one should be always at hand to put on when chilly.

I like, for my own part, serge and tweed as winter dresses; nothing looks so well or wears better, but both must be carefully chosen at a reliable shop and a fair price be paid for them. There is still another material, and that is linsey, which has been much improved of late years in its manufacture. The best rule to make for yourself in this matter of winter dresses is to buy nothing but the best materials. A good dress, well made and well fitting, should last at least three winters. The first year it will be the very best dress, the second year not quite in so good a position, and the third year some serious alteration and amendment will be required. Fresh braid and buttons for the front and sleeves should be supplied to all dresses directly they require them, for nothing makes a dress look more old and shabby than a single worn-out button. Fronts and plastrons of silk and velvet, with new cuffs, are invaluable for making a dress look new again, and one of the new Swiss belts will much improve them also.

It is on this point of renovation that the sewing machine will assist you, for you can alter and remake a dress in half the time when you have your sewing machine to help you. Cashmere is another of the invaluable materials to the economical. The wear of a good one is endless, and it bears making over and cleaning to any amount. It combines with silk, velveteen, poplin, and satin, and thus can be made up again when half worn, so as to look as good as new. Nun's cloth is also an excellent wearing material; but I do not advise you to buy a thick one, as they generally wear rough. Nun's cloth trimmed with black lace forms a very pretty summer dress, and is so inexpensive that I have seen them at the summer sales with the skirt made up for 37s. or 38s.

And now we must turn to the subject of colour. So far as economy is concerned, we have no choice; we must stick to black, or to brown-grey or steels of various shades, for we cannot afford to choose anything which would appear remarkable either for its colour or its shape. Black, unless very good, looks rusty after a great deal of wear, while brown has not this drawback, and, besides this, it can be worn with so many different colours to enliven it, that for a young girl it is perhaps preferable to black. But the brown must be a rich one, of a kind of chocolate hue, to look always well.

Brown velveteen wears longer than black, and looks well to the last.

I have not yet touched on the subject of evening dress, but I do not think you need have much anxiety about that, as, at the sales,

great bargains may be picked up; and now that black lace is so much worn, either that or "string-coloured" will be suitable. I have seen black lace dresses, mixed with satin, for 35s. 6d.; and black striped grenadines are to be purchased for a guinea. Pale-coloured cashmeres are also to be got for that amount, and they are very pretty and girlish.

What is called a "Cora" silk, has been strongly recommended as a best or evening dress for young girls. It is of a pale cream-colour, and is beautifully soft, and wears wonderfully well. I think it costs about a guinea the piece of nine or ten yards, and a dress of it could be made up on a foundation of white alpaca. There are other Indian silks, of much the same quality, in what are called "art colours;" and these make exceedingly pretty dresses. A very dark girl of my acquaintance always has a bright Indian yellow one, which is the object of universal admiration; and there is a dull, Egyptian-like blue, which is equally becoming and inexpensive for girls of fairer complexion.

And now arises an anxious question, which has been put to me over and over again: Is there any chance of ever having a black or coloured silk, on such a small annual allowance as £10 or £15? I think there is a very good chance indeed, with management, but of course a large price cannot be given for it; and I would advise you to go to a really good shop, where you are sure to be able to trust their opinion in the purchase. The material itself will cost about £5, and you should not pay less than 6s. a yard, being careful to select a small-ribbed silk, not very stiff nor firm, but soft and yet not flimsy. The underskirt must, of course, be made of alpaca; and from fourteen to sixteen yards of silk should be ample. I have seen plenty of black silks, with the skirts made, in the shops for £5 and £6; but, unless quite sure that they are of pretty good quality, you had better get good silk and make it at home. A black silk is a real tower of strength, for you can make many changes both in morning and evening dress by its means. A grenadine polonaise turns it into a summer dress; and when it becomes worn, and a little shabby, one of the numberless members of the family of brocades will make it look quite new again, unless you prefer to use a good cashmere, which, however, is not so dressy.

The next step to be discussed is the winter's cloak or jacket. This forms rather a trouble to some people, but I do not see any difficulty in getting what we want, and at a moderate price. Many girls, just at present, are buying plain jackets, and braiding them themselves with the sewing machine. I have put down the winter jacket at a guinea, but, of course, 30s. would be a better sum to expend on it, for the materials would be so much better, and would wear longer. The fur cape at 12s. would be a dyed fur, but still it would look very well for a long time, unless you got it wet, when it would never look well again. If you could afford it, a better cape would be advisable; but a clever and thoughtful girl, with a head for contriving, and with the assistance of my three years' table, would see where she could save during one year to improve her next year's purchases.

Young girls do not now wear much out-of-doors in the way of a mantle; and, indeed, they may always avoid the expense of this, either by wearing a thicker bodice, or else by having a flannel habit-shirt or flannel bodice made to wear inside to give sufficient warmth. If an outer covering must be worn, the small shoulder-capes are not very expensive, and can be obtained in brocaded velvet, which is nearly as warm as a fur. I think, however, that a well-made black jacket of cloth, braided, or of *broché* velvet, is better for a young girl. These light cloth jackets are invaluable to take the place of the winter jacket, for in our changeable climate we need an extra covering.

I have put down the Ulster at a guinea. A young friend of mine informs me that she has got one for 16s. in Oxford-street; but it is only fair to say that she required a very small size, and when this is the case there is usually no difficulty in buying cheap out-of-door garments. The winter petticoat, also, I am informed, is too extravagantly priced, as, with the help of old dress skirts, a far better arrangement could be made.

The under-vest can be purchased of any price, but many girls I know prefer to knit them of white wool, and consider them softer and better. Other girls have adopted the combination worn by many of the Girton girls, made of fine flannels or winseys, of a grey colour, and have thus got rid of under-vests and chemises, and only wear one petticoat instead of two. This naturally is a great saving, and has only one drawback—the inevitable washing; and when the London washerwoman gets hold of flannel, woe betides it, indeed!

I must not omit to exhort my young readers to practise extreme neatness in all their ways, and cleanliness in the various little appointments of the toilet. Do not fail to have a pretty dressing-jacket, or gown; a nightdress sachet, and small bags for your shoes, if you travel. Mend all the holes, and sew on all the buttons in your gloves, and everywhere else directly they require it; and beware of putting on soiled and dusty clothes. Use the clothes brush with an unsparing hand. Never go away from home without work materials, pins, hairpins, and boot buttons; and do not make yourself a nuisance by borrowing from your friends. Take your writing materials wherever you go; and when leaving home take no untidy luggage. Trunks and boxes are now so cheap, that no one need be without a neat one, lettered with their initials, and neatly bound. Be careful in packing; fold everything neatly; do not turn your dresses inside out, but fold them on the right side, and lay sheets of tissue paper between the folds of delicate dresses. When you arrive, do not fail to unpack all your things at once, and lay them in the drawers, or hang them up; and put all your belongings where you can find them in a moment; or you will surely be in a hurry, toss things over, and spoil them.

And now I have to enter on a different part of my subject. I have hitherto spoken of small allowances for dress, and the way to make the most of them; but our correspondence shows that there are others who claim help in making the most of allowances much larger in amount, and yet small in proportion to the style in which they live and the duties they have to perform. So I have obtained a few notes from a lady of high rank as assistance to those who have allowances of £60 to £100, and I have no doubt all my girl-readers will like to know what other girls do who are obliged to think of economy as well as themselves, and who are expected to do as much, in proportion, with a large allowance as they are obliged to do with a small one.

"From the allowance being ample," says the writer, "I conclude that the owner is in a position where stationery, washing, and travelling expenses are paid for her; also fees for servants when visiting, and tickets for various entertainments and amusements. I also take it for granted that there are visits to be paid to country houses, six weeks, or perhaps a season in town, and that evening or dinner dress is to be worn every evening. I must also suppose that she begins with a certain amount of dresses and underclothing, which will only require renewing in part from the yearly allowance.

"I think I must begin with a few rules which I laid down for my own use long ago, and finding in them safe guides, I rarely deviate from them. First, you must make no agreement to give your wardrobe to your maid, as it leads to discomfort and often prevents your making use of old materials, which would have been a saving; but, worst of all, it prevents your helping friends or relatives who are less well off than yourself, and, moreover, debars you from the duty, as well as pleasure, of giving to the poor. Next, you must have a good sewing-machine, and be able to work it yourself; and, lastly, you must be able to make your own bonnets, and your maid must be able to make some of your dresses, to fit well, and to be a quick worker. Amongst all others, perhaps the most important rule, to keep you comfortable on your allowance, is to pay for everything, if not at the moment of purchase, within a month's time.

"You will have one great assistance in your struggles if you be of such a stature that you can purchase ready-made skirts to fit you at the best shops in London, for then your maid can make the bodices at little additional expense; but if very tall, or what is called 'over-sized,' no ready-made article will fit you, and that always entails lengthening or another breadth, new sleeves, perchance new fronts to a jacket. This is a difficulty that only those who have suffered from their proportions can realise. You are, in this case, at the mercy of the shopman, who buys his skirts and jackets of a certain measurement and pattern, and if you require them altered, he is obliged to employ more expensive workers, and must increase his charge accordingly. Of course, if the articles be made by the firm themselves, they will generally try to alter them so as to fit.

"It is the fashion to say that dress is 'so much cheaper than it was a few years ago,' because machine-work has considerably lessened the price of labour. But for a more expensive style of dress, I do not see that the actual article is really cheaper. On the contrary, a silk dinner or evening dress from a good London house, some twenty-five years ago, would have cost from £12 to £18, whereas at present you cannot obtain anything of the same sort under from £25 to £30: and the number of dresses, bonnets, etc., required makes it very difficult to manage a fixed allowance as well as formerly.

"I can remember when I was a young girl, moving in London society, and going to Court, out nearly every night of the season, and going to 'breakfasts' (as garden parties were then called), that one walking bonnet, a pretty driving one, and a third for grand occasions, was enough; and a simple muslin dress, with a few ribbons, made a young lady's afternoon-party dress, and might be worn at more than one. But now, the constant change, and the small items *en suite*—parasol, shoes, stockings, etc.—must all match the bonnet and dress; and any muslin dress must be half lace, though the lace may be cheap and effective. Now there are double the number of afternoon gaieties, tennis-parties, and bazaars, all of which must be provided for.

"Then, in the old days, if you rode, your hat would probably last you two years, and your habit certainly the same length of time; but now, both habit and hat, like your bonnets, must be of the last new shape of the year; and you must have special boots and gloves for the park; while for the country you must have a low-crowned hat, and rougher habit, a covert coat, and other things.

"During the first days of the January and July sales you may occasionally obtain things you want in the way of cloak, dresses, ribbons, and flowers; and so they are both

useful and advantageous. But before going, arm yourself with fortitude to resist 'bargains,' and make no such financial mistake as to buy anything in the way of dress because it is 'cheap, and will be useful some day.' That day will never come. Every shade of colour changes each year; you cannot buy more, even of a plain colour, than will make up a dress for the present year; and even the materials in black are difficult to match in quality and colour, and the material itself may be out of date.

"However beautiful a sash, a parasol, or a material may be, depend on it they will not go with anything else you have; and were they not very nearly out of date, the shopkeeper would reserve them till after the sale.

"And now, as there is nothing like seeing a calculation on paper, I have jotted down the items needful for a young lady with a maid, who has an allowance of £100 per annum; and of course it will be an easy matter for those who have less to dismiss or lower the different items:—

	£	s.	d.
A good black or dark silk dress, suited for any time of year; the skirt may be bought ready-made, and the bodice made at home	7	7	0
Black nun's cloth dress (at home)	3	3	0
Tailor's serge dress	5	5	0
A jacket	3	3	0
A warm cloak	5	5	0
A tennis dress (flannel)	4	4	0
2 cotton dresses (made at home)	2	2	0
3 evening dresses	12	12	0
2 dinner dresses	8	8	0
Home dinner dress	2	10	0
1 opera cloak	1	1	0
1 tea gown	2	10	0
1 dressing gown	0	10	0
6 pairs stockings (3 black) 4s.	1	4	0
Carried forward	£59	4	0
Brought forward	£59	4	0
3 pairs evening coloured thread stockings, 2s.	0	6	0
3 pairs evening shoes	1	1	0
1 pair house shoes	0	7	0
1 pair walking boots	1	10	0
1 pair tennis shoes	0	9	0
Waterproof	1	1	0
1 umbrella	0	10	0
En tout cas	0	6	0
2 hats	1	10	0
2 bonnets (made at home)	1	0	0
Ties, cuffs, and collars	1	0	0
Gloves	3	0	0
Pocket-handkerchiefs	1	0	0
Underclothing—petticoats	4	0	0
	£76	4	0

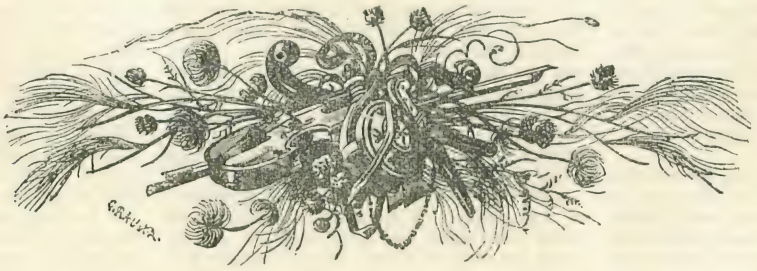
"A wide margin of nearly £25 is left in this calculation, and as I look over the various items, I see that they might be further reduced; for if you ride, your habit (which must be made by a good tailor) will cost £10, your hats £1 1s., your gloves 12s., and boots 18s.; and if you use top-boots, they will be £3 3s. a pair.

"Besides all this, no calculation will be complete without mention of the necessary Court train, which you will not be able to give to a dressmaker; but you must arrange to make it at home, if some friend will allow your maid to see hers made the same year. By it you must measure the length, breadth, and shape at the top. It is the easiest thing to make it; but as they, too, alter every year, a pattern must be seen. The under-dress is, of course a new evening dress, and as our gracious Queen prefers to receive her loyal subjects by daylight instead of candle light, it is essential that every material used should be perfectly fresh and able to bear the test imposed on it of the strongest light to be obtained in our English climate in the early days of spring.

"I have already spoken of the convenience of getting your dresses with the skirts ready-made, and from some of the largest and best class of London shops you can obtain both morning and evening ones, beautifully made and in good taste. With a black and a white silk evening bodice you can refresh your dresses with but little expense, if you also have a clever and a willing maid, one clever enough to take hints for your benefit from every side. So long as you remain true to black and white, you will find evening dresses comparatively inexpensive; they are not recognisable, and bear any amount of changes in flowers, tunics, lace, trimmings, or drapery.

"Underlinen, too, is now so moderate in price, and so excellent in quality, and is trimmed with so much taste, that it does not seem worth while to occupy your own or your maid's time with it; you had far better cultivate a talent for dressmaking or embroidery, which you can apply most usefully to your dresses. What is called 'English embroidery' is always useful, and, possessed of a sewing machine that braids, you can add to the effect of many a plain dress or jacket. Now that jerseys are made so pretty and ornamental, you can often supply the place of a made-up bodice with them, and they can be purchased in either thin or thick materials."

I think I have now alluded to all the chief points that will help your young readers to manage a fixed allowance. One good and golden rule in this, as in everything in life, is that no point is too small to be attended to which touches our personal influence for good, and carries out a parent's wishes, and enables us to give pleasure to those we love. If we do our best to live up to this rule, we shall pursue our path with the sunshine of God's blessing, without which life in either a palace or a cottage would be indeed a dreary thing.



NELLY.

By SYDNEY GREY.

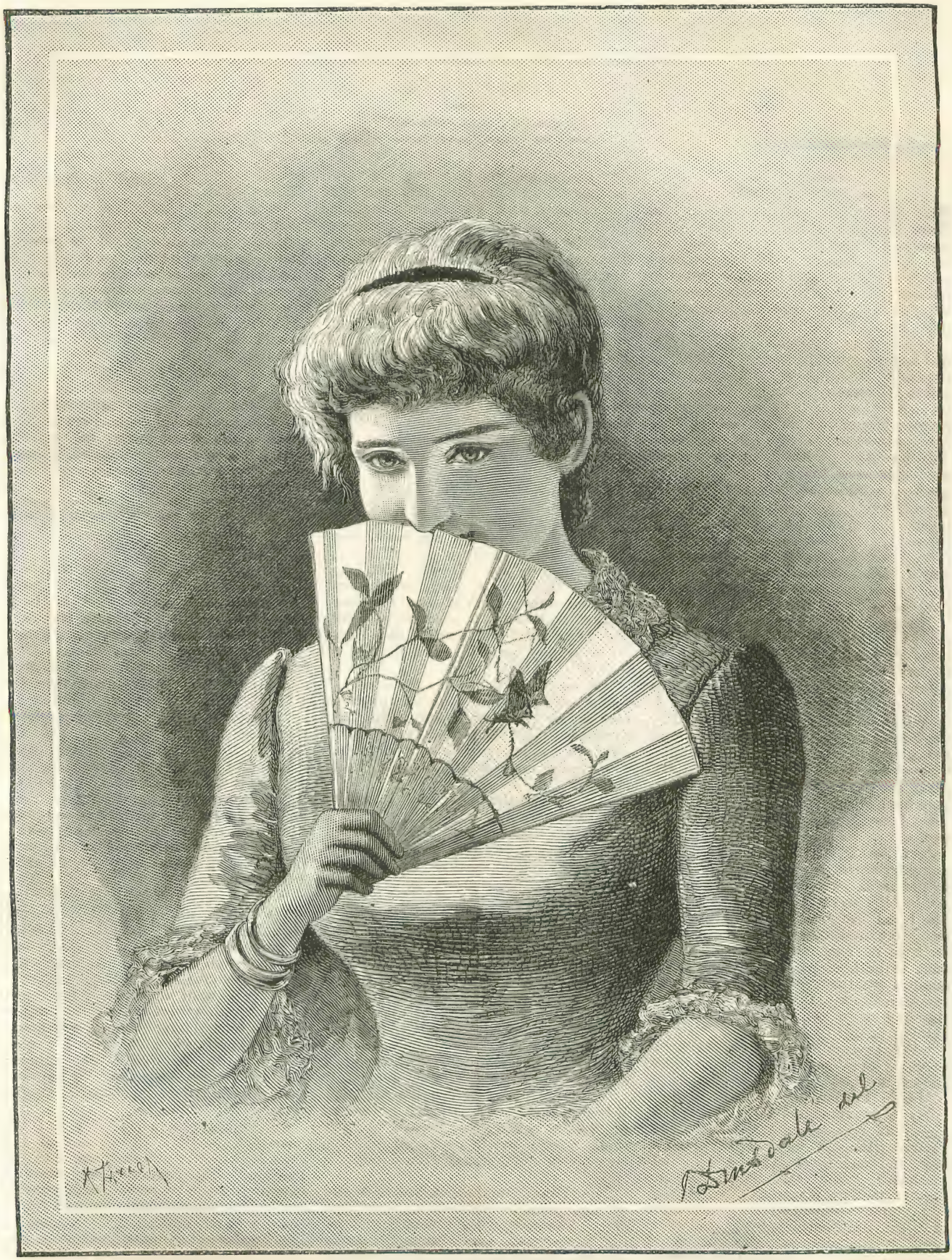
NELLY'S merry visage viewing,
Much I fear there's mischief brewing;
Wherefore else those laughing eyes,
And the mouth demurely hidden?
Mischief in each dimple lies—
Mischief must be chidden.

But, my accusation naming,
Nelly answers, quite disclaiming
Such a notion—says to me
If she smiled she scarcely knew it;
Life is good, she does not see
Who can choose but do it.

Nelly speaks, and I believe her.
What has sweetest Nell to grieve her?
Neither toil, nor grinding care,
Neither lack of love nor leisure;
All things sweet and all things fair
Wait upon her pleasure.

I remember, gazing at her,
Life is oft a harder matter,
Warped by grief, by hunger chilled,
Lonely in the crowded city—
Happy eyes with laughter filled,
Let it move your pity.

And bethink you, bonny maiden,
Sometimes of the sorrow-laden,
Those to whom life is not good;
Cheering paths of pain and sadness;
Win a blessing, as you should,
With your gift of gladness.



By permission, from a Photograph by Vanderweyde.

"MISCHIEF BREWING."

See "Nelly."

WHEN WE WERE GIRLS TOGETHER.

A STORY OF SCHOOL-GIRL LIFE.

By SARAH DOUDNEY.

"It seems to me but yesterday
Since we were girls together."—OLD SONG *(Adapted)*.

CHAPTER III.

A TALK IN THE GARDEN.

BUT, after all, it was not decreed that Kate Fowler and Judith Belfont should always live their lives apart. They did not meet, however, until the farmer's wife had quietly given up all hope of a reunion; and then the meeting was not brought about by any contrivance of their own.

One summer afternoon, Mrs. Fowler and her daughter Katherine strolled out to look at their flowers, and rest themselves after a busy morning. It was four o'clock; the tea table was set ready, and the farmer and his son Derrick were coming in from their work in the fields. The farmhouse, with its many gables and chimneys, stood in a sweet old garden, bordered with rose-bushes of several kinds, and protected by a low hedge that was always kept carefully trimmed. It was June now, and the roses were in all their glory; pink, cream-colour, crimson, and dark ruby-red. They made the whole place a paradise of colour and perfume.

The garden was traversed by narrow grassy paths that divided the beds; here there was a large square given up to serviceable vegetables; there a little patch had been spared to grow the children's favourite flowers; and old-fashioned lavender, always beloved by the Fowlers, made a thick fringe round the cabbage-plot. Bees were humming everywhere; birds chirped and twittered about the ivied walls of the house; the trim hedges enclosed a hallowed spot, full of sunshine, and sweetness, and peace.

Mrs. Fowler, leaning lovingly on her daughter's arm, and sauntering along by the roses, was thinking how pleasant a thing life was at the dear old farm. She loved every bit of the place, and every tree and flower that grew about it; from the chestnuts that shaded the back of the house, to the woodbine that climbed over the front, and hung in great masses over the thatched porch. If only they had more money, there would be nothing farther to desire.

"What a comfort it is that Martin is provided for!" she said, speaking out a sudden thought.

Martin Fowler, the eldest son, had lately been appointed farm steward to the squire, and was now receiving a fair salary. He still lived under the old roof, and was able nowadays to pay for his board; while Derrick, his younger brother, took his place on the farm.

"We never hoped to keep him near us," said Katherine, with glistening eyes. "How often we have tormented ourselves with the thought of parting from Martin, and after all we were spared the pang!"

"Katherine, you are like me," the mother cried, gently pressing her arm. "You dread parting more than anything else. My prayer has always been—let us all be together, even if times are hard. But you know what it is that troubles me most."

"The girls' education, mother. That is one of your chief anxieties, isn't it?"

"Yes; if I had been as clever as your Aunt Judith, it need not have troubled me at all. But I never was fond of study, dear; I always loved my needle better than books, and I'm afraid I wasted my opportunities. Judith could learn anything and everything. I could not. All our tasks seemed hard and troublesome to me. It was a great pity."

"But, mother, we wouldn't have had you a different person."

"In some ways, I wish I had been different. My memory was never very good, and now I have lost all that I ever gained in my girlhood. You see, I cannot teach my girls anything beyond common things. You are like me, Katherine, you don't love learning a bit, and never will. But Jennet has a thirst for knowledge, and it is hard to deny it to her."

"Jennett astonishes me sometimes," remarked Katherine, with one of those rare smiles which made her grave face so pleasant. "She picks up information as the birds pick up their supplies. And she really does know a great deal, mother."

Mrs. Fowler shook her head.

"My dear, you don't know what a cultivated world it is," she answered sadly. "Poor Jennet's fund of information is very small in reality; it only seems great here, because you are such a darling ignoramus. But if we could have her thoroughly educated, I believe she would shine."

"And she could teach the others," Katherine sighed. "It would be good, too, for Hilary to learn more lessons; she is bright and quick."

"Too quick, I'm afraid. We must not let her pertness go unnoticed, Katherine; it is amusing sometimes, but it will have to be checked. I can see that Ellen is inclined to follow her lead."

"There is not one of us like Mabel," Katherine said, thoughtfully. "She is but a child, a little past twelve, and yet think of her power in the household! I have seen her silence Hilary with a look."

Mrs. Fowler was silent, and a shade of unspeakable sadness crossed her face. She had paused before her favourite rose-bush, but although it was covered with flowers she saw nothing of their beauty. Why had they spoken of partings a minute ago? Was not the fear of losing Mabel always underlying all her happiness?

In a large family there is often one member who is "something of an angel," and Mabel was the angel of the Fowlers' home—a girl who had been fragile from her birth. The others were healthy and strong, but they never forgot that Mabel was delicate, and, as Katherine had said, her power was felt and acknowledged even by Hilary, the most unmanageable of them all.

As the mother stood looking at the roses, with misty eyes, she was thinking of that unvarying gentleness which so endeared Mabel to her heart. She recalled the sweet ways, the grateful words, the quiet patience of this beloved child, and wondered how she could bear a separation.

It was a relief when Katherine spoke again in matter-of-fact tones, and recalled her thoughts to some of the commonest details of life.

"The girls are all growing very fast, mother," she said; "Hilary and Mabel are both tall for their age, and they must soon have new frocks. Their best ones are decidedly shabby."

"Poor children," responded Mrs. Fowler; "how nice they would look in cream-coloured dresses like the Ellwoods'! And how easy it would be for your Aunt Judith to send them pretty things!"

Katherine was not sorry to have turned her mother's mind into another channel. A small grievance is a useful thing when it diverts us from a great sorrow. And just then the sound of men's voices came to them across the low fence which parted the garden from the orchard, and there was a burst of girlish laughter from the porch.

"Your father and Derrick are coming in to tea," said the mother, turning towards the house; "and there is Ellen at play with the kittens, and Lucy has tied her doll's bonnet on the old cat's head. We must go indoors, my dear."

As they went in through the open front door they were met by the farmer and his son, who had entered the house by the back way. The younger girls had already discarded the kittens; Jennet had summoned them to tea, and they were taking their place at the table.

"What is that noise?" asked the farmer suddenly. He paused on the threshold of the sitting-room, and the children's talk ceased. They were all listening to the sound of rushing wheels and flying hoofs that seemed to be coming nearer and nearer every instant. Mr. Fowler put on his straw hat again, and went out into the garden, followed by Derrick.

(To be continued.)

OUR SHAKESPEARE SOCIETY.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—The next Society that I shall introduce to the readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER is the type of a class now rapidly becoming popular. Or if "popular" is not exactly the word for a Society that requires a considerable amount of intelligence to enjoy and profit by its meetings, I may say that at any rate one of these gatherings is pretty sure to spring up wherever a knot of friends have a taste for reading aloud, and a common love for the King of poets.

I read the other day of a man who was always embarrassed when he was asked, by young ladies whom he took in to dinner, and other social inquisitors, who was his favourite poet. For to speak truthfully, he would have answered "Shakespeare," and yet the answer seemed so extremely trite and commonplace, showing such a lack of originality, and appearing as though it were given by rote, that he knew it would at once awaken suspicion. There is, to tell the truth, a great deal of sham homage surrounding the great Master. He is "taken for granted," his works are volumes "which no gentleman's library should be without," and if you ask anyone, "Do you admire Shakespeare?" a gaze of pitying scorn is turned upon you, and the answer, if given at all, is "Shakespeare? why, of course." Yet I venture to hint that in many such cases further inquiry on your part will discover a lamentable amount of ignorance as to the treasures of ineffable beauty which his name suggests; and if you quote sententious lines in very blank verse, they will quite possibly be vaguely referred to him, as the general fountain-head of all quotations.

But I would say to everyone above the age of childhood—study Shakespeare; not because it is the proper thing to do, but because his works yield never-failing strength, delight, and inspiration. The characters he draws are living creations, whose springs of thought and action repay unending study. For the more they are scrutinised, the more wealth they will yield to the earnest, inquiring seeker.

I touched in my last paper upon some Shakespearian debates that form a very interesting part of the programme of our "Ladies' Discussion Society," but the Society I am about to describe is of an altogether different character. It exists chiefly for the purpose, not of discussing the plays, but reading them aloud; it is formed of both ladies and gentlemen; and it meets in the evening.

Our gathering, like many others of the sort, has for its moving spirit a young lady, and hence a description of it seems specially appropriate to THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, for very likely some earnest reader, with a little time on her hands and a love for Shakespeare, may be inspired to form one of the same kind.

A young lady, then, pretty, clever, and charming, the daughter of indulgent and sensible parents, with plenty of time at her command, hears of a Shakespeare Reading Society in another part of London. "Would it not be delightful to have one here?" she exclaims; and consults her father and mother, brothers and sisters on the point. The father, mother, sisters approve; the brothers are a little inclined to be sceptical, but graciously intimate that they will not oppose the scheme if she chooses to set it on foot.

The next step is for our young lady, whom we will call Perdita, to consult Mr. and Mrs. Campion, young people with literary tastes, who have had considerable experience in this direction, as they have belonged already to four such societies in various parts of town. With their assistance, she draws up a list of people who would be likely to further the scheme, and proceeds to communicate with them. When she has received sufficient promises of co-operation, the Society is formed, and by common consent receives its title, "The Eversfield Shakespeare Society," from the name of the house where it originated.

Our first meeting is fixed for half-past seven upon a winter evening. We assemble to the number of about sixteen guests, who, with the family of Mr. and Mrs. Leigh, our host and hostess, make up a sufficient total. The business to-night, however, is not the reading of a play, but the arrangement of various necessary details; the editions to be used, the time to be occupied, the election of a president and secretary, and the definition of their functions.

Our hostess is a gracious middle-aged matron, who has a kindly sympathy with the aspirations of her daughter, and who, moreover, possesses a sincere love for literature upon her own account. Our host is a City merchant of sterling common-sense, who, without a large share of imagination, is nevertheless willing to further any scheme that does honour to the poet for whom he entertains a real, though vague, reverence. He remembers how he used to recite Mark Antony's oration over the body of Cæsar, at school, long ago, and he also entertains a shadowy recollection of taking a part in the Quarrel Scene between Brutus and Cassius. Therefore he is anxious that all should prosper with the new Society. He will not, however, accept the office of president, nor, to tell the truth, is it very appropriate that he should occupy the post.

Mr. Campion, who is a Shakespeare student, is unanimously elected to that position, and the earnest Perdita is chosen secretary. To her it will fall to allot the parts, and make the necessary abbreviations in the play. If she is in any difficulty, she will consult Mrs. Campion, who offers her services freely; but Perdita is wise and sensible, and will not need guidance in the matter as if she were a mere school-girl.

It is agreed that one of the numerous school editions, published at 6d. to 1s. 6d. per play, shall form the standard for reading. As a list of the omissions will be sent round beforehand with the notices of the meeting, it is easy for any who prefer to use their own copies to mark them in accordance with the model.

I may say here that, with a little forethought, and the use of these school editions, there is not the slightest difficulty in reading most of Shakespeare's plays in a mixed company; the coarsenesses that here and there tell of the ruder age in which the plays were written have nothing to do with the actual subject-matter, and can be omitted without attracting attention, by means of proper revision beforehand, and ordinary common-sense at the time.

The president has to propose the plays that shall be read, and to exercise a general control over the affairs of the Society, which he does with a great deal of zest, and perhaps an unnecessary display of authority. Everyone likes him, however, and he orders the members about to his heart's content during his subsequent career. It is decided that *King Richard II.* shall be the first attempted; that the Society shall meet on the last Thursday evening in every month, at the houses of the different members in rotation; and that the next reading shall take place in a fortnight's time, at "Eversfield."

Perdita is very busy allotting the parts in the interval, and sends them round to each member. As she has not heard yet how they can read, it must of necessity be rather an affair of guesswork; but she assigns to Mr. and Mrs. Campion the parts of the King and the Queen, takes the subordinate part of Lady-in-Waiting herself, and does the best she can with the rest.

On the appointed evening the members assemble at half-past seven for tea and coffee. There are a few married couples, some attractive girls in pretty evening dresses, and several young men. The latter look rather uncomfortable, and afraid of each other, as though they were going to commit themselves. One or two, to hide their nervousness, refer loudly to the supposed fact that they "really haven't had time to look at it." Mr. Campion is perfectly self-possessed, orders the whole party about, and marshals them into the drawing-room without ceremony before they have finished the introductory chat over the tea and coffee cups.

The question now arises, "Shall we sit or stand to read?" Mr. Campion is very decided. "Stand," he says; and the characters engaged in each scene are to come forward into the middle of the room as they enter upon their parts.

The host, who has nothing to do but to mark the exits and entrances, reads, in a ringing voice—

"Act I., Scene i. London; King Richard's palace. *Enter* King Richard, John of Gaunt, with other nobles and attendants."

Mr. Campion and a Mr. Falconer step forward into the middle of the room. The latter is a retired member of the Indian Civil Service. He has scarcely reached middle life, and is a man of rare acquirements. Without active occupation now, he spends his time in study for the love of it, and is willing to further anything in the way of intellectual effort.

Mr. Campion renders the speeches of Richard II. with admirable force and dignity. Mr. Falconer responds with equal ability in the character of John of Gaunt.

Enter Bolingbroke and Mowbray, personified by two young men, Mr. Chambers and Mr. Westlake. The former reads with excellent force and intelligence; his companion, who is well educated, and ought to know better, delivers the sentences of Mowbray in a high uniform tone, without modulation or expression.

The passion of the dispute grows intense, when King Richard, breaking through his calm dignity of manner, exclaims with stern emphasis—

"Norfolk, throw down. WE BID; there is no boot!"

The effect is rather spoiled by the falsetto monotone in reply—

"Myself I throw, dread sovereign, at thy foot."

And Perdita inwardly resolves that she will not give Mr. Westlake any more important parts until he has learnt to read.

The next scene is shared between Mrs. Leigh and Mr. Falconer. She reads with expression and feeling the lament of the hapless Duchess of Gloucester, which strikes the sad key-note to the play.

The tournament scene goes well, with the assistance of Mr. Chambers, who delivers Bolingbroke's speeches with true expression, and evidently appreciates them.

"Aumerle," in Scene iv., is read by a young man, Mr. Cunningham, who joins to a large amount of solemn self-conceit an utter incapacity for the task. He declaims in a loud, wooden, expressionless tone, *with a jerk at the* end of every sentence. "Green" is taken by one of Perdita's sisters, who reads fairly well. There are so few female parts in *King Richard II.* that many ladies are silent to-night, and one or two undertake male characters.

The grand Scene i. of Act II. is really impressive. Mr. Falconer throws the power of finished elocution and deep feeling into the beautiful words of old Gaunt upon his death-bed—

"O, but they say the tongues of dying men
Enforce attention, like deep harmony:

Where words are scarce, they are seldom spent
in vain,
For they breathe truth, that breathe their words
in pain.
He that no more must say, is listened more
Than they whom youth and ease have taught
to glose;
More are men's ends marked than their lives
before:
The setting sun, and music at the close,
As the last taste of sweets is sweetest, last
Writ in remembrance more than things long
past."

The King, when he enters, furnishes, with his flippant, indignant retort, a striking contrast to the moving appeal of his dying uncle.

The gentleman who reads the part of the Duke of York, Dr. Arnold, calls for special notice. His grey hairs tell of the advance of years, but as yet he is old neither in body nor in mind. Of rare intellectual culture, he is one of those men who do perfectly whatever they undertake; yet he is modest and kind, always ready to help the backward and shrinking, and to suggest schemes by which those anxious for self-improvement may make their way. He is an especial friend to the young, who find in him an ever-ready sympathiser and guide. When Perdita timidly told him of her plan, he offered at once to help her, and is now, with his wife and daughter, in the party. Mrs. Arnold's bright eyes speak of talent and energy; she is a clever, capable, intelligent woman, and the daughter, Helen, is a quiet, graceful, sweet maiden, who reads the small part assigned to her with great tact and expression. As for Dr. Arnold, he reads as admirably as he does everything else, and his worthy host, Mr. Leigh, regards him with a species of affectionate awe.

The close of Act II., Scene i., from "*Exeunt* King, Queen," &c., is omitted, and now Mrs. Campion, slight and graceful, steps forward with Mr. Raleigh to read Scene ii. Mr. Raleigh is a thoughtful, cultivated man, who needs, as a rule, more energy in reading, but takes the slight part of Bushy creditably. Mrs. Campion has a sympathetic voice and a thorough love for her author. She throws exquisite pathos into the words of the poor Queen, which are uttered with a mournfulness and delicate inflexion of emphasis that touch the hearts of all listeners. "Green," *alias* Alice Leigh, interrupts with his hurried speech, and shortly a dreadful pause occurs, for a Servant should enter, and does not. The part, being slight, has been overlooked, and Perdita supplies the omission by "entering" herself with a very rosy face, when she sees the *hiatus*.

So the play goes on, through the sad story of the King who believed in his own Divine right to rule, and relied upon the fiction until he found himself ruined and forsaken. Mr. Chambers is inspired, and contrives to impart some of his enthusiasm to his hearers, when he comes to the words—

"See, see, King Richard doth himself
appear,
As doth the blushing discontented sun
From out the fiery portal of the east;
When he perceives the envious clouds are
bent
To dim his glory, and to stain the track
Of his bright passage to the occident."

Mrs. Campion and Perdita read, with touching effect, the conversation between the Queen and her Lady in Waiting, which begins—

"What sport shall we devise here in this
garden,
To drive away the heavy thought of care?"

and Mr. Raleigh, who takes the gardener's part, throws heartfelt pity into his concluding words:

"Here did she fall a tear; here, in this place,
I'll set a bank of rue, sour herb of grace:
Rue, even for ruth, here shortly shall be
seen,
In the remembrance of a weeping queen."

But by far the chief episode of the evening is the heartrending scene of farewell between the discrowned King on his way to the Tower and the agonised wife—

"And must we be divided? must we part?"
"Ay, hand from hand, my love, and heart
from heart,"

when the pathos stirs many of the softer hearers very nigh to tears.

The Duchess of York is represented by Mrs. Schreiber, a German lady who is intensely anxious to be thought English and throws an immense amount of energy and expression into her part. She, like very many of her nation, is a real student of Shakespeare, and were it not for the strong accent, which excitement renders the more perceptible, her reading would be most enjoyable. She has but an ungrateful task, for "Aumerle" is more jerky and wooden than ever, and shows no emotion or gratitude for her attempts to win his pardon. Her husband, Mr. Schreiber, is reading Percy very creditably, only with the same peculiarity as his wife.

But it is late, and the omissions, made by an unpractised hand, have been too few to bring the play within a reasonable compass. This may be defined as from two to two and a-half hours, and the latter limit has been reached. The beautiful soliloquy of King Richard in the Tower—

"I have been studying how I may compare
This prison, where I live, unto the world"

is cut short, and with his death the reading ends.

* * * *

An adjournment now takes place to the dining-room for refreshments, and animated and vigorous conversation sets in, all the more actively because of its enforced cessation during the evening. It is felt that on the whole the play has been a success; a little too heavy and long, perhaps, but this will not be the case next time, when *As you Like It* will be read.

And the Society, under Mr. Campion and Perdita's able management, goes on and flourishes. If we were to look into Mrs. Campion's drawing-room twelve months afterwards, when *Twelfth Night* is being read, a great improvement would at once be discovered. The same members are there; but Mr. Westlake has altered his high monotone, and can scarcely be distinguished as the reader who murdered the part of Mowbray. A treasure has been found in Mr. French, a young barrister, who had a subordinate part on the first evening, but who has unexpectedly displayed a perfect genius for humour, and is delighting the audience by his rendering of Malvolio. No Shakespeare Society is complete without a member of this kind, who will read humorous parts well, and who will bring forth the real, radiant fun that, apart from its coarser manifestations, lies hid in Shakespeare's plays.

Mr. Cunningham is still there, but is silent. He has formally requested the secretary to allow him to withdraw from active service; his reading, he is sensible, does not come up to the standard, &c., &c. Instead of trying to do better, he therefore sits in gloomy grandeur, mute and useless. There are several ladies who had not a part on the first evening, but who from time to time have shared the chief honours with Mrs. Campion, Miss Arnold, and Perdita. For it is by no means desirable that one lady should have all the best parts; however charmingly she reads, the Society gets tired of her voice, and others like to have an opportunity for study. There is a gentleman, Mr. Dale, who goes by the name of "The Critic." He is by no means sparing in his remarks on the various readers, and passes for a great authority on the subject of dramatic expression. He will go up to a reader at the end of a scene, and say,

"Excuse me, but if I may say what strikes me, you are giving an American instead of a Jewish twang to Shylock's speech."

Or,

"You are reading Celia, pardon me, a great deal too fast."

These criticisms are usually taken in good part, and as Mr. Dale will not read much himself, there is little opportunity for retaliation, while his remarks have, as a rule, enough justice in them to strike home. So great is the improvement in the reading that friends have been known to ask to be allowed to come and listen, and when they do this, they usually come a second time.

Occasionally papers are read on some points arising out of the plays. For instance, a very beautiful essay on the true character of the Maid of Orleans, by Dr. Arnold, followed the reading of the First Part of *King Henry VI.* From the same hand came a paper on the suggestion that Lord Bacon wrote the plays usually known as Shakespeare's, in reply to which Mr. Falconer contributed an essay. Similar topics from time to time suggest interesting discussions, which, of course, occupy an entire evening, and form a pleasant change from the reading. Perdita is regarded with chivalrous allegiance by the gentlemen of the Society, who bow to her will as law, as she goes gravely and wisely on her secretarial course.

I may conclude with a few hints for the help of those who wish to form a similar Society.

Reading aloud is a most agreeable, but also a very rare accomplishment. It is extraordinary how few people understand the proper management of the voice, and the inflexions suitable to the varying shades of emotion. Now, few things can be more dreary than to sit still and hear Shakespeare badly read for a whole evening; therefore the members chosen must either know how to read, or be willing to learn. A few hints by one who really understands elocution will be taken by sensible people in good part, or they will even learn from imitation. Hence, in every case, one or two good readers are indispensable. It is scarcely necessary to add that none but those who can appreciate their author should be admitted to the Society; for, in all probability, no others would care to come. Still, the hint may be found useful.

The secretary, or a small committee chosen for the purpose, should have absolute and undisputed control over the giving of parts. The only other plan is to draw lots, which has ludicrous results, but if people are so childish as to want the best characters, and to be offended if they do not get them, it is the sole alternative.

No one who has not tried it can imagine the delight of reading and hearing Shakespeare's plays in an appreciative circle. Dramatic poetry needs to be rendered aloud to catch the true spirit and beauty it contains. When all the members are inspired by a common enthusiasm, do their very best to fling themselves into the parts they are reading, and show that they love and revere the Master they are studying, few quiet social evenings can offer more attraction than "Our Shakespeare Society."

L. W.

AUNT DIANA.

By ROSA NOUCHETTE CAREY, Author of "Nellie's Memories," "Not Like Other Girls," "Esther," etc.

CHAPTER VIII.

MISSIE.

ALISON was too tired to lie awake a moment after her head touched the pillow, and she woke so late the next morning that breakfast was already over, and Miss Leigh sent up a message by Poppie, begging her to lie still and rest herself, as her father and Roger had already gone to the mill, and she would send her up some breakfast.

"Aunt Diana would call this a bad beginning," thought Alison. Nevertheless, as her head still ached, she yielded to the temptation. The sun was shining into her room, making her feel hot and restless, and she begged Poppie to lower the blind, so that the huge crane might not fret her eyes by its hideous unsightliness. If she could only have shut out, too, its incessant whirr and grind! but that was impossible. As she drank her tea she looked round the shabby room with a strange sinking of heart and spirits. "I must wake up every morning to this," she thought, "unless I make an enemy of Missie from the beginning by forcing her to resign my room. Will it not be better to endure any amount of discomfort than to do that? I will ask Aunt Diana what I shall do about it. No, no," recalling herself, "I must act now on my own responsibility. Aunt Diana will think me a poor, helpless sort of thing if I always want her as a moral crutch to support me. Wise as she is, she could not decide for me at such a distance;" and then the words came into Alison's mind—"If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God." "I have not said my prayers; that is why I feel so weak and hopeless about things," she said to herself; "thinking only seems to lead me more into the fog. I will not lie another moment fretting over all these troubles." And with this wise resolution, Alison dressed herself quickly, and finished her unpacking, after which she ensconced herself in the deserted dining-room and wrote her first letter to Moss-side.

A sweet, brave little letter it was. Miss Carrington's lip trembled some-

"ALISON LISTENED WITH A DISTRESSED FACE."

what as she read it. Alison touched very little on her own feelings; she did not even speak of her changed room, thinking that piece of unwelcome news might be prudently withheld. Somehow, she had a notion that it would vex Aunt Diana. She talked of Roger's warm welcome and Miss Leigh's kindness, and tried to make Aunt Di interested in Rudel's and Poppie's droll ways. Missie she barely mentioned, except to say how pretty she had grown and how nicely she sang, and then went on to speak of her father's changed looks. A great many loving messages, a few longing expressions for Aunt Di herself, completed the letter. Nevertheless, Miss Carrington looked grave as she folded it up, as though her keen eyes read between the lines.

"My poor little home-sick child, I wish I were near enough to comfort you," she said, with a sigh, as she went on with her work; and the next morning brought Alison just what she needed, a few more wise, kindly words written straight from Aunt Di's warm heart—strong, cheerful words that carried their own healing with them. "Don't fear to tell me all that troubles you," she wrote, removing the embargo from Alison's sealed lips; "any confidence you repose in me will be sacred. Tell me anything and everything that concerns your dear little self; it will all interest me. I shall not think you either weak or complaining; my child has a right to my sympathy, as she surely knows by this time, and a gift not used is a gift abused. Remember that, Ailie. So I hope you mean to draw on me pretty largely."

The early luncheon hour brought all the family together, but Alison's sense of orderliness and propriety was shocked by Rudel's rough appearance. He came in straight from school with unbrushed hair and unwashed hands, and sat down at the table until Missie's loudly-uttered injunctions, and at last his father's curt command to make himself presentable before he ate his dinner, obliged him to leave the room grumbling, and his return a few minutes later led to a most undignified scene of recrimination between him and Missie, carried on below their breaths with the utmost bitterness, with Poppie listening with both her ears, in spite of Miss Leigh's gentle reminders to go on with her dinner.

But this was not the only source of discomfort to Alison; her father was evidently in one of his gloomiest humours; something had evidently gone wrong at the mills, and, as usual, Roger was bearing the brunt of the annoyance. Alison's heart was full of pity as she heard the angry words that were launched at his unlucky head; in her own mind, she was secretly marvelling at Roger's patience. How could he so tamely submit to be openly rebuked after this fashion? He was two-and-twenty, very few young men would have put up with such treatment, but yet he made no attempt to stem the torrent of his father's wrath; only sat with flushed face, looking down at his plate.

Alison—who was on the verge of tears with suppressed pity, and longing to speak a word in his defence—was moved almost to anger by the unconcern on Missie's face. Evidently she was too used to hear Roger found fault with on every occasion to take any notice of it. She had finished her contest with Rudel, and now sat with her usual self-satisfied look, playing with her rings, and humming a little French air to herself.

"Papa, dear," she said at last placidly, "do let those stupid saw-mills alone; you are only exciting yourself and making yourself ill. Come out in the garden with me and Poppie, it is so cool and shady there;" and as Mr. Merle did not at once answer this appeal, she came round to him and touched his arm.

"Come, papa," she repeated still more placidly; "you have scolded Roger enough, and it only puts you out. Come with me; I want you," and actually Mr. Merle suffered himself to be coaxed out of the room; and in another minute Alison saw them sitting together under the lime trees, with Poppie and Otter playing on the lawn.

Alison turned round to seek Roger, but he had left the room, and Rudel had followed him; only Miss Leigh was locking up the cellarette, and jingling her key basket.

"What does this mean?" faltered Alison. "Why does papa speak to Roger in this way? It is not right, is it?"

"Come with me into the schoolroom," was Miss Leigh's sensible answer to this; "as Sarah will be in directly to clear the luncheon, and we cannot talk before her. I must speak to you, Alison, I must indeed;" and leading the way to the old room Alison remembered so well, she closed the door in her quick, nervous fashion, and begged Alison to take the only easy chair that the room boasted. "No, indeed," returned Alison quickly; "Poppie's little stool will do for me. What does it matter where I sit, or whether one is comfortable or not?" she continued impatiently, as Miss Leigh stood hesitating.

"Please rest yourself in that big chair, for you look quite fagged and tired, and I have had a nice rest."

"I think I am nearly always tired," returned Miss Leigh, plaintively. "Is it not dreadful, Alison—about poor Mr. Roger, I mean? If it were not for my poor blind mother, whom I pretty nearly support out of my savings, I do not think I could endure this much longer. My dear," with the tears starting to her gentle eyes, "when one gets to my age one values peace and kind words above everything, and that is just what one cannot get at The Holms."

"Do you mean that this sort of thing goes on daily?" exclaimed Alison, turning her flushed face to the governess. "Do you mean," bringing out her words with difficulty, "that papa often gives Roger all this to bear?"

"Well, my dear, one must not exaggerate. Things are not always going wrong at the Mills, I really believe; and sometimes we can eat our meals in peace; but your poor dear father—one hardly likes to blame him to his own child—is very often hard on Mr. Roger. It seems to me as though nothing Mr. Roger can do pleases your father and as if Mabel can do no wrong in his eyes. You can see for yourself, Alison, the influence she has over him."

"Yes, I see; but I cannot understand it. When I was last at home Missie was only a child, and yet, though she is not seventeen, and ought to be in the schoolroom and under your care, she seems completely mistress."

"She is never in the schoolroom now," returned Miss Leigh, and resigning the arm-chair to Alison. "Sometimes she comes in to interfere with Poppie and find fault with some of my arrangements. But she has coaxed your father into giving her French and singing lessons with her friends the Hardwicks, and for months she has refused to open even a history, and yet you have no idea how ignorant she is. Nothing but mischief has resulted from her intimacy with Eva Hardwick. I have spoken to your father over and over again about it, but he listens to Mabel's version of her friend's character, and only the other day he told me I must be mistaken, for Eva was a bright, high-spirited girl; and it was all nonsense what Mr. Roger and I said about her."

"Roger dislikes her, then?"

"Oh, yes; he never speaks to her if he can help it. She is a fine-looking girl, older than Mabel, but vain and empty-headed, thinking of nothing but balls and flirtations; and you know how dangerous a friend of that sort is to a girl of Mabel's age. To do Mabel justice, she was not half so vain and fond of dress and finery until she went so much to the Hardwicks. They have completely turned her head. Eva tells her how pretty she is, and lends her all sorts of foolish novels, which unsettle her more by their false notions of life; and now nothing is good enough for Mabel, nothing pleases her, and, worst of all, Eva has taken a dislike to Roger because he refuses to pay her any attention and laughs at all their nonsense; and that sets Mabel against her brother."

Alison listened with a distressed face, but she was evidently reading Missie's character under a new light; she thought of her conversation with Aunt Diana in the moonlighted garden, and the importance Aunt Diana placed on friendship and its influence over people's character. She had a horror of "girl butterflies," as she called them—girls who lived for social excitements, who had no interest beyond passing pleasures. Surely this Eva Hardwick must be a "girl butterfly."

"Oh, they are pretty enough to look at," Miss Carrington would say, "if we could only see them in the sunshine; but when a storm comes just look at the poor things, at their draggled wings and miserable plight. One would rather be a working bee then, with a hive full of honey and a nice little wax cell of its own. Girls are never prettier, in my opinion, than when they are hard at work, with plenty of play to follow; and they are ever so much happier, take my word for it, Ailie, and I have been a girl myself."

"Mabel always had a temper of her

own," went on Miss Leigh, feeling a sort of relief in pouring out her feelings into Alison's ear, "but she was never as aggravating as she is now. You see, my dear, if a girl does not hold her own home as sacred, if she chooses a giddy young companion for her confidant, and retails to her all that passes in her own household, finding fault with her own aunt and people, and listening to her friend's estimate of them, she may end as Mabel does, in thinking her brothers rough and unmannerly, and Poppie a disagreeable little girl."

"Do you mean Missie is so dishonourable as to repeat to Miss Hardwick all that passes at The Holms?" asked Alison, indignantly.

"They do not think it dishonourable," returned Miss Leigh, with a quiet good sense with which Alison had never credited her. The governess had evidently learned something from her troubles. "You see, Mabel calls Eva her bosom friend, and refuses to have any secrets from her. If Eva comes this afternoon, all that passed at the luncheon table between your father and Mr. Roger will be retailed, as a matter of course. Even if Mabel were disposed to be reticent for once, Eva, who is of an inquisitive nature, and who completely dominates her, would soon worm the whole thing from her. She has a grudge against Mr. Roger, and nothing would please her more than to hear of his humiliation. I have reason to know, Alison, that it is by Eva's advice that Mabel intends to keep your room. I have heard her say myself that, of course, as your home is with Miss Carrington, you have resigned your privilege here as the eldest daughter, and that there is no need for Mabel to knock under completely. Those were her very words."

Alison looked grave. "Is Miss Hardwick often here?" she asked, at last.

"They are together every day, either here or at Broadlands—the Hardwicks' house. But as your father objects to strangers, or, indeed, to visitors of any kind, Eva very rarely spends the evenings here. They were practising in the drawing-room this morning, and afterwards they went out together. There is another sister, Anna, a nice little thing, rather pale and delicate-looking, but they both snub her. I suppose that makes Mr. Roger kind to her when she comes, for her sister certainly slights her, and Mr. Roger always stands up for everyone but himself."

"But, Miss Leigh, what would Aunt Diana say? Do you mean Mabel and Miss Hardwick go out alone?"

A flush passed over the governess's thin face.

"What can I do, Alison? Mabel will not listen to me; in fact, she sets me completely at defiance, and when I carry a complaint to your father I get no redress, of course. I am seriously uneasy at Mabel going about in this independent way. In my opinion young ladies of Mabel's age ought to be with their mothers and sisters. She is far too pretty, and so is Eva, to go about as they do. It would not matter if they were quiet in dress and manner, but two gaily-dressed, giggling girls. Mrs. Hardwick has not our nice, old-fashioned ideas; she allows her girls the freedom of boys. Eva is completely beyond her mother's control now. She speaks to her as though they were equals in age, contradicts her flatly, puts her right in the most impertinent way if she thinks her wrong—in fact, reverence to parents, respect to age, is totally at variance with the creed of the emancipated girl."

"Oh, Aunt Di," thought Alison, and more than ever she clave to the memory of those wise, gentle precepts which had bade her pupil watch against the growing evil of the present day, which is to undervalue the lessons of experience, and to induce young people to be their own sign-posts in the road of life. "Grey hairs are not what they used to be," she would say with a sigh; "old age has gone out of fashion, only the young people lead nowadays. Never go with the herd, Ailie; believe me, dear child, old customs are the best. 'Honour thy father and thy mother' never meant 'laugh at them for being old-fashioned.'"

"It seems odd, my saying all this to you, Alison," observed Miss Leigh, after a pause; "for you are young yourself; but you were never flighty and easily led as Mabel is. I believe she has her good points; she is really very much attached to your father, and will leave Eva sometimes, if he wants her; and in her own way she is fond of Poppie, though she tyrannises over her. There! Poppie is crying as usual, that is generally the end when she is along with Mabel. I suppose, by that, your father has gone back to the mill. I had better go to her, Alison, if you will excuse me."

Alison had plenty of food for meditation when she was left alone; a very difficult problem was before her to solve. How was she to gain an influence over her faulty young sister?

Missie was clever enough for her own purposes. Half-educated, she had managed to effect her escape from the schoolroom at an age when girls were generally working their hardest. She had not only thrown off all allegiance to her governess, but she was actually assuming the reins of domestic government. Alison had arrived just in time to see the whole household made miserable by the mismanagement and ignorance of a girl of sixteen and a half. The *rôle* of mistress was ill-suited to her temper and capacity, and she was daily becoming more exacting in trifles and more domineering. In spite of her filial feelings, Alison could not but feel that her father was most to blame for this state of affairs. Why did he permit a child of Mabel's age to dominate him and his household? Missie might be winning and sweet to him, and he might love to pet her and be blind to many of her faults; but no father ought to be so completely hoodwinked. He had doubtless suffered his natural indolence to gain the mastery over him. A recluse and bookworm by nature, unfit for the work that was distasteful to him—for he had always hated the Mill—he had grown irritable and exacting in all matters relating to business, and his leisure hours were spent in his beloved studies, to the exclusion of all other interests, so that, with the exception of Missie, who adapted herself to his tastes, and never allowed him to be disturbed, he lived as a stranger among his children, letting things take their course, and, like other selfish, self-absorbed people, only seriously put out when his own comfort was impaired.

Alison had always felt most painfully that her father had never taken the trouble to understand her. Even in the old days she had a poignant feeling that she was not to him what other daughters were to their fathers; even then the childish, fairhaired Mabel had been his favourite. On her arrival he had greeted her kindly; but all the time Alison felt there was no real welcome for her—no room in his self-engrossed life for the daughter who was almost a stranger to him, of whose thoughts and opinions he knew nothing. "Missie has found the key to his heart, but I am left out in the cold," thought Alison with natural sadness; "but, after all, it is not so bad for me as for Roger." But at this point of her cogitations Miss Leigh returned with Poppie, who was crying bitterly, and the rest of the afternoon was spent by Alison in comforting her little sister for Mabel's tyranny, by playing with her at the novel game of fish-ponds.

(*To be continued.*)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MUSIC.

JEANE MAC L.—Very probably you would find the "C. E. A. Musical Practising Club" what you would require. One feature in its method we regard as in its favour, that only one half-hour daily is devoted practising, fifteen minutes to exercises, and the remainder of the time to good pieces. This shows some consideration for others; would-be musicians are so notoriously selfish. Apply for rules to Miss Massey, 41, Park-street, Grosvenor-square, W.

ANXIOUS TO LEARN.—You can procure an instruction book for beginners for any instrument, and at any music publisher's. We do not advertise them. We are at a loss to comprehend what there is to explain in reference to such a parable as that of the "Ten Virgins." You (like everyone else) are represented as one of them; those who allow themselves to sleep instead of "watching," who idle away their lives instead of diligently serving their heavenly Master, and preparing for the world to come, are the "foolish," who have no love of God in their hearts, no "oil" of grace in their lamps, and who do not "let their light shine before men" (St. Matthew v. 16); that is, by their example, their words and deeds. Are you watching and waiting, and preparing to meet your Lord, and trying to set a good example to all around you? If so, there is reason to believe that you are one of the "wise virgins." But, while you may let your own light shine, you cannot do more. You cannot give the "oil of grace" to others; they must obtain that for themselves by earnest and persevering prayer.

MISCELLANEOUS.

WAITING ONE.—Your silly observation as to ther being "too many of us in the world to receive individual attention" from the Great Creator, is refuted by the simple fact that you were created at all. (See Psalm cxxxix.) You appear to be of the genus "Topsy," who supposed that she "grow'd" by some strange accident. What sort of education can you have had? Read what our Divine Redeemer says, St. Matthew x. 30, and St. Luke xii. 7. "He that planted the ear, shall He not hear? He that formed the eye, shall He not see?" (Psalm xciv. 9.) Remember that we must "ask according to His will;" 1 St. John v. 14. St. James says, "Ye ask, and ye receive not, because ye ask amiss;" and even in asking for really good things we must exercise patience, and we must pray with faith and perseverance. You seem to wish to exchange places with your Maker and benefactor. You cannot prescribe to Him the moment when anything you ask is to be bestowed on you; nor, in your blindness, do you know what earthly good is desirable for you.

ONE ANXIOUSLY WAITING.—Have you ever read the Rev. J. G. Pike's "Guide for Disciples of the Holy Saviour?" Price 1s. 6d. We can also recommend you the "New Testament Pocket Commentary." Price 2s. Both to be had at our publishing office. A text book for daily reading, with meditations, would be of use. Do you know "The Daily Round?"

SUFFERER.—You should consult a surgeon. Possibly you may be suffering from a hollow roof to the mouth. Whether, at your age, anything could be done for it—were this the case—we cannot tell you.

NELL.—Your cordial praise of our paper, and hearty good wishes for us and our contributors, deserve our sincere thanks, and we offer you our own good wishes for yourself and all yours.

1, UGVILLE STREET, RADFORD.—In reply to an offensive letter from this address, we refer the writer and her keen-sighted friends to page 86, vol. i. Also to page 3, vol. i., in reply to the second query.

SPIDER.—The "G. O. P." has entered its sixth volume. Price of vol. i., 6s. Write to Mr. Tarn. It is pleasant to hear that it has made you try to "think more of others."

A FRENCH READER.—The price of vol. i, bound in cloth, all complete, is 6s., all the others 7s. 6d. The monthly parts are 6d. each, and the postage twopence. Send an order for the money, through the Post Office, to our publisher, Mr. Tarn, 56, Paternoster-row, London, E.C., and write to him, not to us, on this subject.

PINK CHESTNUT inquires what medicine she is to give her rabbits if in ill-heath. We should treat them through their diet, rather than by giving medicine. Cabbage, and every kind of product of the vegetable garden, together with dandelion leaves, sow-thistles, vetches, and clover, are all suitable for them, combined with a small quantity of dry food, such as fresh hay, bran, and corn. Always leave water within their reach. Remember that green food, if gathered wet, should have the water well shaken out of it. Feed them twice a day. Too much wet food will make them swell, and the fur stand up; and in this case no cabbage should be given, all green food reduced in quantity, and more of the dry given instead. Young rabbits generally die of this complaint, but older ones may recover.

LITTLE BLACK EYES.—You appear to have been a great traveller. We are not surprised to hear that your parrot has been for so many years in your family, as the parrot, like the crow and raven, may live 100 years, when properly cared for, and in a suitable climate. A parrot that lived in the family of one of the Grand Dukes of Tuscany, in Florence, is stated to have exceeded the age of 110 years, in the "Memoranda of the Academy of Sciences of Paris." But the average duration of their life has not been accurately determined. The 15th of November, 1867, was a Friday.

A RAT is, strange to say, desirous to feed a rabbit. We refer him to an answer recently given to a little biped on the same subject. Two meals daily will suffice.

ONE OF ELEVEN.—You may write to us on any day you please, and we shall reply when at liberty to do so, provided the question be a suitable one, and the terms in which it is expressed be polite. It is not necessary that you should reply on reading our answers.

MOPPS.—No one cuts their "eye-teeth" at nineteen; you must mean "wisdom-teeth." We regret that, while sympathising with you, we could not possibly give an opinion on your case, but we should recommend your coming up to town, and going for advice to one of our great hospitals.

POOR ROSE OF LUCERNE.—Lean on the back of your chair when you work, and strengthen your memory by learning recitations in poetry. The rhymes will assist you.

OLIVIA S.—When troubled with evil thoughts (a very common trial), pray to God to relieve you of them, and then take a book, and occupy your mind with some interesting subject. As you regret being beset with such thoughts, they will not be laid to your charge.

FRIENDLESS AGNES.—Is there no one at the "place of business" in which you have been employed from whom you could obtain some information about him, his family, and character? If what you hear be satisfactory, and there be no means of making the acquaintance of any of his family (which would be desirable), you might correspond with him. But beware of entangling yourself with an engagement before knowing all about him and his circumstances. Not to reply politely to his letters is rude.

SLUM.—There are many varieties of the willow (Salix) belonging to the natural order Salicaceæ. The genus predominates in the arctic and temperate zones, and does not exist in Australia, nor in the Pacific islands. The species belonging to South Africa is the S. Capensis, which is, doubtless, what you mean.

PRIMROSE AND VIOLET.—The Prophet Isaiah was a prince of royal blood, of the tribe of Judah. His name signifies "the salvation of Jehovah;" and he is styled "the Evangelical Prophet" from his descriptive prophecies respecting the Messiah. His wife was a Prophetess. He suffered martyrdom under Manasseh, and was sawn asunder with a wooden saw, after a mission of upwards of sixty-one years.

RUTH ELLEN.—"That Aggravating School-girl" is not published in separate form. You make your inquiries at the wrong department of the paper, as you might have found out some years ago. Write to the publisher, not the Editor, on all such questions; and learn to spell, and to write a better hand.

UNBELOVED.—Yours is a complaint which we have received from others. Does the cause exist in your own character, disposition, or lack of tact? Perhaps you are ill-tempered, selfish, mischief-making, or melancholy. In any of these cases your company would not be an acquisition. Beware of making yourself a nuisance by a doleful expression. When you enter a room people should feel as if a gleam of sunshine had been let into it. Perhaps you look like a "death's-head." You have no ground for your complaint, if regarded as a "kill-joy." Read a little book called "Nobody Loves Me," by Mrs. Walton, price 1s., published at our own office. The slang expression "high faluten," seems to be a corruption of the Dutch word "verlooten," signifying "high-flown," stilted and bombastic in ideas, appearance, or expressions, a term originating in the Western States of America.

DAS RHEINGOLD.—Apply to the Secretary, H. Crespin, Esq., St. Luke's Hospital, Old-street, London, E.C., or else to the Royal Bethlehem Hospital, St. George's-road, Southwark, S.E. Address, G. H. Savage, Esq., M.D., Resident Physician. We believe the imbecile children of the labouring man might be received in one or other of these hospitals.

DESPONDING.—We can only indicate employments which can be obtained. We could not be expected to find them also for our readers, who must put their own powers forth.

HUMPTY DUMPTY.—You should consult a doctor. The state of your eyes indicates a bad state of health, which needs attention at once.

MIN.—You should consult a doctor.

IVY LEAF.—Medicus, in reply to Ivy Leaf, is sorry to inform her that there is no known certain cure for hay asthma, except by getting away from the neighbourhood where the irritating dust or pollen floats. Arsenical mixtures, and quinine with iron, have often given good results.

NIL DESPERANDUM.—Write to the secretary of the Society for the Employment of Women, 22, Berners-street, Oxford-street. We could not possibly tell you what publisher would take your children's stories.

MARGARET BARKER.—Avoid the use of depilatories; extraction and the use of pumice stone might prove effectual in course of time. Your writing is fairly good.

DEB.—We regret that, with rare exceptions, we have to decline receiving the verses of our readers for publication. Those by "Deb" show a confusion of ideas; the "*light* of love" cannot be symbolised by "the balmy *air*." At the same time, her lines flow fairly well, and there is poetical feeling about them, although irregular in the correspondence of the number of feet. The pen-sketch is good. She should cultivate the use of her pencil and brush.

ELLEN.—Ask to have a confidential interview with the principal of the school, remind her politely of what you engaged to do on entering as an assistant teacher, and tell her that while you value your home with her, and are really fond of them all, you are unable to give up so much time as you have gradually given in excess of what you engaged to give; as you were completely prevented from doing any private work for yourself; and you hoped she would kindly arrange for you to have some portion of time daily for yourself. To converse habitually at meals in a language unknown to their assistant, is an act of great ill-breeding.

ONE WHO WISHES WELL.—Are you sure that the man whose acquaintance you have formed is quite in the same position of life as yourself? Are you sure that he has a sufficiency of means to support you? Do you know anything of his family, and of the character he and they bear? These are queries which every young woman should be able to answer satisfactorily before encouraging any man's attentions. But in your case we must also warn you of the great impropriety of receiving any clandestine addresses, however unkind and unjust a stepmother may be; and if your father be severe, still he has a claim on your respect and dutiful obedience. No person, no wilful sin, and no vow may stand between you and your God. If you turn your back on the Lord's Table, you put yourself in a position of great danger.

PHENA.—The 6th October, 1865, was a Friday. We are glad that you and your seven sisters so much approve of our paper.

BLUEBELL.—We advise your going to an optician to have your sight tested, and suitable spectacles recommended. The 30th of December, 1865, was a Wednesday.

KEZIA.—The word "talent" may be understood in more than one sense. Undoubtedly, the Great Creator has bestowed more than one talent on all who are not imbeciles and lunatics. The term is not exclusively applied to intellectual gifts above the ordinary run of intelligence. Money, leisure, health, and strength, special opportunities for usefulness, acquaintance with various arts and industries—all these are "talents" such as those to which our Blessed Lord referred in Matt. xxv. 15. Your own "best talent" is not necessarily a gift of genius. In fact, you cannot have any of that description, because it would inevitably make itself known without your searching about for it.

J. S. C.—Humming-birds (*Trochilidæ*) are scattered over the whole of the American continent, being the most abundant in Brazil and Guiana. At least 500 species are known. By Cuvier they are included in his genus *Colibri*. There are 300 in the collection of Mr. Gould, and they are described by him. He divides these into 52 *genera*. Amongst the most remarkable species there are the "double-crested" (*Trochilus cornutus*), the "giant," of the size of a swallow; the "dwarf," not exceeding that of a bee; the "Sappho bird," or "bartailed," a native of Eastern Peru; the "racket-tailed," the "sickle-winged," and the "topaz-throated" humming-bird. They are called "murmurers" by the Creoles of the Antilles, "flower-suckers" by Brazilians and Spaniards, and by the Indians "sunbeams." You ought to write better at your age.

A TROUBLED ONE.—We do not profess to give any powder or draught to cure nervousness or shyness. The exercise of a little common sense, and a determination to control, if not completely conquer, such infirmities, are all that we can recommend.

B. E. N.—You will have to provide clothing suitable for extremes of heat and cold in Chicago.

GOOD-FOR-NOTHING will find an article on Sunday-school teaching at page 730, vol. ii., entitled "Infant Class Teaching."

THREE GERMAN MICE.—The 30th September, 1869, was a Thursday. The meaning of the term "Olla Podrida" is "putrid pot," and is adapted into English from the Spanish language. It is another term for hotch-potch, and is a name given to a dish made of a mixture of vegetables and remains of dressed meat. The French term is "pot-pourri," a term which we apply to dried rose-leaves, mixed with spices.

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

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AUNT DIANA.

By ROSA NOUCHETTE CAREY, Author of "Nellie's Memories," "Not Like Other Girls," "Esther," etc.

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"TIMOTHY PASSED HER WITH HIS ROUGH 'GOOD EVENING.'"

CHAPTER IX.

"I WANTED TO FIND YOU, DEAR."

MR. MERLE had suffered great reverses in his life. He had been once an idle man with a tolerable amount of wealth, which, by mismanagement and extravagance, had somehow dwindled away, and had reluctantly donned harness in his early married life by working his own saw-mills, instead of entrusting them to his agent.

In putting his shoulder to the wheel after this manly fashion, and striving to retrieve his fallen fortunes, Mr. Merle considered that he was playing his part nobly in life—that no one could lay the finger of blame on him; and yet in his own heart he knew himself to be a disappointed and embittered man. His work was simply odious to him. His ambition had been to distinguish himself in the literary world, and as his talents were of no mean order, and he had the nice discernment and the keen intellect belonging to the practised scholar, nothing but leisure and opportunity were lacking to him. The endeavour to lead the two lives had been fatal to his own peace and to the peace of the household. Late hours, intense thought, and latterly a growing hopelessness of results—for the goal of success seemed as far removed from him as ever—were beginning to tell upon his health. Still in the prime of life, he was becoming haggard and grey before his time. His moods grew captious and irritable; his baffled consciousness told on him; his intercourse with his family became more unsatisfactory; the whole nature of the man seemed warped and out of harmony with his surroundings.

And yet there was a charm about Ainslie Merle, as his sister-in-law knew well, that, in spite of his selfishness, or rather self-seeking, made women cling to him. His wife had been devoted to him.

The dinner hour was the only time when his children ever found him disposed to be sociable. But Rudel and Poppie were not admitted to this meal. Rudel's supper was generally placed in the schoolroom, where he learnt his evening lessons, and Poppie would join him.

Alison, who was disposed to pity the poor children in their solitude, soon found that her condolence was thrown away.

"It is ever so much nicer here," observed Rudel, looking up from his book with his hands threaded through his hair. "You don't know what you are talking about, Ailie. Old Nanny sends us in a rattling good supper, and Pops and I, and Otter too, have a rare good time of it; don't we, Pops?" and, as the little girl nodded in reply, he went on, "No, thank you; no late dinners for me. Ask Roger how he enjoys them. He is going to cut it to-night. He told me so."

"Do you mean Roger is not coming in to dinner?" asked Alison, anxiously.

"I don't suppose he has digested his luncheon yet," returned the boy, with a shrug of his shoulders; but as the dinner bell sounded, Alison was obliged to hurry away. She was not a moment too soon. Missie was already in her place at the head of the table. Alison coloured a little as she seated herself by her father, but took no further notice; the next day was Sunday; she would begin the following week by taking possession quietly of her proper place.

She was astonished to find that Roger's absence was scarcely commented upon. Mr. Merle talked a good deal to his daughters; he seemed rather surprised at the intelligence with which Alison answered him. "Your aunt has had you well taught," he said once, as though he were gratified with her information.

Alison saw directly that Missie was displeased with the notice he took of her, and seemed bent on drawing his attention to herself, but she was too anxious and unhappy about Roger to mind her sister's jealousy.

The moment dinner was over, she went in search of Rudel. The boy, with all his roughness and odd ways, manifested a sort of doglike fidelity for his elder brother, and Alison was sure that he was acquainted with all his movements, but, to her surprise, he was not disposed to be communicative—in fact, he became exceedingly grumpy on being questioned.

It was no business of hers if Roger liked to go without his dinner; old Nanny would take care of him; he did not want to be fussed over by a lot of girls.

"But, Rudel, dear," persisted Alison, with great sweetness, in return for this rebuff, "Roger always likes me with him; we have been chums—is not that what you call it?—all our lives. I shall be quite distressed if I cannot find him, for I want a long, quiet talk with him."

"Want must be your master, then," returned Rudel, with decided rudeness. "Girls have no sense of honour; they think a fellow is always ready to peach, but I am not that shabby sort. Roger shall not be bothered if I can help it; he has enough to bear without that." And so saying, Rudel planted his elbows on the table, and began conning his Latin in a dogged way, as though he were proof against any amount of coaxing.

Alison stood beside him a moment, but she made no further attempts to question him. "Never mind," she said cheerfully, "if you will not help me, Rudel, I must find him by myself; I remember some of his old haunts." And then, fetching her garden hat, she went quickly through the kitchen garden, and passed through a gate leading to the saw-mills. She stopped for an instant on the little bridge that crossed the canal, and looked down at the dark, sluggish water. A barge was coming towards her. An old white horse, with a boy guiding it, was on the towing-path. The old watchman, Timothy, passed her with his rough "Good evening." Before her lay the great timber yard, with its silent machinery and masses of unsawn wood, and the long straight aisles with vast wood erections on either side; arches of white planks placed at uniform distances, looking like vague beginnings of some uncompleted works; the white piles commencing to gleam in somewhat ghostly fashion in the dim light.

Alison wandered down there, feeling as though she were losing herself in a forest of dead wood; the silence and sense of loneliness was beginning to oppress her, in spite of her longing to find Roger, when, all at once, in a quiet nook, she came upon him, sitting on a truck with Nettle, the watchman's dog, a large fox terrier, beside him. He sprang to the ground when he saw Alison, and gave a low whistle of surprise, while Nettle, who was a cross old lady, set up a surly bark.

"Why, Ailie! What in the world could tempt you to a timber promenade? You looked just like a ghost, or some such uncanny creature, in your white gown, gliding between the wood-piles; no wonder Nettle is scared."

"I wanted to find you, dear," returned Alison, looking at him wistfully; she thought he looked tired and out of spirits. "Rudel would not tell me where you were, but I remembered your old habits; you see, it is so warm and not very late, and I should like to stop out with you a little."

"Come and sit down," was his answer to this. "I can find you a better seat than the truck; these planks are nice and clean, they will not soil your pretty dress. There, that is comfortable, I hope," as he put her in a snug corner and stretched himself out beside her. "Down, Nettle; the ground is good enough for you, old lady, so make room for your betters."

"Nettle is still your companion, I see."

"Oh, yes, we are often together; this is a rare place for a good long sulk, Ailie. When I am down in the mouth I generally come here, and Nettle keeps me company, poor old lass."

"Rudel knew that, I suppose."

"Oh, yes; but Rudel is a sharp lad, and knows the value of closeness; of course he would not tell you. That boy has a talent for holding his tongue; Nettle is not more trusty. Well, my dear, how often have you wished yourself back at Moss-side to-day? I declare I wished you there myself at luncheon time."

"Oh, Roger!"

"Of course I know what that means. I just know how you felt about it, Ailie. Is it not hard on a fellow for his own father to be down on him like that?"

"It is more than hard," she returned, laying her hand caressingly on his shoulder, for his face was averted as though he did not care to meet her eyes; "it ought not to be, Roger. Why, why—I don't want to hurt you, dear—but why did you not speak, if only to own your fault?"

He turned round in some surprise at this. "Why, because it was not my fault, Ailie. Didn't you know that all the time he was putting the blame of other people on me? That is what he always does. What is the use of my speaking when he will not believe a word I say?"

"Oh, Roger!" in a still more grieved voice.

"Oh, Roger! indeed. I do believe, Ailie, I am the most unfortunate beggar that ever breathed. Don't you remember how I hated it—the whole place I mean—when father took me from school and made me learn the business? I wanted to be a farmer or an engineer—anything,

in fact, but to lead this plodding sort of life. If I had known then what I had to go through I would have run away. I would, as sure as my name is Roger."

"Please do not talk so."

"I do not see what hinders my cutting the whole concern now," he went on, with a gloomy light in his blue eyes. "Sometimes I think I cannot stand it a day longer, what with the business worries and the nagging that goes on at home. Alison, I do not know if I am right in telling things to a girl like you, but I believe you can keep a silent tongue as well as Rudel."

"Yes, indeed," she assured him, eagerly; "I would not repeat a word, even to Aunt Diana."

"Aunt Diana!" in a startled tone—"no, of course, Alison; it is bad enough to know that everything that passes at home reaches the ear of that girl Eva Hardwick. Honour among thieves, Ailie; but apparently not among young ladies when they have bosom friends."

Alison sighed, but she thought it best to let this statement pass uncontradicted. Evidently Roger's notion of young ladyhood was suffering largely in consequence of Missie's injudicious conduct, but he was too much engrossed at the present moment for more than that passing sarcasm. "You know our manager, Fergusson?"

"Yes; I have an indistinct remembrance of him: a pale-faced man, with reddish hair and spectacles. I don't think I liked him, Roger; his manners were so subservient."

"I have reasons for pretty nearly hating him," returned her brother, with unusual vehemence, "for he is at the bottom of all this mischief; and, thanks to him, I am the scapegoat of all my father's wrath."

"Do you mean that he absolutely dares to find fault with you, his master?" asked Alison impetuously.

"Not openly, of course; but he is a complete adept in the art of innuendoes. He has a way of hinting things and implying blame; and ever since I found out a little scheme of his and frustrated it the fellow has been my enemy."

"But, Roger, if Fergusson is not honest, papa ought to know it. Things should not be allowed to go on in this way."

"That is what I say to myself every day," returned Roger, in a hopeless tone. "Fergusson is doing our business no end of harm, but I cannot bring my father to see it. The fact is, Ailie," dropping his voice cautiously, "the poor old governor is just a bookworm, and nothing else. He has no head for this sort of thing, and Fergusson, who is clever and shifty in his way, makes a tool of him, and has got influence over him. He believes all that Fergusson tells him, though he is only a low-bred, half-educated fellow—a mere servant—and yet he will not credit me with common sense! Things go wrong, as they did to-day. Of course, Fergusson is to blame, but he got my father's ear, and then it was all up with me. It is my belief the fellow wants to get rid of me altogether. He is always telling my father what a pity it is Mr. Roger is not a better man of business, but that I am young, and may improve, and all that sort of thing, and, you know, it tells in the long run."

"Of course it does; but this is worse than I expected. How can you go on bearing it day after day?"

"Well, I have made up my mind to-night to go on bearing it as well as I can. I have been sitting here turning the whole thing over in my mind. I think it would be cowardly going off, knowing that I should leave everything in Fergusson's power. I mean to hold on as long as I can, and circumvent him."

"But, Roger, if you should fail—if his dishonesty should triumph? You know wicked men succeed sometimes."

"Never mind all that. A man must do his duty, whatever happens, and I have made up my mind that my duty is not to desert what may be a sinking ship. I mean to act rightly by my father, however he treats me. The poor old man has an awful lot of worry to bear. He is pinning his faith on an unscrupulous rogue, and he will find out his mistake before long; and then, I suppose, I shall get righted; but just now—well, life might be a deal pleasanter," giving Nettle an inadvertent kick as he delivered himself of this sentiment.

"I wish Aunt Diana did know," observed Alison, quietly.

"On your peril——" he began, hotly. But she stopped him at once.

"I have given you my word, Roger; there is no need for you to excite yourself. I only wanted her to advise you as I do. Oh, Roger, I never felt so proud of you before."

It was too dark to see the surprised flush that swept over the young man's face, but there was no mistaking the grasp of Alison's little hand on his arm.

"I think this is real heroism, Roger. No, don't whistle, it is rude when I am talking to you. You have preached a nice little sermon to me to-night, dear, and I feel all the better for it. It has made me less discontented and unhappy to know how you are bearing things. We must help each other, Roger, you and I."

"Oh, things won't be half so bad now you are at home," he returned, evidently touched by her honest sympathy. "It is only unbearable when one has not a soul to take notice of one, when everyone seems at sixes and sevens in the house. Hark! is not that Rudel?" as the clumsy imitation of a blackbird's whistle sounded near them. "All right, old fellow, here we are, and I only hope you have come to tell me supper is ready, for I am half-starved."

"Oh, you've found him," was Rudel's greeting. "There is nothing like a girl's cheek, after all. Well, I hope you have cheered him up a bit. Come along, old fellow; father is shut up in his study and Missie is with him, finishing her novel; but, as Mother Leigh is still up, old Nanny thought you had better take your supper in the kitchen; she has sent the other lassies to bed, and Missie might come prying into the schoolroom. I thought you would not mind, just for once, Roger."

"My good lad, I mind nothing if I can get rid of this feeling of famine. I am as cold as charity, too. Give me your hand, Ailie; you will not walk safely in the dark without my help. Nettle, go back to your master;" and, speaking cheerily, Roger hurried his companions over the bridge into the dark garden, and in another minute they were all three in the great stone kitchen of The Holms, with its bright fire shining on the brass and pewter that garnished the huge dresser.

"Coom, Master Roger!" exclaimed old Nanny, as she drew a little black table before the fire, and placed on it a Yorkshire pie and a knuckle of ham, with a breakfast cup of savoury coffee, "eat and drink like a gude lad, and bring your bonny looks back," for old Nanny had lived there before Roger was born, and they were children still in her eyes.

Roger did not need a second invitation. Rudel watched him with delight as he fell upon the viands. Nanny gave Alison some coffee to warm her, for she looked cold and tired, and they soon grew more cheerful as they gathered round the fire, chatting with each other and Nanny.

The next day was Sunday, and in some respects it passed tranquilly with the family at The Holms. Rudel had put on his best behaviour with his Sunday jacket, and Mabel looked unusually amiable. Nevertheless, a few words exchanged with Roger, as they stood at the gate waiting for Miss Leigh and Poppie to join them on their way to church, increased Alison's secret burden of anxiety.

"Is not papa ready?" she had asked Roger.

He looked at her rather gravely—"So you were waiting for him? I am sorry to say, Ailie, father seldom comes to church now. He has been growing more irregular during the past year, and now not even Missie can induce him to come."

Alison's grieved "Roger!" was all she ventured to say; but a tight sense of oppression seemed to gather round her heart.

It was a painful contrast to return to The Holms, and find Mr. Merle, in his old velveteen coat and slippers, standing on the threshold of his study. Alison had no idea how full of reproach her eyes were as she went up and kissed him.

"Dear papa, I wish you had been with us," she said, softly; "we have had such a beautiful sermon from Mr. Herbert."

"Oh, I have heard plenty of sermons in my life," he returned, brusquely; "one may get too much of a good thing." But though he answered her in this cool, sarcastic fashion, something in the innocent wistfulness of the brown eyes raised to his seemed to stir his slumbering conscience, and, with a muttered excuse of a headache and being busy, he turned away and shut himself into his study.

(To be continued.)

THE LOST FLEECES.

By DARLEY DALE, Author of "Spoilt Guy," "Cissy's Troubles," &c.

"TO HER SURPRISE, SHE SAW A QUANTITY OF FLEECES."

CHAPTER III.

As Caleb was likely to be detained till late with his master, he told Alice to go home without him and tell her grandmother to wait tea.

"Why, Alice, where is your grandfather, and how is it you are actually condescending to walk with us?" said Polly Gould, leaning back to speak to Alice, who was walking with Susie Kelly.

"He is likely to be late, so he sent me on," said Alice.

"Well, come with us, don't dawdle behind there with Susie Kelly, she'll take half the night to get home at her pace."

"No, thank you, I can help her up the hill," said Alice, offering her poor, delicate companion, who dragged her tired, aching limbs wearily along, one of her strong, young arms.

Polly laughed rudely, and, hooking her own arm on to one of her friend's, began to copy Susie's hacking cough and weary gait.

"Never mind, Susie, she'll soon be tired of that," said Alice, and as neither she nor Susie took any notice of Polly's jeering remarks, she soon went on and left them in peace.

The Kellies lived on the common near Caleb's house, so Alice saw Susie home, and was so shocked at the way in which she lost her breath in climbing the hill, that she resolved to take her home every day, since Susie declared her arm was a great help.

An hour later Caleb returned home in the greatest distress about the lost fleeces.

"What does the master say?" asked his wife.

"The same as I do: that they have been stolen; there is no doubt about that," said Caleb.

"Stolen! but, grandfather, who could have stolen them?" said Alice.

"Someone who knows their value, and that means one of us in the fleece-room; no one else would know the German fleeces from any others."

"But it must have been

an outsider, Caleb; all your hands are honest, aren't they?"

"It could not have been an outsider. Is it possible a stranger, even if he got into the fleece-room, should choose out this particular lot of German fleeces from hundreds of others and run off with them? Besides, they would be certainly detected if they attempted to sell them. No; someone in the workshop has done it, unless by any chance we have overlooked them. I am going to have the whole stock overhauled to-morrow in the master's presence, and then if they are not found I shall know what to do."

"What will you do, Caleb?"

"Never mind, wait till the time comes," said Caleb, pushing his supper away almost untouched, and then lighting his pipe he sat in silence for the rest of the evening, pondering over the mystery of the German fleeces; only occasionally ejaculating some such remark as:

"Most extraordinary. The best fleece I ever touched. Fifty-two years and never lost a sample. Unaccountable."

The next morning was spent in overhauling the fleeces, each lot being brought to Caleb to pronounce upon, his opinion being infallible; but though the other men, who were anxious to hush the matter up, tried to induce him to acknowledge some very fine fleeces as the German, Caleb was inexorable, though his master would not have been a bit the wiser had he done so.

"Well, it is very clear they are not here. Just come to my office, Caleb," said the owner, when the search was ended.

"Do you suspect any of your hands of dishonesty?" said the owner, when he was alone with Caleb.

"No, sir; I can't say I do," said Caleb, slowly.

"Well, it is very strange; but I don't see what is to be done. Keep a sharp look-out in future, and say no more about it. It is a heavy loss."

"About fifteen pounds; but that is not what I mind. We must make that up, of course, among us, and I must ask you to find another foreman for the fleece department, sir."

"Another foreman! nonsense, Caleb, we can't do without you, as you know you are invaluable to us."

"I am very sorry, sir, but I can't remain unless the fleeces are found. I have failed in my trust, I am responsible for them, and they are gone, and I must go, too."

In vain the owner pleaded and argued. Caleb remained firm; nothing should induce him to remain; if the fleeces were found he would return, not otherwise. He would not even accept a pension, declaring that as he was leaving under such circumstances he was not entitled to it. Then his master offered to raise his wages if he stayed, but Caleb declined; they were already four pounds a week, and he had saved enough to keep him and his wife comfortably for the rest of their lives.

"But you could easily get work elsewhere, Caleb," said the owner.

"I shan't try, sir; I could never bear to work in any other factory," said Caleb, in a most husky voice, and shortly afterwards he took leave of his master and walked home in his long, white smock, not trusting himself to go into the fleece-room again.

An hour later Mrs. Jordan was startled to see Caleb enter the kitchen, where she was dining, in his working dress.

"Caleb, are you ill?"

"No, wife, no; I have resigned. I have left the factory. We shall be poor now, Mary; but it won't be for long, we are getting old," and Caleb sank into his easy chair, buried his face in his hands, and burst into tears.

It was a bitter trial to him, for he loved his work, but he felt he had failed in his trust; his employers might very justly suspect him, though he knew they did not, and he was much too proud to remain at his post while the least breath of suspicion could attach to him. Poor old Mrs. Jordan could not see the matter in the same light as her husband, but she knew by long experience that all argument would be lost upon Caleb when he had once come to a decision; her only hope was that perhaps Alice might persuade him to change his mind, for she had great influence over her grandfather, who thought highly of her judgment. But, to Mrs. Jordan's disappointment, when Alice came home and learnt what had happened, she took her grandfather's part, and agreed with him that he had done the only thing possible.

"Grandfather, do you suspect anyone?" said Alice, as she sat holding her grandfather's hand after Mrs. Jordan had gone up to bed.

"Yes, and no, Alice; it is only possible for the fleeces to have been taken by one of us five in the fleece-room, and I am as certain of the honesty of three of those five as I am of my own. The only thing it is difficult to see is what the object of the person I half suspect can be, for he dare not try to sell the fleeces if he has taken them."

"I know whom you suspect, grandfather—Patrick Kelly—so do I; but I can guess why—to be revenged on me. He and Polly Gould, and all that set, hate me, and I heard Polly say one day that the best way to tease me was through you, and she is always throwing out hints that the time is coming when our pride will be taken down; and I think Patrick would do anything to injure us since you spoke to him about annoying me."

"You may be right, Alice; you may be right—time will show. I am afraid you will have a hard time of it at first, Alice; some of them will say bitter things of me very likely, but you must try and bear it. Please God, it will all come right some day, though I may not live to see it."

Caleb was right in his conjecture. Polly Gould and her companions lost no opportunity of annoying Alice by throwing out hints that Caleb had taken the lost fleeces; but Alice bore it patiently, and was careful to hide her troubles from her grandfather, who was like a fish out of water now that his occupation was gone. At first many of the girls shunned Alice's society, but they soon forgot all about Caleb, and gathered round her during the dinner hour for her reading, which had now become an established thing. It was a great opportunity, Alice felt, for it not only kept the girls from mischief and idle talking, but by choosing judicious books she was able to give them many excellent lessons, though quite unconsciously Alice's best lesson of all was her example. Already many of the girls had copied her style of dress, and found that the money they had formerly wasted on tawdry finery went much further in sensible clothing; while, at the same time, Alice's good plain dresses were far more becoming, and their own sense told them Aliee's quiet, modest manners were far more attractive than the loud, rough ways of Polly Gould and her friends.

Since Caleb had resigned, Alice always walked to and from the factory with Susie Kelly, of whom she had grown very fond. She had begun by pitying her, for there was nothing very attractive in poor, plain Susie, who was often peevish and irritable from bad health, and who, when Alice first knew her, was most slovenly in her appearance; but when Alice took to walking home with her, Susie soon grew ashamed of her dirty aprons and draggle-tailed skirts, and a visible improvement took place, and when Alice knew her better she contrived, by making her presents and offering to trim a hat or mend a dress for her, to make her so neat and tidy that the other girls noticed and remarked upon it. One cold winter day, two or three months after Caleb had resigned, Susie, whose cough had been very troublesome all day, and who was scarcely able even with Alice's support to drag her weary limbs up the hill, broke a blood-vessel just as she got to her own door. Alice, who never went into the house for fear of meeting Patrick, who lived with his mother and sister, could not refuse to go in now and do what she could for Susie, whose mother was so frightened she could only stand and wring her hands, while Alice got her daughter to bed.

"She must have some ice," said Alice, "and then I'll run home and get grandfather to go for the doctor."

But Mrs. Kelly would not hear of this, and without waiting for Alice to consent, went off for the doctor herself, not caring to be left alone with Susie, who was lying as pale as death on her bed. While Mrs. Kelly was gone, Alice wanted a hammer to break the ice in the water-butt, not daring to give Susie anything else till the doctor came, and knowing that would be the first thing he would order; and in searching in the next room, which she knew was Patrick's, to which Susie had pointed when Alice asked where she would be likely to find one, she opened a large cupboard, where, to her surprise, she saw a quantity of fleeces. That these were the lost fleeces Alice had not a doubt, but to make assurance doubly sure, she pulled off a piece of wool and put it in her pocket to show Caleb when she got home. Then, having found a hammer, she got some ice and administered it in small pieces to Susie to stop the bleeding, and then waited as patiently as she could for Mrs. Kelly's return, hoping she would at least have the thought to tell her grandfather as she passed where she was, and dreading that Patrick should come home while she was alone with Susie. To her joy, in about half-an-hour, Mrs. Jordan and Caleb came to ask if she was there, and finding what had happened, Mrs. Jordan insisted on Alice going home with Caleb to supper while she remained with Susie.

Alice forgot all about the fleeces; she was thinking so much of poor Susie, until she was going to bed, when she suddenly remembered, and pulling out the piece of wool, she handed it to Caleb, saying carelessly as she did so—

"What kind of fleece is that, grandfather?"

"Eh! What! Alice! Wherever does it come from? It is a piece of that German fleece," cried Caleb, peering eagerly at Alice over the top of his spectacles.

"I thought so. Don't ask me any more till to-morrow, please, grandfather—then I'll tell you all about it."

"Well, well, as you like, my dear child," said Caleb, seeing that whether he asked or not, Alice had made up her mind to tell him nothing more till the next day; so, shaking his head and muttering it was a bad business, he feared, he went slowly up to bed.

(*To be concluded.*)

HOW I KEEP HOUSE ON £250 A YEAR.

How we Entertained our Friends.

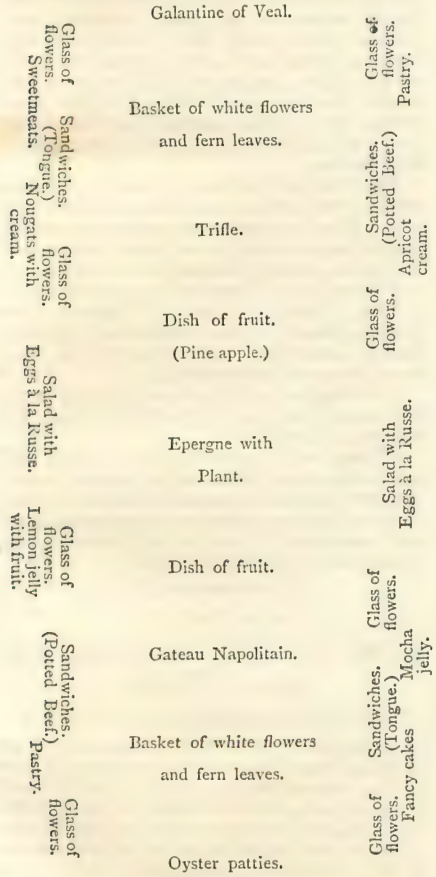
In the first articles on "How I Keep House on £250 a Year," I stated that we spent £12 a year on entertainments. £9 or £10 of this we generally spend in the month of June, when we endeavour to receive most of our friends. The first and most important of our parties is an "at home" evening, the second is a little dinner for eight, and the third a high tea for twelve; this last we give more particularly on account of a few friends at a distance, who

can only come to an early entertainment; then towards the end of the month I generally manage to have an afternoon party.

To begin with our evening. As I do not wish my friends to expect too much, I do not give more than a fortnight's invitation, though I take care before sending out my cards to insure a few musical friends by asking them to promise me their assistance. I invite fifty people, for one cannot expect in June to get more than forty acceptances out of fifty invitations.

We make everything, except the cakes and biscuits, at home; it is very much less expensive to do so, and really takes no longer than making half, as one can attend to several dishes at the same time. The reason we buy cakes is that the oven is too much occupied with other things for us to bake them. Of course, nearly all our supper is cooked the day before the party. On the evening my servants had the assistance of a waitress, who poured out tea and coffee, which was served on the landing. We had to hire a few extra chairs for the drawing-room. Our supper was a standing one, excepting a few chairs that were carried in from the drawing-room for some elderly ladies, so that really there was very little expense beyond the supper. Of course, had our income been larger our arrangements would have been different; but, as it is, we can but do our best, and try to give pleasure to our friends without unnecessary outlay. As we give no wine, we are perhaps more particular that what we provide should be really good of its kind.

The following was the arrangement of "our supper-table," of which there is also a coloured illustration at the commencement of this part of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER:—



There was on the sideboard a reserve of sandwiches, a second dish of oyster patties, bread, lemonade, syrup, soda water, &c.

I give the recipes from which some of the dishes were prepared.

Galantine of Veal.—Take 2 lbs. of veal cutlet (cut thin from the fillet) and 3 lbs. of the best end of the neck of veal; remove the skin and bones, and place them in a stewpan with an onion stuck with four cloves, a teaspoonful of black pepper (bruised), a bunch of sweet herbs, a large carrot, two bay leaves, some bacon rinds or bones, a large blade of mace, a branch of parsley, a teaspoonful of sugar (browned, not burnt), a little salt, and three pints of water; let this stew for an hour before the galantine is put in. Meanwhile, prepare the meat thus:—Place a thin cloth, of a suitable size, on a board; on this lay the veal flat, ready for rolling; spread over the meat a thin layer of forcemeat made of sweet herbs, grated lemon rind, chopped parsley, a finely chopped shalot (if liked), pepper and salt; then lay on some pieces of ham (about 1 lb., nearly all lean), a few button mushrooms, some pistachio kernels, and, if you are intending to have a tongue, you can put into the veal some of the trimmings off the root; then roll the meat carefully, so as not to disturb the arrangement of the forcemeat, &c., which should give a tempting appearance to the galantine when it is cut. Sew the cloth down the side of the meat and tie the two ends of the roll, which must be of the same size all the way down, and not measure more than 11 or 12 inches round; put it into the stewpan on the bones, cover closely, and let it simmer gently for three hours, then take it up and place it on a dish with a second dish and some weights over it to press it into shape, as in the illustration. When cold, it should be about 2½ inches thick. Leave it under the weight until the following morning, when you must remove the cloth and glaze the galantine in the ordinary way. After the meat is removed from the stewpan the gravy must be strained and cleared with the juice of a lemon and the white of an egg; it must then be poured on to a flat dish that has been previously dipped in cold water. If not sufficiently reduced, it will be necessary to add a little gelatine before clearing the gravy; part of this jelly is cut into diamonds to ornament the galantine, and part of it is broken up with a fork and placed round the meat. A galantine can be made equally well with an oyster of veal. The success of this dish depends on the neatness with which it is made.

Potted beef for sandwiches.—Take 1½ lb. of beef (fillet is the best for the purpose), cut it in small pieces, put it in a brown jar with a saltspoonful of brown sugar, the same of bruised black pepper, a blade of mace, and sufficient water to cover it; tie it well down, and let it stew in the oven for three hours; take it out, season it with salt to taste, strain off the gravy, then put the beef twice through a mincing machine, or, if you have not one, chop it on a board, and then pound it in a mortar; afterwards add enough of the gravy to make it moderately moist (in making potted meat never skim the fat off the gravy, it improves the meat if left in), put into pots, and when cold pour a little oiled butter over each.

For patties, tartlets, etc., I always use what the French call "Feuilletage à 6 tours." I proceed thus:—Take 2 lbs. of Hungarian flour, place it on a board, make a hollow in the centre, and put in it a small teaspoonful of salt, pour cold water on the salt to melt it, and continue to add water until all the flour is worked into a rather soft dough, no flour or bits of dough must remain on the board; put it aside in a cool place for ten minutes. Take 2 lbs. of good butter (which, if the weather is hot, must have been placed on ice for some hours), beat it into a square, sift flour over it, then roll the paste out to double the size of the butter, place the butter on it, and fold the four sides of the paste over it; with the rolling pin roll the paste up and down until it is about a quarter of an inch thick, then fold it in three by folding the top down and the bottom up, again roll out and fold in the same way; the paste has then had what is called two turns, and must be put in a cool place for fifteen minutes, then give it two more turns in the same way, put aside for another fifteen minutes, and give it two more turns, which will make the "6 tours"; then put aside for a little while, and it is fit for use. If properly made, this paste will rise three to five inches; this quantity was sufficient for our party. In making tartlets and oyster patties that are not to look "home-made," it is necessary to have two scalloped cutters, one 2½ inches across, the other 1¼; roll the paste out as thin as possible, cut a round of paste with the larger cutter, put it in a patty pan, then cut two more rounds the same size, but cut the centres out with the small cutter; place these two centres one on the other on a baking sheet, and put the two rounds into the patty-pan with a piece of bread in the middle; when the cases and tops are baked, glaze them as you take them from the oven with yolk of egg, and remove the bread; when cool, put in the prepared oysters, and then use the little rounds that were cut out as corners.

Salad with Eggs à la Russe.—For each salad boil twelve eggs hard; when they are cold, remove the shells, cut off the tops of the eggs and take the yolks out, cut a small piece from the bottom of each egg so that it will stand, mix the yolks with some chopped boned anchovies, and pass them through a coarse sieve. Take a portion of the lobsters and the tops off the eggs and chop small, with a little oil, vinegar, mustard, salt, and a pinch of white sugar; put some of this into each white of egg, then put the prepared yolks in, so as to leave a yellow cone showing above the white egg. Mix the lobster salads in the usual way, heap them well on flat dishes, garnish with the spawn and small claws, and stand the eggs round.

Gateau Napolitain.—Take a fresh madeira or almond pound cake, cut the top off to make it even, then cut the cake into rounds about an eighth of an inch thick; on the bottom slice spread marmalade, then put a slice of cake over and spread a layer of raspberry jam, repeat the marmalade, cake, and jam until all the cake is used, then glaze the outside with marmalade, and ornament the top with preserved fruits or sweets. Either orange or apricot marmalade will do for this cake.

Trifle, without Wine.—Soak a dozen macaroons and a quarter of a pound of ratafias in lemon syrup. Place some slices of sponge cake in the bottom of a trifle dish, cover them with raspberry jam, then put a layer of the soaked biscuits and another layer of jam, alternate the sponge cakes, jam, and biscuits until the dish is full enough. Make a custard with three-quarters of a pint of milk and the yolks of three eggs, two lumps of sugar only, and a little vanilla essence; when nearly cold, pour this over the cakes, run a knife through here and there, so that the sponge cakes may get soaked with the custard. Finish by heaping whipped cream on the top.

Mocha Jelly.—Make in a percolator one pint of strong coffee; use Mocha coffee, and be careful that the decoction is very clear. Melt one ounce of Nelson's gelatine in a pint of cold water, add a quarter of a pound of loaf sugar, boil and clear with white of egg, pass it through a jelly-bag, then add to it the pint of hot coffee, mix well, and put it into a round mould that has a centre to it, or, if you have not one, stand a claret tumbler with a weight in it in the middle of another mould and pour the jelly round it. When it is turned out, the hole in the centre left by the glass must be

PASTRY. SANDWICHES FRUIT JELLY. SALAD EGGS A LA RUSSE NOUGATS. SANDWICHES. SWEETMEATS GALANTINE OF VEAL
OYSTER PATTIES. BASKET OF FLOWERS. SANDWICHES. FRUIT EPERGNE. FRUIT TRIFLE. BASKET OF FLOWERS. SANDWICHES
FANCY CAKES. GATEAU NAPOLITAIN. MOCHA JELLY. SALAD EGGS A LA RUSSE APRICOT CREAM. FANCY PASTRY

HOW WE ENTERTAIN OUR FRIENDS – THE SUPPER TABLE

See "How I keep House on £ 250 per annum"

filled with whipped cream, which should stand up well in the middle.

Nougats.—Take 1 lb. of Valencia almonds, blanch and cut them small, place on a baking sheet and put in a cool oven to dry thoroughly; let them remain in the oven until they are rather yellow (but not burnt at all). Put three-quarters of a pound of pounded loaf sugar and the juice of a lemon into an untinned copper or brass saucepan, stir with a wooden spoon until the sugar is dissolved, boil two minutes without letting it colour, stir in the almonds, and take the saucepan off the fire. Have some Sutherland pudding-tins ready oiled and hot, put a little of the nougat in each, and work quickly all over the inside of the tin with the handle of a silver spoon that has been previously oiled. This must be done very quickly, or the sugar will set. When cold, turn the nougats out and fill them with whipped cream or with sweets. For "lemon jelly with fruit in it," it is necessary that the jelly be made rather firmer than if used without fruit.

When our guests arrived, tea, coffee, and cakes were served on the landing, for, of course, the supper was laid before anyone came; coffee was also ready for any who liked it before leaving. At supper we had soda and seltzer water, both in syphons, as being more convenient than bottles, lemonade made from lemons, raspberry vinegar and Seville orange syrup, the two latter for mixing with the aërated waters. The following is a list of the articles used for the evening, with the cost:—

	£	s.	d.
Veal and ham	0	7	6
Tongue (home cured)	0	4	6
Beef for potting	0	1	9
Fifty-four cooking oysters ..	0	4	6
Lobsters	0	3	6
Eggs, 2s. 6d.; flour and cooking butter, 3s.	0	5	6
Salad, parsley, etc.	0	2	6
One pound Brittany butter for sandwiches	0	1	6
Bread	0	1	6
Thirty-six halfpenny rolls ..	0	1	6
Cream	0	6	6
Greengage jam for tartlets ..	0	0	7
Marmalade and 2lbs. raspberry jam	0	1	6
Tin of apricots for cream ..	0	1	3
Sponge cakes and macaroons, etc.	0	1	4
Three packets Nelson's gelatine	0	1	1½
Poundcake	0	1	0
Almonds and sugar for nougats	0	1	3½
¼ lb. Mocha coffee, 5d., and ¾ lb. coffee	0	1	4
Sweetmeats and fancy pastry ..	0	3	0
Fruit, 10s.; flowers, 10s. ..	1	0	0
Mushrooms, tea, milk, lemons, sugar, etc.	0	5	10
Cakes and biscuits for tea ..	0	3	6
Aërated waters and ice ..	0	14	0
Waitress, 3s. 6d.; hire of twelve chairs, 5s.	0	8	6
Total ..	£5	5	0

The expenses beyond these for extra fuel, washing table linen, lights, &c., were so small that they were more than balanced by what was left from the supper.

Our next entertainment was a little dinner. I chose for this dishes that could be prepared, almost entirely, early in the afternoon, and that were easy to serve, for I knew it would not be possible for my servant to prepare and serve sauces at the same time as dish up the dinner, which was served as six courses. The following was my *menu*:—

Soupe Brunoise.
Red Mullet.
Fillet of beef braised, with mushrooms.
New Potatoes.
Roast Chickens and Watercresses.
Salad. Asparagus.
Riz à l'Impératrice (cold).
Cherry Tart (cold) and Cream.
Cheese Straws (hot).
Dessert.

I had a young woman to help wait at table. The dinner cost 30s.; waitress, 3s. 6d.; fruit and flowers, 12s. 6d.; soda water, 5s.; coffee, tea, and cream, 1s. 6d.; total, £2 12s. 6d. The red mullet were baked in buttered paper, and lemons cut in quarters were handed with them. The new potatoes were served with a little butter in the dish, and some very finely chopped parsley sprinkled over the top of them. Oiled butter was handed with the asparagus.

The Riz à l'Impératrice is prepared thus: Take a pot of currant jelly and melt it with a little isinglass; line a mould with this as high as you can; when cold, sprinkle thickly inside the jelly chopped pistachio kernels. Boil rather less than a breakfast-cupful of rice in milk till it is soft enough to mash with a spoon; add a very little pounded sugar and some essence of ratafia; when cold, put the rice into the mould with the jelly; turn out and serve with a little currant jelly on the dish round the rice. This is a very pretty sweet.

Cheese straws.—Take a piece of puff paste, roll it out very thin, dredge all over it some grated Parmesan or other cheese and a little cayenne pepper, fold the paste up, roll it out thin, cut into straws with a wheel cutter. They can be baked at once, then made hot again when required, and served piled on a d'oyley.

Our high tea we managed without any assistance, as both servants were able to wait on us. On this occasion we made the cakes at home. For tea we had—

Herrings in Vinegar.
Pressed Beef.
Veal and Ham Pie.
Lemon Cheesecakes.
Gooseberry Fool.
Custard Cream.
Salads. Cakes.
Tea and Coffee.

Herrings in vinegar.—Take six large fresh herrings, remove the heads and tails, bone them and divide in two, sprinkle the insides with pepper, salt, sweet herbs, and chopped parsley, roll the pieces up, run them on skewers and place in a dish with two parts of vinegar and one part of water, a blade of mace, some allspice and black pepper; cover and bake them in a moderate oven.

Pressed Beef.—Take a piece of brisket or thin flank of beef, put it in a pan with 2 oz. of allspice, 1 oz. of saltpetre, 1 oz. of black pepper, 2 lbs. of salt, ½ lb. of brown sugar, pounded together in a mortar, rub the beef every day with this mixture for eight days, then drain the pickle from it, tie the beef up, place ½ lb. of chopped suet in the bottom of a dish, put the meat on it, pour over it the juice of three lemons, put more suet on the top of the beef, cover all with a flour-and-water crust, and bake for five or six hours in a moderate oven. When done, remove the crust, take out the meat, and place heavy weights on it to press it; when cold, glaze and garnish with jelly.

Custard Cream.—Soak ½ oz. of Nelson's gelatine in half a pint of cold milk, stir to it one pint of boiling milk, then four well-beaten eggs; put over the fire, stir gently until thick; it must not boil; remove from the fire, sweeten with pounded sugar and flavour with vanilla, stand the saucepan in cold water, stir until nearly cold, then put in a mould.

Our tea was not at all an extravagant one. For my afternoon party I had tea, coffee, lemonade, cakes, biscuits, strawberries and cream, and a melon. I never attempt to give ices—they are expensive, and require an extra person to attend to them. For strawberries, I generally have the cream whipped—not as much as for a trifle, but enough to make it thick; it goes so much farther this way; but it must then be served in bowls with spoons, not in jugs.

WHEN WE WERE GIRLS TOGETHER.

A STORY OF SCHOOL-GIRL LIFE.

By SARAH DOUDNEY.

"It seems to me but yesterday
Since we were girls together."—OLD SONG (*Adapted*).

CHAPTER IV.

A CATASTROPHE.

"THAT'S young Ellwood's dog-cart, and the new bay."

Mr. Fowler had recognised the smart vehicle at a glance. The bay, a handsome young mare, had been lately bought by the son of the richest farmer in Brambletree, and was already known in the neighbourhood as a fiery thing, likely to do mischief. She had now fairly earned her reputation, and was galloping along the quiet road at the top of her speed, with the light, empty cart rocking behind her.

The highway leading from Brambletree to Parkley grew narrower after it had passed Chestnut Farm, and turned into a lane, deeply shadowed by trees in summer. The ground here was a sharp descent, well-known to farmers and carriers, who always went down the slope at a cautious pace. But there was no hand to guide the bay mare, nor check her mad career, and on she dashed into the gloom of the lane.

Mr. Fowler had opened the garden-gate, and hurried out into the road, followed by Derrick. In the stillness of the summer day, both had heard the sound of wheels coming from the opposite direction, and both were anxiously expecting a catastrophe.

In the next minute there were shrieks and loud exclamations, and the Fowlers ran with all their might to the scene of the disaster. The mare had galloped on, leaving behind her a cloud of dust, and a gig and two persons overturned by the

wayside. The gig and its driver were known to all the inhabitants of Bramble-tree, and both were of a very old-fashioned stamp, seldom to be met with out of remote country places. Poor Mr. Dover, suddenly overturned by misfortune, was rejoiced to see friendly faces bending over him, and soon raised himself from the ground with the aid of Derrick's strong arm. Having set him upon his legs, the Fowlers turned their attention to his companion, a respectable-looking woman of fifty, who lay moaning piteously under the hedge.

"I don't know what my wife will say," said Mr. Dover, looking down helplessly at the sufferer. "This is her own niece, Mr. Fowler; she's come to spend a couple of days with us, and I drove to Parkley on purpose to fetch her."

Mr. Dover had recently married, at the ripe age of sixty-five, a person who was supposed to be a little older than himself. She was a stranger to Bramble-tree, and had brought money and furniture of her own into the prim little cottage where Dover had lived alone for many a year. The neighbours said that she was close and stingy in her ways; and they added that her husband was very much afraid of her sharp tongue.

"I wasn't to blame for the accident," he went on, trying to dust his clothes with shaky hands. "And it was Mrs. Dover's wish to have her niece to stay; only she wasn't meant to stay over two days. And now it seems likely that we may have her on our hands for months! And the gig—oh dear, dear, the gig will never be fit for use again!"

While he made his little wail, the father and son were lifting up the luckless woman with all possible care and tenderness. She had not lost her senses, but they soon found that she was too much hurt to stand; and there was only one thing to be done. Without more ado they carried her up the lane and into the farmhouse, and laid her gently on the sofa in their best parlour.

And then, like good Samaritans as they were, they returned to the feeble Dover, and helped him to set the gig on its two wheels once more. It proved not to be very much damaged after all; and it was with a curious mixture of pity and amusement that they watched him going slowly homeward in his dusty coat, leading the old grey horse, which had borne the shock with much greater composure than its master.

Meanwhile, kind hands were busy with the poor woman on the sofa, and gentle voices soothed her shaken nerves. She was suffering from some severe cuts and bruises; but, as her calmness returned, she rallied herself enough to say that no bones were broken. They must not be too much concerned about her, she added, making a great effort to speak cheerfully; she would rest for a little while, if they pleased, and then hire a fly to take her back to Parkley.

"I don't want to be laid up in my aunt Dover's house," she said, frankly; "it would put her out a great deal; and my good mistress will have me nursed if it is necessary."

"I don't think you will be able to move to-day," Mrs. Fowler answered, kindly. "After a night's rest, perhaps, you may be better."

The sufferer tried to raise herself from the couch, but sank back again with a groan.

"If I could only get back to Mrs. Belfont!" she said, trying to keep back a sob.

"Mrs. Belfont! do you live with Mrs. Belfont?" asked Mrs. Fowler, a sudden flush coming into her face.

"Yes: I am her maid, ma'am; and I've been with her twenty years. I know she will wish me to go back at once, and be properly cared for; and it would sorely vex my aunt Dover if I were taken to her house in such a plight as this. Indeed, I must get to Parkley, somehow, this very evening."

"Listen," said Mrs. Fowler; "you are not fit to be moved at present, and I certainly shall not send you to the Dovers. Mrs. Belfont is my own sister, and you will stay with me and be nursed, until you are well enough to return to her."

Anne Robson was a warm-hearted woman, always quick to acknowledge a kindness; and her gratitude had been speedily won by the attention she had received. And when Mrs. Fowler announced her relationship to Mrs. Belfont, the lady's maid was fairly overcome with joy; and looked round at the mother and daughters with tears shining in her eyes.

"If you will be so good as to keep me to-night, ma'am, I shall be thankful to stay. And it will oblige me very much if you will write to my dear mistress, and tell her what has happened to me."

Her dear mistress! The girls listened and wondered. They could not understand how one who had neglected a sister could have taken the pains to win a servant's affection. But the fact was, that Mrs. Belfont had taken no pains at all. She had seen from the first that Anne Robson possessed useful qualities; and she had, therefore, treated her with liberality and consideration. As years went on, and Mr. Belfont's health failed more and more, Robson's faithfulness became doubly valuable; and in his last illness she had taken the whole burden of nursing upon herself. And when the end had come, and Mrs. Belfont, tired in body and mind, desired nothing so much as perfect rest, she had found in her maid a most thoughtful and watchful guardian; ever ready to shield her from annoyance, and secure her peace.

If Mrs. Belfont loved to be served, Robson loved serving. She did not estimate her services at their full value, because it was in her nature to render them. If she had had no one to serve, her existence would have been incomplete. And so grateful did she feel for Mrs. Belfont's recognition of her usefulness, that she repaid her with a wealth of honest love.

When Mrs. Fowler had promised to write the letter, she rested on the sofa in a state of perfect contentment. She loved her mistress so well, that it had been a trial to leave her even for two days. And now, instead of partaking of her aunt's meagre hospitality, she was entertained at Chestnut Farm by Mrs. Belfont's own sister; and no one seemed to think it a trouble to minister to her wants and show her kindness.

Next day, she was well enough to take a deep interest in her kind nurses, although her bruised and wounded limbs caused her a great deal of pain. They gave up their parlour for her use, and made the room pleasant with bunches of flowers. Ellen and Lucy brought the kittens to amuse her; the elder girls waited upon her with willing hands; and, best of all, Jennet sat by her sofa, and talked of many things.

She did not know how much of herself was revealed in these talks. But Robson had seen something of the world, and knew how to judge of the girl's capacities; Jennet's talk was not like that of a commonplace young lady; it was full of quaint expressions, fresh ideas on old subjects, and underlying all was the intense desire for information—the yearning to drink from deeper wells of thought. And Robson, as she lay and watched the earnest young face, and listened to the eager words, began to wish that those longings could be satisfied.

On the second day, when the early dinner was over, and Robson was half asleep on her couch in the quiet room, a carriage and pair drove up to the gate. The noise of wheels broke in upon her peace; she lifted her head from the pillow, and said, quickly—"My mistress has come."

Jennet, who was sitting near the sofa with a book on her knee, flushed deeply, and trembled. But she did not move from her seat, although she heard voices in the entry; her mother was speaking in a tone less steady than usual, and someone else replied in clear, decided accents without any tremor of agitation. Aunt Judith was evidently a self-possessed person, thought the girl, clasping and unclasping her hands under the open book. She hoped that this stranger relative would not think them a family of nervous idiots, overwhelmed with the gracious condescension of her visit.

(To be continued.)

THE MILLER'S DAUGHTER

By
HELEN MARION BURNSIDE

"He loves me, loves me not," she said,
Bending low her dainty head
O'er the daisy's mystic spell.
"He loves me, loves me not, he loves,"
She murmurs 'mid the golden groves
Of the corn-fields on the fell.

'Tis not of the lonely mill
By the streamlet, clear and still,
That the miller's daughter thinks,
Walking in the mellow haze
Of the sunset's level rays,
Weaving fancy's golden links.

"He loves me, loves me not," once more,
"He loves." The daisy's simple lore
Agrees with what she knows full well.
Methinks that if the miller's man
Hath eyes a maiden's face to scan,
He need not seek the daisy's spell.

WOMEN AS HYMN WRITERS.

By the Rev. T. B. WILLSON, M.A.

(*Continued from page* 346.)

WE have brought our sketch of hymn writers down to the well-known name of Charlotte Elliott, who died in 1871, but here we are obliged, more or less, to retrace our steps, as we have adopted a chronological order, owing to the remarkable longevity of many of those women who have been noted in that branch of literature.

We must now mention some names less known, indeed, as authors, but to whom we owe many equally famous and beautiful hymns as those composed by the writers to whose work we have already alluded.

Writers of hymns for children form almost a separate class, and here women have not failed to distinguish themselves, for to them we owe many a sacred song which little voices love so well to sing.

There is another class, also, whom we must notice, though, perhaps, strictly speaking, they do not fall within the scope of this paper. I mean translators. Here we meet with the names of many women, and, indeed, to them we owe some of the very finest and most spirited—while, at the same time, faithful—renderings into our language of the many noble hymns and psalms of praise which have been written in other lands. Especially—we might say almost exclusively—hymns from the land of the great Saxon reformer, Martin Luther.

Having considered some names in the various classes indicated, we must close with a brief reference to the services rendered to hymnology by the late Miss Frances Ridley Havergal and by Mrs. Alexander, wife of a distinguished Irish prelate, the Bishop of Derry. Retracing, then, our steps, we come to the name of a noble lady, who was born three years after Charlotte Elliott, viz., in 1792. Lady Lucy Bridgeman, who married Mr. Whitmore, will probably be remembered for one hymn, which, though written for the purpose of family worship, is equally suitable for the public worship of the church. I allude to the one commencing

"Father, again in Jesu's name we meet,
And bow in penitence beneath Thy feet;
Again to Thee our feeble voices raise,
To sue for mercy, and to sing Thy praise.
* * * *
"O, by that name in which all fulness dwells,
O, by that love which every love excels,
O, by that blood so freely shed for sin,
Open blest mercy's gate and take us in."

This appeared in 1824 in a collection of "Family Prayers for Every Day in the Week, and Fourteen Original Hymns."

It is curious how, perhaps, one hymn out of a large number written by an author will gain great celebrity, while all the rest may perhaps be forgotten. This might be said of the writings of Sarah Fuller Adams, who was born in 1805 in Cambridge, where her father, Mr. Flower, was proprietor of the *Cambridge Intelligencer*. For the few who have heard of "Vivia Perpetua, a dramatic poem," or "The Flock at the Fountain," how many thousands, both at home and in America and the colonies, have loved those familiar words—

"Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me,
Still all my song shall be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

I have seen somewhere an objection raised to this beautiful hymn that it does not contain allusions to the work of Christ—in fact, that it is merely a Theistic hymn; and it has been proposed to add another verse to it to remedy what was considered a defect. But how very absurd such an objection is. On nearly the same principle might we refuse to sing many of the psalms of David. The hymn is in its way perfect, and certainly is in full harmony with the spirit and words of our blessed Lord and Master. It is rightly a universal favourite in all lands, and many of our readers will doubtless remember how it was one of the hymns specially selected to be used at the funeral of the murdered President of the United States, James Garfield, in 1881.

Another very beautiful hymn dates a few years later than the last mentioned—

"Thine for ever; God of love,
Hear us from Thy throne above;
Thine for ever may we be,
Here and in eternity.
* * * *
Thine for ever; Thou our guide,
All our wants by Thee supplied,
All our sins by Thee forgiven,
Lead us, Lord, from earth to heaven."

This we owe to Mrs. Maude, wife of a former vicar of Chirk, in North Wales. It appeared in a series of "Twelve Letters on Confirmation," published by her in 1848, and the hymn itself was written for the members of a confirmation class. It is one suitable for use by all, but especially for those who have been confirmed. Many will associate it in their minds with the day when the hands of one of the chief pastors of the church were laid on their heads and solemn words of prayer uttered.

"Defend, O Lord, this Thy child with Thy Heavenly Grace, that she may continue Thine for ever; and daily increase in Thy Holy Spirit more and more, until she come unto Thy everlasting kingdom. Amen."

It is necessary for us to be very brief in enumerating the many women who within recent years have done such excellent service in the field of sacred verse. It has only been possible to pick out here and there some exceptionally popular hymns which have been, we might say universally, received and treasured by Christians everywhere. There are, of course, numbers of others, written by talented women, which deserve, and have obtained, a sure footing in our collections of hymns, and their number is being yearly increased, but we are obliged to pass on without particular notice of them.

We must glance for a moment at the hymns for children which have been written by women. Here we would naturally expect to find a woman's pen busy. The little child learns his, or her, first hymn, as well as prayer, from its mother; and women have loved to think of the "sweet story of old" and the child life of the Saviour.

New children's hymns were needed. Good old Dr. Watts did excellent service in his day, but perhaps the bright and happy side of the religion of Him who called the little children to Him was not as well kept before them in his compositions as it might have been. Besides, a child's hymn must be simple in its language "understanded of the (little) people." For example, in a very popular hymn sung often by children, though not specially written for them—

"Safe in the arms of Jesus."

How many of the little voices who often sing it understand the meaning of the line—

"Safe from *corroding* care"?

A child's hymn must, then, as a very first essential, be simple.

One hymn which has been in use for nearly eighty years seems to fulfil this requisite. It was written by Mrs. Ann Gilbert, and published in 1809 in her collection of "Hymns for Infant Minds."

"Great God! and wilt Thou concescend
To be my Father and my Friend;
I a poor child and Thou so high,
The Lord of earth and air and sky?"

We are indebted to Mrs. Duncan, wife of the minister of Cleish, in Kinross-shire, for the well-known—

"Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear me,
Bless Thy little lamb to-night;
Through the darkness be Thou near me,
Keep me safe till morning light."

And to other writers we owe such hymns as—"I think when I read that sweet story of old," by Mrs. Luke, of Clifton, or—

"Loving Shepherd of the sheep,
Keep Thy lamb, in safety keep,"

by Jane E. Leeson. Nor can we fail to remember all the beautiful hymns for children which we owe to the talented writer to whom we must again allude, Mrs. Alexander, such as, "Once in royal David's city," "There is a green hill far away;" or, "We are but little children weak." These are but some of the many hymns which have been specially written for children by women.

We now come to the important service which has been rendered to the Church by those who have introduced us to the noble hymns of other lands. English-speaking people owe many of their finest hymns to other countries and other ages. The translations from the Latin have been very numerous, and the late Dr. Neale rendered many beautiful Greek hymns into English verse, such as—"The day is past and over;" or, "Christian, dost thou see them?" But where women have particularly shone as translators, has not been from the Greek or Latin, but from the German.

The land which gave birth to the famous author of "Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott" has produced many a grand hymn. We owe our versions of them in a great measure to the work of women, notably to the talented compiler of "Lyra Germanica," Miss Catherine Winkworth, and the joint authors of "Hymns from the Land of Luther," Miss Borthwick and her sister, Mrs. Findlater. To these we may add Frances Elizabeth Cox, whose book, "Sacred Hymns from the German," contains two such well-known ones as "Jesus lives! no longer now," from the German of Gellert, beginning—

"Jesus lebt, mit Ihm auch ich,"

or the equally well-known—

"Who are these like stars appearing?"

a rendering of Heinrich Schenk's—

"Wer sind die vor Gottes Throne."

To Miss Winkworth we are indebted for such noble hymns as "Now thank we all our God," "Abide amongst us with Thy Grace," "God who madest earth and heaven," as well as "Lord Jesus who our souls to save," and that beautiful one for the burial of a child—

"Gentle Shepherd, Thou hast stilled
Now Thy little lamb's brief weeping."

Among the many excellent hymns in the first collection named above, the joint work of Miss Borthwick and Mrs. Findlater, we have that fine hymn, not, perhaps, sufficiently known—

"Jesus, still lead on,
Till our rest be won;
And, although the way be cheerless,
We will follow, calm and fearless,
Guide us by Thy hand
To our Fatherland.

If the way be drear,
If the foe be near,
Let not faithless fears o'ertake us,
Let not faith and hope forsake us,
For, through many a foe,
To our home we go."

This is taken from the German of the celebrated Count Nicholas Ludwig von Zinzendorf, pietist and Moravian bishop, a most prolific hymn-

writer, whose collection was published in 1735; from it John Wesley translated the well-known "Jesus, Thy blood and righteousness," and, "As through this wilderness we stray."

It would be quite impossible to give even the names of the many fine hymns which have been translated from the German, and we must be content with mentioning one more. Few hymns are more popular at our almost universal harvest festivals than—

"We plough the fields and scatter
The good seed on the land,
But it is fed and watered
By God's almighty hand.
He sends the snow in winter,
The warmth to swell the grain,
The breezes and the sunshine,
And soft, refreshing rain.
All good gifts around us
Are sent from heaven above,
Then thank the Lord, O, thank the Lord,
For all His love."

This Miss J. M. Campbell has translated from the hymn beginning

"Wir pflügen und wir streuen,"

written by Matthias Claudius, who died at Wandsbeck, near Hamburg, in 1815, and who wrote a large number of hymns extensively used in Germany.

It is curious our women translators seem to have been restricted almost altogether to German sources. In very few if any of our collections do we find that either France or Italy has afforded any material for the purpose. The probable explanation is that hymn-singing in public worship seems much more the "use" of the Reformed Churches than of those in the Roman Communion, the Lutheran communities being especially remarkable in this respect.

We must close this paper by adverting briefly to two ladies who have done so much for sacred poetry, the one passed to her rest, the other still living, it is hoped, to enrich the Church with many more of those beautiful words of faith and prayer—Miss Frances Ridley Havergal and Mrs. Alexander.

The sketch of the life of the former is, I imagine, well-known to many of my readers, and those who have not yet read it, may do so with profit to themselves, for it is the record of a bright and happy Christian life, which may give many help and encouragement when they read of one who did so much to make others happy, and to help on God's work in the world. It is, however, her poems, especially her hymns, we are here concerned with. They are very numerous, and many of them hymns which will remain for ever as memorials of her, even after her name itself might be forgotten. Is it likely that having once learned to sing words such as—

"I could not do without Thee,
O Saviour of the lost!
Whose precious blood redeemed me
At such tremendous cost.
Thy righteousness, Thy pardon,
Thy precious blood must be
My only hope and comfort,
My glory and my plea!"

or to join in that grand strain of triumphant faith and joy which rings throughout—

"Thou art coming, O my Saviour,
Thou art coming, O my King,
In Thy beauty all-resplendent,
In Thy glory all-transcendent,
Well may we rejoice and sing.
Coming! In the opening east
Herald brightness slowly swells.
Coming! O my glorious Priest,
Hear we not Thy golden bells?"

we are ever likely to forget them?

In many other of her hymns we have a different style, for her sacred harp was tuned in many a key. The need of help and strength in Christian life and work is very beautifully brought out in this one, rightly placed in several hymn-books as among those "for lay helpers"—

"Lord, speak to me, that I may speak
In living echoes of Thy tone,
As Thou hast sought, so let me seek
Thy erring children, lost and lone.
* * * *
O, strengthen me, that, while I stand
Firm on the Rock and strong in Thee,
I may stretch out a loving hand
To wrestlers in the troubled sea."

These few samples of her sacred poetry are enough to show both her skill as a writer and the depth of her religious life. Her many other poems all breathe the same spirit. There is in many things a resemblance between the late Miss Havergal and Miss Charlotte Elliott. Both belonged to the same school of thought in religious matters, and were, more or less, under the same influences. It is remarkable how both were so much moved by the glories of the Alpine world. The "Morning on the mountains, golden vestured, snowy browed," the glory of the noon-day sun, shining on great fields of snow and ice, and bringing out in striking contrast the deep hue of the pines, those "waves of everlasting green which roll silently into their long inlets;" the grandeur of the sunset, leaving "a rose-light clear and tender;" or the deep, mysterious silence of night, with the giant mountain peaks standing out with sharp outline against the clear vault of heaven, while "sentinel stars set their watch in the sky"—scenes such as these filled both with that sense of exaltation which Nature in her grandest moods generally produces, Miss Elliott speaking often of "the magical effect" of it upon her, so that, she used to say, she seemed to have "suddenly dropped the clog of the body;" while Miss Havergal was one who loved to stand

. . . "above the mists, above the rush
Of all the torrents, when one marvellous hush
Filled God's great mountain temple, vast and calm,
With hallelujah light."

Of the hymns of Mrs. Alexander it is not necessary to say much. Many of them are, indeed, "familiar in our mouths as household words," and we must hope that such a talented writer may give us many more hymns which future generations will treasure as we do those we now possess. We have already alluded to her children's hymns, which are models of what such things should be. Her more general hymns are almost too numerous to mention. A large number of the more recently known ones appear in the last edition of "Hymns Ancient and Modern," as well as in other collections, and some of them, especially those written for saints' days, are doubtless known to many of our readers.

The authoress of "The golden gates are lifted up," "The roseate hues of early dawn," "Jesus calls us o'er the tumult," "When wounded sore the stricken heart," has given us hymns which we "will not willingly let die." Many of her other sacred poems have already become classical, such as the "Burial of Moses," beginning—

"By Nebo's lonely mountain,
On this side Jordan's wave,
In a vale in the land of Moab
There lies a lonely grave.
And no man knows that sepulchre,
And no man saw it e'er,
For the angels of God upturned the sod,
And laid the dead man there."

It is unnecessary to quote more of this, or the many beautiful hymns which she has written; we have said enough to show how much she has enriched our collections. We have thus completed our sketch of what women have done in the field of sacred poetry. One fact must strike every reader—namely, how much of recent years the number of women who excel in literature, both sacred and secular, has increased. For this we must thank the wondrous strides which the last thirty or forty years have made in education. Doubtless the numbers will increase.

We have left out many talented women whom we might have mentioned, whose names are, I dare say, well known to our readers. Miss Procter's hymns are found in many collections. But we have done enough, I think, to show that in the cause of sacred song women have played no small or unimportant part, but that many of the noblest hymns, both of praise or prayer, of faith or hope, we owe to the thoughts of a woman's heart and a woman's pen.

VARIETIES.

DEATH FROM TWO POINTS OF VIEW.—The ancients dreaded death, the Christian only fears dying.

GOOD WILL.

An eccentric character in Scotland was on his death-bed. A lawyer who was writing to his dictation, having written down legacies of five hundred pounds to this person and a thousand pounds to that, and so on, at length laid down his pen, saying, "But, Mr. ——, I don't believe you have all that money to leave."

"Oh," was the reply, "I ken that as well as you, but I just want to show them my good will."

LOOKING BACK.

The present joys of life we doubly taste
When looking back with pleasure to the past.
—*Martial.*

AN ILL-TEMPERED WIFE.

A gentleman was out driving with his wife, who was noted for her bad temper, and in a narrow road met a waggon which they had some difficulty in passing. The lady, apparently thinking that the carter was not making as much haste as he ought to do to get out of the way, began to rate him pretty freely. Just, however, as they drew clear, the man stepped up to the carriage, and, respectfully touching his hat to the gentleman, asked whether he might speak a word. The lady, thinking he was going to apologise for his slowness, interposed and said very sharply—

"Yes, say whatever you have got to say."

Whereupon the man, again touching his hat, and looking hard at the gentleman, said very quietly—

"Sir, I do pity 'ee from the bottom of my heart, for I've got just such another brute at home myself."—*Rev. J. C. Egerton.*

IN THE MORNING AND AT NIGHT.—It is not generally known that people are taller on rising in the morning than when they go to bed at night. The reason for this is that the vertebræ of the backbone, twenty-four in number, yield considerably to the pressure of the body in an erect position in the day, and expand themselves during the repose of the night.

THE BEST CONVERSATION.—The happiest conversation is that of which nothing is distinctly remembered but a general effect of pleasing impression.

OUR TOUR IN NORWAY.

THE DIARY OF TWO LONDON GIRLS.

Tenden's Hotel, Faleide,
Saturday, July 26.

THE delightful anticipation of letters from home at Faleide was sufficient incentive to us to arise very early and pursue our journey from Nedre Vasenden, in spite of the inclement weather. When I awoke Kate at four she said she should prefer to go home, and get warm in "auld England." It certainly did look very dismal. But we have to be philosophical, to take things as they come, and to be resigned and contented under every vicissitude and trial. Travelling is a grand experience, it rubs off one's narrow-mindedness and prejudices, and teaches us to judge our fellow creatures gently and charitably, and not by appearances only.

"Katrine" supplied us with a good "hest," which conveyed us to Ordal, a small cottage where we asked for milk, and received some that was so sour we could not drink it. "Hest strax, vœr saa god" (pronounced ver so goo) generally procured us a stolkjœrre as quickly as possible, although the diminutive cream-coloured quadruped has often to be obtained from a neighbour. At each station it is essential to enter your name and the number of horses required in the "dagbog" (daybook), also it is wise to consult the same for the charge made. The native horses are generally well-proportioned, spirited, and sure-footed; they go at a spanking pace down hill, when we cling fiercely to each other, and clench the front board with our feet. When feeding in the mountains, should they be attacked by a bear, they show great courage, fighting with their fore-legs, and usually come off victorious.

The Norwegians have not the slightest notion of the value of time, which is often irritating to the tourist, who recognises the importance of every hour. Still, it is useless to get impatient, they will not be hurried, and it is necessary to preserve a composed exterior, and speak kindly. A grandly magnificent drive to Forde 'mid mountains, lakes, and waterfalls, during which the clouds graciously withdrew their piercing darts. Forde is only a wretched hovel, and yet its position commands a good station. In tempestuous weather the boatmen will not cross to Bredheimsvandet. In that case what can the poor traveller do who has driven or walked all the way from Nedre Vasenden for the purpose of reaching Red? Fortunately we generally contrive to carry tea, bread, or biscuits, and luckily we had eaten some on the road, for neither bread nor milk could we get at Forde. We are told that in winter here there is light for only six hours in the day.

INTERIOR OF A NORWEGIAN HOUSE.

Three men rowed us in the space of three and a-half hours to Red, where we had milk and "kavringer" (rusks) at a small cost. Here there is one tidy bedroom.

A young woman brought us a stolkjœrre, but we soon discovered that it must simply transmit our cargo while we walked across the mountain, 2,200 feet high, which road is probably the steepest in Norway. Soon the wind arose, hailstones descended, misty darkness covered the earth — and this was a pass for which we had been told to reserve unbounded transports! Unable to hold our umbrellas, we could scarcely open our eyes lest they should be cut out, and our impervious (?) macintoshes were soaked, so were our skins. As for our boots, it was difficult to conceive that we had any on. Another time I will have a pair of real porpoise-hide, topped with calf up to the calf.

Arriving at the hospitable and clean station of Verlo or Utviken, our chief concern was for the poor woman who had accompanied us, and whose great anxiety had been for her "hest" (these people are full of mercy and tenderness towards their animals), but no persuasions would induce her to linger in Verlo for the night. Back she went on that desolate road in that terrible night, having expressed grati

FALEIDE.

tude to us for our small donation. The pleasant landlady, seeing our plight, lighted a stove, gave us hot coffee, and saw us to the boat, in which three rowers conveyed us safely across the Indvig Fjord to Faleide, where, although it was past eleven, we received a warm welcome.

Being still wet, we have rubbed ourselves, particularly our feet, with spirit (a sure preventive of cold), and rely upon weary Nature's sweet restorer to banish all ugly nightmares of storm and tempest, and fortify us for the gentle pleasure of the Sabbath day.

	Kr.	Ore.
Stolkjœrre to Ordal . .	2	23
,, Ordal to Forde .	4	50
Boat to Red, 3 rowers . .	5	0
Stolkjœrre, Red to Verlo . .	6	75
Coffee, etc., at Verlo. .	1	0
Boat to Faleide, 3 rowers .	4	0

Tenden's Hotel, Faleide.

Sunday, July 27.

How we devoured our letters, the first we have had since we left England. One each had been to Trondjheim, where we expected to stay on our way to the North Cape, and others were forwarded by Mr. Smeby from Bergen.

We are now sitting in a pretty balcony, and I will try to impart a faint idea of its lovely surroundings. The bright blue Nordijord and deep blue sky outvie each other in colour. Across the fjord is a gloriously green-clad hill, the sombre hues of pine and fir contrasting with patches of lighter green grass, pale yellowish corn, and grey rocks. On the right more hills and distant snowfields, whose deep

purple fronts dip in the calm blue fjord. On the left, amid varied foliage, a few red slate roofs, more distant purple, higher and vaster stretches of pure white snow, and peaks towering one above another, sometimes distinct and clear, sometimes partly enshrouded by clouds and shining through them. Below on the water's edge a hut, covered with grass and flowers, and two or three trees growing on the roof to the height of five or six feet.

It is altogether a glorious day and a gorgeous scene, and we—oh! we thoroughly appreciate and revel in it all. Even to sit and watch the clouds, the evanescent mists, and colours multitudinous, is worth coming for, apart from anything else.

Raftevold's Hotel, Grodaas,
Monday, July 28.

Awoke at half-past five this morning, having arranged to accompany some people (who had been to the North Cape, and suffered with bad weather) across the Nordfjord to Olden, thence walk to Olden Vand, take a boat up the lake, and walk to the Brixdal Glacier. It was destined to be an excursion of sixteen hours, with two guides to lead the way and carry provisions. After some discussion, Kate and I concluded that we could not conscientiously spare the day, and with deep and sincere regret we refrained from so brilliant an undertaking.

We wrote business letters, an imperative duty. One to Herr Heitmann, Christiania, to ask him to reserve one cabin amidships for two young ladies on the Rollo, August 15th. Messrs. Wilson had recommended us when at Hull to do this, so as to secure our being without the intrusion of fellow-passengers. Another to Mr. Smeby, with a small present, thanking him for forwarding our letters, and desiring that he would convey to Captain Soulsby, of the Domino, the baggage we had left at his hotel in Bergen. Another to Captain Soulsby, soliciting as a great favour that he would safely deliver our luggage at the office of Messrs. Wilson, Hull, on August 11th. Another to Messrs. Wilson to request them kindly to take charge of the same till we arrived at Hull by the Rollo.

Then we sat in the pretty balcony at Tenden's, and listened to the prattle of an elderly lady who is travelling alone. She constantly reiterated her chagrin that she had not joined the party to the glacier; that they might have pressed their invitation; that she was in the breakfast-room when there was yet only one plate on the table, to show that she was sufficiently early; that she would never intrude on anyone, and finished each remark with, "But I sat upon my pride, I sat upon my pride." How sorry she was that some of her garments were on the hill being cleansed, or she would honour us with her society to Grodaas. She was very persistent; whenever we moved she followed with her tautological decantations, till we finally beat a hasty retreat to our pleasant wooden chamber, and closed the door. About one, Kate charioteered our stolkjœrre, while I exercised my limbs and judgment too. Some men, in a shed containing buckets of sprats that had just been caught, were putting them in tubs with large quantities of salt to preserve them. I arrested the attention of one youth, and before he could sprinkle the salt, inquired "Hvor meget?" (how much), and, in due course, succeeded in getting a nice bundle of fresh fish, which our landlady cooked for our tea, and we prononnced them "meget god" (very good).

I think I shall never forget that walk from Faleide. It impressed me as did my entrance to Chamounix, years ago, when the dying orb of day shed a rosy blush on Mont Blanc's perpetual snows, and on the golden harvest in the vale. We were both sorry to leave Faleide. Our cursory glimpse of a place so redundant with every type of beauty seemed but an inspiration to stay. On the hill I stopped again and again to gaze on snow-mantled peaks, forests of pine, lichen, ferns, and sparkling waters.

Oh! let me turn back once again,
Just for one loving, lingering look,
And say, "Farewell, Faleide!"

All worries and annoyances sank into oblivion, and I thought—

Then gently bear the ills of life,
Some day must have its tide of joy;

for it seemed well to bear suffering and trouble if we reaped such a reward as this. And with all life is it not the same? How little shall we estimate pain and care when we see the glory of heaven, and are able to realise its peace. Shall we not, then, be thankful for what we have endured bravely and patiently? How often and how ignorantly do we dread "the clouds that are big with mercy, and ready to break in blessings on our heads." Often in sorrow have those wonderful lines by Cowper comforted me. May they bring consolation and courage to many more.

"God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform;
He plants His footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill
He treasures up His bright designs,
And works His sovereign will.

Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust Him for His grace:
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan His work in vain
God is His own interpreter,
And He will make it plain."

A fine sheet of water at Kjos, where we waited for another stolkjœrre, and where we amused ourselves watching our skydsgut, an immoderately fat boy, with a huge spoon, demolishing his porridge and milk. The girls in white shirts proffered us some milk, but it was too sour.

The jolting down the hill to Grodaas, though not exactly enviable, was at the least appetising, and Mrs. Raftevold was expeditious in practically replying to our inquiry, "Kan vi faa noget at spise?" (Can we have anything to eat?), followed by, "Kan vi faa Senge for to Damerne?" (Can we have beds for two ladies?) After a good supper we asked her to oblige us by decking herself in her bridal attire, the different parts of which ornamented the room. She was complimented at the request, but showed them to advantage on her little girl of ten years: a white shirt, scarlet bodice much embroidered, a frilled cap, supplemented by a gilt crown about eight inches in depth, beneath which were suspended nine or ten ribbons about two inches wide, each a distinct colour, and decorated with beads and tinsel.

A quiet evening stroll in the soft, mellow light, and a rest in the verandah, nicely posed on Hornindal's fair lake, terminated a blissful day.

	Kr.	Ore.
Bill at Faleide	18	40
Stolkjœrre to Kjos . . .	4	45
,, ,, Grodaas . .	2	30
Bill at Grodaas—supper, beds, breakfast	3	40

On the hill, near Sandborg's Hotel, Hellesylt,
Tuesday, July 29.

A little girl took us in a stolkjœrre to Indre Haugen, where we managed to get one to bring us to Hellesylt without changing at Kjelstadli. The whole drive was magnificent. Fields blue with harebells and red with clover, and grasses whose stems are deep-tinted and delicately shaded.

Sunely is one series of cataracts and windings about the road, while birch, hazel, and mountain-ash fill every space between the rocks. Over the foreground tower lofty peaks of varied form, many of them showing large masses of perpetual snow. We tried for a rowing-boat to take us to Merok, but all the men are at work in the fields, so we must wait till four or five o'clock for the steamer. We reserve curselves for dinner at Merok.

Off Merok in the Geirangerfjord.
On the steamer, 11 o'clock, p.m., July 29.

"At midsummer on Norway's hills the blush of morning kisses the blush of evening." All is hushed! Only the sound "as of many waters," deep, melodious, full, such as I love to hear; a roseate glow o'erspreads snow and purple mountain, and illuminates yon rushing fall that bursts from its dark recess—

From a source hid long in the mountain's brow
Where no man ever trod,
Enshrouded by pure everlasting snow,
And only known to God,
The heaven-born waterfall burst its bond,
Dashing away, away,
And o'er purple moor and auburn frond
Laughed in the light of day.

It trickled and sparkled, rippled and sang,
With heart so light and free,
The grey-blue pine with its melody rang,
Wafting its tones to me;
And o'er the boulders merrily fell,
Dashing, foaming, and white,
Or lurked, to refreshen the pale harebell,
And make all things look bright.

had not a care, for it blessed and gave
Its goodly store to all;
A spirit so tender, noble, and brave,
Had that sweet waterfall.
Each fern and leaflet, blade and flower, had won
Of its beautiful flow,
And its globules played "Bo Peep" in the sun
To murmurs soft and low.

Away it ran with its bountiful heart
To mingle with the sea,
Of its gentle nature render a part,
Unite its minstrelsy.
And I wished that I could be borne away
Upon its gentle breast;
But I had much to learn beyond that day,
It was not time to rest.

It is like peeping into fairyland to lean over the boat, and gaze into these limpid depths; grey and ebon shades of castellated battlements and turrets, patches of snow subdued by gold and ruddy tints, masses of dark chrome green, and lesser lights of olive, emerald, pale yellow, and dim blue grey; here and there clusters of scarlet berries, a purling, musical streak of white, a few shadowy phantoms and ethereal shapes, one sheet of lustrous blue with heaven's candles shining through. Here all the beauty that reigns above has its twin, for "not a feature of these hills is in the mirror slighted," but is fairer, more delicately hued, softer, and more soothing to the ocular desire. The gull its silver wing flapped o'er, enamoured of itself the more, and jelly-fish courting the bosom of the silvery fjord subtend their gorgeously-coloured tentucles to mingle with sweet fantasies below.

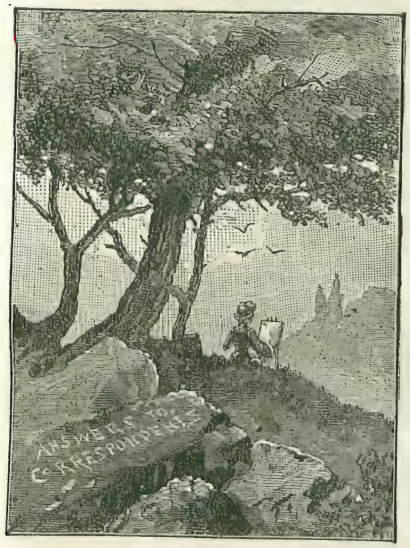
Not for one moment do I regret that slumbering little Merok could not make place for us, nor that Hellesylt's apartments were all pre-engaged. When the steamer came to Hellesylt at four it had nearly its full complement of *voyageurs*, all wanting to sleep at Merok. The three elderly ladies, their nephew,

and friend accompanied us; but they very judiciously secured their rooms at Hellesylt. We steamed at half-speed to Merok, where a general panic ensued—a desperate struggle to be first ashore. By dint of great perseverance I managed to alight into one boat, but a number of men preceded me to the inn, outside of which on a bench sat several women. I asked one if she had "senge for to Damerne," to which her only answer was an intimation to go inside. I did, and ran upstairs; but, to my dismay, found every door locked, and for elucidation of the matter ascertained that the male community had taken possession of the rooms, and consigned the keys to their own pockets. Kate was rowing towards me with the luggage, when I told her we must hasten back to the steamer. Returning to Hellesylt, the friend of the ladies hurried off in advance to endeavour to obtain a room for us, but with no better result. We therefore resigned ourselves to fate, and to the captain, who immediately ordered us an excellent supper, and reserved for our use the little deck cabin.

Now we are anchored off Merok, and shall go to Hellesylt to-morrow morning at half-past six, for the fourth time beholding the glories of the Geiranger Fjord. Perched high on these precipitous rocks are sœters, whose inhabitants are said to tether their children that they may not tumble into the fjord below.

	Kr.	Ore.
Stolkjœrre to Indre Haugen .	2	95
,, ,, Hellesylt . .	4	70
Lunch at Hellesylt . . .	1	25
Steamer to Merok . . .	2	15
,, ,, Hellesylt . .	2	30
Stewardess	0	50

(To be continued.)



EDUCATIONAL.

N. H.—Write to the office of the Civil Service Commissioners, Cannon-row, W., and you will obtain a prospectus and any extra information you desire. But we warn you not to be too sanguine of success, as the candidates are so much in excess of the appointments vacant. Perhaps you might get into a private house of business.

Ernestine Marie.—You would be old enough to be received as a pupil nurse at twenty-one years of age, or a lady pupil in the Hospital for Children, Great Ormond-street. As an ordinary nurse, you might be received at twenty; as a pupil nurse, you would have to take a certificate from the clergyman of the parish in which you reside. You would be lodged and boarded in hospital on payment of one guinea weekly, or 7s. 6d. by ordinary nurses. Applications to be addressed to the lady superintendent. In other hospitals, as a general rule, candidates are required to be from twenty-five years of age to forty, their wages (with or without uniform) averaging about £12 per annum during the first year of probation.

Lover of G. O. P.—If the advice already given has failed to assist you in the cure of your hesitation and stammer you will require the aid of a teacher. A few lessons might improve your articulation. You may learn at any age.

ART.

J. L. W.—There is a school of wood and stone carving, under the direction of Mr. Schauerman, at the Polytechnic Institute, 309 and 311, Regent-street, W. Terms for course of instruction during ten weeks, including the use of tools, £2 2s. You may be instructed in any branch of the art—figures, fruit, and flowers, and ornamental devices of every description. The classes are held on Tuesdays and Fridays from 2 till 4 p.m.

Would-be Artist.—We think such sketches would be suitable for a child's magazine. You should procure a list of them, and make application personally to the several editors, taking a collection of sketches with you. But, to make more sure of the disposing of your design, you should learn to draw on wood, and then sell the blocks all ready for the engraver. Never offer your work for nothing. You would thereby do a cruel injury to other artists.

Trotty, Lady Jane, and Others.—We notice constant advertisements in the *Queen* newspaper and others, of schools of art and private teachers where lessons in repoussé brasswork can be obtained.

Will's Darling.—Oil paintings that are very dirty can be cleaned by carefully rubbing with half a raw potato, then cleaning off with a sponge and clean water.

WORK.

Florence.—We should be glad to oblige you, but it is against our rules to make such promises. Write copies daily in small roundhand.

F. P. and L. S.—The pile may be raised on velvet after it has been wet by holding it over the steam of boiling water and afterwards smoothing it gently with the hand.

Blo.—We are pleased to hear that your sister has succeeded in making four dresses by the aid of our dress articles. At some future period we shall probably give the information you want.

Addie G.—We are sure the sufferers in the hospital will be glad of the books, and of your handiwork also, which you may make very amusing by giving illustrations of the things you write out, and pictures.

Dora Cru L.—The gowns worn by the lady students and graduates are of the same shape exactly as the gentlemen's, and the college caps are also the same. Both constitute, in fact, the proper academic costumes without which the female students, we suppose, would not have been admitted. Their assumption of the gown and cap was not considered in the least degree unwomanly nor wrong.

HOUSEKEEPING.

Lily.—One pound of bran to a gallon of boiling water is the quantity used for washing crewel work. Prepare this overnight, and use the clear part tepid the next morning without soap; wring lightly out, and iron while damp.

Senza.—It is said that strong snuff, scattered near their holes, will kill black beetles; and that cucumber parings will drive them away. But the best plan is to have a good hunt for the holes, and fill them up with cement, or keep a hedgehog.

Sailor Boy.—The house-linen is now frequently marked in both names, an old-fashion revival, thus:—"J. E. and L. C." would stand for "James Edwin and Louise Cooke." Silver jewellery should not be worn for six months when in deep mourning for a parent.

Nellie.—Pancakes are usually fried by the cook and sent in to table in a pile in the centre of the dish, with powdered sugar sprinkled over them. An ornamental dish-paper is usually placed beneath.

Daphne.—An American recipe for whitening the handles of ivory table-knives is to rub them the way of the grain with a little moist whitening and a soft flannel. White marble is cleaned by rubbing it with a paste made of whitening and washing soda, pounded into a fine powder and mixed with water. Leave the paste on over night.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Rosa.—Persons who snore should avoid heavy suppers at night, practise breathing constantly through the nose, and never sleep on their backs.

A Schoolgirl.—September 19th, 1862, was a Friday. The hair requires much brushing to keep up its glossy look. We suppose you have neglected it, and curled it instead. Put a very little vaseline on it, and brush well. There is no need of such mixtures if you add fruit and vegetables to your diet and eat less meat than in winter.

Mabel Cutts.—We should think your general health is in fault. You had better consult both dentist and doctor.

D. T. B. T.—The rector is one who receives both great and small tithes. The vicar receives only the small tithes. The term "vicar" is now applied to the minister of a district church, though he receives neither great nor small tithes. The term "vicar" originated at the Reformation, when parishes that had belonged to monasteries passed into the hands of noblemen, who, not being in holy orders, performed the sacred office vicariously.

Evangeline.—The best way to strengthen weak lungs is to practise breathing through the nose, and take lessons in singing, which exercise is said, when carefully and regularly used, to have great effect.

A Firebrand.—You make our blood run cold when you speak of being "possessed with a host of evil spirits," and compare your condition with that of Saul. Your temper must indeed be ferocious, and your best-beloved friend may congratulate herself that there are no javelins within reach. Indeed, she had better desire the housemaid to lock up the "pope's head" and the broomsticks. It is shocking to hear you speak of grossly insulting people, and of the fearful anger that rushes over you. It would punish you deservedly if your friend were to spring an alarm rattle and call in help, as such gentry as you seem to be are only fit for a lunatic asylum. Pray for grace to control yourself, or you will probably end in one.

Brown Betty.—Why should you eat bran? Your baker will supply you with a description of brown bread that has a certain admixture of bran in it. Let that suffice; apart from flour, it is unsuitable as human food.

Laurie B.—See directions given in "The Fairy of the Family" for cleaning every description of textile. You are rather too young to act as companion to an elderly lady; still, there are some who would prefer a girl of your age.

M. C. Alleyne.—What do you mean by your "complection," for which you apprehend that beer may be bad? We recommend the use of a dictionary. Beer may be injurious to the liver in some cases, especially as the imbiber advances in life.

V. Dalrymple.—When a widow marries we advise her to consult the feelings of her second husband in the matter of retaining the wedding-ring of her first on the same ring finger. We think that she should remove it to the right hand, if worn at all, and this without waiting for any expression of feeling and remonstrance on his part. No man could like to see his predecessor's marriage ring beside his own. Immediate removal to the sea is the best cure for hay fever. If unable to go, strong doses of quinine two or three times daily, and the inhaling of ammonia, are essential. If liable to this complaint, you should remove to a sea place before the haymaking season commences.

Berengaria.—Write to our publishing department. The Editor has nothing to do with it. Young gentlemen cease to be called "master" when old enough to go into society, and at a still earlier age if at Eton or some other great schools.

Aaeenpp.—Certainly, you should lose no time in returning the visit of the lady you name. You should have done so before. Go in the afternoon, and if she be out, leave a card for her and one for her niece. If the sins against others, to which you allude, were in any way injurious to them, you should repair the injury, even if in so doing you were involved in the humiliation of confessing the fault to them.

Parson's Wife.—We imagine that what appears to be grass is a description of seaweed. You could obtain it at a large upholsterer's shop. Send a sample of it in a letter to some firm in London.

Little Daisy.—We thank you for your nice letter. Perhaps your headache has rather more to do with your digestion or liver than your nerves. Sometimes what is called a sick headache may be cured by sprinkling two slices of bread-and-butter, or two buttered biscuits, with cayenne pepper, and making a sort of sandwich as hot as you can eat. If purely nervous, perhaps a teaspoonful of sal volatile in half a wineglass of water would relieve you. Add more water if too strong. Occupy your thoughts with interesting books, and your hands at other times in some way that will keep your mind busy also, and so give yourself no time for brooding over a painful subject. Constant occupation will help you to forget.

Duty.—At the Children's Hospital, Shadwell, E.C., or at the Cripples' Nursery, 15, Park-place, Regent's Park, N.W., any contribution of cards will be gratefully received. We are very glad to hear that our paper is of so much spiritual assistance to you.

Random Mollie.—A sty on the eyelid should be bathed frequently with warm milk and water, and if it comes to a head, pass a wedding-ring once or twice across it to relieve it of the matter formed in it. If it do not come to a head, it may be necessary to apply a warm white bread poultice at night. Styes, like whitlows, generally arise from a low state of health, resulting from bad air, some fault in the drainage, or insufficient nutrition.

Kingstonian is thanked for the kind expression of her own and her friend's approval of our magazine with which she has favoured us. We by no means supposed that our Canadian sisters lived on blubber in consequence of the severity of the cold in winter, nor that all of them "camped out" as a general rule. We know a good deal more about them than they imagine.

Nita.—You should wear either gloves or mittens, and proper thin-soled shoes. You should not wear slippers out of your bedroom.

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

VOL. VI.—NO. 282.] MAY 23, 1885. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

WHEN WE WERE GIRLS TOGETHER.

A STORY OF SCHOOL-GIRL LIFE.

By SARAH DOUDNEY.

"It seems to me but yesterday
Since we were girls together."—OLD SONG (*Adapted.*)

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"AN UNMISTAKABLE LOOK OF DISAPPOINTMENT."

CHAPTER V.

THE FIRST PARTING.

MRS. BELFONT had a cultivated taste and a strong liking for fine pictures, and on this still summer afternoon the old-fashioned parlour of the farmhouse made a delightful picture indeed.

The sunshine was tempered to a golden glow, and there were warm lights on the old round table of polished oak, and the dark bureau with shining brass handles. A scent of old-fashioned flowers greeted her with delicious freshness; on the table and window-sill were jars of blue delft, holding honeysuckle, and roses, and graceful plumes of fern. As she entered, a tall girl rose slowly from a wicker chair and stood before her with a shyness that was not altogether devoid of grace.

Jennet was a blooming maiden, with a straight nose, peach-like cheeks, and full, soft lips, that smiled slowly and rarely. Brown hair waved and grew low upon her forehead; her eyebrows were heavy and dark, thick black lashes shaded her deep-grey eyes. Later in life, people used to say that she had different faces, and found fault sometimes with her look of gloom. But for those who loved her there was always the same trusting expression, always the same brightness shining in the serious eyes.

Mrs. Belfont saw at a glance that she was a handsome girl, and even found something picturesque in the cut of the faded cotton gown, with a large crimson rose at the bosom. Mrs. Fowler's elder girls were not much like herself. She was small and fair; they had inherited their father's dark complexion, stately height, and grave countenance.

Aunt Judith shook hands cordially with her niece, and said that she was very glad to make her acquaintance. Then, turning to her maid, she made anxious inquiries, and showed such a genuine interest in her welfare that Jennet was touched.

"I am better, ma'am, thanks to these good ladies and their kindness," answered Robson, gratefully.

There was a general feeling that Aunt Judith would be somewhat out of place at the family tea-table; and her tea was brewed in a funny china teapot and carried into the parlour. It was Jennet who waited on her, partly because Katherine was engaged in looking after the younger ones, and partly because she did not care to entrust the task to Rachel, their well-meaning but clumsy handmaiden. Meanwhile Mrs. Fowler, with a deep pink flush on her faded cheeks, sat and talked with her sister; and Robson lay silently watching them all.

Mrs. Belfont lingered at the farmhouse till evening, and found a strange freshness and pleasantness in this out-of-the-world place. Every member of the circle was presented to her in turn, and carefully noticed; but there was not one, she thought, who could compare with Jennet. In Katherine's face, although the features were good, the family gravity of expression was too pronounced; and her manner was stiff and cold. Hilary's large hazel eyes were too bright and bold, and she was merrier than the others, but less good-looking. Mabel had the mother's fair skin and golden brown hair; but in that pure, sweet young face Mrs. Belfont read the briefness of her years, and turned away saddened. Ellen and Lucy were mere children, glad to escape from their aunt's presence and run off out of doors.

Robson was left at the farm for two days, to be nursed and get quite well; and then her mistress came to take her away. Mrs. Belfont was more affectionate on her second visit; she promised to see them all again very soon, and departed carrying a bunch of roses, gathered by Jennet's hands.

"I daresay we shall never see her any more," said Hilary, pertly, when the carriage had disappeared into the leafy gloom of the lane.

"Oh, yes, we shall," responded Jennet, with perfect confidence. "I believe she is quite sorry that she has kept away from us so long."

"Be quiet, Hilary," said Katherine, seeing that the irrepressible one was ready with a sharp remark. "I hardly think I can go so far as you do, Jennet. She is not the kind of woman, I fancy, to be very sorry about anything."

"I rather liked her for not apologising for her neglect," Jennet replied. "There really was nothing to be said, and she didn't make any unmeaning speeches. I am sure, Katherine, that she is delighted to know us, and quite ready to be fond of us."

"I am glad that the dear mother is pleased," Katherine said, heartily; "I haven't seen her look so bright for years."

The dear mother looked brighter still when the postman brought a letter from her sister. She did not read that letter aloud in the family circle, but, a little later, the girls were all presented with new dresses, from Katherine down to Lucy. They were all pleased; the father, it must be confessed, did not show much delight in those gowns, but Mrs. Fowler was so happy that he said no word of disapprobation. If it galled him to receive gifts from one who had neglected them so long, he bore the humiliation quietly for his wife's sake.

And then, only a fortnight after that second visit, Mrs. Belfont came again.

This time she had a proposal to make to Mrs. Fowler, and the two conversed together in the parlour, with the door shut. Half an hour passed by; the children were full of curiosity, and Hilary would have forgotten propriety so far as to peep in through the open window, if she had not been sternly held back by Katherine. At last the mother came out, her eyes shining, and a happy, eager look on her sweet face.

"Where is Jennet?" she asked. "Send her to me at once."

Jennet was not far away. She had strolled off along one of the narrow grass-paths, and was lingering in a quiet corner of the garden, where the tall white lilies were in bloom. Standing there for a little while, and looking across the old fence to the shady orchard, she was thinking that her life had never travelled beyond the limits of her father's fields. Would it be always the same? It was very sweet here; the blessings were many, and the crosses few; and yet her heart swelled with a girlish longing for change.

"Jennet, Jen—net!"

There was no one on the farm who possessed Hilary's power of bawling. Even the brothers objected to hearing their names screeched out in her peculiar way, and frequently enjoined softness of speech; but Hilary never could be made to modulate her tones.

"Jen—net!"

"I am coming," said Jennet, with pardonable petulance. "You knew I couldn't be far off; what will Aunt Judith think if she hears your scream?"

"You are particularly wanted." Hilary's manner was full of importance. "Katherine set off to find you, but I got on before her. Mother says that you are to go into the parlour at once."

Jennet's heart began to beat faster. Girlhood is full of vague and glorious expectations, and a thousand bright ideas dazzled her fancy as she hastened towards the house. Before she had got to the end of the path, she had convinced herself that Aunt Judith was awaiting her in the parlour with a splendid present. And, as she passed under the porch, she decided that the present would take the form of diamonds; perhaps, a brooch; most likely, a ring. She felt that she should like the ring best.

"Your aunt has something to say to you, my child," said Mrs. Fowler, drawing her into the room, and promptly shutting the door on the audacious face of Hilary. Jennet was outwardly calm, and congratulated herself on being prepared for anything.

"Yes, Jennet; I want you to give me your whole attention," added Mrs. Belfont, speaking impressively. "You are a sensible girl, I am sure."

Jennet's bright visions suddenly began to fade. This was not quite the way in which people would talk if they meant to give you diamonds. She merely said, "Yes, aunt;" and waited.

"It is because I have full confidence in your good sense," Mrs. Belfont continued, "that I do not hesitate to make you a proposal. I desire to send you to one of the best schools in London, and I wish you to study for two years, at least. Your mother has already consented; you have only to say that you are willing to go."

While Aunt Judith spoke her glance rested attentively on her young niece's face. It scarcely surprised her to see the fresh cheek suddenly turn pale, and she even fancied that she could detect an unmistakable look of disappointment.

Poor Jennet was indeed disappointed. Her imagination had pictured something very different. To be sent to school—sent far away from the home she loved so well. The idea was intolerable.

"Oh, no! Aunt Judith," she faltered; "I can't go. I can never, never leave them all!"

"Think well before you decide, my dear," said her aunt, speaking kindly and quietly. "I did not think you would

like the proposal at first. It does not, of course, sound very tempting."

"You are very kind, Aunt Judith. I'm afraid I must seem dreadfully ungrateful. But—mother, do you really want me to go to school?"

"My dear Jennet, I am sure it will be the best thing in the world for you," said Mrs. Fowler, her soft eyes filling with tears. "You don't know what it costs me to say so; but Katherine and I have long been wishing for this."

"I have wished for it too, sometimes," said Jennet, slowly. "But it was much better when it seemed quite unattainable."

Mrs. Belfont gave a short laugh, and her sister smiled faintly.

"But, mother, can you consent to the parting?" asked Jennet, reproachfully.

She thought that they were treating her feelings far too lightly, and her heart was sore. Only a few minutes ago she had been vaguely wishing for change; now she was beginning to realise that change, no matter in what form it may come, is very seldom unattended by pain.

"If I seem to consent readily, dear, it is only for your sake," Mrs. Fowler said, her eyes filling again. "The gain will be yours, and the loss mine."

"You are talking as if I had proposed an endless separation," remarked Mrs. Belfont, a little sarcastically. "My dear Kate, you were always rather sentimental. Do bring some common sense to bear upon the matter. Why be so absurdly serious?"

"Indeed, Jennet, I am afraid we are both very silly, you and I," said the mother, brightening. "We are forgetting that there are such things as holidays, are we not? Now, my dear, thank Aunt Judith for her goodness, and tell her you will be quite ready to start for school in September."

"I do thank you, very much, aunt; and I shall be quite ready."

Jennet spoke the words in a tolerably calm voice; but, as soon as they were uttered, she turned and left the room and ran away to hide herself in the garden.

September came, all too soon; Jennet's preparations were also completed. Her box was ready, her heart was not.

(To be continued.)

THE HARP OF LIFE.

By the Rev. SAMUEL K. COWAN, M.A.

Oh, many-stringed is the harp of life,
And all of its many strings
Are touched and thrilled by the joy or strife
That Time, in its passing, brings.

As many as life has hopes and fears,
And loving and loveless things;
As many as life has joys and tears,
So the harp has many strings!

Who hath not felt, in the world's hard strife,
When our hopes, like dreams, depart,
The faint sad song of the harp of life
That thrills in the living heart?

Who hath not felt, when the strife is still,
And Hope, for Victory, sings,
That harp, to our heart's rejoicing, thrill
With its glad responsive strings?

Sing on! weep on! be the battle brief,
Or the battle long and sharp,
Your song is sweet, be it joy or grief,
For an angel hath tuned the harp!

Oh, heaven-tuned harp! By deed or word—
By song or touch—that we
Might never mar, by a jarring chord,
Thy heavenly harmony!

It was lent to us here—that harp of life—
That He who lent might know,
To our spirit's touch, in rest and strife,
What melodies would flow!

Thrill on, glad harp! to the joys of earth!
But think, as thy glad chords ring,
Of the grander song of immortal mirth
That shall thrill a diviner string!

Weep on, sad harp! for the God of Love
Is nigh, and in pity hears!
For thy woes shall sweeten thy joys above,
As the chords are softened by tears!

And when life's song has passed away,
And the chords no more are pressed—
Death hath not hushed the harp for aye—
It is only a bar of rest!

A bar of rest (how sweet, how dear
To those who have waited long!)
Between its broken music here
And its sweet hereafter song!

THE FRAMLEY PARSONAGE ROCKERY.

By GORDON STABLES, M.D., R.N.

It was a lovely morning in June.

The French windows of the room where the family was seated at breakfast were wide open, yet it was so early that the grass out there on the lawn was still damp, and dewdrops hung like diamonds in the roses that grew all around the verandah.

Letitia, the youngest of the three daughters, looked somewhat pale and wan. It was the first morning she had been down to breakfast for nearly three weeks. The other two girls seemed as fresh and healthy and happy as country girls always do, who have duties to perform and do perform them. The other members of the family were the father and mother and Stephen. Stephen was an Oxford undergraduate, who had not yet made up his mind what he should be, and was apparently in no hurry to do so. He had an indulgent father, a clergyman, neither richer nor poorer than the generality of country clergymen are, who superintended his studies in the long vacation, while the mother on the other hand devoted the most of her attention to the daughters.

No idleness was brooked at Framley Parsonage, but, nevertheless, the vicar well knew the value of healthful recreation, and knew, too, that exercise to be of any value at all as a health preservation, must be enjoyable, so he encouraged his family in all legitimate pastimes, and they were very happy in consequence.

Framley Parsonage was a rambling old place; grounds and all included it was some acres in extent, had a paddock, a pond, and a large green, to say nothing of the kitchen garden, flower garden, and lawns.

On the green (it was too small to designate by the name of meadow) tennis was played, and it was one of the multifarious duties of Brown, the old gardener, to see that this green was kept in perfect order.

"I am quite sure of one thing," said Letitia, languidly, "I shall not play lawn tennis this summer again. I do not like the game—— now."

"You were right, Let.," said Stephen, laughing, "to add the little word 'now.' You used to like the game."

"Yes," put in Muriel, the eldest, "and probably if Let. had not persisted in playing on damp grass with thin shoes on, she would be as fond of the game now as ever."

"Pass the honey, Muriel, dear," remarked Edith. "As for me, I should never tire playing lawn tennis, and if I caught cold through doing so, I should begin all the same as soon as I got well enough. I think the brave

soldier who invented the game should have a nice tombstone."

"A wooden one perhaps," said Stephen. "You dear, stupid Sissy, we don't usually build tombstones to people till they are dead."

"Well, I really didn't know, I thought the game had been invented quite a hundred years ago."

"I wonder by the way if cousin Winfield is coming over to-day," she continued.

But at that very moment — and Edith turned red when she saw him — the tall, handsome form of cousin Winfield himself appeared on the verandah. He was the curate of a neighbouring parish, and when not on duty he spent his leisure time in gardening. Gardening was his particular hobby.

"What are you girls going to be after to-day?" he said, as he seated himself easily in papa's rocking chair, for he knew he was always as welcome as flowers in May at the old parsonage.

"Pray," said Letty, "what were you doing, sir, all day yesterday, that you couldn't find time to come and ask how I—your invalid cousin—was?"

"I knew you were on the mend, Letty," said Winfield, "so I stayed at home to look after my flowers. My rockery is a thing of beauty now, Letty."

"Now, then," said the vicar, "why don't you girls have a rockery? That would be just the employment for Letty for the next few weeks; it would keep her off the grass. Old Brown could do the rough work, and Win. could superintend—be the engineer and architect, and all combined."

"The idea, I think, is quite a delightful one," said mamma.

"So I think too," remarked Stephen, "and I for one will be most happy to——"

"To do what?" asked Letty.

"To look on," said Stephen.

"Lazy boy," his eldest sister said. "But let us see Brown at once, and we can arrange preliminaries, choose a site, and lay our plans. The morning is so fine, and none of us have anything very pressing to attend to."

The two eldest girls and Winfield went to look for Brown. They found him tying lettuces up at the sunny end of the kitchen garden. He straightened himself up, and touched his eyebrow with a forefinger by way of salute.

"Brown, we are going to have a rockery, and we want you to tell us all you know about arranging it. Don't you understand?"

Brown was staring at her with his mouth open, but he replied, "In course I understands, miss."

As the young ladies waited expectantly, he felt himself bound to continue. He shuffled about a good deal, then went on—

"When t'ould squire were alive, miss, he did have one, and main good the young 'uns used to be to eat. In a pie, you know, miss, though there be a kind o' bitterness about their backbones, but——"

"What are you talking about, Brown?" cried Muriel, impatiently.

"About th'ould squire's rookery, miss."

Winfield laughed outright, and the girls couldn't help smiling, though they were annoyed.

I do not think that the curate was a bit disappointed at Brown's want of knowledge, and when he found the whole matter was to be left in his hands, and that the old gardener was only to be the day labourer, he waxed quite eloquent on the subject of rockeries. I cannot tell you his exact words, because I'm only a sailor, and though I can a-sort-of sing "Tom Bowling," I'm not at all eloquent; but I can give you the pith of this young and manly parson's speech.

"In a small place like yours," he said, "you cannot have a very extensive rockery or alpinery. To be right, you ought to have several, so that the various species of flowers could be grown in places and soil suitable to them; but suppose we have a sort of a general arrangement, a rockery that will do for all kinds of pretty flowers. This is my idea, and I think that the chief charm about a rockery of this kind is its semi-wildness and the beautiful way it shows up its flowers. It is a kind of a landscape on a small scale, a picture, a poem, a thing of beauty, and a joy for ever.

"As a rule, when girls or boys set about getting a rockery up, they just get together a large heap or pyramid of mould, and stick stones in it with flowers between, and may be a stonecrop or two, which, in time, takes possession of all the place. The flowers they plant on it do not, as a rule, thrive, because the water supplied or the rain runs off again, and the only thing eventually that the place becomes good for is to harbour slugs, toads, and newts. It is a vivarium, not a rockery. Let us be a little more ambitious and a trifle more scientific.

"Now," he continued, "here is a border close by the walk and not far from the hedge. I should guess it to be about seven or eight feet wide. It looks to me the plague-spot in your otherwise nicely tended flower garden, for, although it has a south-western exposure, it is pretty evident that Brown grows nothing here but weeds, which doubtless he permits to come to maturity and generate seedlings all over the garden. Oh! I don't say there is any harm in that, for weeding does the old man good, and keeps his back from getting stiff. But suppose, with Brown's permission, we turn his weedery into a rockery."

"But," said Edith, "our flower garden slopes downwards somewhat, at all events, towards Brown's 'weedery,' as you call it. Will that not be against the principles of scientific rockery building?"

"I don't think so in the least, because you can have any amount of elevation you think fit in your rockery, and we can have some parts lower even than the surface; the water must not come down the walks and flood these parts, and the soil is porous, so we can have in our rockery both damp ground and dry sunny heights. The hedge behind will afford a protection against cold winds, but we must not let it encroach."

"What shape are you going to make the rockery?" said Letty, who, muffled up in a Shetland shawl, had just joined the group.

"Oh, Letty!" cried Winfield, "you startled me. I took you for a beautiful ghost. But I'm glad you've come. Did you ever play at blots?"

"Yes," said Letty. "You dash a drop of ink on a sheet of paper and smudge it with a soft paper pad."

"Or your finger."

"Or your finger," said Letty, smiling, "but it isn't nice for the finger; and if you then look into the blot you can trace a face or a figure or a bit of landscape, which it only wants a touch or two of a pen to complete and make a picture of. But what has that to do with the formation of a rockery?"

"A deal," said Winfield. "Listen, Brown is going to be told that 'rubbish may be shot here,' nay, more, he must furnish the rubbish, and that will be a mixture of old mould, brickdust, mortar, anything to make a heap, but one that must not be too open. Well then, Brown having done this, the place to a great extent will shape itself suggestively into a landscape, in the same way that blots do."

"Only with the assistance," said Cousin Edith, "of your gigantic intellect."

"My gigantic spade, you mean," said manly Winfield. He stood over six feet high in his slippers, did this particular cousin.

"The greater part of the rockery," he went on, "will be an irregular bank from one to two and a-half feet high, with a glen or two in it—the depressions I spoke about; the most part of this bank will be covered with two or three inches of mould or loam, and in this mould stones will be placed."

"Neatly arranged?" asked Letty.

"No, certainly not. We do not want the rockery to look like a burial ground. We must study irregularity. And mind these stones will not be stuck there merely for show, they will serve a useful purpose. Sandstone and flints are the best; they give protection, afford rootage, and retain moisture enough for the growth of the little plants and flowers."

"You will have ferns also," Letty said. "Won't you?"

"I'm pleased to see you taking such an interest in it, Letty," replied Winfield. "We will find room for a few, but they must not be very large nor spreading ones, and they must not stand between tiny plants and the sun. They must keep well back, or be at one end. But the first consideration is to get the rockery itself ready."

"If a cartload or two of peat earth will help ye, sir," said Brown, who had been standing a little way apart, "I thinks I knows where to find 'em."

"Bravo! Brown," cried Winfield, giving him a pat on the shoulder; "a little peat earth would be a material advantage.

"Now then, girls," Winfield went on, "there is just one other thing will be wanted, and that is a bed or two of ground in some out-of-the-way quiet corner of the garden to place some of your flowers away in when done blooming, and in order to make room for others. For I want you to have all kinds of pretty little things on this rockery, so that it shall be all ablaze with beauty from January to December."

"We can have geraniums in summer, can't we?" said the invalid. "Only," she added, "they are not Alpine flowers."

"Aren't they, indeed?" replied Cousin Winfield. "If we take the word 'Alpine' in its broad sense, then geraniums are as much Alpine flowers as heaths are. You ought to see the hills around the Cape, Letty."

"Are they very beautiful?"

"In the season, yes. They are more than beautiful, they are gorgeous in the extreme."

For once in his lifetime, old Brown, the vicar's gardener and man-of-all-work, felt himself interested, and, under the able superintendence of Cousin Winfield, set himself to work in earnest to convert his weedery into a beautiful rockery. The barrow, the spade, and the rake were the principal tools used, with the exception of the tools that gardeners Adam and Eve found so handy—namely, fingers. In a few days the rockery was laid out, although not planted. But flowers came next, and it was soon all a mass of varied colour and loveliness. Winfield brought flowers from his own garden and his rockeries to aid in decking it.

"Oh!" I think I hear someone say, "you cannot transplant flowers in bloom."

This is a very generally received belief, I know. But experience tells me it is a mistake. Flowers in bloom, I admit, cannot be taken long distances without dying; but I constantly shift them, while covered with blossoms, from one place to another. I even raise blooming annuals, and put them in the window boxes or wherever else I wish to make a show, and no evil results happen. The secret is to take up the whole root and all the earth around it, and to carry it at once to its new place of abode, which must have been previously excavated to receive it. After it is planted well down, a little water will make assurance doubly sure. A capital stimulant, I may tell my readers, to window plants that do not seem thriving, is water well reddened with the permanganate

of potash. Remember this water stains the hands brown. *Verbum sap.*

The rockery at Framley Parsonage turned out quite as well as Cousin Winfield expected it would, for the simple reason that it was carefully got up to begin with, and carefully tended afterwards; never allowed to want for just the amount of water it needed, and never allowed to get bare of mould in any part, while, on the other hand, the weeds were kept down.

I will now conclude by merely naming a few of the flowers that grew, and may even now be growing on this charming little rockery; then if any of my readers chose to construct a similar place, bigger or smaller, I have no doubt that their experience will suggest scores of other suitable plants for it. Well, then, in spring there were crocuses, snowdrops, primroses, dwarf wallflowers of several shades, hyacinths of every colour and tint, dwarf tulips, the pale blue scillas, a sweetly pretty wee flower; campanulas, ranunculuses, and glorious anemones or wind flowers. Let me think what else there was in spring; I am writing from memory. Oh, different kinds of primulas and Alpine auriculas, and bits of pyrethrum (golden) to throw light into the place, and lobelias, and many other things I cannot remember. But what a show even the few flowers I have named will make in spring! But during summer or autumn there also flourished on the Framley Parsonage rockery the sweet dianthas, the golden-orange marigold, carnation and picotees and dwarf asters, as well as Letty's geraniums. These latter were not put down in a close bed, but here and there to mingle with and show up the colours of other flowers. There were near the edges also, and drooping over the bigger stones, patches of tropeeolum rich in its wealth of crimson; nor were violas and pansies and delphiniums forgotten, nor ivy-leaved pelargoniums.

I've not done yet, but very nearly. There were blue penstemons and lovely gentians, and many charming phloxes. In addition to all these, there were special ferns and grasses of many kinds, and all sorts of bog plants, and not a few heaths, and I may just mention that whenever Letty in her walks found any little morsel of a sturdy wild flower, she took it up with its roots and mould and conveyed it to the rockery, and there it bloomed and grew.

You see, then, that a rockery really is a delightful acquisition; in a manner of speaking, it is really a joy for ever, because you can be always adding to its beauty.

THE LOST FLEECES.

By DARLEY DALE, Author of "Spoilt Guy," "Cissy's Troubles," &c.

CHAPTER IV.

THE factory boys and men began work at half-past six, while the women and girls were not required till seven—an early hour enough in the dark winter mornings, but still the women were glad and thankful of this half-hour's grace. Knowing that Patrick Kelly would be at the factory when she started, Alice called to inquire for Susie on her way to her work, and found her very weak, though the bleeding had not returned. Feeling very sad at the thought of Susie's weak state, and knowing there could be no recovery, or at best, only a temporary one, Alice went on her way down the hillside in the grey dawn. She was troubled about the fleeces as well as about Susie, and, though she knew Patrick cared nothing for his sister, she could not bear having to get him into trouble while Susie lay dying; on the other hand, her duty

"'HERE IS A PIECE, SIR,' SAID ALICE."

to her grandfather demanded that she should lose no time in letting the mill-owner know that the fleeces were found. Now it was a very unusual thing for one of the hands to ask to speak to the master, with whom they never came in contact; but Alice determined to ask for an interview, feeling that in such an important and delicate matter it was best to go to headquarters; so on reaching her workshop she told the foreman she wished particularly to speak to the master when he came to the factory. Martin, guessing that her errand had something to do with Caleb, who, he thought, had probably repented of his resignation, promised to speak to the owner and make an appointment for her, on hearing which Alice went to her loom, feeling that the way was already paved to her unpleasant duty. At twelve o'clock, when the machinery was stopped, Martin told Alice she would find the master in his private room, whither, with a beating heart, Alice at once went.

"Well, my girl, and what can I do for you?" said the master, as Alice stood with clasped hands before him.

"If you please, sir, I have found the fleeces."

"What fleeces?"

"The German fleeces which were lost three months ago," said Alice, thinking what a short memory Mr. Turner had.

"Ah! to be sure; I had forgotten for the moment, though I never forget they cost me my best and oldest workman. But how do you know these are the lost fleeces?"

"Here is a piece, sir," said Alice, producing the specimen she had in her pocket.

"I can't identify it; Caleb Jordan is the only man who can do that."

"He has done so, sir. He is my grandfather, and as soon as I showed him this piece he exclaimed at once, 'It is the German fleece.' He does not know where I got it from. I have not told anyone yet."

"And where did you get it from?"

Alice told him as clearly as possible how and where she had seen the fleeces, adding how sorry she was to get Patrick Kelly into trouble, but that she could not see her grandfather fretting himself into his grave, as he was doing, and keep silent for a day.

"The girl is dying, you say? Humph, well Kelly must be arrested here," said Mr. Turner, speaking more to himself than to Alice.

"Arrested! Oh, please don't do that, sir, with Susie dying; besides, I am sure he never thought or meant to steal the fleeces. He owed me and grandfather a grudge, and hid them to get us into trouble; it was not stealing, sir," said Alice, blushing at her own boldness.

"It was uncommonly like it. However, I will see what can be done," said Mr. Turner, with an amused smile; "meanwhile, nothing can be done till I have seen your grandfather, so go home and send him to me, and, as perhaps you can be of some use to the girl Kelly, you need not return to-day. I'll speak to Martin," continued Mr. Turner, and Alice made a curtsey and retired.

When she got home Alice found Caleb so unwilling to obey the summons that she was obliged to tell him all she knew about the fleeces before she could induce him to go, though he went quickly enough when he learnt the truth. Caleb was closeted for an hour with his master, during which time they arranged that Mr. Turner should call ostensibly to see Susie, and should take an opportunity while there of seeing the fleeces; for, though he had no doubt of the truth of Alice's statement, he could not dismiss Kelly simply on her word. He had decided not to prosecute him, thinking, with Caleb and Alice, that his motive in taking the fleeces was not dishonesty, but purely spite, to throw suspicion on Caleb. Indeed, Mr. Turner's great object seemed to be to get Caleb back; all the rest was comparatively of little consequence to him, beyond the pity he felt for the poor mother, who had, besides the trial of losing her daughter, the additional burden of her son's disgrace and dismissal to bear.

"Where does Kelly live?"

"Near me, sir, on the Common," replied Caleb.

"Well, then, I'll walk there with you at once. If it should get wind in the factory that you have been here Kelly may suspect something, and make off with the fleeces. In consideration of the girl's illness I shall give him a week's notice; I won't dismiss him at once, but I shall expect you back to-morrow morning, Caleb."

Caleb, who was only too anxious to be in harness again, made a feeble protest, but Mr. Turner saw clearly enough he meant to come, and, dismissing the subject of the fleeces, he turned the conversation to other matters. "Just wait outside till I come back," said Mr. Turner when they reached the cottage, where Alice was sitting reading to Susie. Mrs. Kelly was overwhelmed with confusion at the honour done her by a visit from Mr. Turner, who, being a very kind-hearted man, could not bring himself to tell her of the double object of his visit; so, after saying a few kind words to Susie, and giving her a sovereign to buy her some nourishing food, and telling her her wages should be continued as usual, he asked to speak to Alice alone in the next room.

"Now, where did you see the fleeces?" said Mr. Turner, in an undertone.

"In that cupboard," said Alice, pointing to the cupboard, to which Mr. Turner at once walked and opened the door.

But the matter was not so nearly settled as he fondly hoped, for, to his disappointment and Alice's dismay, the cupboard was empty.

"They were there last night, piled up to the very top," was all Alice could say.

"Come outside, we can't talk here. Now, I don't think your grand-daughter looks the kind of girl to deceive us, Caleb; but there are no fleeces in there. The cupboard is empty."

"Empty! empty! Alice, where did you get that piece of fleece from?"

"Where I told you, grandfather," said Alice, ready to cry with vexation and discomfiture.

"I must speak to Mrs. Kelly. Evidently Kelly, hearing Alice had been here, feared detection, and has made off with the fleeces. You go in to the girl and send the mother out here," said Mr. Turner to Alice.

By dint of a few judicious questions Mr. Turner elicited Kelly had been in and out several times last evening, though what he was doing his mother did not know, unless it was letting the cold air into the house to kill his sister. He seemed to be busy, though, for she remembered he had wanted a pick-axe, and, when she asked him if he was going to break the ice in the duck-pond for his sister, had been very angry, and told her to mind her own business.

Mr. Turner and Caleb exchanged glances, and, dismissing the woman, Mr. Turner proposed they should go to the duck-pond, where they had very little doubt the fleeces would be found. Their suspicions were soon turned to certainty, for on reaching the pond they found the ice had been broken, and after a careful search Caleb discovered a few fragments of fleece sticking to the edges of the ice, but that not a shadow of doubt might remain Mr. Turner had the pond dragged that afternoon, when the lost German fleeces were brought up.

Patrick Kelly utterly denied all knowledge of the fleeces when taxed with having abstracted and hidden them; but, as there was not the least doubt as to his theft, Mr. Turner gave him a week's notice, adding that but for his sister's sake he would have prosecuted him. As it was, Susie never heard of her brother's disgrace, for the bleeding returned, and she died before the week had expired. The end was very peaceful; she had suffered so much that she had no wish to live, and, to Alice's comfort, Susie told her that since she had known her intimately she did not fear death. This was the first time Alice learnt that her influence had been of any service to others, and it was a very great encouragement.

But though Alice was not aware that her example was becoming a power for good in the factory, other people were. There was a decided improvement in the conduct as well as in the outward appearance of the girls of Oafham Mills; their tone was raised, and an observant mind would have perceived how much even one girl among many can do by striving after a higher life. She may fall far short of her own ideal, as we all do; but if her standard be higher than that of the people around her, she will surely raise them to a higher level. This Alice was doing, and doing none the less well that she was unconscious of her own influence until one day, when, to her amazement, Jack Martin, the foreman, asked her to be his wife, telling her he had learnt to love her first for her beauty; but when he knew her better, for her real worth. At first Alice hesitated to leave her grandparents; but when Martin proposed to live in the Kellys' old house, quite close to Caleb and his wife, Alice waived her objections. But her marriage, though she no longer worked at the factory, did not lessen her influence over the girls, for she and Caleb were the means of establishing a dining-room for the women close to the factory, to which she acted as cook, the hands all paying a small sum for their dinner, which was at first supplemented by a donation from Mr. Turner; but soon the dining-room became self-supporting, and was a great boon to them all.

And as Jack Martin saw his pretty wife at the head of the table, reading aloud some instructive book to the girls she had done so much to improve, his heart beat with joy to think he had won such a prize in the lottery of life; and he told Alice that evening, what he had never acknowledged before, that it was jealousy which prompted the severe lecture he had given her the day she was late from dinner.

"Ah," said Alice, laughing, "it was the memory of that scolding which prompted me to start a dining-room."

But Jack Martin knew better.

[THE END.]

LETTERS OF INVITATION, ETC.

JUDGING from the epistles which I have seen, and the questions put by our girls as to letters of invitation, inquiries respecting servants' characters, and modes of address, such as various circumstances may require, a few brief rules may prove acceptable.

It is quite clear that amongst all those branches of education so highly cultivated by our young people in the present day, the subject under consideration, together with many others pertaining to good breeding, have been much, if not altogether, neglected.

You amongst my readers who are entering on the duties of a matron in your own house, or filling the place of a deceased mother in that of your father, should at once make yourself acquainted with the usages of your class in society, supposing you belong to its higher circles. As a commencement, let us consider the question of invitations to dinner parties.

The following is the style of printed card suitable for such an occasion :—

Captain and Mrs. Reynolds
Request the honour of
Mr. and Mrs. Featherston's and
The Misses Featherston's
Company at Dinner,
Monday, the 29th of January,
At 8 o'clock.
90, Hans Place,] [The favour of
S.W. an answer is
requested.

It must be quite understood, however, that while no limitation is made as to the number of daughters invited, in no case can more than two accept. If several be already "out," they must take turns with one another. When two sing together, their society may prove more desirable than their absence, otherwise it is in better taste for one only to accompany the parents.

Should there be a son, a separate card must be sent to him. You should also remember that with reference to dinners—and dinners only—the host's name is united with that of the hostess in giving the invitations; they are not supposed to give "At Homes," nor any other description of entertainment for afternoon or evening invitation. Observe, also, that as on a visiting card, so on a printed invitation, the sender's address must be printed at the left-hand corner, and that with the exception of the guests' names (for which two empty lines are left under the senders' names) and the date and figure denoting the hour, the whole is printed, ready for use.

But supposing the invitation to be altogether informal, as it would be for a dinner within the week, or for a luncheon, it would be unsuitable to send a printed card; a friendly note should be written, the terms of which must be determined by the degree of intimacy existing between your proposed guests and yourself.

Should the invitation be for any other description of entertainment than a dinner, whether for the afternoon or evening, large or small, the name of the hostess alone appears on the card as sending it, and the order of the inscription is somewhat changed. For instance, the name of the hostess must follow, instead of precede, those of her guests.

Mr. and Mrs. St. Clair
And Party,
Mrs. George McIvor,
July 10th.
4 to 6.
[Music (or Garden
Worly Grange.] Party), weather
permitting.

When the word "party" is substituted for the specification of daughters, and designed to include an invitation to guests on a visit, no separate card need be sent to a son, as that term would include him. It is quite permissible to use a private visiting card for afternoon and evening entertainments, filling it up in a delicate small hand according to the form above indicated.

All cards of invitation may be sent by post, enclosed in an envelope, although certainly not a visiting card, used as such only. If your proposed guest be an honourable, or such a prefix belong to yourself, it must never be written or printed on a visiting or invitation card, nor should a coat-of-arms, crest, or monogram appear upon one, for, although foreign, it is not an English custom.

The form of address, such as the individual styles himself on his own visiting card, should be that inscribed on your card of invitation; thus, if your friend be "Honourable," the title must be dropped and only written on the outer envelope; were it a lady, direct to "the Hon. Mary C——," not "the Hon. Miss;" if she be a deceased peer's widow, style her "Mary, Lady W——," unless she be the mother of the heir, in which case her Christian name is dropped. Upon an invitation card the whole title (if above an honourable) should be written, as the Countess of A——," just as you would inscribe it on the envelope; whereas, were you writing a friendly note, you would say, "My dear Lady," and in speaking, also, of a peer or peeress (unless in the case of a duke or duchess) you would simply say "Lord, or Lady ——."

The correct spelling of your guests' names cannot be too strictly insisted upon. It is a matter of no little importance to many, for very trifling differences serve to distinguish one family from another—a distinction of which the owner may have good cause to be tenacious. Do not imagine that any carelessness in your writing may be excused; it is positively ill-bred to scribble, to make blots or erasures, or to write omitted words between the lines. Only the closest intimacy could plead a sufficient excuse for such blemishes; as to illegible writing, it is inexcusable under any circumstances. Lastly, on no account send invitations to dinners or to entertainments on post-cards.

Let us now suppose that, from whatever cause, you are not exactly in a position to give what might be termed fashionable entertainments, and that to send printed invitation cards would be out of keeping with the sort of hospitality you give, or take. I will, therefore, presume that you have received a homely, informal invitation to dinner, or to spend the evening. Some of you may never yet have had to answer a note of this kind. Thus you might take a hint from the two specimens that follow, beginning half-way down the page.

"MY DEAR MRS. BLAKE,

"My sister unites with me in thanking you for your kind invitation to spend the evening with you on Thursday next, of which it will afford us much pleasure to avail ourselves.

"With our united best regards to Mr. Blake and yourself,

"Believe me,

"Sincerely yours,

"MARY GRAY.

"Saturday, Jan 19th, 1884."

Or else the form of the note might be changed a little, thus :—

"MY DEAR MRS. BLAKE,

"It is very good of you to invite my sister and me to join your family party at dinner on Thursday next at seven o'clock. We both unite in thanking you, and accept the invitation with much pleasure.

"Believe me,

"Very sincerely (or affectionately) yours,

"MARY GRAY."

Such notes may be worded in dozens of ways, and you should practise composing and transposing them in every variety of way.

Supposing that you must write to a stranger for the character of a servant, you might address her thus :—

"Miss (or Mrs.) Robinson presents her compliments to Mrs. Wood, and would feel much obliged to her for any information respecting the character of Jane Stone. Having applied for a situation as nurse, Miss Robinson wishes to know whether she be thoroughly trustworthy and experienced, clean, good-tempered, and a fair needlewoman. Also, how long she was in Mrs. Wood's service, and for what cause she left her."

Begin your letters and notes half-way down the page, and make no abbreviations, nor ever subscribe yourself to a friend, or person in your own position in life, "Yours truly," much less "Yours, etc."

Servants should address their mistress in speaking as "Ma'am," in writing as "Madam," "Respected Madam," "My Lady," or, under some circumstances, as "Dear Mistress," and subscribe themselves at the end of the letter, "I remain, dear *Mistress*" (or "*Madam*"), "your obedient servant," or "Yours respectfully." If desiring to be remembered to any member of the family, she may say, "Please to give my duty" (or "respects," or "respectful remembrances") "to my master" (or "the young ladies"). She should never address, nor speak of, her master or mistress by their surnames, nor use the prefix "Miss" to any grown-up member of the family in addressing her, although, if not her mistress, she must speak of her by her surname and title ("Lady," "Mrs.," or "Miss," as the case may be). To speak of a master or mistress, or address them in writing, or by word of mouth, as "Mr. Black" or "Mrs. White" would mark her at once as of a low class of servants, unacquainted with the manners of those who have lived in superior situations.

In giving her address at her employer's house, a servant should always write beneath her own name, "At James Black's, Esq." It is a very ignorant breach of propriety to omit the name of a master or mistress to whom the house belongs, and make it appear that it is her own. This will add another line to the address, so care must be taken to leave sufficient room for all, without beginning at the top of the envelope and making it look like a washing bill.

Having given a few words of friendly advice to domestic servants, who, however respectably connected and well educated for their position, may yet lack a little teaching on the subjects under consideration, I now offer a few words of advice to those young people engaged in shops or as milliners and dressmakers. Persons who associate with the nobility are naturally familiar with the style in which letters are to be addressed to them, but as circumstances may require some of our girls to write or send parcels of goods to them, who do not associate with them in private life, it may be desirable to give two or three rules for their guidance.

If the parcel or letter be addressed to the wife of a knight—as Sir John Brown—direct simply "Lady Brown"; and, as comparatively few wives of baronets take their proper title, "Dame"—unless in an exceptional case—address her also as "Lady Brown." But if you have to direct to the baronet, be careful not to omit the distinguishing adjunct after his name, usually abbreviated as "Bart." Again: if writing to a peer's daughter (as I before observed in reference to invitation cards), the father being a baron, address her as "The Honourable Mildred Boyle," not "The Honourable Miss B."; or if the father be a viscount, earl, or marquis, being styled "Lady" in her own right, address her as "The Lady Arabella Howard"; but if she be styled "Lady" in right of her husband's rank as a peer, you should drop her Christian name, and simply address her as "The Lady Lawrence." Supposing that you had to direct a parcel to a countess or viscountess, style them as "The Right Honourable the *Countess* (or Viscountess) W."; to a marchioness, "The Most Noble the ——," and a duchess, "Her Grace the Duchess of ——."

We must now warn you against directing to any lady with the prefix of her husband's professional rank; of the extreme vulgarity of this practice I cannot speak too decidedly. A man's professional standing confers no sort

of position of precedence on his wife whatsoever, be he a bishop, an admiral, general, judge, or anything else however honourable to himself. Amongst women no rank exists, whether married or single, save that which they inherit as a birthright, or to which they are entitled through marriage Of course, in the *middle ranks of life*, when no person who has any legal precedence is present, it would be quite natural and seemly to give the chief place of honour to the wife of a man who held considerable professional rank; someone must sit by the host at dinner, or be led down to supper before the rest; and thus a little complimentary rank is naturally, though gratuitously, accorded them. But never either address or speak of any lady by her husband's professional title. Were it correct to do so in one case, it would be equally so in all others; and who would like to be addressed as "Mrs. Undertaker Jinks?" or "Mrs. Chief-Inspector of Nuisances?" But there are exceptions to most rules, and even in this; because, if you have taken a doctor's degree, and earned for yourself such a prefix to your name, *à la bonne heure*, make use of it if you please; but were I to express an opinion on the subject, I should prefer styling myself Mrs. or Miss Elizabeth Warren, M.D., or D.C.L., than "Mrs. Dr. Warren."

Although most of my girl readers are anxious to become acquainted with the polite and friendly usages of society, such as those with a sketch of which I have just supplemented many previous articles of a kindred nature, there are some who make a jest of such rules. I therefore conclude with a word to these. So long as the world lasts there must be a right and a wrong way of doing everything—nothing is too insignificant to claim a thought that could set another person at ease, spare them a feeling of slight or wrong, or prevent a misunderstanding between you and them. The simplest usages of society are all based on good, kindly, and delicate feeling. If you feel a contempt for them, you should exchange your surroundings for those of some half-civilised country; although be assured that even there you would find yourself bound by rules quite as rigid—rules, moreover, any infringement of which might possibly cost you your head! So you have little reason to complain of those which regulate the words and ways of the well educated and refined. Bear gratefully in mind that they were instituted for your own benefit, and to afford you, equally with society in general, a safeguard against all neglect, as well as against an undue and intrusive familiarity; and that safeguard of generally received opinion and custom precludes, moreover, the painful necessity of self-assertion, or of asking for explanations of the conduct of others, which prove at once antagonistic in character and essentially undignified also.

SOPHIA F. A. CAULFEILD.

POPPIE.

AUNT DIANA.

By ROSA NOUCHETTE CAREY, Author of "Nellie's Memories," "Not Like Other Girls," "Esther," etc.

CHAPTER X.

ROGER ENJOYS HIS BREAKFAST.

"HERE beginneth the first chapter of Alison's failures," whispered Alison, in a funny little voice, as she encountered Roger on her way downstairs on Monday morning, and she laughed merrily as she shook her key basket exultantly in his face. Roger opened his eyes very widely at this, then he stepped back a few paces and looked at her admiringly.

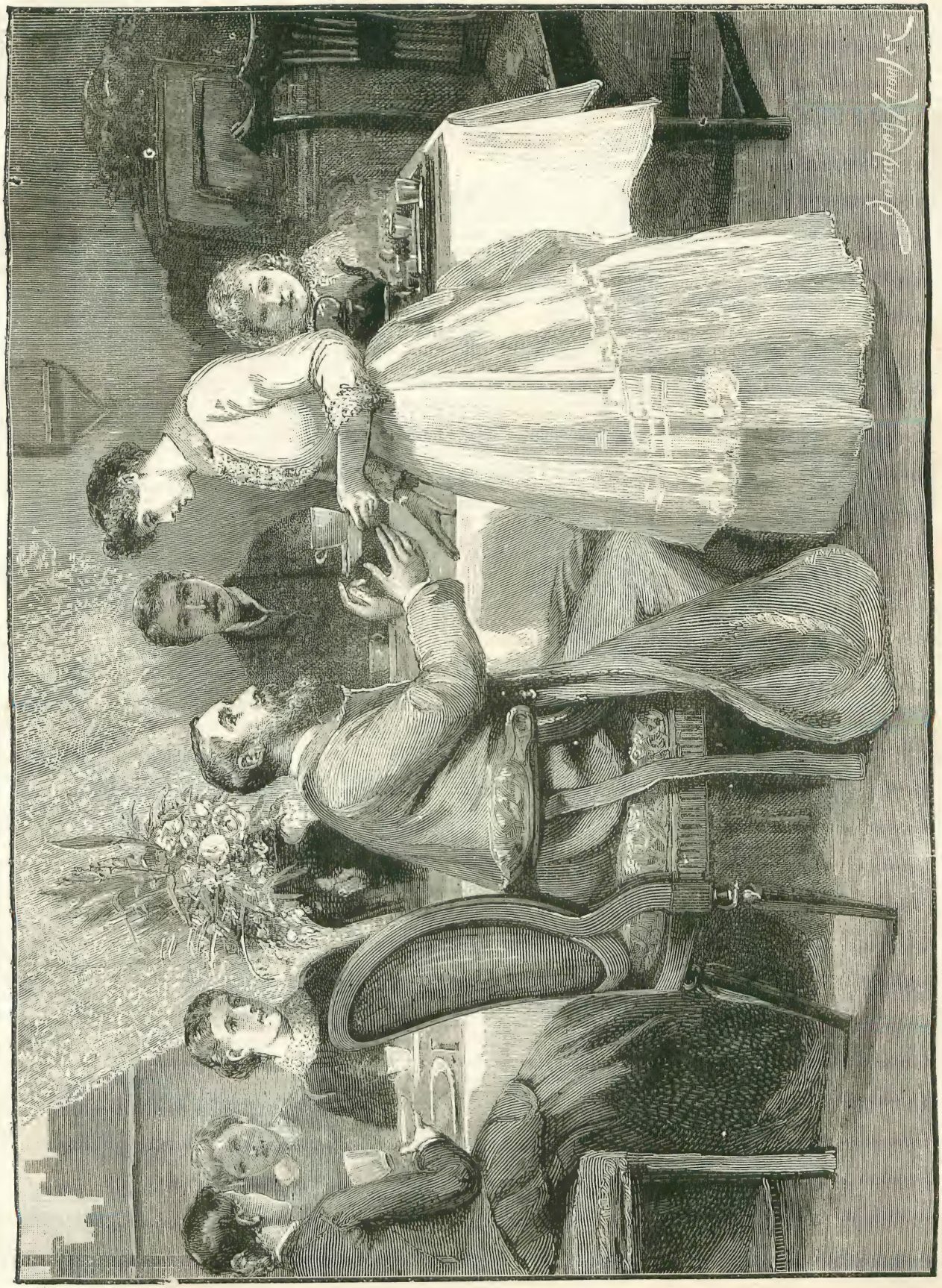
"How ever did you get possession of that thing?" he exclaimed. "Do you know, Ailie, my dear, that shabby little brown basket has been a bone of contention between Miss Leigh and Missie for the last month. Miss Leigh clings to it as her sole hope, and refuses to give it up. It has ended by Missie's neatly abstracting it at night. She has done it three or four times. Poor Miss Leigh! I verily believe this has been the last straw that has broken the camel's back. She has grown quite pale and thin over it."

"Yes, I know. Poppie told me all about it. Well," in an amused tone, "I have only paid Missie in her own coin. Thanks to my good habits, I was dressed before she thought of waking, so I stole in, got my key basket, and wished Missie good morning at the same time. I am afraid she will come down dreadfully cross."

"As though that were anything new," returned Roger, contemptuously, as he took up the paper and retired with it to the window, while Alison busied herself with the coffee pot. She thought he was too much engrossed with his news to pay attention to her movements. She little knew the quiet looks that followed her as she flitted about the room, placing chairs, arranging the breakfast-table, giving little finishing touches. She even brought in a vase of flowers from the other room.

"I do not think any meal looks well without flowers," she said, cheerfully. "If I were ever so poor, I would go without things and buy a plant or a basket of ferns to set off my table. Ever since I have been at home I have missed flowers in the dining-room."

Roger's answer was an inexplicable sort of grunt. Flowers were not much in his line. He liked to see them "all a-growing and a-blowing," as he often said, but he hated to assist at what he termed "a wholesale slaughter of the innocents;" and it was a favourite theory of his that things were best in their places, and that he never could rid himself of the idea that plants had feelings as well as life, and that those feelings could be wounded. He always groaned over a dismembered rose-bush, and would insist that not even a turks-cap enjoyed decapitation, and that a lily shed white blood when she was gathered from her stock. But, in spite of this Philistine fancy, a subtle sense of comfort stole into the young man's heart as he watched his sister's brisk movements. Alison's graceful young figure was such a contrast to poor Miss



"'YOU HAVE NOT KISSED ME, PAPA,' SHE SAID, AS SHE HANDED HIM HIS CUP OF COFFEE."

Leigh, with her funny ways and mournful voice. Miss Leigh always rattled the spoons; her long black draperies seemed in everybody's way. Latterly she had retired from taking any active part at the breakfast table. Missie had absolutely routed her from the field. The result had been disastrous as regarded their comfort. Miss Leigh's coffee had been good, though she poured it out with such a lugubrious face. She had been punctual, too, as befitted an instructress of youth; but latterly Missie had rushed down at the last moment sleepy and cross, and, after a quarter of an hour of bustle and fault-finding, her long-suffering brothers found themselves furnished with weak or gritty coffee, for which Missie was never to blame: there was something the matter with the strainer, the water had not boiled—Nanny, everyone was in fault, except lazy Missie, who did so enjoy her morning nap. Roger had a presentiment that the coffee would be good this morning, and that, though he was no gourmand, he would undoubtedly enjoy his breakfast if Alison sat smiling at him behind the urn. He had often puzzled himself why Missie, a fine healthy girl, looked so heavy-eyed and unamiable in the morning. Roger, who was a bit of a philosopher in his way, and who sometimes speculated on the future, as young men will, often vowed to himself that he would never choose his wife from a ballroom. Girls were amiable enough there, and the majority continue to look pretty. The way to judge of a girl was to see her in the morning sunlight. Roger had a shrewd notion that the girl he could fancy must look bright and fresh and sweet at that hour of the day; a sluggish and lethargic nature would not suit his; for, in common with many ordinary young men, his standard for his future wife was proportionately high; for there is nothing that men worship more in women than goodness and moral—not mental—excellence.

He roused himself from these reflections at an unwonted sound on the stairs.

"If it were not perfectly incredible, I should say that was Rudel's footstep," he observed in a doubtful tone.

"Oh, yes, it is Rudel," returned Alison, brightly. She was determined to be cheerful to-day whatever happened, and to put herself and her feelings in the background until night, and then perhaps she might indulge herself with a groan or two, if things were pretty bad. "I woke him, and made him promise to get up. Miss Leigh says he has got into sad ways—Good boy," as Rudel entered, looking very much pleased at himself, and he bore without making a very wry face his sister's kiss on his forehead. Poppie, who came in a moment afterwards with Miss Leigh, was not quite so reticent.

"What is that for?" she asked, with a child's innocency of grammar, but in much surprise, as Alison kissed her warmly, and said—"Good morning, Poppie dear."

"Poppie means that we are not accustomed to these little civilities," put in Roger, as Alison looked perplexed for a moment; "nobody says good morning to anybody else at The Holms, except Miss Leigh and I; we always do, don't we?" shaking hands with her as he spoke. "Father just gives an inclusive good morning at the door."

"I am afraid you are very much shocked, Alison," observed Miss Leigh, mournfully. "Mabel sets Rudel and Poppie such a bad example in this; no one thinks of such a thing except Mr. Roger, and he is always so very thoughtful."

"Oh, we are a bad lot, ain't we, Missie?" began Rudel in his rough fashion; but Alison promptly silenced him by preparing to say grace. Perhaps this was also an innovation, for Poppie only stared at her. Alison took no notice of the little girl's round eyes or of Rudel's involuntary grimace; she would bring them in better order presently; she had already heard from Miss Leigh how morning prayers had been discontinued. Things were becoming very lax at The Holms, in spite of the governess's efforts to preserve the old discipline.

When Mr. Merle came into the room a few minutes later, he seemed quite surprised at the unwonted cheerfulness. He nodded to Alison, and then took up his letters; but she was not satisfied.

"You have not kissed me, papa," she said, as she carried him round his cup of coffee.

"Oh, I thought only Pussie cared for kisses," he said, good-humouredly; "Poppie never comes to me for one."

Poppie reddened, and bent over her plate in much confusion. Roger, who was next to her, saw the child's eyes were full of tears.

"I expect Poppie is afraid of bothering you," he observed. "You would like father to kiss you sometimes, as he does Missie," he said, kindly.

"Is that true, my little girl?" asked Mr. Merle, who had just caught sight of Poppie's quivering lip. The poor child, who was very sensitive, was on the point of bursting into tears; but Alison happily interposed.

"Papa is too busy to think about such things. You must go round to-morrow and ask him for one, as I did to-day; he won't refuse either of us," and she looked laughingly at him from behind her urn.

The brightness seemed to rouse him effectually. He had looked pale and weary when he had entered the room, but good humour is infectious.

"You look very nice, my dear," he said, approvingly. "I like to see you there, Alison."

"I like to see her there, too," observed Roger, boldly; "it is her proper place." Missie, who had just opened the door, caught both these remarks; they did not evidently conduce to her amiability. She gave Alison a withering glance as she passed by her, to greet her father; and, taking no notice of her or the others, desired Rudel rather crossly to give her more room, and began her breakfast rather sulkily.

But for once her humours were disregarded. No one troubled themselves about her; and the conversation was renewed with scarcely a break. Perhaps both Roger and Alison were doing their best to carry it on, but their sense of effort was lost in the general good.

When breakfast was over, and Rudel had rushed off to school, and Mr. Merle and Roger had gone over to the mill, Alison asked her sister pleasantly how she proposed to spend the morning.

Mabel tossed her pretty head at the inquiry.

"That is my affair," she answered, very rudely. "I am not accustomed to give an account of myself, to gratify people's curiosity. I may as well tell you, once for all, that I dislike interference."

Alison felt inclined to laugh—there was something comical in Missie's mode of showing her temper; but she knew nothing provokes people more than to laugh at them, so she prudently refrained from showing her mirth. "I am just going round the house with Miss Leigh while Poppie prepares her lessons," she returned, as coolly as though Missie had given her a fair answer. "In another hour I shall be quite at your convenience, if you would like to practise with me."

"Thank you," returned Missie, with freezing politeness. "I have no need to trespass on your valuable time; Eva will be here soon."

"Oh, very well," returned Alison, still in perfect good humour; "then I will get my easel ready in the schoolroom and paint a little, if Miss Leigh will allow me."

"Of course you must paint in the schoolroom," returned her sister, tartly; "I suppose you do not intend to litter up this room with that great ugly easel; and Eva and I will be in the drawing-room."

"I daresay when I have finished you will let me join you there," replied Alison, in a conciliatory tone. As she was bent on making Miss Hardwick's acquaintance for her own purposes, she took no notice of sundry remarks in an undertone that were fully meant to reach her ears, about people never knowing when they were not wanted, and two was company and three none. She knew Missie was only revenging herself for her lost dignity and the two speeches that had been overheard. She must give her time to recover herself. Discretion is often the better part of valour, so she went out of the room as quickly as possible, with the wordy missiles still flying about her, and laughed a little when she got outside—though the tears were in her eyes too.

"How absurd," she said to herself. "How small, and stupid, and paltry it all is. I do think there is something so mean in little tempers. Gnats are mean little insects, but how they sting; so do midges sometimes. Aunt Di was right when she once told me that tongues were too often like lancets. They do puncture pretty deeply too."

Alison was soon too busy to remember Missie's existence. Miss Leigh, who was desirous of resigning her household duties into Alison's hands, keeping herself in the background and only acting as aide-de-camp, was soon explaining to the bewildered girl all her little pet

theories with regard to kitchen and store-room.

Alison listened patiently, but she became more perplexed every minute.

"I have never been used to housekeeping," she said at last, in an alarmed voice. "I have been too much engaged with my studies at Moss-side. Aunt Diana taught me a little, but not much; she said I was too young for that sort of thing. I am afraid I shall make dreadful mistakes if you leave all these things to me."

"My dear Alison," returned the governess solemnly, "I have made up my mind that my proper place is in the schoolroom. As long as you and Mabel were too young, I promised your father to superintend his household, but the duties are too onerous for me under the present circumstances.

"It is true you are young, not much over eighteen; but, my dear, some girls are married at that age—not that I hold with youthful marriages, far from it, I only say this to encourage you. You are the eldest daughter, and the rightful mistress of the house. I know your aunt will approve of my resigning everything; there is nothing I will not do to help you, you may command me in everything, so that you relieve me from a responsibility that is too much for me." Miss Leigh's lip trembled as she spoke, and her eyes were so full of beseeching wistfulness that Alison was quite touched.

"Oh, don't look so unhappy about it," she exclaimed, with sudden youthful energy, "I will do all I can. I am afraid papa will be dreadfully dissatisfied with his new housekeeper, but that cannot be helped, and, of course, I shall improve; now cheer-up," kissing the governess's thin cheek; "you shall sit in your nice schoolroom and teach Poppie, and I shall come in about fifty times in a morning to ask for your advice. When I get into a muddle you will have to come to my assistance, and you shall teach me to mend. I am afraid I am not very clever with my needle, and we shall be a model household."

"Oh, my dear," returned Miss Leigh, as she wiped away a quiet tear or two, "if you only knew how much good you do me! Things have been dreadful lately. If your poor dear mother only knew the trial that Mabel would be to us all, and your dear father never entering a church, or keeping the Sabbath-day holy—no family prayers, nothing to show we are a Christian household. I sometimes used to fear a judgment would overtake us, for such bickerings and quarrels and unbrotherly love would be more befitting to the heathen."

"It is very sad," replied Alison, with a sigh, as Miss Leigh paused in her somewhat incoherent lament; "but it is no use fretting ourselves over past troubles; what we have to do is to try and make things a little better. We must be thankful for small mercies, as Roger was for his cup of hot coffee," and Alison laughed again as she remembered how Roger proposed saying his grace over again, for his first enjoyable breakfast for two years.

When Miss Leigh and Poppie went back to the schoolroom, Alison settled herself and her painting apparatus in the farthest window, and tried to forget all her perplexities in hard work; but while Poppie droned over her lessons, Alison's thoughts would stray to a far different scene—to a shady room full of sweet flower scents, with a tall figure standing before an easel. She could see the grand, still face intent on its work; the firm white hand moving so deftly over the canvas, then a little gleam of fun coming into the grey eyes; "always dreaming, Ailie; the night is the time for dreams, little one," she seemed to hear in the crisp tones she remembered so well. "Oh, Aunt Di, Aunt Di, if I were only painting beside you now," she thought, with a sharp, involuntary pain.

"Oh, how beautiful, if I could only paint like that." The words were spoken, with a sigh, just behind her. Alison started; she had been dreaming, indeed; the mid-day sun was streaming into the room. Poppie had put away her lesson books, and had run off; and Miss Leigh's place was empty; and standing just behind Alison's chair was a young lady dressed very simply in a grey linen dress, and a broad brimmed hat.

At Alison's obvious start, the young lady blushed and seemed confused.

"Oh," she stammered, "I am afraid I startled you. You were so busy that you did not see me come in. I have been watching you ever so long."

"I must have been painting in my sleep," returned Alison, with a frank laugh; but as she put aside her palette and rose, she cast a scrutinising glance on the young girl beside her.

She was a slight, pale girl, evidently a little younger than herself; somewhat plain in feature, but with a pleasing, gentle expression, though a painful hesitation in her speech, almost amounting to a stammer, marred the effect of a singularly sweet voice. Even in that first moment, Alison, who had a true artistic taste in all matters pertaining to dress, wondered at the bad judgment that could select dull neutral tints for a complexion so colourless; the large hat overshadowed her features, and hid the soft fair hair that was her only beauty.

"You are Miss Hardwick, I suppose," observed Alison, with a shrewd guess that this was the young sister of whom Miss Leigh spoke.

"Not Miss Hardwick," corrected the younger girl; "I am only Anna. Eva and Mabel sent me in here because they wanted to talk to each other, and they always find me in the way. Will it trouble you if I stop here a little and watch you painting?"

"Oh, no, not at all. We shall be nice company for each other," returned Alison, in a friendly voice.

"I have only this little bit of background to finish, and then I shall be free to talk to you."

"Oh, it does not matter about talking," rejoined Anna, hastily. "I shall be quite happy if you will only let me sit and look at you. I never like to feel in the way, and it makes me so uncomfortable to be with Eva and Mabel. They are always whispering to each other when I am in the room. I always feel they want to get rid of me."

"That is not a pleasant feeling," observed Alison, somewhat amused at the childish way in which Anna aired her little woes. She had seated herself in a low chair, and her hat lay in her lap. Alison had a full view of the neatly-coiled hair; it was very beautiful in colour and texture, and might have been arranged with greater advantage, instead of being brushed back so unbecomingly from the face. Evidently vanity was not Anna's besetting sin, or else she had too humble an estimate of herself to take much pains with her appearance.

Alison painted for a few minutes silently; she was thinking. Then she laid aside her brush.

"If you will excuse me a moment, I want to speak to your sister and Mabel," she said, rather quickly, "and then, if you like, we will go and sit in the garden until luncheon is ready."

(To be continued.)

VARIETIES.

EXTERNAL AND INTERNAL BEAUTY.—To be perfect, beauty ought not to be only external, it must be internal as well. There are, perhaps, no truly beautiful forms except those which enclose a beautiful soul.

A GIRL'S HOLIDAY.—Two young girls in London worked hard as sempstresses, and at last determined to give themselves a holiday. They invested their hard-earned savings of a twelvemonth in a day's drive in a brougham in the parks and elsewhere, a clause being specially inserted in the agreement with the livery-stable keeper that the footman should touch his hat and say, "My lady!"

AT A WEDDING.—A well-timed speech is often of great service in dispelling embarrassment. Here is an illustration. It was on the occasion of the marriage at Paris last summer of Mademoiselle B——. After the ceremony had been performed, and the party had adjourned to the Maire to affix their signatures, the crowd was so great that in the crush the bride had the misfortune to upset the inkstand over her white satin dress. Great was the dismay at the occurrence, when Count G——, who was present, gave a happy turn to the incident by remarking, "Mais c'est tout naturel. Aussitôt que Mademoiselle est arrivée au port, elle a jeté l'ancre."

INSECTS IN MUSIC.—The tones of insects, as well as the songs of birds, have been reduced to musical notation. Gardiner, in his "Music of Nature," tells us that the gnat hums in the note A on the second space; the death-watch calls, as the owl hoots, in B flat; the buzz of a beehive is in F; that of the house-fly F in the first space; the humble-bee in an octave lower; the cockchafer D below the line.

THE LOST RING.—A curious instance of the recovery of a lost ring in a root of celery occurred some years back in Sweden. A lady, when planting celery in the garden in spring, and whilst dibbling holes for the small plants with her finger, unconsciously dropped the ring into one of the holes. A plant was duly inserted in the hole, and doubtless through the lost ring, and as the root grew the ring must have become imbedded in its substance. The ring had been given up for lost until the following winter, when the mystery was cleared up by the ring making its appearance among the soup at dinner in a portion of the celery root.

TOYDONIA; OR, THE LAND OF TOYS.

By Mrs. BREWER.

Wooden Toys of Grünhainichen.

In order to get an insight into the wooden toy industry, it was necessary to take long journeys and undergo much fatigue, inasmuch as the two places we were about to visit for this purpose lay far out of the beaten track, and are scarcely known, even by name, outside Toydonia.

After much consultation we took train from Nürnberg to Dresden, that being considered the best starting point for Grünhainichen, one of the two important centres of the wooden toy industry.

So little is this place known that in the early part of the year, when we paid our first visit, we had great difficulty in ascertaining how to get there; no one seemed to know anything about it, notwithstanding that the toys made there may be seen in every toy-shop and household in the land.

The invariable answer to all our inquiries as to the exact position of Grünhainichen was, "I really do not know; somewhere in the Saxon Erzgebirge, I believe."

This want of knowledge of the place which contributes so largely to the amusement and education of our children is an illustration of how, as a matter of course, we consider a transaction finished when we have selected the toy and paid for it, forgetting that if we extended our interest to the making and makers of the toys we should be richly repaid by the store of information such interest would supply to us.

It was a cold, dark, January morning, with the snow lying deep on the ground, when we started from Dresden. After a two hours' journey, we got out at the Flöha Junction, there to await an hour and a half for the train which was to take us to Grünhainichen. Seeing that we looked vexed at this weary waiting, the station master told us that even this was a great improvement upon the former method of travelling by the mail or carrier's cart, which made the journey but once a day, and took several hours to do it in.

So we tried to feel thankful for present mercies, and ordered some food at the station, which, in a short time, was served up, and proved good, clean, and ridiculously cheap.

At length we were again in the train, which moved sleepily along through a lovely country, watered by a dancing, frolicking, mountain stream. Arrived at the station, we were told that the village we were in search of lay up the hill a mile distant, and on our asking for a droschka or cab we learned that such a vehicle had no existence hereabout, but that there was a sort of carriage belonging to a gentleman who lived a mile and a half away, and if we did not mind waiting while someone was found to go for it they thought we could have it. Rather than this, we took courage, and began to plod up the long, steep hill, which was so slippery as to make our progress slow indeed. At our second visit in July, notwithstanding that we were expected, we had still to walk, and our luggage was carried up on men's shoulders.

I shall combine the two visits in giving you our experience of this wooden toy district, so as not to make the relation wearisome to you.

Grünhainichen is an exceedingly primitive place, beautifully situate in the Saxon Erzgebirge, near to the Bohemian frontier, and contains about two thousand inhabitants, who, from the cradle to the grave, are, with few exceptions, occupied either in the making or the packing of wooden toys. These people rarely, if ever, leave their home, and as rarely see strangers there.

The houses are dotted about on the hills in most irregular fashion; there are no locks to the doors, or rather, I should say, they are never locked, for the people have no fear one of the other; there is no gas, nor are there lamps of any kind in the village; there is neither omnibus nor cab. It is as perfectly shut off from the rest of the world as it is possible to imagine. It seems to have one thing only of life in it, one connecting link with the outside word—viz., the exquisite mountain stream which dashes and foams and dances through the village, giving the one touch which makes its beauty perfect.

It is about a century and a half ago that a few poor miners, finding themselves without work, settled in Grünhainichen, determined to see if by making wooden toys, which some of them had a little talent for, they could obtain bread for themselves and their families. They seemed to know the country well, and also where to buy wood cheap. This knowledge was in their favour, yet how severe the struggle for a living must have been none of us can tell. Even when the toys were made they had neither experience nor the means to enable them to transport their work to large towns for sale. Some of their number were, therefore, compelled to travel from place to place with their wares on their backs, selling them for scarcely more than the cost of the wood.

Clumsy, and without any regard to form, proportion, or colour, were the wooden toys made here in the early days by the poor miners, as children of former generations must have experienced, but the determination to live by honest labour brought every power to the fore, and industry, endurance, and perseverance became the willing servants of these men in the race for life.

That they succeeded in rooting the industry firmly into the soil of Grünhainichen we know, for in this present year their children's children are working in the same place, in the same manner, and at the same class of toys as they themselves did; the grand difference, however, being that the work done here has kept pace with the demands of a higher education and culture, and is done so well as to become itself an educator in the world.

It is no longer necessary for the toymakers to travel about from house to house with their wares and sell them at so small a price as to afford nothing by which to sustain life; their work is now known throughout the world and sought for by all countries. The orders come to them through the wholesale merchants who live in their midst. When these orders are completed the toymakers have but to deliver the goods at the factory and receive payment for the same. They have neither the trouble of packing nor the expense of exporting.

One or two circumstances have helped to bring about this improved state of things; for example, the work done is good, honest, and intelligent; the people are steady, simple-hearted, well-educated, and industrious, added to which the systematised division of labour is here, as in other parts of Toydonia, so perfect as to have been no mean contributor to this increase of prosperity.

There is still the same evil to deplore here as in other toy centres, viz., that the work which comes pouring in in such quantities after the Leipzig Fair has to be done within a limited time, and taxes the strength of mind and body almost beyond endurance, leaving the toymakers for the rest of the year with but scant occupation and means of living.

They cannot in the slack time go on increasing the store of ordinary toys, because each season brings with it new patterns and fashions, and they are bound, therefore, to enforced idleness, which means depression and deprivation.

At my first visit I made the acquaintance of the toymakers in the slack time; at my second, in July, I found them fully employed, so I am able to speak of them under both aspects.

The wooden toymaking of Grünhainichen is entirely a "house industry." Nothing is done in the factory except receiving, packing, sorting, storing, and exporting the toys. The factory is very large, and has many floors, which are reached by means of narrow ladders. Each of these floors is fitted up with what looks like innumerable "wine bins." We were struck with the admirable order which reigned there: each bin had its own special number, and was packed with a certain class of toy, each bearing the same number as the bin, and packed ready for exportation. One bin contained Noah's arks, a second butchers' or general dealers' shops, a third stables, another furniture for dolls' houses, from the commonest to the most expensive, and another complete sets for laundry work. These numbers were booked, and represented the article, the material, price, and, indeed, every particular concerning the toy so numbered. The house of Richter showed us every kindness, and spared no trouble to show us the working of the toy industry, as carried on in Grünhainichen.

When orders are obtained at the Leipzig Fair they are at once distributed among the various families, whose occupation it is to make certain toys or parts of toys.

There is great difficulty in getting these orders executed, if, as is sometimes the case, they are for toys quite new, and a rough sketch by an unskilled hand the only guide for the toymaker to work by; for here, as elsewhere, people who do a good deal of routine work get out of the habit of exercising their higher faculties, and so it happens that in the making of these new and complicated toys, much trouble and loss are experienced, both by the toymaker and wholesale merchant, the last being responsible to those who give the orders. What the workpeople are accustomed to do, or have a perfect pattern for, that they do well and rapidly.

The wholesale and export merchants have nothing to do with providing materials to the toymakers. The wood is obtained from the Fiscal forests of the Erzgebirge and from the forests on the Bohemian frontier, and is, as a rule, bought by the toymakers at public auction. The wood used in Grünhainichen for the making of toys is of various kinds, the principal being the fir and the pine, then follow the beach, maple, oak, alder, ash, elm, cherry, apple, plum, and chestnut. The two woods which make a pretty contrast when worked together in stripes are the apple and cherry, the one looking so clean and polished and the other dark as rosewood. The average value of the wood worked up every year in this little place is £37,500. Imagine what a sum this is for wood in a country where it is cheap and abundant.

The toys made here are of very varied character, and are exported by way of Hamburg to South America, Australia, Asia, and Africa, and by means of wholesale merchants to all parts of the Continent and to England. The annual average value of the goods so sent out amounts to £200,000. It seems almost

BIRD MAKERS AT HOME.

impossible that this sum can be reached, yet so it is. Every man earns on an average about nine shillings a week, and with the help of wife and child he may gain a pound a week. The life here is so simple, and certain necessary articles so cheap, that these earnings are worth more and go further than they would in towns. The toys made in this place are all of wood, except the birds, and even these, as you will see when I introduce you to the bird-maker, owe something of their composition to wood.

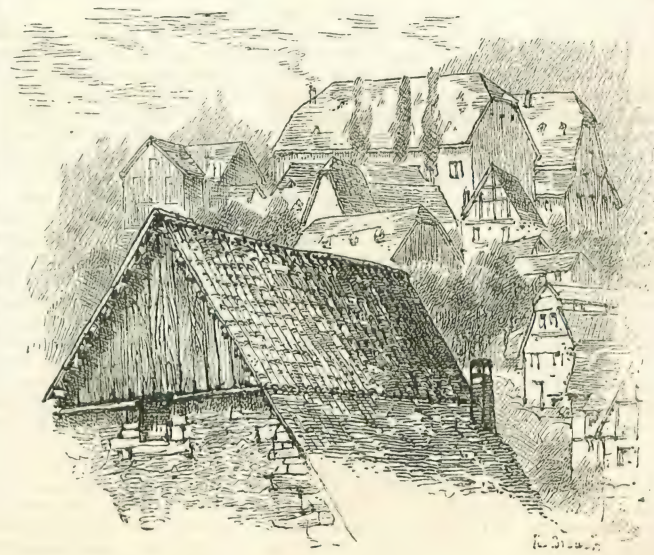
I shall never forget my first introduction to the Grünhainichen toymakers. It was on the day of my arrival between four and five in the afternoon. It was intensely cold, the snow lay white on the ground; it was very dark, and neither moon nor stars to relieve the darkness, and, as I have already mentioned, there was an utter absence of gas or oil lamps in the village.

My time was valuable, and I could not afford to lose a whole evening, so we clothed ourselves warmly, and started with the lady of the Richter firm and her brother to visit the toymakers in their homes. The lady provided herself with a large stable lantern, and in the most cautious manner we picked our way up and down the hilly paths, hand in hand, so as not to lose each other. The weird fantastic light from the lantern gave a mysterious uncertainty to the scene, not lessened by the noise of the river, the whiteness of the ground, and the utter darkness overhead.

Our first introduction was to a room of moderate size, where a father and son, together with a girl and boy apprentice, were all at work upon Noah's arks, stables, and shops of various kinds. The work of these people was merely to glaze, paint, and decorate, the making having been done by other workpeople whose business it is to do this and nothing else.

Coming in from the cold fresh air, the room struck us as intensely hot; the stove was nearly red hot, which, together with the smell of the various colours, the melting of the glue, and the odour of the paraffin lamps, made us feel very faint; and yet this is the atmosphere in which these people live and work.

The quiet dignified ease with which the man came forward and offered us



THE VILLAGE OF GRUNHAINICHEN.

his hand, and the cheery "*Guten abend!*" from the younger ones, pleased us, and we soon found ourselves watching with interest the work, which went on uninterruptedly. The apprentice girl was putting on roughly a ground colour to the various wooden arks, shops, and stables by which she was surrounded. This she did rapidly and cleanly with a peculiar tint of green. The boy, at a table by himself, was painting the little windows of the arks and shops with lines of various colours without guide or ruler; his paint-brush came down and across the glass with unerring accuracy and rapidity. The master was a pale, delicate-looking man, but with the most beautiful hand I ever saw. He was occupied in painting scrolls, curves, and fanciful designs on the fronts of the most expensive articles without any pattern or guide, but simply as his imagination directed. His hand seemed quite unable to trace a faulty line or curve: it was a study and a delight to watch the ease and grace with which he worked. His son was occupied in a similar manner on less expensive toys. I learned that the glass used in glazing was what is termed waste or "fag ends," and that it was bought at little cost of the factories near Dresden.

The colours they bought of the small general dealers in the place in small quantities as they needed them, so that here, as elsewhere, the poor, buying in small quantities, pay much more than the original price. On wishing "good bye" to these toymakers, the master said he had never seen lady-strangers in the place, and never in his life anyone who had taken an interest in his work, so I told him about THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, and why I desired to know all about toymakers and toy-making. I thanked him, and said I hoped he would not forget us, as we hoped to come again some day. His answer was kind and quaint, "Ah, lady, we will remember you to our last days."

Out we went again into the night, with the friendly lantern to show us the way up and down hill till we came to the house we were in search of. We opened the door and walked in, without knocking, and found ourselves in a moderate-sized room, with windows on two sides of it, several singing birds in cages, and a stove, on which potatoes and a vegetable soup were cooking for the evening meal. The room was occupied by a young man and wife, both handsome, who rose from their work and showed no astonishment at our unceremonious entrance.

Hearing that we wished to see them working, they quietly went on with the work our entrance interrupted. The man was making little wooden cups and saucers, boxes, salt-cellars, wheels for carts, and tiny skittles, which latter he passed over to his young wife to polish with sandpaper.

These toys were made principally of lime, and stained or burnt with beech or oak. This part of the work interested us greatly; the toy was fastened on the lathe, and, while it was turning so fast as scarcely to be seen by us, the toymaker took a piece of oak or beech and let it touch the lime wood, the friction, to our astonishment, causing it to burn and leave a dark brown line all round, which looked as though it were inlaid. The parts of the toy article which required the highest polish, he made of the bough of the tree; while for the remainder he used the root. From each place we brought away some little article made on purpose for us while we waited.

It was now getting late, and we were guided back to the Richter house, where we were regaled with some warm mixture of egg, sugar, and white wine, and some classical music played in a most masterly style on a grand piano. Thus ended our first day at Grünhainichen.

We continued our house-to-house visit. All the toy-makers seemed glad to see us and give us an opportunity of watching them at work, for by this time we were known to all in Grünhainichen.

At certain periods of the year the heads of families are present at the auctions in the woods and forest, and having purchased what they think necessary for their work, they are responsible for the cutting down and conveying it to their homes; here it is placed by the roadside, and brought into the rooms as required. The toymakers were good enough to show us the process from the very commencement. Every family had its special occupation; those who worked at the wood had nothing to do with the painting, colouring, glazing, and fitting. The rapidity with which the toys were put together would have been astounding had we not remembered that this had been their special work from babyhood, and that they were responsible only for the part given them to do. One set of workpeople made the wooden arks, stables, and shops—that is to say, put them together and made the wood smooth; they were passed on to other families for painting, decorating, and glazing. Others, again, were wholly engaged with the fittings, and so the articles pass on from one to the other till, being complete, they are taken to the factory to be examined, numbered, and packed. Other toymakers are occupied in making wooden bricks for architectural boxes, others in constructing carriages, vans, and carts, and so on until the division of labour becomes almost infinite. The wooden horses and cattle sent out from here are not made by the toymakers of Grünhainichen, but obtained from St. Ulrich in the Dolomite region, which we hope to visit later on.

Every hand that can work in a family is made use of in the busy season, from the youngest to the oldest. In one house I could scarcely count the babies, there were so many, from six months and upwards. The father and mother and two sons were working without ceasing, to complete an order for some thousands of dozens of toy-skittles for Belgium—perfect specimens of the art of turning—while the elder girls polished them with sandpaper. The man and wife looked depressed and anxious, for how, with all their work, could they feed the many little mouths whose hands as yet could give no help? It might have been fancy, but I thought that the toymakers who lived on the top of the hilly streets were more vigorous and healthy, and certainly less depressed, than those whose homes were lower down.

In two or three instances I had my attention called to the improved condition of the workrooms and the new instruments and lathes in use, and, on inquiry into the cause of this superiority, I found that the fathers and sons, being ambitious, had laid by a little money in the busy season for the purpose of being able to study in the slack time; and by this system of self-denial and industry they had raised themselves above the surrounding workpeople, who were glad that their children should be apprenticed to them. One of these superior workshops would have turned the heads of our boys. Everything was so healthy and vigorous, and the workpeople were so delighted to show us the last improvement in machines for cutting and turning, and also the beautiful teams and waggons they turned out, that we could scarcely credit all this had been brought about by a healthy ambition on the part of the masters.

This workshop was like a small factory, the articles being begun and completed in it.

On our way from one toymaker to another we saw something which struck us as curious. It was this: that the ground floor of one of the largest houses was occupied by cows not a few. I should think there were at least fifty, and these supplied milk and butter to the neighbourhood.

The last toymakers we visited were the birdmakers. We entered a room on the ground floor. A sickly-looking man was modelling in one corner, and the wife and son were seated at a table between two windows, closely shut, although in July, putting the feathers on to the bodies of the birds, while two or three little babies were crawling on the floor. After shaking hands we begged them to go on with their work and permit us to watch. The man, as I said, was modelling birds of every description without any copy—it seemed scarcely a minute from the time of his taking the paste in his hand ere a bird which we knew at once stood before us; this he placed on a tray to dry. He made the paste very much in the same way as a cook would mix it for her pie or pudding, and the materials which he used were certain proportions of coarse meal, sawdust, and camphor mixed together with glue water. The mother and son at the table had heaps of feathers before them, which with great rapidity they put on, one by one, to the little dried forms which the husband had modelled. From years of practice they in a short time turned out the birds so true to life that you could scarcely believe they were not alive. The feathers are bought at the neighbouring farms, except the very best, which are obtained from the furriers in great towns. I asked them how many birds they could make in a week. They said it depended upon how many in the family worked, but that they could complete from ten to eighty "schock" a week, a schock, as they explained, being sixty, therefore they could make from 600 to 4,800 in the six working days, and for these they would get from nine to fifteen shillings.

Seeing that this family looked so delicate and poor, and yet so kind and obliging, I ventured to slip a silver gulden into one of the little children's hands as I took it in my arms to say good-bye. I mention this only to show you the sequel.

An hour or two later came a box of birds to me, hoping that I would receive it in exchange for the money I had given their little one. The visit, they said, would be one of great pleasure, always to be remembered if I would do so. You see how innately polite they were; they did not send the money back, but only took such means as were necessary to the support of their dignity. I thought it a charming trait of character, and I have given the birds a prominent place in my drawing-room.

The toymakers of Grünhainichen are all well educated and musical. There is in almost every house a piano, lute, or zither. This last is beautifully played by some of the people. Indeed, music is one of the very few recreations the people in this far away place indulge in. The inhabitants are exclusively Protestant. The church is better attended on Sundays than at Sonneberg, and on festivals all attend.

I could not leave the place without visiting the schools, as they have so much to do in forming the characters of the toymakers and improving the work done by them. There is an exceedingly good "Volkschule," or national school, which during the last fifteen years has been steadily gaining a high character. It is well built and well ventilated. The number of classes and teachers have increased together with its means, and the subjects taught are also larger than formerly.

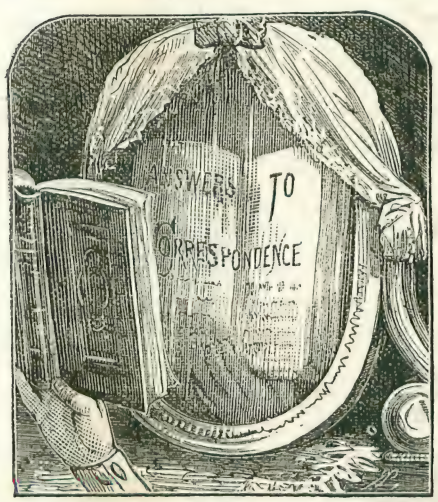
Added to this school is a division called "Selecta," which is attended only by the better-off class of people, and in which Latin and French are well taught. In addition to this there is what is called a "Fortbildungschule," at which all youths from fourteen to seventeen who have passed through the Volkschule are bound to attend a certain number of hours a week. A third, called the Gewerb-

schule, has been erected by the Government to assist and develop the talent which has already done so much honour to the country. The lessons are given gratis, and consist of drawing, painting, modelling, and cutting and carving wood. The lessons are given by the best teachers the Government can find, and those who take advantage of this Government aid are many in number—being principally the toymaking apprentices and young masters. The Government of Saxony is doing its best to lend a helping hand towards the elevation of this people and their work.

We watched with great pleasure the lessons given in this school and the appreciation of the scholars, for you see it is exactly what they feel their need of, and therefore give their whole attention to the subjects taught.

We felt very sorry to leave this beautiful spot, with its kind and intelligent toymakers, but we comforted ourselves by hoping that some day we might come again.

(*To be continued.*)



WORK.

LILY OF THE VALLEY.—The article on "University Hoods, and How to Make Them," was published in vol. i., page 564. The Bachelor of Divinity's hood of Lampeter College is black silk lined with puce. The hood of a Master of Arts of Durham is lined with palatinate purple, which is a pale tint, more nearly approaching the lilac or mauve of a milliner, but not quite like either, and probably more like the lavender you describe.

BERTHA.—We do not quite understand what you mean. The five-minute spaces on clocks or watches would not be altered by calling the hours up to twenty-four instead of repeating from one to twelve again.

PINK MAY.—We think you will find a difficulty in restoring discoloured flannels; however, the last idea comes from Germany, and you might try it:—Make a lather of good soap and water, and add to it about one and a half ounces of ammonia. Put the clothes in the water at about 100 Fahr.; wash the flannels as rapidly as possible without rubbing them, drawing them through the hands; lightly wring them out, and rinse in two rinses of warm water only; dry immediately.

MUSIC.

JEMIMA.—The first question is, have you got a harp to learn upon? We gave an article on "How to Play the Harp," page 616, vol. i. Bochsa's "Introductory Exercises," and his "Forty Studies," are the best. We cannot say how far you can learn alone. It will depend, in the first place, on your ear, and whether you can tune the instrument.

ISODORA.—We do not see that you could play the piano firmly with your double-jointed fingers, but you may touch it gently and delicately enough to give pleasure to yourself and others possessing good taste.

FLOSSIE.—The question of who invented the pianoforte is a vexed question between the French, Germans, and Italians. The French attribute the honour to Marius, a harpsichord maker; the Germans to Schrœter, an organist (1717); and the Italians to Bartolommeo Christoforè of Padua (1714), during his stay at Florence. Your handwriting is not yet formed.

W. F. C.—There is plenty of music written especially for the banjo. Apply at any shop for the sale of such instruments for information.

MARIA B.—Apply to Miss M. L. Phillips, hon. secretary, 6, Ashbrook-terrace, Sunderland, without delay. But we fear you cannot be eligible for a prize if you join this musical practising society after the term has begun.

ART.

ROWENA.—We have given several articles on all kinds of painting, both in oils and water-colours. You do not say which you want. For oils, see page 686, vol. iii., and pages 401 and 545, vol. iv.; for water-colours, see pages 36, 124, 179, vol. ii. We suppose you must be a new subscriber.

DUPONT.—An article on "Crystoleum Painting" was given at page 38 of *Silver Sails*.

FLORENCE.—You need not varnish the lincrusta painting unless you please.

HYACINTH.—The names of the successful competitors in the last year's competition, "Christ Blessing Little Children," will be found on page 254, vol. v., the number for January 19th, 1884.

ART STUDENT.—See the article on "How to Paint on Silk and Satin," page 66, vol. iv., for full information.

PHILLIS.—Your pen-and-ink sketches give great promise, and are decidedly clever; sufficiently so to encourage you to prosecute your studies in art with good courage. Your hand is not equally artistic; it is too upright.

AN OLD MAID OF SEVENTEEN.—You must be quite a curiosity fit for a travelling show, "frightfully old," "frightfully fat," and "an old maid at seventeen"! General Tom Thumb and such-like dwarfs attain old age when ordinary mortals have only just attained their full development and perfection; but you do not complain of your stature, amongst your other troubles. In age, you are only a little schoolgirl—a mere infant. At Ghent there is a very good school for painting, and at a moderate price. At Munich and Dresden you would doubtless find such schools also.

COOKERY.

BASCHURCH LASSIE.—An ordinary wine bottle is required for the jelly. We never heard of any other size. Your hand is too spidery. We did not know your letter was written from dictation. You employ the word "if" when you should use "whether."

MARTHA MACMILLAN.—For making chocolate, take equal parts of the cacao of Caraccas, St. Magdalen, and Berbice mixed together. You will require a stone of very close grain, a rolling-pin of iron or stone, and an iron pestle and mortar. Heat the stone over burning charcoal or other fire; heat the pestle and mortar until too hot to touch; place the prepared nuts in the latter, and pound them till reduced to an oily paste. If required to be sweet, add one half its weight in powdered white sugar. Pound again till well mixed, and place in a pan in an oven. Take a portion of the paste, roll it on the stone slab with the iron roller (both being well heated) till reduced to a smooth impalpable consistency like butter. Place this in another pan and keep warm until the whole amount be similarly disposed of; then place it again on the stone, which must not be quite so hot as before. Work it over again, and divide it in pieces of from two to sixteen ounces each; shake them well into moulds, and when cold turn out. The 14th of October, 1870, was a Friday.

MISCELLANEOUS.

TWO BEWILDERED HOUSEKEEPERS complain of "great difficulties" in the kitchen *a propos* of dressing hares, and in the nursery of children beyond their skill to control. They proceed to say, "Two girls and one boy—we have tried of the former jugged and in soup, and the latter very disobedient and always making a noise." We are not surprised if the latter show signs of rebellion and prove "as mad as a March hare" in view of his sister's terrible fate, which we suppose he anticipates. If tired of hare roasted, jugged, and in soup, why not try rabbits? Read our advice to governesses and to mothers in reference to the treatment of children. You will find the former in the numbers for July and September, 1884, and the latter in that for February, 1885.

MATHEMATICAL.—"Euclid" was a native of Alexandria, celebrated as a geometrician and mathematician in the reign of Ptolemy Lagus, about 280 or 300 B.C. To him is due the merit of having given a systematic form to the science of mathematics, especially to the department known as geometry. He was the author of many scientific works, having studied astronomy and optics. Ptolemy was a scholar of his, and having been asked by the Sovereign whether there were any less barbarous method of teaching mathematics than that hitherto employed, he replied (in the well-known phrase) that there was "no royal road" to geometry. The school he founded at Alexandria existed and kept up its reputation until the Mohammedan conquest of Egypt. December 8th, 1869, was a Wednesday.

A. L. in PERPLEXITY.—Of course, the man to whom you were impudent enough to write such a disgraceful letter showed kind feeling in taking no notice of it. You have put yourself in his power by your most indelicate proposal of marriage to him, and no man to whom such a letter was shown would ever think of proposing to a girl who had no self-respect. We can only hope you are half-witted.

JANEY.—The origin of the name "Wideawake," as applied to a certain kind of felted hat, is due to some person who so called them because "they never had a nap." The origin of the prefix "O'" to certain Irish names such as "O'Donovan," is that with the aboriginal Erse inhabitants it meant a son or godson, or descendant of "Donovan" or "Brien." It is noticeable that the families retaining the "O'" are usually Roman Catholics, and those having the prefix "Mac" are Protestants; "*Mac*" *signifying* "*son* of." "Ben" and "Bar" are similarly applied to Eastern names, as for example, "blind Bartimeus, the son of Timeus (St. Mark x. 46), "Bar-Jona" (St. Matt. xvi. 17), "Bar-Jesus" (Acts xiii. 6), Barabbas," and other such examples. No portrait was named as that of the editor. It was left an open question.

CHARITY is thanked for telling us that in the game of re-forming words out of letters jumbled together, and the forming of small words out of a single long one, she and her companions made upwards of 250 words out of the letters employed in the word "Pleonastic."

HILDA.—The Shadwell Hospital for Children, E.C. or the Cripples' Nursery, 15, Park-place, Clarence-gate, Regent's Park, N.W. Address, Mrs. Kirk, the Lady Superintendent and Secretary.

AN ORPHAN.—If out of health obtain advice. A tonic may be required, but no one could order one without seeing you and understanding your constitution and manner of life. Perhaps you are in need of more out-door air, and you may sit up too late at night.

E. HUTCHESON describes the pendent ornament called the "Saint Esprit" as an article of jewellery given to brides in Normandy in the form of a dove surmounted by a "true-*lover's knot.*" *An olive* branch is sometimes in the dove's mouth. The jewel is composed of white or colourless stones, emblematic of purity (sometimes of diamonds), and the whole design is a symbol of peace, which is supposed to be conferred with the gift on the bride. E. H. is in possession of one of these ornaments, and we thank her for the description given. There was no such title as that of "Duke" in England until the reign of Edward III., who adopted the rank and title from the Normans, and created the Black Prince Duke of Cornwall, and afterwards conferred the Dukedom of Lancaster on his son, John of Gaunt. The conventional strawberry leaves are, we believe, an adaptation of the *fleurs de lis*. High Wycombe, or Chipping Wycombe, is in Buckinghamshire, celebrated for its chair and paper manufactories and corn mills.

A LOVER OF THE G. O. P.—The secretary of the Women's Emigration Society states that free emigration to New Zealand is entirely suspended for the present.

SISTER BESS.—As we never had the pleasure of eating cork puddings, we are at a loss to know how your white china pudding-dish *should have become injured* by cork stains.

A GARDEN DAISY.—Put the shells into hot water and wash out the intruders. We were never troubled in this way by moths, and think you have made a mistake as to their laying their eggs in smooth cold shells. Your handwriting is not yet formed. There is only one "t" in the active participle "writing."

A MOTHER.—Hastings would probably suit you if you take lodgings as close as possible to the fishermen's quarters and to the sea, where you will be quite sheltered from northern and easterly winds. It is cheaper there, also, than elsewhere. Get the children a few picture puzzles of Scripture stories. These will instruct and interest them, and will prove a nice quiet amusement.

PERPLEXITY.—Tell your friend that your mother imagines her to be a thoughtless girl, likely to prove a hindrance rather than a help to you in your spiritual life, and advise her to write to your mother herself and tell her what a help you had been to her, and beg of her not to deprive her of your companionship, but to let her be with you sometimes; that, of course, she would not venture to press her society upon you without her (your mother's) permission, and that desiring to be a good steady girl, as she sincerely did, she hoped your mother would not refuse her consent to your sometimes walking together.

HOPEFUL.—We think we have before explained the difference that exists between Deists, Atheists, and Infidels. The first believes there is a God, but rejects the divine revelation of Him as given in the Holy Scriptures. He believes in the immortality of the soul, in virtue, vice, rewards, and punishments. The second denies the existence of a God and a Divine Providence, and holds no religious belief of any description. The third denies both the Jewish and Christian religions, but he may be a Mahomedan, or hold any other heterodox creed.

AGGRAVATING S. G.—The disgusting trick of biting the nails may sometimes have its origin in nervousness. No parent should allow it to become a habit. Persons who put their fingers in their mouths should wash them before they help anyone at table, or even shake hands with them. But apart from the dirtiness of the habit, it is a painful exhibition to all spectators, and it is most injurious to the teeth, as well as destructive to the appearance of the hands. School

The Poems are written by the Author of "John Halifax Gentleman," Sarah Doudney, Helen Marion Burnside, F. E. Weatherly, Annie Matheson, Anne Beale, Mrs. G. Linnæus Banks, the Rev. W. Cowan, Sydney Grey, Edward Oxenford, Isabella Fyvie Mayo, Clara Thwaites, Harriet L. Childe-Pemberton, the Dowager Lady Barrow, and others.

Illustrated by Frank Dicksee, A.R.A., M. Ellen Edwards, W. J. Hennessy, Davidson Knowles, John C. Staples, Robert Barnes, Charles Green, Arthur Hopkins, William Small, Frank Dadd, the late Cecil Lawson, and others.

"As *A Crown of Flowers* is carefully printed upon fine paper, full value is given to the engravings, which is one of the features of the magazine from which they are selected, and shows what a marked advance has been made of recent years in the character of such illustrations, which will, in the present instance, vie with anything of the kind produced on this or the other side of the Atlantic."—*The Pictorial World.*

friendships usually cool down in after life, but a feeling of interest in the school friend is lasting.

A WOOD ANEMONE.—The Latin words, *Gloria tibi*, mean "Glory be to thee." We think you have not given the second quotation correctly.

TERRA COTTA.—The lace you enclose to us is "Buckinghamshire," and of mere nominal value—say, about 2s. 6d. a yard. But the price would vary with its condition, and depend also on whether washed. In long length, it would be from 4s. 6d. to 5s. a yard at the most. We think it was probably worked about thirty years ago, but no exact date could be affixed to the specimen you sent us.

MISS MUFFET.—Try glycerine lozenges. Some people have rough, unmusical voices by nature. Speak gently and it will be the less noticeable. Possibly you may be a good deal exposed to draughts in the course of your house-work.

A. E. T.—The verses you send are simply spoilt prose, being cramped into a certain number of feet and made to rhyme. A private society for united prayer respecting any special objects is much to be encouraged. Express your feelings on the subject in good Saxon-English, and never mind forcing your statements of sacred truths or religious hopes and aspirations into rhyme. Your being a subscriber entitles you to the magazines, not to answers from the Editor. These are gratuitously given, and are often unavoidably delayed or purposely withheld, according to his judgment on the question.

TWO TWIN SISTERS.—April 20th, 1869, was on a Tuesday.

E. THOMAS.—We are much obliged for the lines, and regret they are not suitable for our columns.

E. A. MOORE.—You seem to be suffering from the sting of the "green-eyed monster." Very likely you have made a mistake. If "very kind" to you, why should you think your husband loves you less than he did? If "stout" when he proposed to you, when he might have proposed to your sister, why should you imagine that he now prefers her because she is "thin"? It is quite an erroneous idea that stoutness or skinniness have anything whatever to do with looking "ladylike." In fact, it is a thoroughly vulgar idea; besides, there is no beauty in leanness only.

OUIDIE.—Pug dogs are usually fed once or twice a day only, and dog-biscuit is the best thing for them.

REGINA.—Consult a good doctor at once, as he may be able to put your sister on a course of treatment at home that may conduce to her recovery. Possibly she may need change of air. In any case, you need advice as to the line of conduct you should adopt that will not aggravate the mental disease. Certainly, it would not be proper for you to keep house for your male cousin unless you had a chaperone residing with you.

BLUNDERBUSS has committed a great "blunder" in venturing to express an opinion contrary to that of her mother. She is perfectly right in saying that no girl is old enough to be introduced into society until she is eighteen. At sixteen and a half you should be in the schoolroom. We feel sure that your mother would be greatly and very justly annoyed with your eldest sister if she knew that she behaved as you describe.

UNE FILLE.—The question of receiving visitors should be settled between you and the lady whose "companion" you have engaged to be—the hours, the room, and even the days that will least interfere with her convenience. When this has been settled, you should inform your friends of the days and hours when you will be the most likely to be free to receive them, and the servants should be likewise informed of the room at your disposal. If a member of your own immediate family, you might ask leave of your employer to see them in your own room if you liked. Be sure, after receiving a private visit, to communicate any little item of news to your employer that could possibly interest her, remembering what apparently trifling things will serve to entertain an elderly or invalid person, who has few distractions and varieties of occupation to turn the current of her thoughts from present pains and sad reminiscences.

E. L. FEATON.—Write to the secretary of the Brighton Hospital for Children, Dyke-road, Brighton. Weekly charge 7s., or if by letter or nomination, free. Or to St. John's Convalescent Home, College-road, Brighton (for poor children); address Mrs. Jane Borradale, Lady Superintendent.

WHITE CAMELLIA is thanked for the pretty card and good wishes. At sixteen your dress should be long, and you may turn up your hair or not, as your mother desires. Your quotation is from Pope's "Henry and Emma."

MISPLACED LOVE.—We are sorry for you, but think you acted very imprudently, and should have been "off with the old love before you were on with the new." It was not honourable to the man to whom you were "partly engaged," and whom you "do not love." You should break off the "partial engagement," and endeavour to think as little as you can of the man who would not make you happy, and who could so cruelly trifle with your feelings.

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

VOL. VI.—No. 283. MAY 30, 1885. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

AUNT DIANA.

By ROSA NOUCHETTE CAREY,
Author of "Nellie's Memories," "Not Like Other Girls," "Esther," etc.

CHAPTER XI.

"SHE IS A NICE, SIMPLE LITTLE THING."

MISSIE looked up with a frown as her sister entered the room, but Alison took no notice of her. She walked up straight to Miss Hardwick, and held out her hand with one of her pleasant smiles.

"I have just made acquaintance with your sister," she said, with quiet tact; "we are going in the garden, as the house feels so close this lovely day. I shall be so glad, and I am sure Mabel will be, too, if you will both stay with us to luncheon."

Missie stared at her, as though she could not believe her ears.

"I thought you knew better, Alison," she interrupted, pettishly, before her friend could speak. "Dear papa is so nervous and worried about business and Roger's wretched management, that he is not able to bear luncheon visitors. Eva understands this; don't you, dear?"

"Oh, yes, darling," returned Miss Hardwick, with effusion; "but perhaps your sister, being a stranger and not quite used to all the ways at The Holms, has made a mistake. That is very natural."

"Oh, no," returned Alison, trying to keep cool, though she was inwardly nettled by both the girls' remarks, "I am making no mistake. Papa will not be in to luncheon, or my brother either, as they have business a little way out of town. So I thought, as we should be quite alone, that it would be a good opportunity, Mabel, for you to have your friends."

Missie's pink cheeks became crimson with vexation; it aggravated her to see Alison taking upon herself so quietly the duties of the mistress of the house and dispensing hospitality; and she was still more injured that her father's movements had not been first notified to herself. She took no notice of her sister's remarks, and

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"'THE PLANTS TO WATER IN THE GARDEN.'"

added no word, as Miss Hardwick accepted the invitation with great alacrity. When Alison left them, after a few more words, she listened reluctantly to Eva's criticisms.

"I had no idea your sister was such a stylish person," she said, when the door closed on Alison; "she has fine eyes and a good figure, and she knows how to suit her own style in dress. She is not so pretty as you, darling, of course"—as Missie's sulkiness was obvious, and must be soothed away at any cost—"but she has some claims to good looks."

Alison did not return these moderate compliments; she was not at all attracted by Miss Hardwick. She was a large, heavy-looking girl, rather handsome, but her face had no play of expression, and her manner was decidedly artificial.

If she would only have let herself alone, she would have been a good-looking creature, for nature had endowed her with many beauties, but the last thing that ever entered Eva Hardwick's head was to let herself or anyone else alone, until she had transmuted herself and them into fashionable dolls. Her figure would have been good, only artifice had reduced her waist until it was too small to match the breadth of the shoulders, and so the lines of beauty were lost; the pretty, fair hair, that was really as soft and fine as silk, was roughed and tangled, and fringed with infinite pains until it was reduced to the fashionable untidiness of the day

"Oh, if I could only dress them both! I am sure their mother would not recognise them," thought Alison, as she went back to Anna; "the one thinks too much and the other too little of her appearance." And she thought gratefully of the wisdom that had taught her to see no beauty in anything unnatural, and that bade her be no mere copyist in fashion, but to choose her own style and have courage to abide by it.

"Be as modern as you like," Miss Carrington would say, "nothing is so hateful as eccentricity in women; and, my dear, do not be shocked at what I am going to say, but a woman without vanity is a monstrosity in nature. It is your duty to make the best of yourself, remember that; no one ought to be plainer than they can help, for the sake of other people; suit your dress to yourself, not yourself to your dress. Do not turn yourself into a peg to hang your neighbour's clothes on. A little woman in a big plaid always seems to me to have something wanting in her intellect; she has no brains; she is an imbecile. My dear, I hope better things of you. Cultivate the true art of dress. When you choose a gown, give your mind to it; study it as you would the different parts of a picture. Spend little money, less time; but what you do, do thoroughly. I never could bear patchwork, and some women are dreadfully patched."

Alison spent a pleasant hour with her new friend under the lime trees, both before and after luncheon. She soon grew interested in Anna's artless talk. She was evidently very young for her age; though she was seventeen, she was still childish in manners. Probably she had been repressed and kept in the background by her sister.

Eva was evidently a great personage in Anna's eyes; she spoke of her with a sort of admiring awe. Eva was so handsome. Did not Miss Merle think she had a beautiful complexion and lovely hair? Then she was so clever; she could talk French as well as a Parisian. Cousin Anthony often said so. Then she played so well, and sang such difficult German and Italian songs. She was sure Miss Merle would enjoy hearing her. And she painted Christmas cards, and worked in crewels so exquisitely; and she could dance, and play tennis. Cousin Anthony always said what an accomplished creature she was.

"I daresay you can do many of these things, too," suggested Alison, kindly, when Anna had run through the gamut of her sister's perfections. But the girl shook her head, and a cloud passed over her gentle face.

"Oh, no; I am dreadfully stupid. Mamma often says that she does not know how she could have such a daughter. Mamma likes people to be clever and strong, and full of life; she says, sometimes, that I am such a low-spirited, foolish little thing."

"Oh, no," exclaimed Alison, involuntarily; "I am sure she could not mean that." But, nevertheless, she conceived a strong dislike to Mrs. Hardwick from that moment. She knew her already, by reputation, to be a gay, pleasure-loving widow; but she had also understood that she was a good-natured woman. Alison had yet to learn that even good-natured people can sometimes be hard and unsympathetic to their own flesh and blood.

Anna had retailed her mother's opinion in a most matter-of-fact way; she was far too used to be depreciated and set on one side to be sensitive over it. Alison's kindness and warm interest had put her at once at her ease. For the first time in her poor little shady life, she experienced the pleasure of true sympathy.

"It is so good of you to let me talk to you," Anna went on. "Mamma and Eva say I am such a chatterbox, when I begin to ask them questions. I think I am fonder of talking than most people. Anthony says that makes me so troublesome."

"Who is Anthony?" queried Alison, a little curiously.

"Oh, he is our cousin; he is staying with us now. Eva says it is so nice, because we have no brothers, and he can take us about. Eva and he are great friends; she always calls him Tony. He is such a handsome fellow, with a big black moustache like a cavalry officer. He is in the army, you know. I am dreadfully frightened of him, because he laughs at me; but it is only his way, he means to be good-natured."

"Tell me what you do with your time?" asked Alison, quickly. She was not particularly interested in this description of Anna's cousin.

Anna's blue eyes opened rather widely at this; she was evidently surprised at the question.

"My time," she repeated helplessly, as though it were a new thought that she had anything of her own; indeed, it was doubtful, if the truth were known, whether the poor child really possessed an hour for her private use. "I suppose you mean, how do I spend the day?"

Alison nodded.

"Oh, I don't know," wrinkling her brow; "that is how mamma and Eva please to spend it. They are always wanting me for something.

"Once upon a time," she continued, twisting her hands a little nervously—she had all sorts of nervous ways—"I used to make grand resolutions; that was just after I was confirmed," dropping her voice a little. "I made up my mind never to waste a minute. I would practise and read something solid, and do a little work for the poor, and keep it up even after I had finished with lessons; but I found I had to give it all up."

"But that was a pity, was it not?"

"I suppose so; but then it could not be helped. I left school nearly a year ago, because the doctor said I was too delicate to learn, and mamma and Eva thought it did not matter, because I was not clever; so mamma told me that I had better shut up my books, as I made such a poor use of them, and do the best I could to help her instead."

"Perhaps that was wise," returned Alison, hardly knowing what to say.

"Of course, mamma always knows best," replied Anna, drooping her head a little; "but I was so fond of my History and English Literature, and I liked sums, and Euclid; and I was just beginning to get on with Latin. Eva says I ought to have been a boy, for I never can learn anything suitable for a lady. I am stupid at French, and I play badly. And, oh dear! if only one could make oneself clever," with a sigh.

"But you have not told me yet what you do with your day," said Alison, with playful pertinacity.

"Oh, I do little things just as they come to hand," returned Anna, rather dejectedly. "I get a little time to myself before breakfast, because mamma and Eva are always down late. I read then, or do some Latin; afterwards, there is always so much for me to do."

"What kind of things?"

"Well, there are the plants to water in the garden, and Eva's birds to feed; and mamma has always some fine needlework for me to do, or Eva wants a dress mended, or some lace washed; then sometimes there are the china and ornaments in the drawing-room, or the books in the morning-room to dust, or Eva's drawers to turn out, and flowers to arrange for the luncheon table, and little odds and ends of that kind. Then perhaps mamma wants me to do some errands in the town, matching silks for her fancy work; or Eva has an afternoon's shopping, and then she likes me to accompany her. I often get a quiet evening when they are out at some party; but mamma expects me to do a little of her fancy work then. She and Eva are re-covering the drawing-room chairs, and they leave the plain parts for me. I am fond of needlework, but it is a little dull to sit alone of an

evening. I think I should like a nice interesting book sometimes, but mamma always thinks I am wasting my time."

Alison prudently refrained from all comments, but she inwardly exclaimed, "Oh, you poor little ill-used child. This mother and sister of yours are turning you into a drudge. You have positively no life of your own at all." But what she said was—

"I think, Anna—may I call you Anna? you seem so young somehow—that you lead a very useful, self-denying life." And as the girl flushed at the unexpected praise, she continued lightly, "Now we have talked all this time, and I wonder what has become of your sister and Mabel?" for the two had sauntered away, arm-in-arm, the moment luncheon was over. "As I am housekeeper—you know I have come home to make myself useful—I propose that we have afternoon tea under these trees, and that you and I, with James's help, should prepare a little surprise for them. Will not Poppie be delighted?"

Anna might have been a child from the way she clapped her hands; she had never enjoyed herself so much in all her life as during the next half-hour, as she and Alison dragged chairs across the lawn, and arranged the little tea table, with the nice basket of hot cakes that old Nanny had prepared, some fresh strawberries, and a little vase of roses in the centre.

Even Missie looked pleased when, on returning from their hot walk—for they had gone out without informing anyone of their intentions—she caught sight of the snowy cloth under the trees.

"That is really a good idea," she observed, in a grudging tone however; but Eva very nearly made her cross again by saying, "How delicious of your sister! I really would hug her for this. What a pity we never thought of this before, dear! and then Tony might have joined us."

Missie never praised anything heartily in which she had not had a share.

But even Missie was not proof against the pleasant influence of the hour; Nanny's cakes were so good, and the strawberries so cool and refreshing after their dusty walk. When Roger returned from his work an hour earlier than he expected, he stood quite transfixed on the gravel walk; for certainly such a pleasant little picture had never been seen before in the garden of The Holms.

Alison, in her crisp summer gown and broad-brimmed hat, might have been a modern Eve dispensing nectar. Missie, flushed and merry, was sitting on the grass beside her friend, with Otter between them, and Rudel on the other side, all in good humour; and poor little pale Anna, for whom he had always felt such pity, was offering a saucerful of milk to Missie's beloved cat. Poppie came dancing over the grass to meet him, and caught hold of his hand.

"You may have my chair by Miss Leigh," she exclaimed, eagerly. "Oh, the cakes are so nice, Roger, and there are two left."

"I must make you some fresh tea, you poor tired day-labourer," observed Alison as Roger threw himself into the wicker chair, and removed his hat.

"Oh, let me do it," exclaimed Anna, eagerly. "I know the way to the kitchen quite well."

"Yes, and I will go too," added Poppie. "There are some more strawberries, I know."

"Bring me a big plateful," called out Roger, as Poppie frisked away; but he looked after them both rather curiously. His little friend looked different somehow, he thought. Was it Alison, he wondered, who had put those coquettish-looking roses into the little grey gown?

Anna's face looked dimpled and smiling. Her blue eyes quite shone when she came back. She and Alison and Roger had a long talk, while Miss Leigh listened and knitted industriously. Missie and Eva had wandered away again—most likely to avoid Roger. He had addressed Miss Hardwick with studied politeness, but she had tossed her head and hardly answered him. She would make no terms with the enemy who had wounded her vanity so grievously.

"We will take one more turn, darling, and then we must really go," she had said to Missie, and in a few more minutes they heard her calling for Anna.

"Come, Anna, don't dawdle. We must really go now."

"Good-bye. I have had such a happy afternoon, thank you so much," whispered Anna, with a timid kiss that Alison warmly returned.

"One day you will have me again, will you not?"

"Come whenever you like, dear. I am sure we shall be good friends," returned Alison, forgetting the necessity of lowering her voice.

Miss Hardwick laughed affectedly as she heard the speech.

"You are a lucky girl to have got a friend so quickly. Is she not, Mr. Roger? Oh! I forgot; you are her friend too," with a little spice of venom in her tone.

"I shall be most happy to be considered Miss Anna's friend; and I am sure Alison will say the same," rejoined Roger in his downright manner. "Good-bye, Miss Anna. You see I have not forgotten you. Here is the groundsel for your birds that I promised you."

"They are my birds," observed Eva, her colour rising with annoyance at this little mark of kindly consideration to her sister, when all her airs and graces had never succeeded in attracting even an admiring look from Roger, and Eva was one of those girls who expected admiration and attention from everyone.

"Yes, but Miss Anna feeds your birds," he returned, quietly, "and I dare-say they will be very grateful to her, and love her all the better for this groundsel," and he handed it to Anna, who was standing beside her sister, looking shy and distressed.

She knew quite well by Eva's voice that she would be well scolded all the way home for her forwardness and want of manners; and most likely a formal complaint made to her mother about her always trying to attract notice; for baffled vanity is capable of even this meanness, and when people choose to consider themselves aggrieved they seldom take the trouble to measure their words, or pause to consider whether they are true or not; and it was not the first time poor Anna had all sorts of strange charges laid to her share when Eva happened to be in a bad humour.

"Poor little thing! I hope you will be her friend, Ailie," observed Roger, when he had closed the gate after them, and found Alison alone under the lime trees. "I am afraid she has a hard life of it, with that mother and sister."

"I am afraid so, too," returned Alison, gravely. "I wish they would let me have her here a little, for I am sure we should get on together. She is a nice, simple little thing."

"Yes," he returned, thoughtfully; "but she is more than that. She is clever, too; though you could not find it out in one afternoon. It is a pity she hesitates so. It is only a nervous habit, I expect, but it spoils her."

"She loses it entirely when she gets interested and forgets herself. Yes; I like her. I wonder what Aunt Di would say about her. But, Roger, how have you been getting on to-day? No fresh worries, I hope?"

He shook his head.

"No, thank goodness! and, as for past troubles, by your leave, we will not talk about them just now. Do you know, little woman," putting his arm round her, "I feel in a more cheerful mood to-day. That cup of coffee was very potent, Ailie," with a flash of his eye; "it lasted nearly all day."

"You absurd boy! What do you mean?"

"Oh! I am perfectly serious. It seemed to brace me up, and gave me courage. I said to myself once when I had a tough job in hand, 'Well, Ailie and I are both hard at work to-day, and by-and-by we will have a rare good talk.' And so we will! After dinner you and I and Rudel are going for a walk. It will be like old times, won't it, Ailie?" looking so affectionately in her face that Alison could only smile and assent, and try to enter into Roger's pleasure, though she had meant to devote her evening to writing a long letter to Aunt Diana.

To be continued.)

ON TASTE IN THE CHOICE OF SONGS.

By C. A. MACIRONE.

SECOND LETTER.

Confession of Faith of Beethoven.

"I have no friend. I must needs live alone by myself; but I well know that God is nearer to me in my art than others. I commune with Him without fear; evermore have I acknowledged and understood Him, and I am not fearful concerning my music. No evil fate can befall it, and he to whom it is intelligible must become free from all the paltrinesses which others drag about them."—*From a letter to the poet Wieland's niece.*

There have been some beautiful and apposite allusions, in a series of letters on the early painters of the German and Italian schools in the National Gallery in this paper, to the fact that it is the devotion of those early painters which gives power and interest to their works; and it is so in music. Perhaps, as a musician, I should like to say that it is even more forcibly the case in music, carrying out Beethoven's confession of faith, as just quoted, as to its quickening and purifying influence.

Do not philosophers tell us that once upon a time this world of ours was a globe of ice, dead, cold, and still? but the sun arose upon it, the waters unlocked their icy barriers, creation glowed into colour and life, woods and forests rose into living beauty; beneath and around them living creatures swarmed into joyful existence, flowers grew into fragrance and loveliness, fruits ripened into refreshing food; all the world of beauty and delight sprang into life and glory, praising its Creator and its King.

Is He less the King and Creator of all life and beauty in art? Art, without the divine inspiration which gives it radiance and fervour and life, resembles that world of ice into which scientific men tell us our world would return if the sun's rays were withdrawn from us. You can see for yourselves, and watch how, when that living fire of devotion in a nation dies, paintings lose their pure radiance and fervent glow of colour, music loses its noble harmony and repose, sculpture its purity of form and its aspiration, and what remains?—a sort of glacial region of cold, deadness of feeling, exaggeration and desolation, a spasmodic struggle after expression and effect very like the galvanism of a corpse; and for a corroboration of this I would refer to those beautiful articles on the "Early Painters," by Mrs. Bridell-Fox, in this paper, pointing out the spirit which animates and glorifies their works. I might refer also to certain letters of my own in this paper for records of the spirit which animates the works

of the greatest musicians the world has ever known. I would ask you to remember Beethoven's words which head this letter; Mozart's last words, when on his death-bed he said, "It is a great consolation to me to remember that the good Lord to whom I have drawn near in humble faith has suffered and died for me, and will look on me with love and compassion;" of Haydn, who never began composing without praying for Divine inspiration, and who said to Carpani, "At the thought of God my heart leaps for joy." So also in art, this feeling is the key to all repose and all greatness. Even in the old heathen times their sculptured art, so full of splendour, remained so only while their devotion to the only gods they knew was keen and honest, so that the great sculptor lavished priceless work where no human eye would see it, because, so, it was an offering of pure devotion to the gods whom he served and loved.

So the radiance of divine love and faith glowing through art gives it true life and meaning. Mendelssohn would set a few lines on "gathering roses," and the fervent religion of his mind shone through that quiet music, and made it a pure stream of loving, noble enthusiasm. Another man might take the most sacred words of the Bible, and bury them in a dead effort to put notes round them. Therefore, in the choice of your songs, think of the spirit in which they are written, and from which they spring; and also remember a saying of the great German theorist, Marx (from whom, by the way, Mendelssohn said he learnt almost all he knew):—"That which I hear enters into my existence from without, awakens and enriches my mind; but that which I sing is the effluence of my own life, the exertion of my own power to refresh and elevate myself, as well as others." And music which does not spring from a great mind and noble character cannot refresh or elevate either the singer or any other person.

I touched in my first letter on some answers to the question which naturally arises in any considerations of taste in the choice of songs—What can you sing? And on that matter we passed slightly over such points as the compass of your voice, its capabilities, your power as an accompanist of your own songs, and the advantage which you possess over others in choosing songs of your own country and people.

I mentioned to you what is sometimes forgotten—the extreme difference in the tone of feeling in various countries, and the very different force of expression in foreign languages and in our own; also the very great contrast between the position of young English girls, who are trusted with a liberty wholly denied to young girls abroad, and who therefore are bound in honour to repay that confidence by carrying on the traditions of good breeding and reserve, which are the bonds of society.

By the way, it must occur to reflective minds at times to contrast the power of those traditions of birth and breeding with those others of a higher birth and a still more royal home. One sees how binding and elevating the first often prove to those born to inherit their traditions. Should not the fatherhood of the King of Kings and the inheritance of His many mansions much more elevate the child and heir of such a future to the nobleness and self-respect, the courtesy and kindness of the high-born and bred!

But to return. I have pointed out the very different conditions of singing in society abroad, where the singers are married women in the full blaze of the world, to whom a latitude of expression is allowed, and who inherit their country's stronger vocabulary and more forcible expression of feeling, and also employ for the effective delivery of this foreign music all the dramatic spirit which flashes out so constantly in their intercourse, and to whom, therefore, the easier operatic music comes so naturally.

Now, this operatic style is very fascinating to the many who have not even the very faintest idea of the difficulty of much of its music, and of the utter impossibility of their singing it with tolerable effect; they are ignorant also of the fact that a very clever writer of our own time says: "In foreign countries a girl without a special talent for singing is not allowed even to learn it. There is nothing wrong in being without ear, and in caring nothing for music; it is a misfortune, but it is no fault. If a man has not taste for conchology, he is not ashamed to say so. In Germany people never pretend to play; in Italy they never pretend to sing, and if they know nothing about it they can afford to be silent. Why should not some of us do so likewise?"

But here, quiet English girls with no special talent, with no special capability either of voice or culture, will hear a fine operatic song, and attack it calmly, for the edification of their friends, because they have heard it given by a great singer, and it seemed so very easy to her. Oh, so easy! But as the old Italian proverb says, "Questo facile, quanto difficile." This ease, how difficult! Do you know that ease is the very last, the very costliest grace to acquire? Would you care to know what this ease, so full of charm, has cost? The sort of study necessary to sing operatic songs well? I might refer you to the lives of all great singers whenever and wherever given, to the "Queens of Song," by Miss Clayton; to Musical Biographical Dictionaries; but there is a little anecdote you may not have met with of a young Italian whose voice seemed to promise him a great career, and he went to the greatest master of that time, I believe it was Porpona, who heard and approved, and gave him a MS. page of exercises to practise "For a year," he said, "and when you have made them as perfect as possible, come to me again." A good many hours a day on one page of music seemed unpromising, and by no means lively work, or a genial occupation, but Fame waved her golden crown at the end of the ugly hard work, so he stuck to it bravely and came back to his master at the end of the year, flushed with the glory of the successful struggle, and feeling superhumanly good and praiseworthy. (I think he had practised seven hours a day.) What was his surprise and downfall to hear moderate praise, many faults pointed out, a general direction how to rid himself of these, and return in another year's time. Gathering his virtues round him and swallowing his disappointment after some rueful thoughts—for since he had borne so much, it seemed hard to lose the fruit of his labours—pulling himself together, he slowly departed. Poor soul! to receive the same course of correction and admonition at the end of the second year; and then the third and fourth, and still struggle on did he, until, as report says, he had spent seven hours a day for seven long years in this terrible drudgery. He had several times made up his mind not to bear this any longer, and year after year his resolution had melted away in the inspiration of the genius and commanding presence of his master. But this time, no softening was possible; the torture had been too great, too prolonged. The aggravations of all those years of exasperation were gathered into a focus, and he stood ready to resist any mortal pressure that could be put upon him. "Signor Professore," he said, "no earthly consideration shall induce me to bear this for another year. What may I sing now?" His master threw his arms round him, and embracing him, said, "What you will, my son; you are now the first singer in the world."

That is the sort of practice for singing Italian music. Is it your idea of practice? Which of you can even sing a single scale properly? or have you the slightest, the very faintest idea, of what amount of work is implied in the words "a scale properly sung." A friend heard by accident Madame Patti practising her scales. Do you know what they sounded like? She said they fell like showers of diamonds, with an exquisite clearness and brilliancy, like coruscations of light, in sounds. That is what scales may become. Yet young people—very young—hear the Shadow Song in *Dinorah*, and have "a dim glimpse into the obvious" that it is very pretty. Why should they not sing it? Ah, why, indeed?

And with what object do you sing?

It occurs to me to tell you one of the old City legends of a strange singer which I often heard when a child, and when we lived in an old rambling house within sound of Bow bells. The City is full of old stories of other times and life under very different conditions from those of the present day, and this was one of them, only I can find no mention of it in any books to give you my authority; it was told me by one who was there at the time. In the heart of the City lies Change Alley—a perfect network of intricate alleys, crowded always, but most strangely crowded by hurrying, eager, business people about the dark winter afternoon time, when everyone wants to get their work done and to fly away home. Well, suddenly on such a dark winter afternoon (and there were no gas lamps then, remember, but a few hanging oil lights), amid this surging crowd, was heard a sweet young voice carolling old songs with a spell which stopped the swaying mob of people till they gathered round one dark corner from whence the sounds came. What could they make out? As far as one could perceive through the thick wraps, a small figure, so closely veiled nothing could be gathered as to features; but the voice spoke or sang for itself, so clear, so pure and fresh and sweet. It stopped the hurry of that whirlpool as by a spell, and for a while they listened, then a little hand they saw held a basket, and one after another dropped money into it. Then a minute's distraction, and the singer was gone. Where? Who was she? Why was she there? Could no one follow her, find, and offer to help her? Many tried, and those who knew that hive of little passages would see how easy escape would be for anyone determined not to be tracked; but at last one of her hearers, more piqued perhaps at their being so long baffled, more persevering, possibly, kept close to her, and, with step as rapid as her own, followed her till, fairly tired out and brought to bay, he spoke to her. I can remember now, as if it were yesterday, hearing how he apologised to her for taking the liberty, but he said the extraordinary interest she excited must plead his excuse.

"You are evidently a gentlewoman," he said. "What can be the strange circumstances which have brought you here? Perhaps you cannot tell me, but if there be any way in which we can help you you may trust me. Can we help you?"

She shook her head.

"No, sir; but I can trust you. My husband is a captain, and his vessel was to have been in the port of London many days since. He told me where to come to meet him, and I came up from my friends in the country, but the ship has been long delayed, and I found myself alone without a penny in the world and friendless, so I do this day by day till he comes; but no one shall see my face, or shame my husband, and I shall be here, as he told me, to meet him, and then you will never see me again."

"Well," our friend said, "remember there are many who would stand by you and help you, if you need help," and left her.

A few days more and the sweet young singer was heard no more in the busy whirlpool of a place, but we thought of her being at last safe and happy in her husband's care, and rejoiced in the message she found means to send of grateful and loving remembrance to those who had helped her in her great distress.

So in picturing to ourselves that happy meeting, the remembrance of the sweet singer in that dark surging crowd of people made a little romance in our child's mind, which lingers now round a most unpicturesque and unromantic place with a sunshine of its own. She had a noble object and attained it.

She may have been the only woman whose need ever led her to such a perilous use of a sweet voice; but her object was not the love of display, or that of outshining her friends. What is your motive? In the choice of a song, what feeling guides you? I will take for granted, indeed, it is not selfish vanity or love of outshining others, for then any worthless thing would be good enough, and it would be a waste of time to connect the thoughts of the noble art of music with such a degrading aim and purpose.

Is it simply to give others pleasure, to gladden your home, to bring happy strains of thought, to revive the tired and worn nerves of the workers, who come home to you for help and brightness, and the sweet comfort of love at the end of the day? Or is it to find in that treasury of pure and great and loving thoughts, some refreshment and strength for your own weary spirit, when clouded over and harassed by the work and worry of life?

Is it to improve yourself?—to find an outlet for love of the beautiful, for expression to a thousand indistinct fancies, for nourishment to that part of your nature which should live in the atmosphere of a higher world. Art should be the transfiguration of the natural into the spiritual, which shows the world in painting the glories of Raphael's "Transfiguration," and brings into the world of music the remembrance of the angelic voices once heard in the moonlit fields of Judea, and quickens all our hopes of self-improvement with the prophetic fervour and glow of the future heavenly life to which we are all bidden to aspire.

This is part of the work music has to do, has done, and is doing, day by day, here below. Perhaps you will doubt if music can do this. Listen. Miss Hawkins, in her anecdotes, relates of Handel that, being asked about his ideas and feelings when composing the Hallelujah chorus, he replied, "I did think I did see all heaven before me, and the Great God Himself." He would frequently burst into tears when writing, and is said to have been found by a visitor sobbing uncontrollably when in the act of setting the words, "He was despised"; and Shield tells us that "his servant who brought his coffee in the morning often stood in silent astonishment to see his master's tears mixing in the ink as he penned his divine notes."

Music written thus from the heart of the musician goes straight to ours, and the power of true music grows deeper and deeper day by day, as it penetrates more and more into your nature, and raises you into the pure atmosphere to which it originally belonged. As the old writer says of heaven, the only record we have of its inner life is, that "they love always and sing always there."

A very great man wrote once of music, "Can it be that those mysterious strivings of heart and keen emotions, and strange yearnings after we know not what, and awful impressions, from we know not whence, should be wrought in us by what is unsubstantial, and comes and goes and begins and ends in itself? It is not so. It cannot be. No! they have escaped from some higher sphere, they are the outpourings of eternal harmony in the medium of created sound; they are echoes from our Home, they are the voice of angels, or the Magnificat of saints, or the living laws of Divine Governance, or the Divine Attributes. Something they are besides themselves which we cannot compass, which we cannot utter, though mortal man—and he perhaps not otherwise distinguished above his fellows—has the gift of eliciting them."

Now, do you care in this matter of music, as in other things, to aim at the highest law and the noblest work?

There is in a beautiful book a little allegory, once the key of a young girl's life, which I will repeat to you, for it was a blessing to her, and you may remember it in some time of need. It is the warning of an elder and wiser friend to the poor troubled child who was listening.

"Perhaps, before we meet, you may have suffered, and known the first sharp stings of human life, known how little what fame can gain repays what the heart can lose; but be brave. . . Observe yon tree in your neighbour's garden. Look how it grows up crooked and distorted. Some wind scattered the germ from which it sprung in the clefts of the rock; choked up and walled round by crags and buildings, by nature and by man its life has been one struggle for the light—light which makes to that life the necessity and the principle. You see how it has writhed and twisted, how, meeting the barren in one spot, it has laboured and worked, stem and branches, towards the clear skies at last. What has preserved it through each disfavour of birth and circumstances? Why are its leaves as green and fair as those of the vine behind you, which, with all its arms, can embrace the open sunshine? My child, because of the very instinct which impelled the struggle, because the labour for the light won to the light at length. So, with a gallant heart, through any adverse incident of sorrow or of fate, to turn to the sun, to strive for Heaven: this it is which gives knowledge to the strong and happiness to the weak. Ere we meet again you will turn sad and weary eyes to those quiet boughs, and when you hear the birds sing from them, and see the sunshine come aslant from every crag and housetop to be the playfellow of their leaves, learn the lesson that Nature teaches you, and strive through darkness to the light."

An old proverb says, "After busie labore cometh victorious reste." So will you try to make a noble art in your hands "Do noble things, not dream them all day long." Would you like to make your singing a happiness to others as well as to yourself? A very eminent writer of our day says, "To sing so as to make your singing a blessing to others you must take care to establish that kindly sympathy which will predispose them to listen to you. It must be the hand of something like a friend on the white keys. . . . It must be the voice which has said, with no feigned earnestness, but with the wide warm love of a Christ-like nature, 'I wish I could do you good—make you happier.' Such a voice will sing well and pleasantly, and bring peace." For think what domestic music might be!

A very excellent writer says, "Domestic music in its ideal perfection would be a source of unalloyed enjoyment, or even beatific rapture; but what is it? as we often meet with it." The writer goes on, "Where vanity, love of display, and desire to create astonishment or gain praise are ruling principles of action, art in any form cannot be really good and profitable. And the music of home must not only be entirely free from the admixture of any debasing motives, but intelligently regulated in all its departments, if we would gain all the benefits which should result from the time, money, and thought expended on it—all the infinite happiness of feeling, that upon the waves of heavenly harmony which lifted up your own soul, another's pain and distress were floating away, and that you had been the active agent in procuring this pleasure, this relief, this recovery."

But to do this your heart must be in it—a very simple matter, but not a very usual one. Handel's heart was in his music when he wrote thoughts which have lived in English hearts for a hundred years and which will never die. Raphael's heart was in his work when he painted the picture of the "Transfiguration," whose grandeur strikes into awed stillness the crowds who gaze upon it. It is not every picture of the London season which will rouse one original idea or cause one throb of quickened feeling. So it is not every song, fresh and costly from the publishers, which will carry you away into higher and nobler thoughts or make you forget yourself, your own small cares and petty interests, in sympathy with the deeper sufferings of others. There was an old observation by a great Greek philosopher that "a child could move the world if he were only outside its influence." So if you are yourself "unspotted by the world," you will be enabled, by the "love which makes all things pleasant," to move a world of sympathies in others.

Now, supposing your voice to be sweet and true and well-trained, and yourself sweet also and true and well-trained, to do what you can to make your singing a real source of brightness and pleasantness to others, something remains to be considered as to what I can suggest for your guidance in finding suitable songs. Remember what you will do best will be to sing within your compass of voice, within your powers of execution, in your own language, unless you are perfect mistress of another, and if you have any feeling yourself, songs which will express the natural happy feelings of a young girl. Not being in a pulpit, do not preach; not having a doctor's gown, do not attempt to teach. There is a good deal to be learnt before, if ever, you will do either the one or the other effectually; but one thing you can do with a grace, a helpfulness, an earnestness, and an intensity others more heavily handicapped in the race of life may envy.

You can sympathise—rejoice with those who are happy, and suffer with those who are in sorrow, and pour your love and adoration at the foot of the Great King's throne, and to these great and blessed ends music is a magnificent minister. As an American writer says of a girl's singing, "She sung—oh, how she sung! Joy, victory over doubt, faith crowned, glimpses of heaven in the spring sunlight—they were all in that song."

May they not be in yours also? and is it not written, "Therefore will I praise Thee and Thy faithfulness, O God! playing upon an instrument of music: unto Thee will I sing upon the harp, O Thou Holy One of Israel! O let my mouth be filled with Thy praise, that I may sing of Thy glory and honour all the day long"?

(To be continued.)

WHEN WE WERE GIRLS TOGETHER.

A STORY OF SCHOOL-GIRL LIFE.

By SARAH DOUDNEY.

"It seems to me but yesterday
Since we were girls together."—OLD SONG (*Adapted*).

CHAPTER VI.

JENNET'S TRIALS.

THE bed-rooms in the college were very large, and each chamber contained three occupants. Each girl had her own bed, and her own corner of the apartment; and Jennet Fowler's room-mates seemed quite willing to let her keep her corner entirely to herself.

Charlotte Ashley was no more disposed to be friendly at night than she had been all day. It was her whim at bed-time to ignore Jennet completely, and she chattered on to Minnie Wood as if there were no third person present. Unlike Pamela Rye, Minnie was not content with listening and responding; she, too, liked to talk, and the pair of tongues made a clatter which threatened every minute to bring a teacher into the room.

When poor Jennet bent her knees by her bedside, the two girls went off into peals of stifled laughter, and then resumed their talk without lowering their voices in the slightest degree. It was very hard; the new school-girl found herself mechanically repeating the old petitions without realising their meaning in the least, and she started up at last in utter despair.

"The people who wonder at everything," Charlotte was saying, "are always the most tiresome people in the world. Do you know, Minnie, how hateful it is to go about with creatures who have been shut up all their lives in some country place? They are apt to gape, and strike attitudes, and make themselves generally conspicuous. 'The simplest objects,' as Miss Sand would say, 'excite their unbounded delight.' Now, I can't say I like unbounded delight; it's a decided sign of underbreeding."

"I am sure you are right," said Minnie, with a slight drawl. "But really, as I never experienced it, I hardly know what it is. Is there anything to be rapturous about, I wonder? I'm always trying to get up a little excitement, and always failing."

"The rustic mind," continued Charlotte, feeling herself mistress of the situation, "is something like the infant mind; it is always in a state of astonishment. Now, astonishment, you know, is only becoming to a baby; a little plump thing with dimples, and round eyes, and a crow. But when a big young woman assumes the ways of a small child, the effect is highly absurd."

If Jennet could have hidden herself at that moment she would have burst out sobbing; but something of a woman's dignity came to her aid, and she choked back her tears, and clasped her throat with one hand to keep down the lump there.

And then pride helped her; that right and lawful pride which will not let an enemy know that he has gotten a victory over us. Jennet lifted her head, and turned deliberately to her little dressing-table, conscious that she was being studied by inquisitive eyes. With a steady hand she let down the thick coils of rich brown hair, and fell to brushing them with all her might, flinging the rippling masses this way and that way, apparently too much absorbed in her occupation to notice the attentive glances of her companions.

Now, if there is one charm which, beyond others, excites the envy of the school-girl's heart, it is an abundance of beautiful hair. Charlotte Ashley possessed a fair quantity of glossy black tresses; but Minnie's lighter locks were somewhat scanty, and by no means satisfied their owner. So the pair gazed wonderingly at the new comer, brushing away in her corner as if she were unconscious of their presence, and looking a little like Lady Godiva making ready for her ride.

But Jennet's deliberate movements did not proceed from vanity. While she brushed, slowly and dreamily, as if she enjoyed the process, she was thinking of loving hands that used to be busy about her hair a little while ago. She remembered the rare festival days when her mother or Katherine insisted on arranging those luxuriant tresses in their own way, taking a tender pride and pleasure in the task, and calling on the whole household to admire their handiwork.

And these simple recollections were like balm to the hurt spirit; they took away the smart which Charlotte's unkind words had caused, and in a little while she had almost forgotten the unfriendly couple on the other side of the large room. Something in her quiet manner had given them a check; the busy tounges were stilled; even Charlotte's flow of words ceased, and after saying "Good-night, Minnie," she betook herself peaceably to bed.

Soothed by sweet home-memories, Jennet fell into a sound slumber, untroubled by any painful dreams. Her first night at the college had been spent in Miss Thornhill's room, and the kind young teacher had roused her gently at the proper hour. The school-bell clanged a loud summons to ears accustomed to its sound, but Jennet, under the spell of a profound sleep, was deaf to its sonorous call. She woke at last, and looked round the unfamiliar chamber with a kind of drowsy wonder. Where was she?

Then, as her brain quickly cleared itself of the mist of sleep, she glanced instinctively towards the two little beds in their corners. Both were empty; and Jennet noticed that two pretty calicot frocks were gone from the pegs on which they had been hanging last night. It was clear that Charlotte and Minnie had departed, leaving their new companion to sleep on in defiance of the first rule of the college.

It was unkind — bitterly unkind, thought Jennet, springing out upon the floor. She believed that they had purposely been silent in their movements. If they had yielded to their natural impulses, and talked and clattered about as usual, they must have awakened her. But they had made up their minds to dislike her, and she must expect nothing but tricks and ill-will.

Feeling intensely lonely and miserable, she found her way downstairs, and then paused, in an agony of shyness, at the door of the large room known as the refectory. The long breakfast-table, with a row of young faces on each side, was a pleasant sight enough, and there was a fragrant smell of hot coffee; but Jennet lacked the courage to advance, and stood trembling and blushing on the threshold.

How long she would have stood there it is impossible to tell; but kind eyes were on the watch, and presently Miss Thornhill quietly rose from her place.

"Come, my dear," she said, taking Jennet's hand in a protecting clasp, "you shall sit next to me this morning, and to-morrow you will be in good time, I hope. Mrs. Mayfield will forgive you to-day."

Charlotte Ashley did her best to set a titter going; but Miss Thornhill looked around her in such a commanding way that the faint laughter instantly died. Moreover, some of the girls were kindly-natured enough to feel a little sorry for the timid stranger; and, after all, the dreaded ordeal passed off better than might have been expected.

When they rose from the table, Jennet still kept close to her protectress, and walked beside her through the corridor that led to the schoolroom.

"I will try to get up early to-morrow morning," she whispered, "but, Miss Thornhill, I think they might have roused me."

"You must learn to rouse yourself, my child," replied her friend. "Don't depend on other people; be self-reliant and independent. When others see that you can do without them they will respect you."

Jennet promised eagerly that she would do her best—her very best, and it was evident that she set about her studies that day with a determination to conquer all difficulties. The subdued murmur of the school voices at first distracted her attention from her tasks; but she had a strong will, and struggled to concentrate her thoughts on the pages before her. It was noticeable that she steadily averted her eyes from the seat where Charlotte Ashley sat; and that young lady, piqued at being so entirely ignored, began to devise plans for stinging the new girl into discomposure.

"Take care, Charlotte," said Miss Thornhill, before that day was ended. "There was never yet a tormentor whose instruments were not turned against himself at last."

And Charlotte, although she tried to smile at the warning, flushed a little, and looked uneasy as the teacher turned away.

(*To be continued.*)

BACK OF SWISS WAIST.

DRESS: IN SEASON AND IN REASON.

By A LADY DRESSMAKER.

THE hue of the season for millinery is decidedly green, and as the season advances this taste shows no sign of alteration nor revision. The shades of green used seem to be innumerable, yet they may be all called spring-like, not the reddish autumn-like hues of the later summer. Moss-green, with its immense varieties of tone—from yellow gold to a dark apple-like hue—is in the highest favour, and the newest departure of all consists in the blossoms, which partake of the green which is so much used—mignonette, hops, lime-blossoms, catkins of willow, ivy leaves of different shades, and the tiny twigs of young fir, which appear to be quite a novelty. But although green is so universally worn, even when in two shades, it cannot be considered universally becoming; and above some faces it produces a perfectly disastrous effect of contrast. The rage for feathers, tips, and aigrettes seems unabated, but probably before June opens upon us we shall see that flowers have dethroned them; and, indeed, there are already prophecies to that effect. Also, that the flowers will be mounted like an aigrette, with the stems showing; which latter will be tied with bows and ends of ribbon.

Veils are still very small and thin, and beaded nets are preferred to a silk spot. White veils will very likely be seen again, when the warm weather comes in; and all colours in net veiling are seen, selected respectively to match different bonnets. I must not end without a mention of the new gauze and canvas ribbons for millinery and dress trimmings. These are endless in variety, and will certainly be very economical additions to our toilettes, as both hats and bonnets can be trimmed with them at very small expense. Hats or "toques" made of dress material are much worn, but are different in style, as now the material is stretched over the shape as a plain covering, the brim being a puffing of velvet, and bias folds of velvet or a canvas scarf form the only outside trimming. Some of these *écru* canvas scarves, with Eastern embroidery or Oriental-looking stripes, are very pretty, and will be much used on summer hats. When ribbon is worn as a trimming on either hats or bonnets, the loops are set upright—aigrette-like—and the ends of the ribbon are forked and stand up likewise. Coloured straw bonnets and hats are to be seen in great numbers, but the newest bonnets are of string and cord, dyed in all hues; and bonnets made of braid, many of which have gold and silver threads intermixed.

The Parisian milliners have brought out some bonnets made in imitation of the Canadian birch bark, embroidered in coloured porcupine quills—a startling departure, but still much resembling the kid bonnets brought out by the same authors a few seasons ago. The prevailing shape seems to be the pointed shape which we know as the "Olivia," which is both picturesque and becoming when it is simple and not trimmed extravagantly. Very pretty ladylike bonnets are made of woollen lace, put flat over a coloured foundation, with velvet bows and strings.

The new parasols and *en tout cas* are principally in *écru*, and in shades of red and wine colour. The former are generally covered with lace, and this idea will, I know, be seized by our quick-witted girls, as the *écru* parasols of last year can be easily trimmed with inexpensive lace to look well both as *écru* and red ones. Black parasols can also be trimmed with red lace as well as black. The handles form the most remarkable items in this year's productions. We have apples and pears, and oranges; "in fact, all kinds of vegetables, except potatoes," an impatient gentleman friend assured me the other day. But the case is not quite so bad, though rather near it.

I have spoken in a recent article about canvas materials, so I need not enter largely upon it, excepting to advise that the cheap materials of this class should be passed by, and care taken to secure an all wool fabric, not too open and not too stiff in texture. When really carefully chosen, a canvas as closely woven as "bison-cloth," for instance, wears and looks very well for a long time. All the thin materials introduced this year will be found most useful for "doing-up" dresses; and the Swiss belt made in velvet, which is selected as our month's pattern, will make old or half-worn bodices tidy again. The rolled-over collar can also be used; many of the newest Parisian costumes have it as a novelty. With a canvas dress such velvet trimmings are very suitable, and at one of the West-end shops I have just seen an *écru* canvas made up over a *grenat* velvet skirt, the bodice having a *grenat* velvet waistcoat with a rolled-over collar of the same velvet; of course, a thin make of velveteen can be used in all the cases which I have mentioned. In fact, some of the newest velveteens can hardly be distinguished from velvets, they are so supple, and of such excellent dyes and manufacture.

NEW INDOOR GOWNS.

CATAGAN HEADDRESS.

In cotton materials it appears that ginghams, zephyrs, and the new cotton *crêpes* are the textiles of the season. The former favourite sateen, which of late years has been so universally liked, is hardly seen; while prints and cretonnes are nowhere. There is much at which to be pleased in the selection of ginghams and zephyrs as the summer fabric, for they have a slight wiriness which prevents their becoming as tumbled and creased as sateen after a short period of use; and a careful girl will be able to wear her gingham dress, with care and re-ironing, to the end of the season, without washing or cleaning. Zephyr is a thinner variety of gingham, and it is tufted with tiny threads of colour, or of white; also arranged in loops as well.

Stripes are seen in every material, a favourite method in silks being three or four stripes of different colours woven in the fabric, just as if rows of velvet ribbon had been sewn on to it. Silk grounds are more used this season than satin ones in good materials. The new brocaded silks are made in very small patterns, and these are made in a novel manner, as if they were worked on the silk or satin foundation.

I must not neglect the subject of mantles this month. There are two kinds: the very large, that are really cloaks; and the very small, that are mantelets, with ends in front, very short backs, and very nearly an entire sleeve. Of the mantelets there are several shapes—the bell sleeves and bag sleeves dividing the day. The collars are very high and stand up, and the usual material seems to be grenadine and canvas; many mantles being lined in bright yellow or red, trimmed with woollen lace, with balls of beads or wool hung about in its folds. Mantelets to match the dress are also

COLLAR OF VELVET, WITH BLACK LACE LAPPET.

worn, and all the new shoulder capes, that are very large, come rather below the waist, and are tied in at the back.

All the new cloth jackets are exceedingly plain, and so are ulsters; the latter being double-breasted. *Frisé* woollen materials, both in black and colour, are used for long mantles; and there are some new *vigognes* also, with patterns of indistinct outlines on them in a different colour from the foundation—such as red with grey designs, blue with copper-coloured, dark green and brown, etc. This *vigogne* is not a heavy material, and the cloaks are lined with silk, shot with the two colours in a brighter shade, and the trimming used is yak lace.

I have spoken of the wide neckbands, and have endeavoured to illustrate patterns of the newest bodices in the two figures in indoor costume. The beaded edge which surrounds the first bodice consists of beads strung on a thick cord. This bodice represents the method of putting on a full plastron, with a jet ornament at the waist. The bodice given last month is suitable for both these styles of trimming. The waistcoat and band for the neck in the second figure are of velvet, the trimmings being black or coloured beadings.

The small collar illustrated can be manufactured by any of my readers. It is of velvet, with fancy beadings mounted on it of jet or metal. The lining should be of a stiff buckram, which all the new collars require to keep them in place. It fastens with two hooks and loops; the lace lappet is gathered to form the shape.

The "catagan" is the last new thing in hairdressing, and is not difficult to arrange after a little practice. The hair is first tied together at the nape of the neck, and then the rest of the ends are rolled smoothly up underneath, and tied with the ribbon which is run through the roll. The hair is curled at the top of the head. This method of dressing the hair, if it becomes general, will make a change in the high bonnets worn at present, which do not answer well with it.

The new sleeves are longer than they were for day wear, but in the evening the half-long sleeve is as much worn as ever. The new cuffs have the trimming and point on the inner side of the arm, and not on the outside seam.

Skirts are very generally box-plaited, the new box-plaiting consisting of plaits about four or five inches wide with a very shallow turn-under plait at either side, and the edges of the plaits touch at the right side. The tunics being so very long, all skirts are much covered up. Tucks are used for flounces, and also for the finishing of the full skirts under the tunics. All the back drapery of skirts has changed its appearance from extreme puffiness and bunchiness to long straight lines, or looped-up folds, which form a bag-like drapery, one corner of which hangs down instead of being caught up to the waist.

Cotton dresses, by which I mean zephyrs, ginghams, sateens, etc., will be worn with the Swiss belt this season, made in velvet to match or contrast with the dress. A collar and cuffs of velvet may also be added, and small epaulettes at the top, or a very deep one like a second upper sleeve. The tunic has a long point in front, and two points behind. Some of the sleeves of zephyr dresses are cut on the cross.

The Swiss bodice has been selected for our paper pattern this month, as it forms such a stylish and useful addition to the dress of a young girl. The bodice laces behind, as shown in our illustration, and the bodice beneath is slightly full. Our pattern (which will be sent by post for one shilling postal order sent to the Lady Dressmaker, care of Mr. H. G. Davies, 73, Ludgate-hill, London) is cut, like all those sent out, without turnings; and, consequently, can be enlarged or taken in by adding them or not, as required. It is in seven pieces, front and back of bodice; belt, half of Swiss belt, collar, cuff, and sleeve. The bodice will require about two yards and a half of material, twenty-four inches wide. The Swiss belt and the collar and cuffs—if these are also made of velvet or velveteen—will require a yard of material of the same width. The Swiss belt should have a buckram lining to keep it stiff, and the front and backs will require whalebone. The eyelet holes for lacing should be made with silk twist, and the lacing can be at the back or front of the dress.

If the slightly full sleeve of this pattern be not liked, the sleeve of last month's bodice can be used instead. The full sleeve is pretty for a young girl's use. The notches in the paper patterns should be carefully observed. The under seam of the sleeve should be placed at the notch in the bodice armhole. There is no seam in the back of the bodice; the material should be folded lengthwise before it is cut. It is, perhaps, needless to say that the fronts of the bodice are cut lengthwise also, and the fronts of the Swiss belt placed to the selvedge.

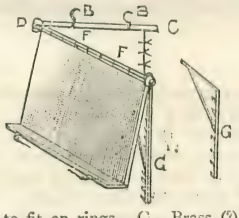
The hems of a bodice in front are allowed about two inches wide. They should be turned down before the bodice is cut out, and the pattern laid on them. Allow one inch on the shoulders, one inch and a half under the arms, and three-quarters of an inch on the back and side; form seams for turnings. The bodice of the pattern given may be lined, and the material and lining made together; or it may be made up unlined, in cotton materials, and a plain thick bodice of white cotton worn underneath for additional warmth.

OUR FRATERNAL SOCIETY.

By DORA HOPE.

Subject of Discussion.—The Writing Table.

Our subject—writing tables—produced a good deal of discussion at our meeting last night, as there was some difference of opinion as to the best form of table, and still more as to what a properly fitted one should contain. At last we came to the amicable conclusion that it is impossible to furnish a table so as to suit all tastes. Everybody has their own idiosyncrasies, and must act accordingly. Mr. Danby gave us a description of one his father always uses, and we were of one mind that, for a literary man, or a doctor, or anyone with a great deal of business correspondence, it was a model of convenience.



B.—Hooks to fit on rings. C.—Brass (?) rod. D.—Strong hinge. E.—Ledge for books and slips to keep them open. F.F.—Hinge on bar. Rack for raising and lowering book-rest.

The lower part is like an ordinary large Davenport, with a bookcase standing on it, against the wall. In the middle of this case is a door, which, instead of having hinges at the side, has them at the bottom, so that it falls forward on to the table, forming a convenient sloping desk, and revealing inside a set of small drawers of various sizes, one fitted with compartments for different stamps; the others containing string, indiarubber, penknife, scissors, new pens, paper-clips, and all the other small but indispensable adjuncts to a writing table. These drawers do not fill up the whole space covered by the door, a small portion being left for pigeon-holes; a large one at the right hand side contains a substantial inkpot on a little sliding shelf, which can be pulled out when in use; the others hold a gum bottle, pincushion, memorandum tablet, and a few other articles.

A brass staple is fixed in the middle of the bookcase on either side of this central space, to which when required a book-rest can be hooked to place books on from which extracts are being made. It is simply a leather-covered ledge on which to rest the book, fixed to a brass arm with a rack, so that it can be raised and lowered at pleasure, and entirely removed when not in use.

At one side of the bookcase, round the corner, another jointed arm is fixed bearing a lamp, so that, in the daytime, or when not in use, it can be turned right away like the book-rest; the lamp can be raised and lowered at will, and is very carefully shaded, so as to cast a light upon the paper or book, and not into the owner's eyes. Mr. Danby says great care is needed to keep the lamp well cleaned and trimmed—in fact, Mrs. Danby attends to it herself, as otherwise there is a disagreeable smell of oil and a bad light.

If a writing table is for the convenience of several persons, Mr. Danby strongly recommends a chair which can be raised or lowered, like a music stool, as so much of the comfort of a proper writing table depends upon having a seat of a convenient height. As no one but himself uses his own table, he does not require this arrangement, but has a chair of the height he requires, on a swivel, so that he can turn it in any direction. The great comfort of this contrivance will be fully appre-

ciated, without any description, by those accustomed to write surrounded by papers and books of reference, and who know with what a strange perversity the particular paper one wants is always just where it cannot possibly be reached without getting up from one's chair.

At the right-hand side of Mr. Danby's table, on the floor, is a waste paper basket, and on the left one of those delightfully convenient, four-sided bookcases, resting upon a central pedestal fitted with a swivel, so that it revolves at a touch, and enables the reader to take out books from any side of it without altering his position.

Our doctor gave us a few remarks on the value of a sloping desk for writing; he says children should never be allowed to write with their paper on a flat table. It is most important that they should sit upright when writing, and in order to make this possible the desk at which they write should be carefully adjusted, both as to slope and height, so as to suit each child. He gave us an alarming list of diseases, beginning with curvature of the spine, and ending with brain disease and death, either wholly caused, or greatly aggravated, by neglect of these precautions. He says the poor children in board schools are much better treated in this respect than those in private schools, for their health is seriously taken into consideration, while richer children are expected to write for hours every day with chairs and tables so arranged that they must in any case become round-shouldered and stooping, even if more serious consequences do not appear. The desk should have a slope of about fifteen degrees; more than that is uncomfortable. The chair has almost as much to do with stooping as the desk, and should be as carefully regulated.

Father brought in an old writing desk of his to show the society. The edges are bound with brass, and it has elaborately ornamented keyholes and handles. There is always a peculiar fragrance about these ancient desks, partly, I suppose, from our forefathers' fondness for Tonquin beans in them; and partly, perhaps, a "fragrance of old associations" in the shape of faded love letters written on the large letter paper of olden days and worded in a style of such ceremonious and respectful courteousness that they make one feel ashamed of the hasty and ill-expressed notes we write nowadays. But the great charm of these old desks are the secret drawers, without which none was ever considered complete. Patent locks have done away with the necessity of these hiding-places, and though we lose the charm of mystery, we modern letter writers certainly gain in convenience. There is no need to describe father's desk, for everybody knows the style, with the inner side of the lid crossed by braids, fastened by brass nails, for holding folded papers; and the two brass sockets, into which fit little brass candlesticks, and a little bottle like a pepper-box for sand to shake over the writing in the "good old days" before blotting paper was invented.

Having properly admired the old desk, we turned to the first of the "contents" of the writing table, and naturally took paper as the most important.

There was no need for Mr. Danby to tell us that the name came from "papyrus;" but he went on to tell how paper is made, which I had quite forgotten, though I am sure I must often have heard.

It was made at first, he said, only of linen rags, but these soon became insufficient, and other rags had to be used; indeed, now England cannot supply rags enough of any sort, and great quantities are imported. During the cholera scare last summer, several shiploads coming from the Continent were stopped, as it was thought they might bring the germs of cholera. But the manufacture of paper has increased so greatly that now even this large foreign supply of rags is only sufficient to make the very best paper; the cheaper kinds, including almost all printing paper, is made of Esparto grass, sawdust, chopped straw, and various other things.

The rags when collected have to be sorted and cut into small pieces after the seams and buttons have been taken off. They are then washed and bleached with chemicals, and torn to shreds by machines with sets of revolving teeth. This is done over and over again until the rags are reduced to pulp. Up to this point the rags have all been treated alike, but now the pulp is differently handled according to the kind of paper to be made. The chief difference is in the quantity of "size" to be mixed with the pulp. The effect this has is easily seen by comparing a sheet of blotting paper, which contains no size at all, with the common kinds of printing paper, such as that of which newspapers are made, which contains a very little size, or with a sheet of good writing paper, which has a great deal.

But the quantity of size does not make the only difference. Paper is said to be either "laid" or "wove." The pulp is strained into a mould the size of an uncut sheet of paper, which for "wove" paper has a bottom of wire gauze, like a sieve, while the best quality of writing paper is made in a sieve in which the wires are stretched in one direction only, about 15 or 20 in an inch, with bars of thin wood crossing them at intervals. Mr. Danby showed us the difference by holding up two sheets of paper to the light, one a sheet of good note paper, with the lines in it all going one way; the other printing paper, marked all over with the wire gauze (it was a sheet of the G. O. P. we looked at). He called our attention, too, to the water-mark on the writing paper. This, he says, is made by having the required device made of thin wire, and sewn on to the wires at the bottom of the mould, and as the water is gradually drained off, and the filaments of the paper gradually combine or "felt" themselves together, that which lies over the wire device becomes thinned and more transparent than the surrounding paper. Paper is made in large sheets and cut down to the required size; the very best writing papers have several watermarks on the mould, so that there will be one on each sheet of note paper when cut up; but all but the most expensive kinds have only one mark for the full sheet.

The paper is turned out from the mould on to sheets of felt, which are piled one upon another and subjected to heavy pressure, and the final process of glazing is completed by repeated pressings between hot rollers.

Blotting paper is all made of rags, but has no size, and is only slightly rolled on one side.

A curious story is told of the origin of the name "foolscap" paper. Cromwell's parliament were annoyed that all the paper they used should bear as a water-mark the royal arms, the result of its having been given as a monopoly to one of the king's followers, as a means of raising money; and as they were anxious to cast ignominy on all the monopolies the king had granted, they ordered that henceforward all the paper made for parliamentary journals should have, instead of the royal arms, a water-mark representing a fool's cap and bells. This was removed when the parliament was prorogued, but paper of that particular size still bears the name of "foolscap."

From the subject of paper we naturally passed on to ink and writing utensils.

Tom told us that registrars are instructed always to use black ink, and to allow the writing to dry without using blotting-paper, as it is of great importance that their entries should not fade.

What is called Indian ink is more durable than any we make. It really comes from China, and has a Chinese inscription in gold letters on each stick; the best kind is delicately scented. We do not know what kind of ink the old Egyptians used, but it was wonderfully durable, for in many of the mummy cases rolls have been found with the writing still quite legible after the lapse of thousands of years. Probably, like Indian ink, it was more of a paint than real ink, and in any case they would not use steel pens, which are said to have a bad effect upon ink, and make it less durable than when quills are used.

Common black ink is made of oak galls, gum arabic, copperas (or vitriol), and water. The galls are powdered, and mixed with chopped straw to prevent them forming a stiff paste. This is put into a vat, with a tap at the bottom for drawing off the liquid. The paste is washed with slightly warmed water to extract the tannin, and after this is drawn off, crystallised green vitriol is added, and then gum. It is exposed to the air till the liquid attains the desired black colour, and it is then drawn off and bottled; some makers hasten the process by the addition of logwood.

Coloured inks are made by different processes; red ink is got from a decoction of Brazil wood, thickened with gum and alum; violet is made by adding tin crystals and alum to a strong decoction of logwood.

Tom also told us that if we wished to write anything to last a very long time we could manage it by rubbing down a little Indian ink, and adding it to common black ink; it must not be too thick, just thin enough to flow from the pen.

Mr. Jowitt had been looking up our last subject, pens, and though he always professes not to feel any interest in Mr. Danby's pet subject, derivations, he could not help remarking how much one may learn of the changes in our social habits and the progress of civilisation from the names of common things. Nowadays not one person in a thousand ever uses a quill, yet not only does the word pen itself mean a feather, but in all but the most modern dictionaries, the description of a pen is given as "a feather prepared for writing."

It was only in 1820 that Joseph Gillott invented steel pens fit for common use. There were a few before that time, but they were clumsy and expensive, and it was some years later before they came into general use.

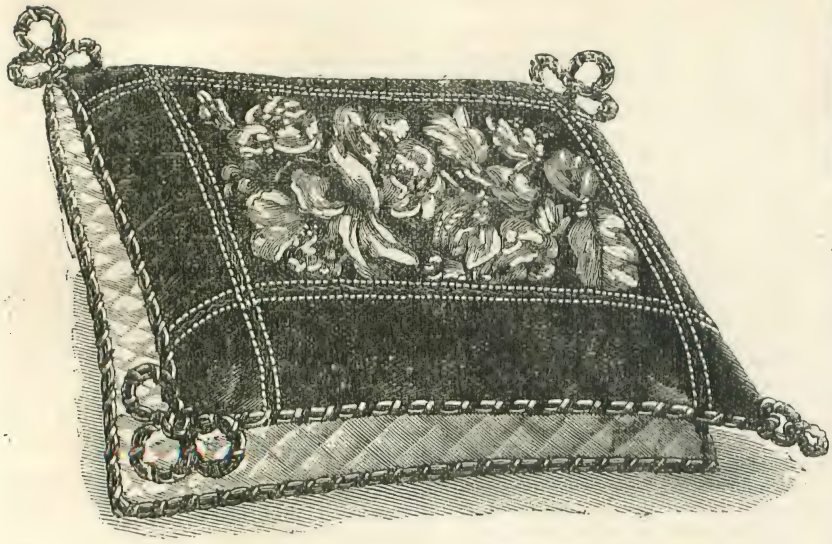
The manufacture of nibs is wonderfully delicate. So many processes have to be gone through before the sheets of metal, eight feet long, are cut into strips, stamped out, annealed and shaped, tempered and polished, ground and coloured, and finally sorted and packed, that each pen we use is really a model of workmanship.

Mr. Jowitt pointed out to us how each pen has an oblong hole in the middle of it, with a central slit running from it to the point. The making of this last slit is the most delicate operation of the whole, for the value of the pen depends on it, and as it is done nearly the last, if it is not exactly right all the labour bestowed on the pen up to that point is lost.

We had meant to talk about all the other contents of a writing table, but our time was gone, so we closed our meeting after having one or two brief remarks from Margaret about gum, which, she says, has almost superseded the sealing-wax and wafers of olden days. She says that she read in an American paper lately that gum arabic comes almost exclusively from the Soudan, and that, owing to the operations of the Mahdi, none has been received for more than a year past. It is a resinous substance, exuding from a kind of acacia, the same, it is believed, that Moses used in the wilderness for the ark.

(To be continued.)

USEFUL NOVELTIES IN FANCY WORK.

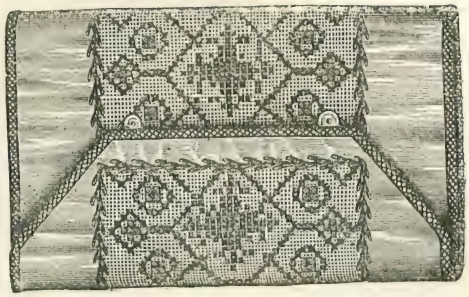


HANDKERCHIEF SACHET IN PLUSH EMBROIDERY.

THE present taste in fancy needlework appears to me more in the direction of articles to decorate the house, than in the way of wearing apparel, or personal ornament. This affords a pleasant change for those who have to make presents to friends, for they have less difficulty in choosing what they shall give. When it is a matter only of the decoration of a room, they have only to think of, and find out, the newest and prettiest thing, and make that if they can. In these days of bridal presents, the girl who owns clever and industrious fingers is indeed fortunate, for she is able to save herself much expense, and fortunately there yet remain many people who prefer the home-made, and considerate gift, to that which merely shows that the giver has plenty of money, and generosity enough to spend it on her friends.

My first illustration is a suitable gift for a bride, being a handkerchief sachet, the materials of which are plush of the golden brownish hue known as "seal," with bands of narrow gold braid, or a fancy galloon, laid across it. The centre is ornamented with cretonne embroidery; the flowers cut out, and *appliqué* with button-hole stitch round the edges—in coloured silks; the edges are bordered with a rich cord of gold-colour, and parti-coloured red silks; and the inside is lined with quilted canary or gold-coloured satin.

DRAPED BASKET FOR WASTE PAPER.



WORK OR NEEDLE CASE IN CROSS STITCH

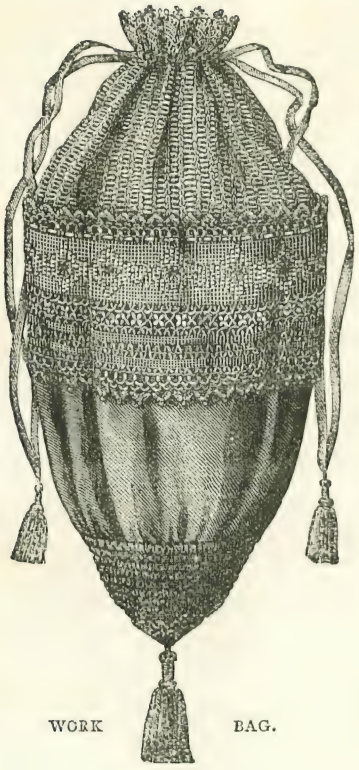
The prevailing fancy for draping doors, windows, mantelshelves, and bookcases has extended itself to nearly every other small article which is used in drawing or dining-rooms. The illustration of a draped waste-paper basket shows this idea very well; and as drapery is now used for covering flower-pots, a design can be taken from this illustration. The material employed may be plush, velvet, satin, sheeting, or cretonne—in fact, any material, even to Madras muslin, which you like to use for the extra small decorations of your drawing or dining room. The two pieces of material selected are straight and unshaped, enough depth being left to make them into plaitings at the lower edge, which is caught up, as shown in our illustration, by a tassel of wool or silk. Similar tassels are used at the sides. The waste-paper basket is lined with silk or sateen arranged in folds; but in decorating a flower-pot, only the outside covering would be needed, of course; and it is usually put on with a gathering string round the inside, and folds between the pot and the flower-pot. The embroidery may be in silks, crewels, or cretonne *appliqué* with silks.

The small work or needle case shown in our design is of cross-stitch on canvas, the foundation being of dark blue watered-silk ribbon, of the exact width required. The worked strip of canvas is laid on this and sewn down in feather stitch, the edges are ornamented with a cord, and the inside is furnished with pockets and needle-leaves of flannel. We have lately seen these cases used for covers to the purchased needle-books, which are slipped inside an elastic band.

The great popularity of wall decorations in the shape of bags, fans, or baskets, has led to the lavishing of all kinds of pretty thoughts upon them. The wall pocket shown in our design has a basket for foundation, the bag below being of red silk, with a red silk band and gold lace laid over it round the centre; gold-coloured ribbon bows, and cords.

The work bag is intended for knitting, and is carried as of yore, on the arm. It is of blue silk, gathered several times round the point before the tassel is put

WALL POCKET, OR BASKET FOR WORK.



WORK BAG.

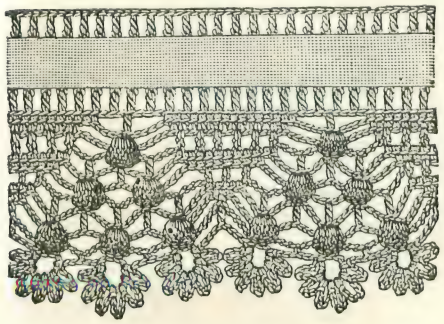
on. The band is of *guipure* work, the upper part of coarse crochet work, in which style the whole may be carried out, if preferred. But now that the *guipure* work is so moderate in price, many people prefer to buy it.

The crochet edging on plain braid can be copied without difficulty, as it is very clearly designed. It is suitable to trim children's pinafores, or their woollen frocks, when carried out in wool, in which case the braid must be of wool also.

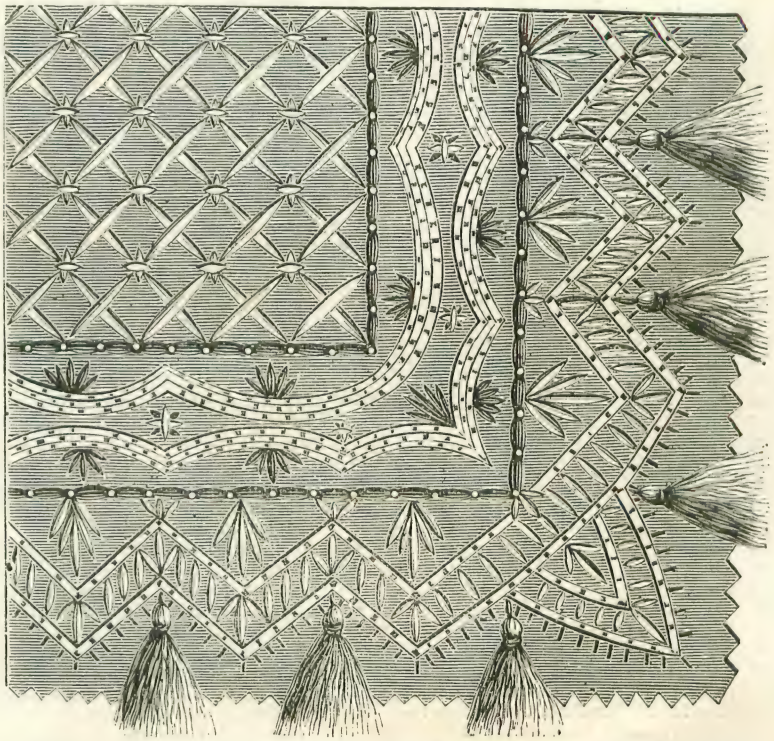
The newest "chair-backs" are so small, and occupy so little space on the back of the chair or sofa, that they are really more like mats than anything else. Indeed, the one illustrated will answer for a tiny table-cover, mat, or chair-back, according to the size you choose to make it. The materials are plush and ribbon, or plush and any handsome silk material which can be cut to advantage, to form stripes. The fringe is chosen to match. All Eastern combinations of colour are chosen for these new chair-backs. They should be rich and dark in hue and material.

TABLE MAT OR CHAIR-BACK OF PLUSH AND RIBBON OR BROCHE.

The next illustration is also a chair-back. The foundation may be of cloth or velvet. The design is fully given and may be traced off without difficulty. This coarse embroidery makes delightful work for those whose eyes are weak, or for the old and the invalid. There is scope enough for individuality, while there is sufficient guidance to prevent fatigue. The silks used are coarse purse, or crewel silks, or else wools; and the braids may be chosen to match the silks. The foundation may be of red, and the silks and braids of gold-colour.



CROCHET EDGING.



CHAIR BACK IN CLOTH OR VELVET, WITH EMBROIDERY IN FANCY STITCHES AND BRAID.

THE RESULT OF OUR PRIZE COMPETITION.

THE ALPHABETICAL SENTENCE.

OUR ALPHABETICAL COMPETITION may well be called a most successful one, showing, as it does, evidence of much and careful thought on the part of our girls of all ages, and, in certain cases, some little research, to discover and verify the proper names used, taken from the Scriptures, profane history, biography, and travels. Some of the sentences are amusing and quaint, but the great majority lack the necessary good sense, and so have been rejected. Several of the competition papers are illuminated with much care and taste, and many have endeavoured to make their phrases distinctly religious by adding a sentence for every letter, with references to the Bible, giving chapter and verse for each. One of our kindly readers glorifies our paper as follows:—

"My G. O. P. by far excels any other quaint and zealous journal I know."

Girls from all parts of the world—the East and West Indies, New Zealand, Tasmania, Australia, United States, Greece, Turkey, Canada, Russia, France, Spain, Portugal, and Syria—have competed, making in all 3,262 competitors. One widow lady of seventy-four sends a sentence of eleven words, and some of the cleverest papers—judging from the writing—appear to come from very young readers as well as grown-up ones. One gentleman intrudes into our competition, and we regret that its terms forbid our offering him a prize. It will be seen that some words are common to many of the sentences—*i.e.*, "quickly," "vexing," "Jabez" and "Jozabad," "zephyrs" and "Zenobia." One quite unexpected result of this competition has been the amount of research that has resulted from the care bestowed upon it.

The following table shows the proportion of competitors and sentences:—

5	words..	..	47	40	words..	..	2
6	,,	.. ..	238	41	,,	.. ..	1
7	,,	.. ..	284	42	,,	.. ..	2
8	,,	.. ..	276	43	,,	.. ..	1
9	,,	.. ..	265	44	,,	.. ..	0
10	,,	.. ..	246	45	,,	.. ..	1
11	,,	.. ..	200	46	,,	.. ..	0
12	,,	.. ..	197	47	,,	.. ..	1
13	,,	.. ..	154	48	,,	.. ..	1
14	,,	.. ..	148	49	,,	.. ..	0
15	,,	.. ..	113	50	,,	.. ..	0
16	,,	.. ..	106	51	,,	.. ..	0
17	,,	.. ..	113	52	,,	.. ..	0
18	,,	.. ..	82	53	,,	.. ..	1
19	,,	.. ..	64	54	,,	.. ..	0
20	,,	.. ..	59	55	,,	.. ..	1
21	,,	.. ..	48	56	,,	.. ..	0
22	,,	.. ..	39	57	,,	.. ..	1
23	,,	.. ..	27	58	,,	.. ..	1
24	,,	.. ..	23	59	,,	.. ..	0
25	,,	.. ..	23	60	,,	.. ..	0
26	,,	.. ..	17	61	,,	.. ..	0
27	,,	.. ..	14	62	,,	.. ..	0
28	,,	.. ..	16	63	,,	.. ..	1
29	,,	.. ..	11	64	,,	.. ..	0
30	,,	.. ..	9	65	,,	.. ..	0
31	,,	.. ..	6	66	,,	.. ..	1
32	,,	.. ..	9	67	,,	.. ..	0
33	,,	.. ..	7	68	,,	.. ..	1
34	,,	.. ..	3	69	,,	.. ..	0
35	,,	.. ..	5	70	,,	.. ..	1
36	,,	.. ..	2	151	,,	.. ..	1
37	,,	.. ..	6				
38	,,	.. ..	1	Total		..	3,262
39	,,	.. ..	2				

We subjoin a few of the most ingenious and amusing for the benefit of our readers:—

"Wexford quickly hampers vagrant Jabez."
"Wafting zephyrs quickly vexed Jumbo."
"Zouaves quickly exhibit jumping dwarfs."
"Pensive Jozabad quickly forgot Wrexham."
"Pinkham! Swiftly conquer vexing Badajoz."
"Vexing Joseph Bamford waltzes quickly."
"Stephen Maxwell quickly forgave Jozabad."
"Thyrza, improve Jacques' folding workbox."
"Expert Jozabad himself quickly weaving."
"Quixote foaming visibly, Zophar's jackdaw."

SIX WORDS IN THE SENTENCE.

Several containing six words are quite perfect sentences. Of these, we must mention—

"Jonadab quickly follows Thirza's loving example."
"Xavier's zebra jumped quickly without falling."
"Jezebel, shrewd viven, quickly forgave temper."
"Joseph's frenzy quickly vexed William Gilbert."
"James Fenwick vexed mother playing bezique."
"Fritz's waggery quickly vexed Bumpkin John."
"Jabez quickly brought Vixen's famous powders."
"Blazing squibs vex mother's playful jackdaw."
"Quick! Behold twelve crazy foxes jumping."
"Judge quickly betwixt five crazy shopmen."
"Moving quickly forward, Ajax beholds Zutphen."

LIST OF PRIZE WINNERS

The following will each receive a copy of Vol. V., or any other volume preferred, of THE GIRL'S OWN ANNUAL for having introduced the whole of the alphabet into a "generally sensible" sentence or sentences of five words:—

Blake, Alice Mary, Guildford.
Ross, Chrissie, Montrose, N.B.
Battiscombe, Marian E., Leytonstone.
Eliz. C. Cazalet, India.
Tweedie, Isabella, Edinburgh.
Petschler, Elise, Rusholme, Manchester.
Pimlott, Margaret, Northwick, Cheshire.
Negroponte, Hypatia, Liverpool.
Porter, Caroline M., South Hampstead.
Williams, Emily M., West Gravesend.
Burman, Florence, Isle of Man.
Pringle, Minnie Helen, Broughty Ferry.
Howarth, Eliza Ann, Rochdale.
Lane, Ellen Sarah, Clifton, Bristol.
Nye, Ivy, St. John's.
McNab, Ellenor M., Preston, Lancashire.
Clements, Beatrice, Cootehill, co. Cavan.
Spice, Martha Drusilla, Brighton.
Tinniswood, Lucie, Brixton, S.W.
Negroponte, Angelique, Liverpool.
Haughton, E. S., South Stockton-on-Tees.
Hennell, Maude, Forrest-hill.
Rose, Agnes, Ottawa, Canada.
Fry, Annie, Long Ashton, Bristol.
Nicholl, Amy, Ashton Keynes, Wiltshire.
Sayers, Emily, Uxbridge-road, W.

SECOND LIST OF PRIZE WINNERS.

Six words only used.

A copy of the volume, "A Crown of Flowers," being poems and pictures collected from the pages of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, will be sent to each of the undermentioned:—

Petschler, Elsie, Rusholme, Manchester.
Heynes, Annie, Crofton Hall.
Myles, E. A., Forfar, N.B.
Winter, Mary, Dyke, Forres, N.B.
Blandford, M., Salisbury.
Cullen, Jessie N. D., Camden-square, N.W.
Appelbee, Alice Edith, Warwick.
Horden, Beatrice, Notting-hill, London, W.
Tunbridge, Frances Annie, West Bromwich.
Whyte, Margaret Jane, St. Johnston.
Sampson, Alice, St. Peter's-park.
Smith, Mabel, Clapham.
Partridge, Helen M., Stratford St. Mary.
Wheeler, Ethel, Passy, Paris.
Poole, Lizzie, Preston.
Bobart, Mary Eth., Leicester.
Taylor, Alice, Windermere.
Nichols, Kate, Castra, Tasmania.
Walker, Emily, Whitehaven.
Taylor, Jeannie, Melbourne.
Martin, Martha, Montreal, Canada.
Hardy, Edith, Brunswick, Melbourne.
Hicks, Caroline, Buckingham.
Staughton, E. S., South Stockton.
Grundy, Gertrude, Stratford-on-Avon.
O'Fflahertie, Jessie M. S., Capel, Surrey.
Wild, Eveline Maud, Brondesbury.
Miles, Edith, Brighton.
Hull, Alice, Southgate, N.
Paterson, Annie Dewar, Midlothian.
Lee, Mary L. Gwendoline, Lambeth, S.E.
Oliver, Gertrude, The Brook, Liverpool.
Sweetlove, Alice Docwra, St. Leonards.
Harwood, Clara, Wokingham, Berks.
Poreman, Charlotte Isabel, Cork.
Ellison, Frances Eth., Shillelagh.
Hodgson, Edith, Headingly, Leeds.
Foster, Harriet, Attleborough.
Burton, Annie, Ellerby, Holderness.
Smith, H. Olive, Dunmow, Essex.
McCosh, Martha D., Dabry, Ayrshire.
Krall, Katherine, South Lambeth-road.
Long, Clara Lydia, Godalming.
Le Messurier, Louisa, Guernsey.
Roberts, Grace, Hobart, Tasmania.
Sutherland, Isabella Bruce, Fordown.
Hopkins, Eleanor Felicia, Queensland.
Honiss, Louisa, Mauritius.
Morgan, Rose Gertrude, Ampthill-square.
Stevens, Elizabeth B., Horncastle.
Legg, Sarah, Lynnwood, Clapham Park.
Govett, Christina L., Richmond, Surrey.
Sinden, Mary Ann, St. Leonards-on-Sea.
Baker, Grace E., Ore, Hastings.
Crawshaw, Constance G., Filey, Yorkshire.
Atkinson, Millicent Lavinia, Oldham.
Langford, Eleanor, Rudford, Gloucester.
Orme, Frances Mary, Garnett, Skipton.
Purves, Jeannie, Berwick-on-Tweed.
Hanson, Emma Jane, Bingley, Yorkshire.
Cook, Amelia Florence, Clevedon.
East, Rosa, Westbourne Park.
Levi, Alice, Dalston.
Ogle, Gertrude, King's Lynn.
Jones, C. A. C., Craven Hill Gardens.
Silcock, Mary F., Bath.
Allwright, Grace, Ealing, W.
Wynne, Francis A. M., Collon, Ireland.
Williams, Maria, Milton.
Field, Florence A., Silcoates Hall.
Scott, Alice C. C., Hillhead, Glasgow.
Stubbs, Martha, Breary, Bramhope, Leeds.
Phypers, Catherine S., Hadstock Hall.
Mostyn, Mary Hughes, Northampton.
Middlemost, Kathleen R., Edgerton.
Fleming, Sarah M., Allahabad, India.
Major, Dorothy W. F., Croydon.
Appleby, Emily, York.
Faith, Hilda Mary, West Dulwich.
Tindale, Lavinia, Worthing, Sussex.
Joynt, Dorcas C., Collon.
Walker, Adelaide, Sheerness.
Astbury, Clara Hinsley, Shifnal, Salop.
Whittaker, Edith Eleanor, Greasbro'.
Pound, Emily Rosa, St. Goran.
Beale, Agnes, Tiverton.
Wood, Ada, Holloway.
Trickett, L., Leeds.
McLeish, Maggie, Wooler Alnwick.
Nash, Amy, Peckham.
Cotten, Bertha Ellen, Sandwich.
Hepper, Emily Clara, Headingly.
Cottart, Emily, Liverpool.
Morton, Kate, Tynemouth.
Morton, Maggie, Tynemouth.
Clark, Annie Edith, Clapham.
Cowley, Lina, Stoke Newington.
Milton, Mary, Lanark.
Mounsey, Bessie, Borough.
Biddle, Jane Atkinson, Leyton, Essex.
Mercer, Fanny Beatrice, Southport.
Fentiman, Sarah Ann, York.

Lankey, Hannah, Wolverhampton.
Gordon, Charlotte Mary, Eastbourne.
Martin, J. T., Birkhamsted.
Halfhead, Ethel Blanche, Colne.
Gill, Ella, Calais.
Archdall, Charlotte, Co. Wicklow.
Smith, Alethe Haskett, Kent.
Bullock, Webster Lucy Violet, Ludlow.
Bowley, E. A., Leicester.
Bannerman, Mary, Metbliek.
Nicol, Eleanor, Paisley.
Youatt, Effie, 17, Oppidans-road, N.W.
Jury, Alberta, Churchtown.
Hunter, Mary Pankhurst, Brighton.
Hill, Mary Isabella, Morpeth.
Morley, Marguerite, Manchester.
Rittenger, Mary, Sunderland.
Weatherhead, Edith Ellen, Bingley.
Wood, Caroline, Wolverhampton.
Butcher, Margaret Morison, Forest-hill.
Boulton, Ellen, Exmouth.
Finch, Clara, Maison Colbert, Pau.
Sinclaire, Jennie, Bushmills, Co. Antrim.
Brown, Libbie, Redhill.
Livesey, Emily, Harpurhey.
Warren, Letitia, Southampton.
Whitfield, E. A., Holloway.
Baker, Emmeline, Igsham, Sevenoaks.
Abraham, Emily, Maida-vale.
Franklin, Helena Elizabeth, Cork.
Fletcher, Edith Dumaresq, Bradford.
Kruse, Lillie, Leeds.
Crabb, M. E. B., Dibden.
Petschler, Millicent, Manchester.
Payne, Georgina, Sittingbourne.
Williams, Henrietta, Kidderminster.
Lindsay, Henrietta S., Cork.
Hodges, Mary Elizabeth, Somerset.
Fleming, Charlotte Elizabeth, Allahabad.
Watson, Emily Rowley, South Norwood.
Mercer, Florence Eva, Southport.
Wilkinson, Ellen, Rochdale.
Fleming, Isabel Kathleen, Allahabad.
Walker, Kate Rebecca, Ballymauns, Kinsale.
Pretyman, Mabel, Hobart, Tasmania.
Sinclair, Maggie M. R., Dundee.
Ellerbeck, Hetty, St. Anne's-on-the-Sea.
Porter, Caroline Margaret, Hampstead.
Barrow, Ada, Southsea.
Pooley, Elise, Hungary.
Rice, Mary Ann, Brighton.
Bentham, Kate, Ripon.
Boyd, Kate T., Ayrshire, N.B.
Pritchard, Helen, Tetbury, Gloucestershire.
Galletty, Margaret P., Tillicoultry, N.B.
Mew, Fanny, Newport, Isle of Wight.
Chamberlain, Elizabeth, Hampshire.
Camps, Emilie, Haddenham.
Vickers, Mary L., Catcliffe.
Macnab, Eliza D., Blairgowrie, N.B.
Porter, Ada Kathleen, Hampstead.
Roberts, Anna Maria, Sheffield.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

M. G. S.—Books of travel, of archæological research (such as Professor Smith's in Syria, or Steven's in Central America), and biographies are the most suitable for young people at a time of life when education should be united with recreation. We gave instructions for leather work at page 261, vol. iii., number for January, 1882.

A Lady asks a question answered times without number in this paper. Let her read our answers.

Irene L.—We advise you to join some correspondence class. You might obtain a copy of the rules, and replies to any questions, from the secretary of the Improvement Society, Miss E. S. Knapp, Ivy-place Hampstead-road, Handsworth; or you might obtain instruction by the same system under the direction of the council of Newnham College, Cambridge. Apply to the secretary, Mrs. Peile, Trumpington, Cambridge.

Annie W.—There are both French, German, and elocution classes held at the Polytechnic Institute, Regent-street, W. You had better inquire there and obtain prospectus. Students may enter at any period. They are in connection with the Science and Art Department, South Kensington, and the City and Guilds of London Institute, for the advancement of technical education.

WORK.

Annie Idle.—You can obtain instructions in some sixpenny or shilling manual. We do not fill up our columns for answers with such long recipes for knitting or crochet-work.

It.—We thank you much for your gratifying letter. Bridesmaids usually provide their own dresses, but the bride selects the colours and general style. The bridegroom should give some little present to each; if not a trinket, he should present them with bouquets. We shall always be glad to hear from you, and wish you all happiness.

Tennis.—Hempen nets are preserved by the action of oak bark or catechu liquor, in which they are soaked. Cotton nets are preserved by soaking in boiled oil (linseed oil); they are then dried, and are impervious to wet.

Fitz Alys.—The Patent Office is at 25, Southampton Buildings, London, W.C.

An Invalid.—The brown paper stars cannot well be described without a pattern. Take a strip of paper and bend it into points, remembering the star shape you want to make, and you may succeed.

MUSIC.

Emily Dodwell.—You must make inquiries at two or three musical instrument shops, as we do not give prices nor addresses of shops. Any music publisher would recommend an instruction book. The violoncello makes a good accompaniment to the violin or the pianoforte. You had better obtain a few lessons at first, or you may acquire some bad method.

Interested Reader (France).—You are not at all too old to learn to play any instrument. We are glad you value our paper so much.

Julia.—By joining the Newnham College, Cambridge, correspondence classes you can learn harmony, counterpoint, musical form, and composition, both elementary and advanced. Apply to Miss Oliveria Prescott, 13, Oxford-square, London, W.

Elsie.—Get cards and certificates printed, and add beneath your name the honours obtained. Your papers might be left, advertising for pupils, at any library, stationer's, and grocer's shops where the people know you and are obliging. You might also advertise for pupils.

Violin.—We have seen a good violin player wearing gloves with the tops of the fingers cut off; so you might do that, or wear mittens. Your writing is fairly good; better, at least, than the huge, coarse hands so common now.

MISCELLANEOUS.

In Sight of the Snow.—You cannot do better than write to Cook's Tourist Office, Ludgate Circus, London, for particulars and price of the tour you wish to take. They supply all the tickets and hotel coupons, saving the traveller an infinite amount of trouble, and insuring yourself against any possible imposition on the part of hotel proprietors.

Valentine.—Ash Wednesday fell on February 14th (Valentine's Day) in the year 1866. People grow till after twenty-one sometimes, so you may gain an inch or two yet. A sea voyage and complete change of climate will have this effect.

Rosellen.—We but rarely obtain recipes from our correspondents; we supply them ourselves. We recommend you to send the eider-down quilt to a cleaner. You would probably make a failure in the attempt to wash it at home. Your handwriting is good.

Isabel should advertise for the comfortable home on moderate terms, including the companionship. We cannot give private addresses, but could recommend her to apply to Miss Price, Fern House, Coleshill, Warwickshire. The situation is good and elevated, the garden large, water good, and church near. Board and separate room, exclusive of wine, one guinea weekly, paid in advance; but an invalid or convalescent going there for three months would be taken on reduced terms. If agreeable, a permanent home would be given. We should recommend a trial to be made.

Eldest of Ten.—We feel sorry for you, and can only advise you to save up, little by little, to repay in value what you cannot now return to those whom you robbed when a child, not knowing the worth of what you took. We are of opinion that the intrinsic value of the stone was nothing like what it has been stated to be. At all events, we should endeavour to send the real owners, say, £1, not giving your real name, but saying it was owed to them. You have repented and confessed your childish error to God; you must now make restitution so far as you may be able so to do.

A Reader of the G. O. P.—Do not give up any situation until you have secured another. We suppose it would not be difficult to obtain a place in a confectioner's shop, or to be taken as an apprentice to learn the trade. In the latter case you would probably have something to pay in advance.

Ivy Leaf.—It was Sydney Smith who said, on a very hot day, that he would "like to take off his flesh and sit in his bones;" and it was some alderman who, when accosted by a beggar who pleaded great hunger and wanted a penny for bread, replied, "You rascal! I would gladly give you a sovereign for your appetite!"

Lover of G. O. P.—Why did you write three times when you had only to refer to our "Signification of Girls' Names," pages 39, 135, and 235, vol. iii.? Katie, Kathie, and Florie are all mere abbreviations; they are not real names. The French name, Aimée, means "beloved."

Wych Hazel (Australia).—The 1st February, 1862, was a Saturday. We have several times answered your second question—*noble birth imposed with it* the obligation of high-minded and noble actions and general behaviour. Your handwriting is fairly good.

Florence Graham.—Do not risk the loss of sight by the inflammation caused by an operation. When you were a child a bandage should have been placed over the eye that looked straight, and the eye that squinted should have been exclusively employed to force the muscles to act aright. We fear you are too old now, but you might try the plan.

An Unbelieving One thinks too much, and dwells too much on herself and what she thinks and feels. Such undue ponderings have a tendency to unsettle the mind. It is far more healthy to turn to the duties of the day and do them "as for God," in His sight. It is the blessed effect of service that we cease to think of self, and live in our work and in the thought of pleasing Him.

Three English Lassies must go to 56, Paternoster-row, E.C., for the numbers they need, as they are quite within a walk of it.

One Anxious to Learn should take some historical subject for her first essay, as she will find it easier to deal with.

A Sydney Girlie must *remember that ignorance* on all subjects is only dispelled in course of time and gradual education, and her funny stories would be capped by any Canadian maiden who had also made studies of English ignorance, or perhaps forgetfulness, of what must have been learnt at school, while English girls could also return the compliment to both. Her letter is very amusing and well written. There is nothing wrong in a young lady receiving her friends wherever she may be living. If she has no private sitting-room of her own, the friends with whom she resides would leave the room unless invited to remain. If wise, they would see that a room was available at all times.

Lottie.—Who, could have put such a notion into your head as that of being precluded from playing secular music because you have given you heart to Christ? See our Lord's parable of the Prodigal Son (St. Luke xv. 25). The father was represented as a type of our Heavenly Father, and as such could not have been described as giving his countenance to what was evil under his own roof, and as a celebration of his own ordering of his son's return. Had it been wrong, it would not have been made a feature in the description of the family rejoicing, or at least without censure on our Lord's part.

An Eager Waiter.—Sleep-walkers should be taken back to bed before being wakened. They should read nothing exciting just before retiring at night, nor should they sit up late. A band round the waist, attached to a cord round the bedpost, or some part of the bedstead, is to be recommended. Our paper comes out in weekly as well as monthly numbers.

Lily Conway.—You had better send the flowers to the Paddington Flower Mission for distribution, addressed to Craven Hill Church, Craven-terrace, Lancaster-gate, London, W. Send them on a Wednesday, and with full address if the hamper or box should be returned.

Theodora.—We thank you for your flowers, and congratulate you on your success in gaining the first-class certificate in our competition. Your handwriting is very good, but should be sloped a little more from right to left.

Lady Olive.—Why should not your eyes "flash" when near a light? We see nothing to object to in this characteristic. Better that than be nick-named "Dead Eyes." If you see well and feel no pain in them, never mind the rude personal observations people have made. Do not sit so close to a lamp, or you may injure your sight.

Hilda Cameron.—You should never wear gloves so tightly-fitting as to impede the free circulation of the blood. It is both unsightly and injurious.

Jean O.—Write for the set of volumes to our publishing office; the first volume, price 6s., and each of the others 7s. 6d. We thank you for your kind observations.

E. A. B. would have had as "estimable advice," we hope, as any other correspondent, had she written as clearly as she now has done. If we now comprehend her question, we think she had better offer these "short Bible studies" to some publisher.

An Anxious One.—We should advise you, by all means, to try for the Civil Service, either in the Post or Telegraph Offices.

North Berwick.—We think you have made a mistake in the name, as we have had no such article in our paper.

Old Boots in the Bow.—We imagine from your account that you have done too much to the ink-stain in your carpet already, and you had better leave it alone. You might wet the spot first, and then rub on a little salts of sorrel, but you must wash it off immediately.

"SHEETS O' DAISIES"

"Now Nature hangs her mantle green
" on every blooming tree;
" and spreads her Sheets O' daisies white
" out o'er the grassy lea."—*Burns.*

BEING
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OF
THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

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THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

VOL. VI.—No. 284. JUNE 6, 1885. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

WHEN WE WERE GIRLS TOGETHER.

A STORY OF SCHOOL-GIRL LIFE.

BY SARAH DOUDNEY.

"It seems to me but yesterday
Since we were girls together."—OLD SONG (*Adapted*).

"Oh, yes. The fair Thornhill always affords the shelter of her wing to newcomers. But this girl doesn't need any kind of shelter; she's the most self-sufficient thing I ever came across."

"I believe she is awfully vain," muttered Minnie Wood.

"JUST THEN THE DOOR SUDDENLY OPENED."

CHAPTER VII.

CHARLOTTE'S ANTAGONISM.

'IT is her air of superb indifference which disgusts me!" said Charlotte Ashley to Pamela Rye. "I'm certain she is a nobody, and yet she tries to put on the manner of *une grande dame*. But I mean to take the nonsense out of her."

"She is evidently under Miss Thornhill's protection," Pamela remarked

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"Proud of her height, I suppose; she is taller than any girl in the school, I think."

"Not taller than I am," said Pamela, languidly.

"Well, quite as tall. You are more willowy, and your shoulders are not as broad as hers."

"She is too big," declared Charlotte. "There is no refinement about her appearance; she ought to be a milkmaid or a haymaker. I am sure she will never be fit for society."

"But society is developing quite a mania for huge, healthy beauties," said Pamela, with a contemptuous smile. "Miss Jennet Fowler may be the fashion some day, who knows?"

"Society doesn't encourage boors of either sex," cried Charlotte, a warm glow coming into her brown cheeks. "A great heavy girl, like Jennet Fowler, will never make her way anywhere. And she is stupid—intensely stupid; she has to work hard before she can get a single idea into her dull brain."

"I daresay she is sent here to be made into a governess," said Minnie Wood. "We shall never see her again after we leave the college. Or we may discover her, perhaps, grinding away in somebody's schoolroom; Mrs. Mayfield has a good deal of influence, you know, and she often gets her governess-pupils into first-rate families."

"I don't see why we should concern ourselves in the least about her future fate," remarked Miss Ashley, with her pretty little nose "tip-tilted" and her lips curled in disdain. "We merely have to consider how we shall bear with her at present. If she is to sleep in our bedroom always, we must make her understand that we are not to be imposed upon, that's all!"

In after days Charlotte recalled her words with tearful eyes and burning cheeks. She little knew that in time to come such reckless speeches as these would come back to taunt her with indescribable bitterness. There is no mockery so hard to bear as the mockery of our own memories; and the remembrance of the wild things uttered in our prosperity is often the sharpest sting in our day of humiliation.

Even her schoolfellows, although they liked her well enough, sometimes said among themselves that Charlotte was "really too haughty for anything." But it had always been an accepted fact with them all that she would one day be a favourite in society; her connections were good; the great desire of her young life was to achieve a social success; and, as she was pretty, piquant, and clever, everyone believed that her most ambitious dreams would become realities.

And Charlotte, in these days, possessed an unbounded confidence in herself. Never for a moment did she doubt that a brilliant future awaited her; never did the faintest shadow of a coming sorrow cast itself over her sunny path. She was gay—often insolently gay—but there was something infectious in her high spirits, and something captivating about her graceful daring. People forgave that too-evident hauteur of hers, because it was coupled with a charming vivacity; and it was only at the college that she ever listened to any home truths. Mrs. Mayfield and Miss Thornhill were her best friends; but she did not yet understand the true value of a faithful friendship. In these days she was ready to be at war with everybody who failed to own the spell of her fascination. Her instincts told her that Jennet Fowler was not the girl to cringe to anyone. In spite of all that Charlotte could do or say, she was perfectly certain that Jennet would walk in her own path and hold her own opinions. She would not be dazzled by Charlotte's brightness nor crushed by her haughtiness; she would just go on steadily in her appointed way without turning to the left hand or the right.

The second night in the girls' sleeping-room was better than the first. Jennet was prepared for everything, and resolutely steeled herself against all the sharp word thrusts which were aimed at her. Charlotte, it must be confessed, was in a very bad mood that night. Nothing had ever irritated her so much as Jennet's impenetrable composure.

"Big people are generally heavy sleepers," she remarked to Minnie Wood. "They eat too much, and get dull and stupid. To me, there is something oppressive in their company. How I do wish that Mrs. Mayfield would cut up these large rooms, and let each girl have a little cell, all to herself! But she won't even allow us to hang up a curtain to screen our corners; it is too bad!"

Jennet, keeping her back to the speaker as much as possible, went calmly through her usual preparations for the night, and then laid her head on her pillow, hoping that Charlotte would soon get tired of talking. But the girl had excited herself and was beginning to feel reckless. She chattered on and on, in a loud voice, until even Minnie began to be afraid of the consequences of this lawless humour.

"It's getting late, Charlotte," she ventured to say at last.

"Do you call this late?" demanded Charlotte, "I wonder what you would say to my hours at home. There is nothing I detest so much as our early bed time here. One is sent off to roost just when one's wits are at their sharpest, and one is ready for anything in the shape of fun. Heigh-ho! I'm glad to think that this is my last year at St. Anne's College!"

Just then the door suddenly opened, and Minnie, who was sitting on the side of her bed, jumped wildly into it. Charlotte, standing in the middle of the room, somewhat slightly clad, was a picturesque little figure, flourishing a dainty shoe in one hand. But perhaps Miss Sand had not an eye for the picturesque; she was the sternest teacher in the college, and most of the pupils had a wholesome dread of her keen glance and sharp tongue. Any other face would have been more welcome than hers; and even Charlotte, the audacious, quailed visibly at her sudden appearance.

As to Jennet, having nothing to fear, she merely raised her head from the pillow, and quietly contemplated the scene.

"Have you forgotten the rules, Miss Ashley?" said the teacher, in her most severe tone. "You will be good enough to write twelve pages of French history to-morrow as a punishment for disobedience; and you will also receive a bad mark for speaking in a loud and unladylike voice. How is it possible for the other young ladies to sleep, when you are prancing and chattering at five minutes past ten?"

"I was not prancing, Miss Sand," replied the exasperated Charlotte.

"You will receive another bad mark for answering me in that haughty manner, Miss Ashley. Let me advise you to cultivate a humbler spirit."

And then Miss Sand withdrew, leaving Charlotte to digest this unpalatable advice as best she could. Jennet, smiling secretly to herself, thought that it was very good counsel, and wondered that Charlotte's common sense did not teach her to act upon it.

Not another word was spoken that night; a perfect silence reigned in the chamber, and Jennet's eyes soon closed. In dreams, she drifted back again to the woods and fields around her old home, and found herself wandering hand-in-hand with Mabel through the familiar ways. In the dream, Mabel was no longer frail and weak; no longer did she need her sister's strong arm to hold her up; her steps were firm; her voice was clear and strong. Suddenly the bells of the old church clashed out into a merry peal, and Jennet woke; but there were no fields around her, and Mabel was far away. It was the school bell that was ringing its first warning, and she rose in haste, resolved that nothing should make her late.

(To be continued.)

VARIETIES.

In a Rage.—It is best not to be angry, and best, in the next place, to be quickly reconciled.

Parents and Friends.—The longer we live and the more we think, the higher value we learn to put on the friendship and tenderness of parents and of friends. — *Dr. Johnson.*

Are all People Naturally Equal?—So far is it from being true that all people are naturally equal, that no two can be half-an-hour together but one shall acquire an evident superiority over the other.

The Pain of Love.

The "pain of love,"—one story—is told us
o'er and o'er;
Yet, strange to say, by no one 'tis worded
as before.

Hafiz.

A Fast Train.—The speed of American express trains is so great that a young man, who put his head out of the carriage window to give his sweetheart a parting kiss just as the train was starting, actually kissed an old African woman at the next station.

A Wonder in a Watch.—It is very curious that a watch should be perfectly dry when it has a running spring inside.

EDIBLE BIRDS' NESTS.—Edible birds' nests may certainly rank among the curiosities of food. They are considered great delicacies in China, where they form part of all ceremonial feasts, being dissolved in soups. They reach China from the Southern Archipelago, chiefly from Java, Borneo, Celebes and the Sulu Islands. It has been estimated that no fewer than 8,400,000 of these nests are annually imported into China. The finest and whitest kind sell for as much as £5 or £6 the lb., but it requires about fifty nests to make up one pound. In reality, these singular structures are rather the brackets upon which the birds afterwards build their nests, than the nests themselves. The bird—a kind of swift—builds both in marine and inland caverns, first forming, mainly with its saliva, a number of loops which it subsequently works up into the shell-like support for its nest. The nest itself is made of grass, leaves, and seaweed, but the edible bracket or support consists almost exclusively of the salivary secretion of the bird. It is a mistake to suppose that it is made of seaweed, which the bird neither eats as food nor uses in the building of the brackets, though the nests are often made of it.

PLAYING THE PIANO BY MACHINERY.—A genius has invented a machine to play pianos. This will give girls a chance to help their mothers in the house.

MUSICAL TALENT.—When one plays difficult music, but it does not appear to be so; indeed, when it seems that anyone could easily do the same, this is real talent.—*Mozart.*

THE INFLUENCE OF FEAR.

Fear and anxiety affect all the functions of the body, but especially of the stomach. They seem to suppress the secretion of the fluid on which digestion depends, and also the flow of saliva. A curious illustration of this fact is afforded in the method which the conjurers in India sometimes adopt for detection of theft among servants. When a robbery has been committed, a conjurer is sent for and great preparations are made. If in a few days the property be not restored, he proceeds with his mysterious operations, one of which is as follows:—

The suspected are all required to masticate a quantity of boiled rice for some time, and then to expectorate it upon separate leaves for inspection. The conjurer examines the masticated rice very slowly, and immediately points out the culprit, the rice which he masticated being perfectly dry, whilst that which was masticated by the others is moistened by saliva.

"GOT YE NOW!"

A weakminded but harmless man was made of use in a Sussex parish to help to dig graves. On the occasion of the burial of a man who had been one of his constant tormentors, he had sense enough to jump in upon the earth when the grave was being filled up, and as he stamped down the soil, to keep on saying—

"Got ye now! got ye now!"

CONTENT.—Whoever has a contented mind has all riches.—*Hindoo Proverb.*

RURAL WISDOM.

During a season of great drought the inhabitants of a certain parish in Essex—at least so it is said—sank a deep well at the public expense. The well having been dug, the large heap of earth which had come out of it was by common consent voted an eyesore which ought to be removed.

A parish meeting was accordingly held to consider how the obnoxious heap should be got rid of. Many suggestions were made as to the best way of dealing with it, but at last it was proposed and unanimously carried that they should dig a'large hole and bury it! How often the process of digging a fresh hole to bury the earth which had come out of the last one was repeated we never heard, but we fear the plan must have put the parish to a good deal of expense before it was successful.—*Sussex Folk.*

SOAP-BUBBLES THAT WILL LAST.—To make soap-bubbles that will last for several hours is easy enough if the following liquid be used:—Dissolve one part by weight of Marseilles soap, cut into thin slices, in forty parts of distilled water, and filter. Call the filtered liquid A, and mix two parts of pure glycerine with one part of the solution A, in a temperature of 66 Fahr., and after shaking them together long and violently leave them to rest for some days. A clear liquid will settle, with a turbid one above. The lower to be sucked out from beneath the upper with a siphon, taking the utmost care not to carry down any of the latter to mix with the clear fluid. A bubble blown with this will last for several hours, even in the open air. Or the mixed liquid, after standing twenty-four hours, may be filtered.

FLATTERED FAILINGS.

BY SARSON C. J. INGHAM.

GIRLS! girls! beautiful girls!
With the dark speaking eyes and the long flowing curls;
Who shall presume to tell you your duty,
As they bask in the beams of your brightness and beauty?

For who can believe a brow insincere,
Unfurrowed by care, unshadowed by fear?
Who thinks that a pout is pettish, if pretty,
Or lips are ill-natured that haply are witty?

Who calls Lily lazy? she lolls with a grace;
Or Hebe indifferent? she shows a bright face.
Can frivolous laughter wound and offend
The ear that loves music—the soul of a friend?

Oh, no, let your youth and beauty excuse,
A fig for the censors who dare to accuse.
Your faults are all charming, as many will tell.
'Tis envy alone can find fault with a belle.

And yet it is seen little foxes will grow,
And spoil tender grapes that hang very low;
And moral defects, uncorrected, appear
More harsh and unlovely with each rolling year.

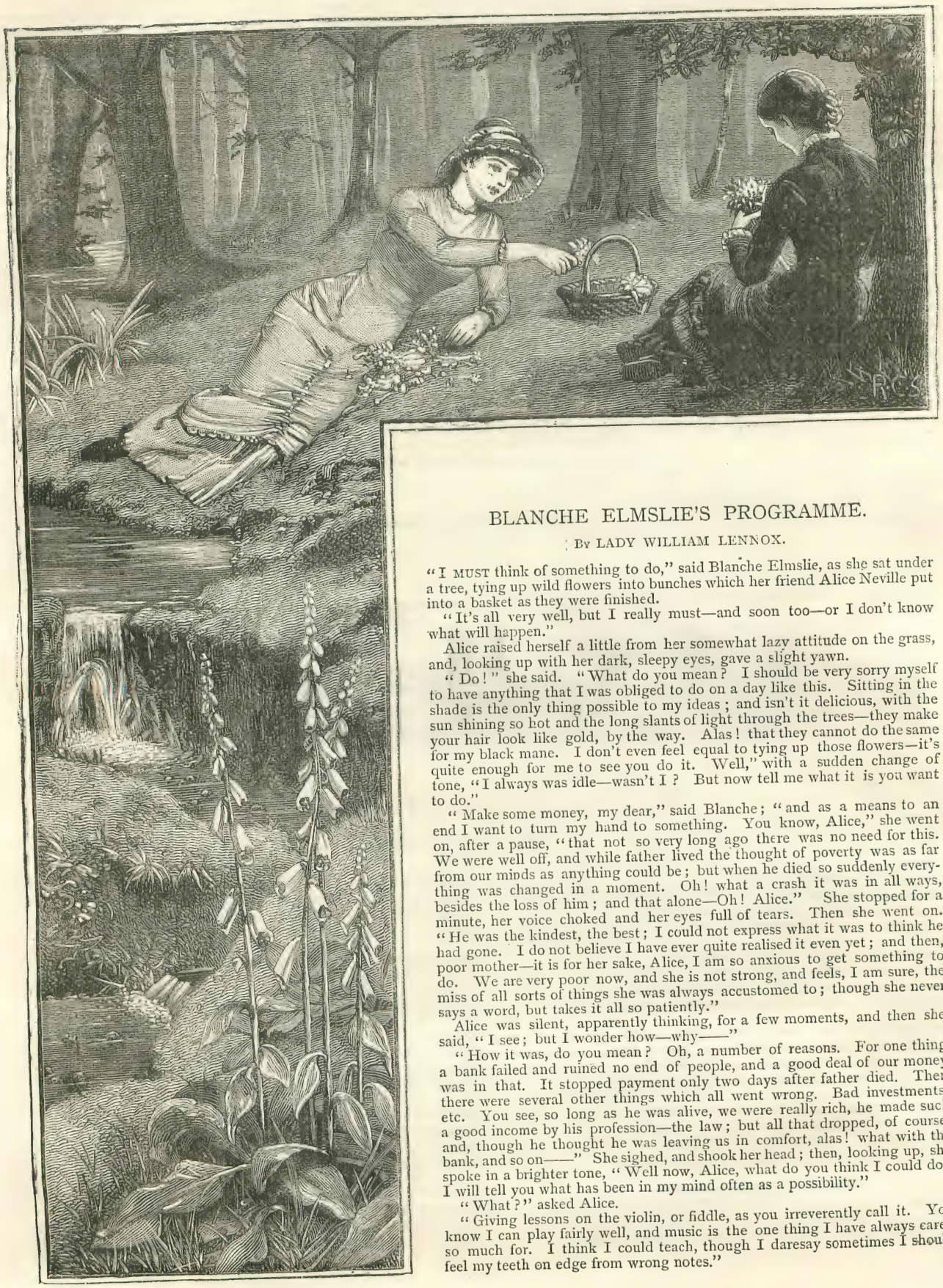
As hollows from dimples, and wrinkles from lines,
And white hair from gold that glistens and twines;
So sure will the fault that has all its own way
Be seen to deform us and spoil us one day.

And then on the weakness small pity is spent;
But pouting Miss Patience is "poor Discontent,"
And quiet Miss Queechy is "good Mrs. Flat,"
And dreamy Drusilla's "that blind Madame Batt."

While witty Miss Bonmot's "a spiteful old *thing*,
Who ne'er redeemed forfeits or played in a ring;"
And cynical Cynthia's so bilious, we wish
She'd soften her strictures by feeding on fish.

That's what the girls come to, 'tis certain: who won't
Discover their faults to correct them, or don't;
And little they reck of the havoc that's made
With the charms that might flourish, when all the rest fade.

We warn each in love, hoping not to offend,
Because with the young 'tis not too late to mend!
But should we, in vain, little misses importune,
Good fortune they'll miss, and meet with mis fortune.



BLANCHE ELMSLIE'S PROGRAMME.

By LADY WILLIAM LENNOX.

"I MUST think of something to do," said Blanche Elmslie, as she sat under a tree, tying up wild flowers into bunches which her friend Alice Neville put into a basket as they were finished.

"It's all very well, but I really must—and soon too—or I don't know what will happen."

Alice raised herself a little from her somewhat lazy attitude on the grass, and, looking up with her dark, sleepy eyes, gave a slight yawn.

"Do!" she said. "What do you mean? I should be very sorry myself to have anything that I was obliged to do on a day like this. Sitting in the shade is the only thing possible to my ideas; and isn't it delicious, with the sun shining so hot and the long slants of light through the trees—they make your hair look like gold, by the way. Alas! that they cannot do the same for my black mane. I don't even feel equal to tying up those flowers—it's quite enough for me to see you do it. Well," with a sudden change of tone, "I always was idle—wasn't I? But now tell me what it is you want to do."

"Make some money, my dear," said Blanche; "and as a means to an end I want to turn my hand to something. You know, Alice," she went on, after a pause, "that not so very long ago there was no need for this. We were well off, and while father lived the thought of poverty was as far from our minds as anything could be; but when he died so suddenly everything was changed in a moment. Oh! what a crash it was in all ways, besides the loss of him; and that alone—Oh! Alice." She stopped for a minute, her voice choked and her eyes full of tears. Then she went on. "He was the kindest, the best; I could not express what it was to think he had gone. I do not believe I have ever quite realised it even yet; and then, poor mother—it is for her sake, Alice, I am so anxious to get something to do. We are very poor now, and she is not strong, and feels, I am sure, the miss of all sorts of things she was always accustomed to; though she never says a word, but takes it all so patiently."

Alice was silent, apparently thinking, for a few moments, and then she said, "I see; but I wonder how—why——"

"How it was, do you mean? Oh, a number of reasons. For one thing a bank failed and ruined no end of people, and a good deal of our money was in that. It stopped payment only two days after father died. Then there were several other things which all went wrong. Bad investments, etc. You see, so long as he was alive, we were really rich, he made such a good income by his profession—the law; but all that dropped, of course, and, though he thought he was leaving us in comfort, alas! what with the bank, and so on——" She sighed, and shook her head; then, looking up, she spoke in a brighter tone, "Well now, Alice, what do you think I could do? I will tell you what has been in my mind often as a possibility."

"What?" asked Alice.

"Giving lessons on the violin, or fiddle, as you irreverently call it. You know I can play fairly well, and music is the one thing I have always cared so much for. I think I could teach, though I daresay sometimes I should feel my teeth on edge from wrong notes."

Alice laughed.

"I expect you would with your fine ear, and I must say that, even to me, the scraping of a fiddle in unaccustomed hands is a terrible thing; but seriously, Blanche, I am very sorry for you, though if you must do something to turn an honest penny, I don't believe you could hit on anything better than what you say. How much should you ask for your lessons?"

"Well, not much, of course, as I am only a beginner myself."

"I don't know about that," interrupted Alice; "it seems to me you play beautifully."

"I play well for an amateur," said Blanche; "but that's a very different thing from entering the lists with professionals. A first-rate amateur is, perhaps, equal to a third-rate professional—chiefly, I suppose, because in the one case the playing or singing is only an amusement, and is taken up or let down just as it happens to suit convenience, while in the other case it is a profession, and must be attended to regularly. I shall have to attend to my violin-playing regularly if I once go in for teaching, and very likely shall improve myself a great deal in consequence. I wonder how much I could ask—do you think five shillings a lesson? And I wonder, too, where I shall find the pupils."

Alice did not speak for some little time, but, looking at her friend, she said—

"I'll tell you of one pupil, Blanche—that is, if you don't think she is too stupid about music ever to learn. I really should like very much to play the violin, and, if you will exercise your teaching powers on me to begin with, I am ready and willing; and if I can only arrive some day at 'Home, Sweet Home,' or 'The Last Rose of Summer,' I shall be proud, I can assure you. As for five shillings a lesson, it's nonsense. You'll have to stuff your ears with cotton-wool when I begin my terrific scraping; at least, you ought to; only, of course, that wouldn't do, for you must hear your pupil; but at any rate I can't and won't torture you for the sum of five shillings, so we'll make it ten, and that's a bargain."

Blanche leant forward, and took her hand for an instant.

"I know you are saying all this out of pure good nature to me; you never dreamt of learning the violin before."

"No, I didn't," said Alice; "that is, I never exactly made up my mind to learn it, but I often envied you when I heard you play, and now, 'it's never too late to mend,' you know, so I mean to mend my musical education. The next question is, when shall we begin? The sooner the better, I think."

"Whenever you like, Alice dear. I shall only be too happy, and it will be a great interest to me to see how you get on, and whether I really can teach. It's a gift, like everything else; some people have it by nature and some haven't. However, I am a great believer in being able to do things if one gives one's mind to them; not just by fits and starts, but constantly. But to go back to the question when. I am ready to begin to-morrow if you like. Morning is the best time, I think. Shall we say eleven? I have a good deal to do at home, which will prevent my coming to you earlier. Mother is so out of health, she cannot stand much exertion, and it's impossible for one servant to do everything."

"Yes," said Alice, "It must throw a great deal of work on your shoulders, I'm afraid. Oh dear me, how lazy I feel I am when I think of your life and mine! I'm quite ashamed of all the time I waste doing nothing."

"You needn't waste it," said Blanche, with a smile, "though you are not called upon to help make the beds and try your hand at cooking, as I am. I really don't mind it though, only I wish I knew better how to make nice little dishes; but at present my cooking may be summed up, in the strictest sense of the word, as plain. And now I must be going, Alice; mother will be expecting me. Some of these bouquets will make our sitting-room quite smart," she added, taking a few from the basket and getting up to go. "Oh, by the way, though, have you a violin? Because that's rather an essential, isn't it?"

"There's one which Frank used to play upon before he went to India, and as it isn't a Stradivarius or any of those splendid ones, which nobody dares to touch, I may have it to practise upon, I'm sure."

"All right," said Blanche. "Then good-bye till to-morrow, and *au revoir*," and she nodded her head and walked away under the trees.

Alice looked after her and gave a little sigh.

"That's a good girl," she said, to herself, "so brave and noble. Never complains, and yet what a dull life she has! I didn't know they had been so well off once; but, anyhow, they are poor enough now. How I should hate baking and doing housemaid's work and cooking, too, in this hot weather. I am glad I thought of saying I would be a pupil—it will help her to begin with, at least. How selfish I have been never thinking all this time whether I could do anything to give pleasure to her or her mother. Never mind, I will try what I can do now. The ten shillings a lesson will help Blanche a little, and I might send flowers from the hothouse and grapes and so on, and I will, too."

And having made this resolve, she picked up her basket and started on her way home.

Alice Neville was as rich as her friend was poor. The daughter of a railway contractor who had made a large fortune, she had been brought up in the midst of every kind of luxury, and was a good deal spoiled by her father, who, having lost his wife when Alice was only six years old, had concentrated all his thoughts and affections upon his little girl and his boy Frank—at that time a child of ten, but now become a man and gone to India in the Civil Service.

Alice, therefore, had had her own way almost unchecked, and though her disposition was in the main a good one—that is, she was amiable, kind-hearted, and generous—still, her faults of indolence and want of consideration for others had been allowed to grow until they bade fair to override the better qualities which she possessed. Now, however, that Blanche Elmslie, to whom she had taken a great fancy from their first meeting about a year ago, had told her about her life, and in so doing had unintentionally shown her what reverses of fortune might happen—so that even "housemaid's work" and cooking were not things utterly removed from the region of possibility—she felt sundry twinges of conscience at her own thoughtlessness, and told herself that were she in Blanche's circumstances she would never be able to bear them so well and patiently. There, however, she was very likely mistaken, for no one can really tell how they will act in such and such a position until they are actually in it. "As thy day, so shall thy strength be," we are told, and it is well to bear that in mind, and possibly Alice did not do herself justice in her self-communings just then. In any case, they acted like a spur, so that she found herself walking at a great pace, notwithstanding the heat, her feet keeping time with the thoughts which impelled her to some kind of action on behalf of the Elmslies.

(*To be continued.*)

USEFUL HINTS.

COLD MEAT COOKERY.—"Au Miroton."—Cut two large onions in slices, fry them in butter or dripping until they are gold colour, dredge flour over them, add three-quarters of a pint of broth and some pepper and salt, stew half an hour; cut cold meat in slices, put it in the gravy, stew gently half an hour, then add half a teaspoonful of vinegar and serve; if the flavour is liked, tarragon vinegar may be used.

AUX FINES HERBS.—Butter the bottom of a dish, strew over it a very small quantity of sweet herbs, some parsley, onion, and pickled gherkin, all finely chopped; a few dried bread crumbs, pepper and salt, then put slices of cold meat cut thin, then another layer of the herbs, parsley, &c., and finish by placing some lumps of butter on the top of the bread crumbs. Bake in a slow oven, and serve in the dish in which it is baked.

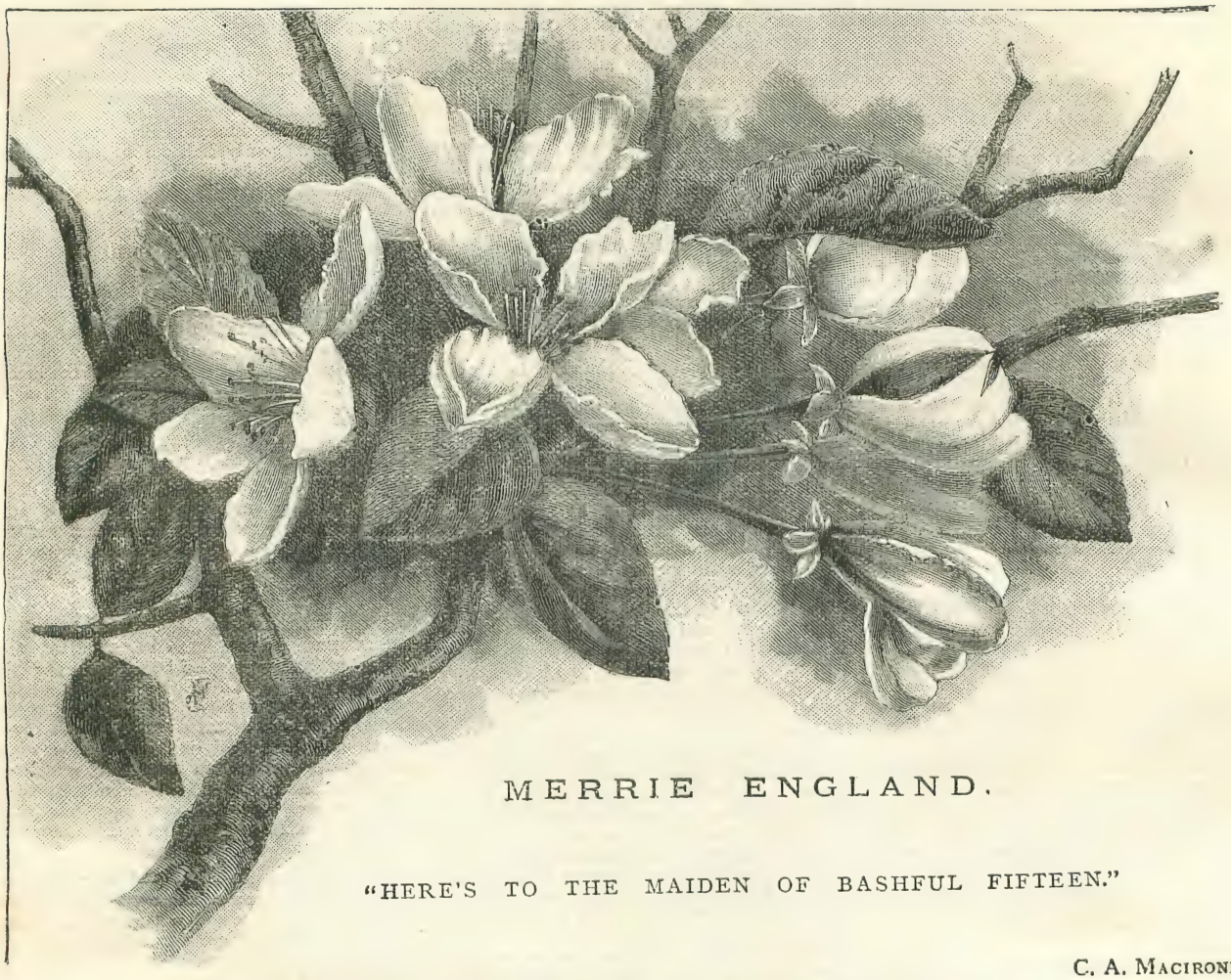
A LA POULETTE.—Fry a little flour light brown with butter or dripping, add to it some cold meat (veal or beef are best for this dish) finely minced, moisten with water, add chopped parsley, pepper, and salt, simmer ten minutes, take off the fire, thicken with the yolks of one or two eggs according to the quantity of meat.

MILLET PUDDING.—Millet is rarely used—not as much as it ought to be. Treated like rice, it makes a very good baked pudding; or, for a boiled one, take three tablespoonfuls of millet seed, boil it in a pint of milk; when done, add two well-beaten eggs, a little white sugar, and the grated rind of a lemon, or a little essence; put into a buttered pudding mould and steam for an hour and a half; turn out, serve with white sauce flavoured with lemon. A little candied peel much improves this pudding.

COLD SALMON, TO DRESS.—Put an ounce of butter into a saucepan, sift in while stirring it as much flour as it will take, then stir in a third of a pint of milk, a tablespoonful of mushroom ketchup, a tablespoonful of anchovy sauce, and a little cayenne pepper; let the sauce boil up, then put in the salmon in small pieces, having removed the skin and bones; keep hot for two or three minutes, and then serve.

AN EXCELLENT PASTE FOR FRITTERS (FRENCH).—Put a tablespoonful of good salad oil into a basin, and stir to it three tablespoonfuls of flour, add a tablespoonful of orange flower water, a dessert spoonful of pounded sugar, and the yolks of two eggs; stir in a little milk or water to make it the proper consistency. Just before using, add the whites of two eggs beaten to snow. This paste is used to dip any kind of fruit fritters in.

LACQUER FOR BRASS.—Now that brass is used so much I think that a recipe for lacquer will be useful to many readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER. Put an ounce of turmeric, two drachms of annatto, and two drachms of saffron into a pint of spirits of wine, shake the bottle in which you put it every day for a week, then strain it through coarse linen into a clean bottle, and add three ounces of clean seed lac; leave it a fortnight, shaking the bottle occasionally, and it will then be fit for use. To prepare brass for lacquering, wash it in ammonia and water, rinse in clear water, and dry thoroughly. To lacquer: Warm the articles, and lay the lacquer on evenly all over with a soft brush. To clean lacquered articles, never use anything stronger than warm soap and water, or you will remove the lacquer. If the above recipe makes a deeper coloured lacquer than is liked, less annatto must be used.



MERRIE ENGLAND.

"HERE'S TO THE MAIDEN OF BASHFUL FIFTEEN."

C. A. Macirone.

Allegro con molto spirito e leggierissimo.

Piano.

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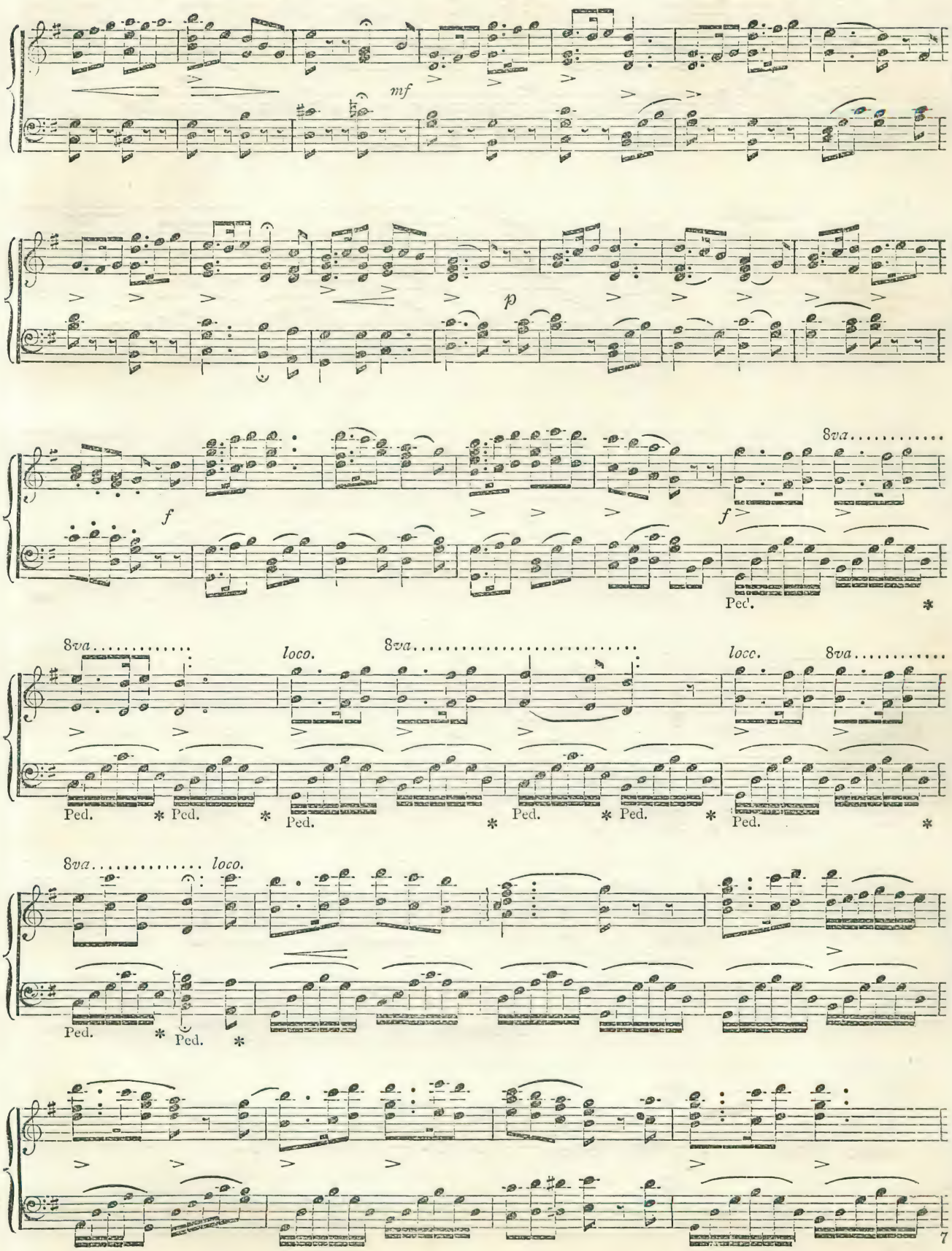
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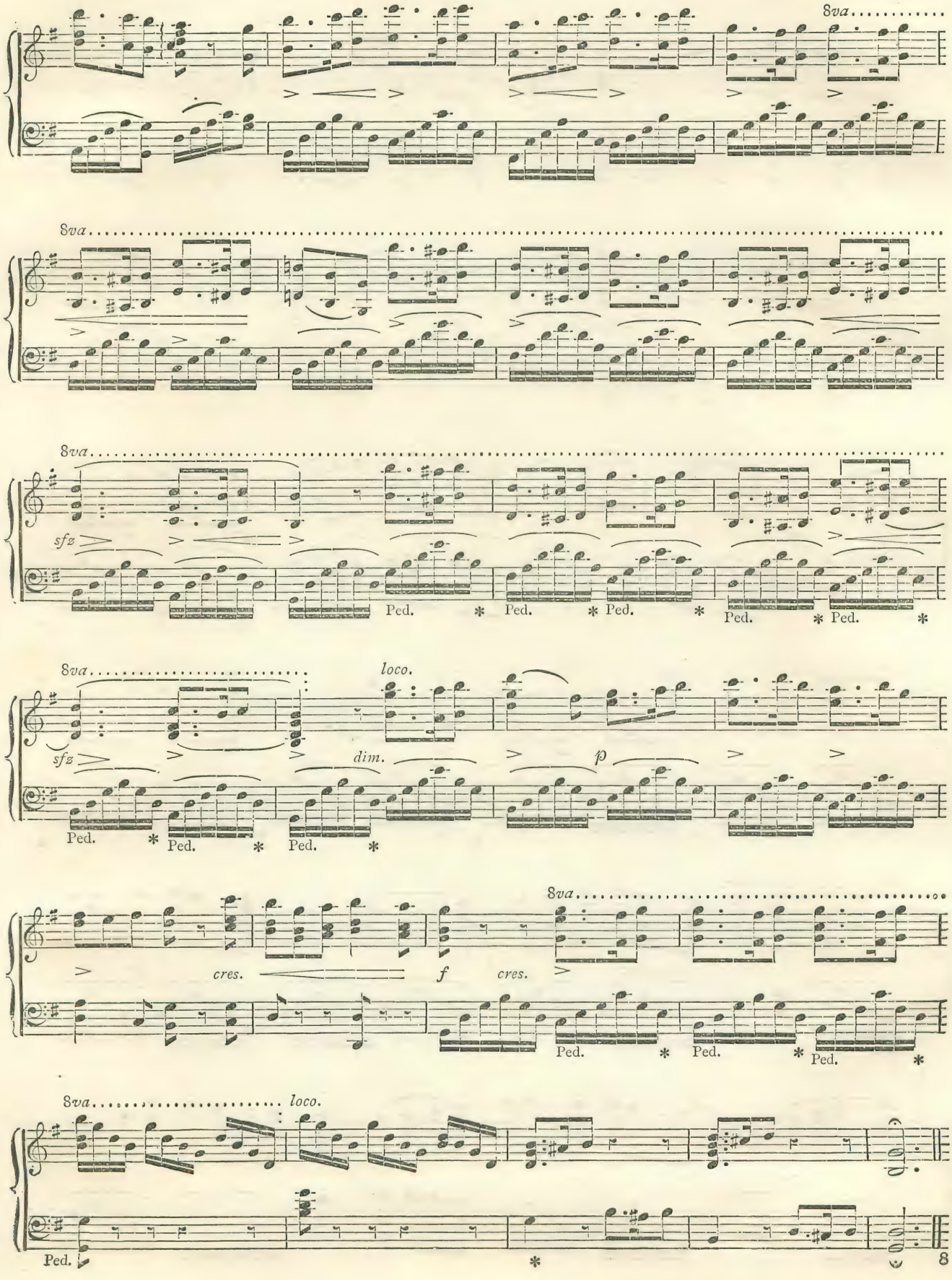
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DREAMS ON THE SHORE.

By ISABELLA FYVIE MAYO.

She sat her down where the rocks are low
(The sun made a pathway across the sea),
And she sighed, "Though the ships go to and fro,
Is there ever a ship will come to me?

"There is daily duty and daily care,
But nothing happens in glad surprise;
Shall I never gain my woman's share—
A beating heart and two dewy eyes?

"My mother folds her hands on her knees,
And sings, 'God gives to us in our sleep.'
Oh! I could wait, with a heart at ease,
Was I sure the future has aught to keep!"

So young hearts chafe through the summer hours
(Yet ships sail on down the golden way),
Wasting their season for gathering flowers
(The storms will break in the winter day)!

She sits her down in the dead of night
(And one star peeps through the tiny pane);
Her face is worn and her hair is white,
But she smiles, "We shall surely meet again!

"For a ship came safe o'er life's pathless sea,
My heart beat high and dew filled my eyes;
Why had I doubted God kept for me
All I could crave of a glad surprise?

"And so when the tides of life rolled out,
And took my ship to an unknown shore,
I learned to trust from my ancient doubt,
We shall meet again as we met before!

"There's always work while we have to wait
(All ships are safe in the Master's hand);
The day is short, and it soon grows late.
(Who sails to-night for the far-off strand?)"

SOME SIMPLE FACTS ABOUT MEDICINES.

By MEDICUS.

The bravest soldier in the field of battle is he who thoroughly understands the amount of danger he is called upon to encounter, but who, nevertheless, fearlessly faces it; the boldest sailor on the ocean is he who is well acquainted with the various difficulties and dangers that surround him, and holds himself well prepared to meet them; who never runs needless risks for the sake of gaining glory and a purpose; who is never rash, but always willing to do his duty, steadfastly and quietly, even in dilemmas, leaving the rest to that Higher Power who guides and rules everything.

The science of medicine and art of prescribing are beset with a host of laborious perplexities, and the boldest surgeon or physician is he who, though well-grounded in the rudiments of his profession, is always on the outlook for obstacles to be overcome—who, to use the language of the seafarer, though well knowing where rocks abound, is not above "heaving the lead" in places where shoals may possibly be expected; who is keen in eye, kind in heart, but quick in hand to act whenever duty points to danger.

"A little knowledge is a dangerous thing,
Drink deep, or touch not the Pierian spring."

There is truth in these lines of the bard of Twickenham. Whatever is worth doing at all, is worth doing well, but in this art of

home-prescribing, which, in my homely way, I am trying from month to month to teach my readers, cases are constantly occurring in which a lady may often be a bulwark against danger without possessing the wisdom of a Syme or an Astley Cooper. And I think, too, that there is hardly anything better calculated to please a right-minded physician, who has been sent for to treat a difficult case, than to find that some simple, well-considered remedies have already been applied with the view of reducing the most dangerous and painful symptoms; unless, indeed, the case has been rendered worse by a too meddlesome medicine or surgery.

Therefore it may well be said that a family medicine-chest in a house is a source of safety, but at the same time a source of danger. If the remedies it contains, however harmless in themselves, be not used with caution, with cool judgment, and some degree of knowledge of their virtues, 'twere better far to lock the box, and throw the key into the nearest canal.

Now, I do not think I am wrong in saying that it is the mother, rather than the father, who ought to be the medicus (or medicatrix) in the family. He has to bear the brunt of outdoor and away-from-home worry and toil. Were he ever so willing to doctor his children when sick, he can ill spare the time to "think out" a case of sickness—and there is a deal in the words "think out;" but she, the mother, knows, or ought to know, the probable cause of it, and all the outs and ins about it; and she is in a better position, also, to make herself acquainted with the constitution of each child, whether sick or well.

Besides, whatever we men-people may advance to the contrary, Nature undoubtedly intended the gentler sex to be the nurse in times of trouble; a woman's hands are softer, and her heart is more tender than that of a man. "Her heart is too tender," some may say. Ah! no, for in cases of real danger from sickness, if she is a woman worth the name, her courage rises to the occasion, she sees more clearly what is right and what is wrong than she could have believed it possible for her to do, just as the helmsman at sea on a night of storm and tempest can plough his way in the darkness through driving foam and breaking waves.

When seeking to prescribe for the relief of some little sufferer or inmate of the nursery, a mother should bear in mind, to begin with, that, in nine cases out of ten, the illness is caused by some error in feeding or diet. Symptoms of burning fever, flushed face, brightness of eye, unnatural heat of skin with dryness of surface, and moaning and tossing may be produced by over-eating. One little excess will do all this in a child; children are soon up and soon down. Well, the nurse, whether mother or elder sister, will be anxious to relieve this state; it is sad to see and dangerous as well. Perhaps she has a peep into the medicine chest and the companion thereto, and she will find mention in the latter of a class of remedies which are called *febrifuges*, in other words "fever dispellers." Or these may be called refrigerants. The safest by far of these is a mixture of chlorate of potash in water, with the addition of a little sweet spirits of nitre and sugar or syrup. Or the well-known antimonial wine may be chosen. This last is used both as a diaphoretic (or sweat producer) and an emetic, according to the dose administered. It ought to be borne in mind that it is a solution of tartar emetic in sherry wine, and therefore not so safe as the others, for it is of a lowering or depressing nature. As a diaphoretic it is useful in inflammatory cases, especially in chest complaints. Another thing that ought to be known about antimonial wine is this: it does not keep well when mixed in solution with water; a mouldy, pasty-like mass grows on it, which is, in fact, a plant to which naturalists give the high-sounding name of *Siroccoris Stibica*. On the whole antimonial wine is a medicine which, owing to its very unsafeness, I do not care to see in the hands of any but chemists or doctors. It would be well to mention here that many medicines spoil by keeping. Never use a mixture, therefore, which has changed appearance in any way. But it may not be a *febrifuge*—so called—that a feverish wee patient needs at all. In the fruit season, at all events, and about holiday times, it is more often one of the class of medicines called

Emetics. Relief from all feverish symptoms with refreshing sleep to follow often succeeds the giving of an emetic. The safest is ipecacuanha wine in suitable doses. This may be given to a very young child, and if warm water is drunk afterwards it is usually most effectual. Mustard and warm water (a teaspoonful or more) is the readiest to a child over five years of age. In cases where there is urgent need of instant vomiting, as in those where something has been swallowed, or the child is choking from something having gone the wrong way, sulphate of zinc is the speediest emetic; dose, two grains; if under five, in warm water; three, four, five and six grains, according to the age, from five to twelve years.

But seeing a young creature in pain and suffering from restlessness naturally gives rise in the mind of the kind-hearted beholder to a wish to relieve it, and a so-called anodyne or narcotic may be sought for. I believe I have before warned mothers against the use of murderous soothing syrups. No words of mine could express how strongly I feel on this subject, so I will use none, and say no more, and so save myself the trouble of deletion in this article when the printer sends me proof. There are cases in which I have known good produced from administering a very little warm wine and water to a child; but this needs to be done with so much caution, that I cannot recommend it, and stimulants to children should be prescribed by medical men, and medical men only. We have, however, in the warm bath a great reliever of pain and restlessness, which is always within easy reach of all.

I want now to say a few words about a class of medicines which are little understood and greatly abused; I refer to the ordinary *aperient* drugs of the shops. Their name is legion. The good they may do when taken in time and at the right time is undoubtedly great, but the evil they work among people who are in the constant habit of flying for relief to them whenever they feel in the least degree out of sorts is incalculable.

The temptation to obtain relief from the sufferings incidental to, say, a slight attack of dyspepsia, or that torpor of body and mind which people call *ennui*, is, to ordinary human beings, very great. They do not consider, however, that in obtaining this unnatural relief—for it is nothing else—they are weakening the system, and assuredly laying the foundation of future illnesses; ay, and invalidity, which is worse than even fatal sickness.

I have heard people talk in the following strain. I shall put it in the form of a conversation between a doctor and his patient:—

Doctor: "Do you know that you are doing yourself serious harm by having such constant recourse to that pill-box of yours?"

Patient: "But, doctor, the relief I obtain from my dyspeptic, liver, and other troubles is so great!"

Doctor: "Yes, and these troubles you speak of will return again and again with a shorter interval between each relapse, till, finally, you find yourself dependent for life entirely on your pills. It is upsetting all natural system. Were I to tell you that you are shortening the period you shall have to live by substituting nauseous pills for healthful out-door exercise and the morning bath, with regularity in diet and sleep, you might be excused for saying 'that is little matter.' Well, in one sense, it is so. Forty millions of human beings die annually. Your life or mine is but a drop in the ocean. But instead of telling you of brevity of days, let me assure you that the pill-habit reduces people in time to wretched invalids, filled with racks and rheums, and heavinesses and pains, that make them long for the good time, so long in coming, when they may be allowed to lay down a life no longer a pleasure, but a burden to them. Has this picture no terrors for you? You must admit it has. Be warned in time, then."

And so, my dear readers, let me say to you, be warned in time, and never commence the habit of flying for temporary relief to medicine, if anything else will ease your trouble. And as I warn you, so I beseech you, for the sake of our poor suffering humanity, do you warn others. And do not forget that example is better than precept even in the matter of pills.

I have, in a previous number, spoken of the evil results sure to accrue from a constant habit of dabbling in tonics.

Tonics are very good in their way, very good at a time and for a time, if taken in small quantities while the system is kept open; but many are dangerous if persisted in. Iron will bring blood that is deficient in red particles up to the standard of health, but beyond that it induces congestions and all sorts of mental and bodily troubles.

Quinine, one of the best remedies in the pharmacopœia when used judiciously, will injure brain and nerve if persisted in too long.

Phosphorous is highly dangerous. During the intense heat of last summer I know of several cases where illnesses of a painful character were entirely attributable to the drinking of badly-prepared phosphorated aërated waters. Again I say, be warned.

Now, at the conclusion of this article you must begin to suspect that the writer has penned it with the good intent of preaching caution in the use and administration of medicines. You guess as much? You guess aright. To mothers of families I would say, remember the following simple facts and rules:—

1. Let nursery remedies be of the mildest kind, and as much as possible vegetable, instead of mineral, in their nature. Grey powder is an exception, but this should only be given once in a way.

2. Remember that it is Nature herself who cures. We do but assist her efforts.

3. Medicine is of no use without a difference in, and a regulation of, diet.

4. Never give medicine if other means will serve as well, and never give a child medicine who is not in need of it, with the idea of benefiting him.

5. Be careful of the dose. It should suit the age. There is a table of doses in every good guide to the medicine-chest.

6. Do not give or take quack medicines of any kind.

7. When a patient begins to recover it is often better to trust to diet alone, than medicine.

8. It is injurious to force food on the invalid.

9. Give medicine, if needed, with regularity and frequency.

10. Never attempt to prescribe for a case that presents either difficulty or danger.

ENTRÉES.

By Phillis Browne.

I ONCE heard of a cook who was exceedingly great in entrées. She was not a particularly clever cook in other ways—she very often failed in making simple things, while her mistress was a very homely, quiet body, who, if she invited a friend to dine with her, was perfectly content if she had a plain joint and a good pudding, with a little ripe cheese to finish dinner. Yet, whenever the announcement was made that a stranger was expected, the maid invariably made the inquiry—"What entrées would you wish, madam?" The poor mistress was so thoroughly subdued by this, that she was really unhappy every time she had to give orders for an additional knife and fork to be laid. At length she confided her difficulties to a friend, who advised her the next time cook put the dreaded question to reply—"I wish chicken croquettes and cutlets à la Talleyrand." This was done, and it was now the cook's turn to be dismayed. She was obliged to confess that she could not make either of the entrées mentioned; and, indeed, that with entrées in general she was quite unfamiliar. The humiliation of the confession reduced her to a proper state of mind, and her mistress was never again called upon to answer unnecessary questions.

This cook thought an entrée was something very grand, and that her pretended skill in making them proved her to be a good cook. She was, however, thus far mistaken, because an entrée need not be grand at all; it may be very simple, although if it is to be worth anything, it must be well dished and made to look very attractive and pretty. M. Soyer, a very famous cook, said that in common terms entrées were "made dishes," and this expression helps us to understand their nature though not their position. In a regular orthodox dinner these made dishes are brought in after the fish and before the joint. They are handed round to the guests and are understood to consist of some little tasty delicacy which shall whet the appetite without satisfying it. They may be made of all sorts of things—game, fish, flesh, or fowl, and pastry, but they must be prepared in a fancy way, and they must be small; a huge entrée would be an anomaly. Usually one entrée is supposed to be enough for six persons, and at formal dinners two entrées are always provided, one of which should be brown and the other white. Where there are ten or twelve people there should be duplicates of each entrée, and for dinners of ceremony four entrées, two brown and two white, will be necessary.

Seeing, therefore, the important position which entrées hold in the order of dinner, we cannot wonder that our friend the cook thought a good deal of them. Yet I daresay that there are a good many sensible people who would pronounce entrées both extravagant and unnecessary. "What!" they would say, "when you have had soup and fish, and are going to have a joint, game, sweets, and dessert, can you not do without those little tasty morsels, which are troublesome to prepare, and which are so absolutely superfluous?" It cannot be denied that when trouble and expense have to be considered, and where people do not care to sit a long time at dinner, but prefer to get it over and done with, the entrées are the dishes which can be most easily dispensed with. In these luxurious days, however, a dinner is quite as much an opportunity for pleasant chat and social intercourse as it is for satisfying the pangs of hunger. Learned physicians tell us that this is as it should be. After the worry and anxiety of a modern day, an hour or two in the evening given, not to gormandising, of course, but to dallying with food, while enjoying the society of one's friends, make a very pleasant change in life, and occasional changes benefit both mind and body. For this kind of thing entrées are very useful, and therefore it would be well if the girls of our class knew how to make one or two. Where formal, lengthy dinners are not approved, entrées might now and then take the place of the ordinary joints, or be served at luncheon; and used in this way they would furnish variety and be an economy into the bargain. I have no doubt, therefore, that girls will find a short lesson upon entrées very acceptable.

It will be understood that although entrées are somewhat troublesome to prepare, they need not be expensive, because the remains of an ordinary meat dinner can be converted into an inviting entrée. Of this inexpensive nature are croquettes, rissoles, and kromeskies, all very favourite entrées. The foundation of these three preparations is really the same; it is meat—generally cooked meat—finely minced and pleasantly seasoned, and covered with an outer case before being cooked a second time. I fancy that a little confusion exists as to what it is which constitutes the difference between the three. Even in cookery books they are often referred to as if the terms were interchangeable. In this matter I take as my authority M. Kettner, a celebrated *chef*, for whose opinion on these questions I entertain a great respect. M. Kettner says that when a preparation of mince before being fried is dipped in egg and rolled in breadcrumbs it is a croquette; when it is wrapped in thin paste it is a rissole; and when it is wrapped in a thin sheet of bacon fat or pig's caul, then dipped in batter, it is a kromeski. In every instance the initial steps are alike; it is the finishing process which varies.

The great objection which ordinary individuals entertain to preparations of this description is that the meat is dry. This is certainly a fault, and it ought not to be the case. The covering on the outside should be dry and crisp, but the inside should be moist and savoury when hot, though firm and stiff when cold, otherwise the mixture cannot be rolled into balls, nor will these balls retain their shape. To secure this object, therefore, the mince should be mixed either with a thick white sauce called panade, or with a little strong gravy which will jelly when cold. When hot, the gravy or sauce will dissolve and flow; when cold, it will be firm, which is exactly what we want. For the sake of illustration I will now give recipes for croquettes and rissoles of chicken. Girls will, however, understand that whatever sort of meat is used the method of making is the same; the seasoning only must be varied.

Chicken Croquettes.—Cut the meat off some cold dressed chicken and put with it a third of its bulk in lean ham. Mince the meat finely, and if possible send it through a sausage machine, and season it pleasantly with pepper, salt, and cayenne. We will suppose there is half a pound of meat. When quite fine, melt an ounce of butter in a small stewpan, mix an ounce of flour smoothly with it, and add a gill of stock. Cook the mixture thoroughly, stirring it briskly all the time, until it leaves the sides of the saucepan in one mass with the spoon. Unless this part of the business is thoroughly done, the croquettes will not be firm enough to keep in shape when cold. Lift the sauce off the fire, add two tablespoonfuls of cream, the minced meat, and a squeeze of lemon juice, and mix all thoroughly; then spread the mixture on a plate and put it in a cool place for two or three hours to get cold and firm. Have ready some breadcrumbs which have been made fine and even by being passed through a wire sieve. Divide the croquette mixture into parts about the size of a large walnut, roll these to the shape of balls or corks, brush them over with egg, roll them in breadcrumbs, and place a single layer of them in the frying basket until wanted. It will not spoil them, but rather improve them, if they be made some time before they are wanted. When ready to fry them, take a saucepan half full of fat, make it hot (this, it will be remembered, means put it over the fire till it is still and a blue smoke rises from it), then put the basket into it and move the croquettes about till they are lightly browned, when they will be done. Lay them on kitchen paper and then dish them prettily in a circle, putting fried parsley in the middle by way of garnish. If liked, the balls can be floured instead of being egged and breaded.

These are croquettes. With rissoles the mince is prepared just in the same way, but instead of being made up into balls small portions are put securely into pastry which has been rolled out till very thin, and stamped to a small round shape. The rissoles should be egged and breaded as the croquettes were, or instead of using breadcrumbs they may be rolled in vermicelli which has been crushed to powder. Both should be fried in the frying basket, and will be sufficiently cooked when lightly browned.

With kromeskies the mince is divided into small portions, each of which must be rolled securely in a piece of pig's caul (which has been soaked in water till white, and dried by being pressed in a cloth), dipped in frying batter and dropped into hot fat and fried till the batter is cooked.

The kromeskies should be taken up one at a time in a spoon, dipped into the batter, and put at once with the batter which is in the spoon with them into the hot fat. As soon as the batter is lightly browned, which will be in less than a minute, the kromeskies are done. If pig's caul is not to be had, boiled fat bacon may be used instead, but it must be cut as thin as a wafer, so that it will almost dissolve in frying. Caul is to be preferred to bacon, because it cooks more quickly. Kromeskies, which are, I believe, also called "angels on horseback," are very easily made, and they are not troublesome when once the process is understood. They may be made of the veriest scraps, and will be excellent if only they are pleasantly seasoned and flavoured. Half-a-dozen mushrooms which have been peeled and cut up small are a valuable addition to the mince. When mushrooms are not to be had, tinned champignons may be taken instead. A few tinned oysters also may be put with kromeskies made of cold mutton, and they will help to convert homely materials into an elegant dish.

The frying batter, of which mention has been made, is prepared as follows:—Put a quarter of a pound of flour and a pinch of salt into a bowl, and mix smoothly with a gill of lukewarm water. Add two tablespoonfuls of salad oil, and leave it till wanted. Just before it is to be used, dash lightly in the whites of two eggs which have been beaten to a fine froth. If preferred, three tablespoonfuls of oil may be used instead of two, and then whites of eggs may be omitted. The batter may be made the day before it is wanted, and will be no worse but rather improved by waiting. It will rise in the bowl and seem to ferment, but it will be all right. Some people may think that batter made with three tablespoonfuls of oil is too rich. Then the whites of eggs may be taken.

Both lobster kromeskies and oyster kromeskies are very delicious. In each case the panade must be made as before, with an ounce of butter, an ounce of flour, a gill of water, milk, or oyster broth, and a little cream, lemon juice, salt, and cayenne. It must be thoroughly cooked, or the kromeskies will not remain firm. For lobster kromeskies the flesh of a small lobster will have to be cut into small pieces and stirred into the panade, and

a little of the spawn which has been dried in the oven, bruised, mixed with an equal quantity of butter, and passed through a sieve, may be added for the sake of the colour. For oyster kromeskies the oysters would have to be cut into small pieces before being mixed with the panade. Firm oysters would have to be chosen for this purpose; American oysters are too soft for it.

The *Cutlets à la Talleyrand*, by means of which the lady vanquished her cook, are made as follows:—Take a pound and a half of veal and cut it into neat rounds about two inches in diameter and half-an-inch thick. Cut away all skin from these, flatten them with a cutlet bat, or broad-bladed knife which has been dipped in cold water. Dissolve two ounces of butter in a sauté pan. When it is hot, lay in the cutlets and cook them gently for five minutes, being careful not to let them acquire any colour. Sprinkle over them five mushrooms, two shalots, and a tablespoonful of parsley, all of which have been chopped very small, with a little pepper and salt. Pour on a gill of white sauce, and simmer again very gently for ten minutes. Keep stirring the sauce while on the fire, and when done add, off the fire, two beaten eggs. Return the pan to the fire for a minute to set the eggs, then dish the cutlets in a circle and pour the sauce round them. If there is no white sauce at hand, a superlative white sauce may be made as follows:—Melt two ounces of butter and fry in it two ounces of lean ham. When this is cooked lightly so as not to discolour the butter, mix an ounce and a half of flour smoothly with the butter, add a pint of white stock, and stir the sauce till it boils. Peel six button mushrooms, or if these are not to be had use eight champignons, or tinned mushrooms. Chop these small before using them. Add them and two small carrots also cut small to the sauce, draw the saucepan to the side with the lid half on, and simmer gently for half an hour. Skim away the butter which rises to the surface, and strain the sauce through muslin, or through a tammy cloth. The latter is the most effectual way of straining superior sauces, and it renders them beautifully smooth and velvety. The tammy, which is a sort of loosely woven cloth made for the purpose, should be placed over a basin, and the sauce poured into it. The cloth should then be turned over the sauce, and the two ends taken firmly hold of by different persons, and by means of one twisting one way and the other twisting the other, the sauce should be squeezed through into the basin. When strained, half a gill of cream may be added to it. The veal cutlets must be dished in a circle and the sauce poured over them. Thus prepared they are really delicious.

Cutlets à la Rachel are also most excellent. Prepare some veal cutlets, as in the last recipe, and fry them gently till cooked sufficiently. Cover them with what is called *pâté de foie gras* stuffing, lay a round piece of truffle or mushroom in the centre of each, and wrap each cutlet in pig's caul, which has been soaked in water till white and dried. When the cutlets are wanted, make them hot in the oven, and serve them round mixed vegetables which have been cut into fancy shapes.

I ought to explain here that this *pâté de foie gras* stuffing is not the real article, which is regarded as a great luxury by epicures, and which is made of the livers of geese which have been tied down to a plank in a hot room, so that they cannot move about, and then overfed until their livers become diseased, and are very large, fat, gross, and much paler than when in a natural condition. These livers are considered a great delicacy, and when mixed with truffles and elaborately seasoned, form the basis of the renowned Strasburg pies, which are so highly esteemed by many, and sold at a high price. Girls need never look for a recipe for making a pie of this sort, or anything of a similar character, from me; for, indeed, I think it is very wicked to be thus cruel to animals. We are obliged to kill animals to obtain food—it is a law of our life; but we ought to have the business done as quickly and painlessly as possible. Perhaps girls feel inclined to say, "But we use so little food of this description, what difference will it make if we abstain?" It will make this difference: that we shall not have it on our consciences that we have done this iniquity. One, before whose teaching we bow in reverence, said long ago, "It must needs be that offences come, but woe to the man through whom they come." If even the smallest actions of our lives are carried out in the spirit of that teaching, there will be no fear that we shall act with cruelty to the meanest thing that breathes.

The *foie gras* stuffing to which I refer is made of ordinary calf's liver. It is excellent, and may be used for a variety of dishes. Take half a pound of calf's liver, a quarter of a pound of bacon, one carrot, one onion, and a bunch of herbs. Cut up the meat, chop the herbs, and fry all together till well cooked. Pound the ingredients in a mortar, pass them through a wire sieve, and the forcemeat is ready.

The great difficulty in writing on a subject like this is to know when to stop; for indeed there are scores of recipes which one might give, all of which are excellent. I must, however, content myself with three more, and then stop. These are Filets de Bœuf à la Béarnaise, which means fillets of beef with Béarnaise sauce; a vegetable entrée, stuffed tomatoes; and a quickly prepared entrée. I will take the last first.

Oysters and Bacon.—Take as many fresh oysters as may be required, and wrap each one in a slice of thin bacon. Put the small rolls in the oven and bake until the bacon is sufficiently cooked. Have ready a small round of buttered toast for each oyster, arrange in a circle, and serve.

Stuffed Tomatoes, called also Tomatoes à la Provençale.—Choose half-a-dozen smooth, ripe tomatoes of an equal size. Cut a slice off the top, scoop out the inside, and fill it with a nicely-flavoured forcemeat, made as follows: Melt half an ounce of butter in a stew-pan, and mix thoroughly with it a tablespoonful of cooked ham finely chopped, a tablespoonful of chopped mushrooms, a teaspoonful of chopped parsley, a shalot, a little pepper and salt, and one ounce of parmesan. Put the slice again on the top of the tomato, or, if preferred, sprinkle grated breadcrumbs over it, put the tomatoes in a greased tin, and bake them for twenty minutes or so, till cooked.

Filets de Bœuf.—These fillets may be taken from the undercut of the sirloin, and may either be cut into slices the third of an inch thick, freed from skin, and fried in a little hot butter as the veal cutlets were (when they are said to be sautés); or they may be cut an inch thick and broiled in the usual way. The name of this dish (for those who approve of French terms) is determined by the way in which the fillets are finished off and served. A little maître d'hôtel butter may be put on each fillet, and fried potatoes served in the middle, when the dish becomes Filets de Bœuf à la Maître d'Hôtel. Brown sauce should then be served separately, a very small portion being put over the fillets before the maître d'hôtel is laid on. Or a little truffle or mushroom may be employed to flavour the sauce, when the dish will be Filets Sautés aux Truffes, or aux Champignons. If served on a wall of potatoes, and arranged alternately with tomatoes, round mixed vegetables, they become Filets à la Pompadour; if Béarnaise sauce is poured over them they are Filets de Bœuf à la Béarnaise. When rich sauce of this description is employed it should be poured into the centre of the fillets, and an appropriate garnish, such as scraped horseradish, or potato croquettes, put round.

The *Béarnaise Sauce* is made as follows:—Allow an egg for each person and one ounce of butter for each egg. The yolks only of the eggs will be needed, the whites can be set aside and used for something else. Beat the yolks lightly, put them in a small stew-pan, and stir them till they begin to thicken. Lift the pan off the fire, and put in a third of the butter to be taken. Stir the sauce again over the fire for two minutes, and then introduce, off the fire, another third portion of the butter. Simmer two minutes longer, and repeat the process a third time. Let the sauce cool a minute, add salt and pepper, a little tarragon vinegar to make it taste pleasantly. Last of all, throw in a tablespoonful of chopped tarragon, or, if this is not to be had, of chopped parsley.

Perhaps it will be thought that in giving these recipes I have wandered off into the region of extravagant cookery. I should be very sorry to do this, and I think if girls will calculate expenses they will find the sound is worse than the reality. It is an economy to make two hot dishes of a joint instead of dressing it all at once, and having it left to be used and often wasted, because not used up to the last scrap when cold. And as for this Béarnaise sauce, if we use three eggs, and allow a penny for each egg and a penny for each ounce of butter and a halfpenny for the pepper, salt, and tarragon vinegar (which last-named item is inexpensive, because we made it at home as we ought to have done in the season), the sauce will cost sixpence halfpenny. This is not very outrageous, is it?

AUNT DIANA.

By ROSA NOUCHETTE CAREY, Author of "Nellie's Memories," "Not Like Other Girls," "Esther," etc.

CHAPTER XII.

ROGER'S APPENDIX.

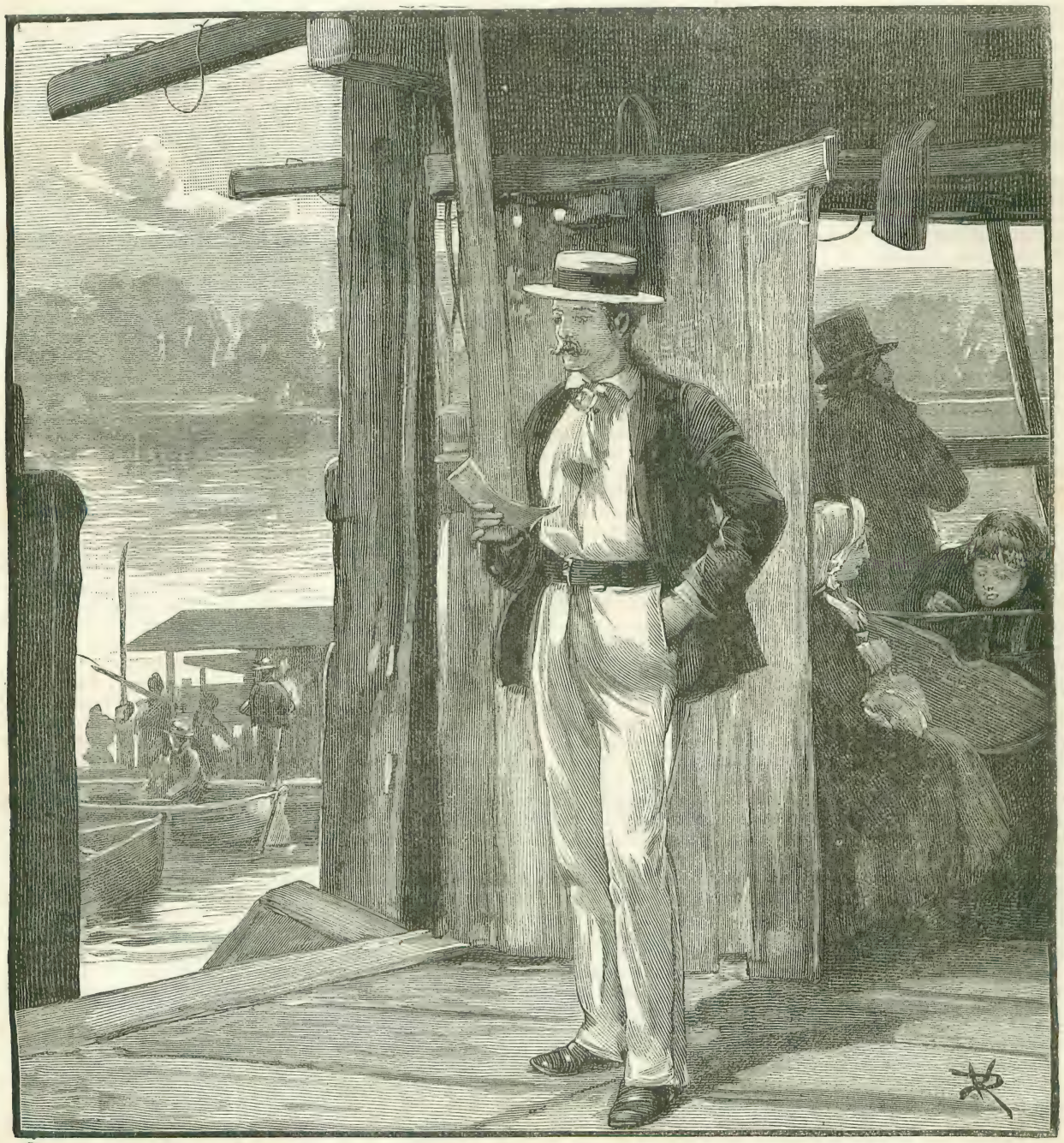
MISS CARRINGTON received a letter from Alison soon after this, the conclusion of which made her smile, but that was not Alison's fault. Roger had taken possession of the half-finished sheet of note paper, and had filled it after his own fashion, adding a lengthy message from Rudel. Alison protested in vain, the letter must go with Roger's appendix or else a day's post would be lost.

"Dear Aunt Diana," wrote Alison, in her pretty girlish hand, "I had hoped to have commenced a long letter to you last Monday, and now it is Saturday, and yet not a word written. Last week I behaved better, did I not? But you cannot scold me, lest I quote your own

words against you, 'Duty before pleasure.' Is not that what you always said, and is it not the greatest pleasure in the world, except talking to you, to write to you and tell you everything? But then you would not have me neglect all my little duties even to enjoy this, would you, dear Aunt Di?"

("As though Ailie ever neglected her little duties!" observed Miss Carrington, with a tender smile, which it was a pity Alison could not see.)

"I have been at home three weeks now, and you will want to know if I feel satisfied with the progress I have made. You asked as much in your last letter—and what a dear letter that was; but indeed, Aunt Di, I feel that it is a question that I hardly know how to answer. 'The world goes up and the world goes down,' especially at The Holms. The old grievances remain; Missie still asserts her own sweet will, in absolute disregard of all other wills. This causes floods of tears on Poppie's part when Miss Leigh and I are not by to take her part; and a day never passes without a quarrel between Missie and Rudel. I am afraid they are both rather fond of wrangling, for they begin on the smallest pretext. Missie is often cross with me, but I take very little notice of that; it is her behaviour to Roger that troubles me most. Sometimes I feel so angry at her innuendoes and sarcastic speeches, that I hardly know how to refrain from speaking, but Roger says our silence punishes her most; she wants to rouse him into passion, but he has wisely resolved not to indulge her. 'What does it matter?' he always says, when he sees me unhappy about it; 'hard words break no bones,' but all the same I know how often she pains him; and, *Aunt Di*—you know I tell you everything, as you said I ought—I am afraid she makes papa harder on Roger than he would be if he were left to himself, and this makes me more angry and miserable. I think there is no one in the world so good as Roger,



"'ALL RIGHT, MY DEAR OLD CARRI,' HE SAID TO HIMSELF."

except one or two people who shall be nameless, and I long—oh, how I long—to make him as happy as he deserves to be for his sake. I am glad I have come home. Yes, indeed, dear Aunt Di, you were right, as you always were, and my duty is here at present."

("Only three weeks and she has already learned her lesson," said Miss Carrington, with a sigh! "Poor little Ailie! yes, I was right to give you up.")

"But I am turning the dark side to you first. Now for a bit of brightness.

"I am really getting on much better with my housekeeping this week; the first week I made dreadful blunders, in spite of Miss Leigh's help. Papa was rather annoyed once or twice, only I begged him to have patience, as I was so new to my duties, and then he said no more. It vexes me when Missie calls his attention to any little oversight on my part, as I do not think he would notice it of his own accord; but I try to follow Roger's example and bear it as patiently as I can, and I have made less mistakes this week.

"I think breakfast time is the pleasantest hour of the day. Missie never comes down until the meal is nearly over, and so I get papa and the boys to myself, and we are often very merry. Rudel is always down in time, for I call him myself, and as I help him to find his schoolbooks he is never in disgrace with his master. Poppie, too, has learned to say her grace and to bid us all good morning very prettily. She seems less afraid of papa, and talks to him as nicely as possible. My greatest difficulty is to fit in all my duties. Do you remember giving me quite a long lecture once on making a better use of my time? You called me a sad spendthrift, and declared all the quarters of an hour that I wasted would mount up dreadfully at the end of the week, but I find I must husband even my minutes now if I am to do all I wish.

"So much time is taken up by housekeeping and necessary needlework, in spite of all Miss Leigh's valuable help, that very little remains for my own pursuits. I am giving Poppie drawing lessons, which pleases her very much, and I help Rudel with his Latin. How glad I am that Mr. Moore got me on so well with it; it has given me such an influence over Rudel; he respects me twice as much, I believe; and he was very backward with his Latin, and that made papa angry. I have another pupil, too, and that is Roger. One evening papa remained in his study, and we all gathered round the piano and sang rounds and glees. I discovered then that Roger really had a magnificent voice, only it was perfectly uncultivated, so I am doing my best to train it. I wanted Missie to teach him, because she really sings most beautifully, but she will not take the trouble, so we shut ourselves in the schoolroom and practise scales nearly every evening.

"I wish our evenings could be more sociable, but I hardly know how to make them so. Papa always brings his books into the drawing-room, and that hinders all conversation. Missie has quite left off singing to us; she always shares papa's lamp and little table, and reads all the evening, too. She and Miss Hardwick are reading French novels, to improve themselves in the language. Miss Leigh has spoken to papa once or twice about it, but she cannot induce him to put a stop to it. One evening he did question Missie, but she was reading Comines then, and of course he could not disapprove; but only the other day Miss Leigh was dreadfully shocked to find her over one of ——'s novels; they had quite a battle over it, but Miss Leigh cried, and declared she would go to papa that instant if Missie did not give it up, so she promised to take it back to Miss Hardwick; but do you know, Aunt Diana, I am afraid they read it together at Maplewood.

"When papa and Missie read, Miss Leigh and I have to work in silence, unless we read, too, Roger brings in his book sometimes, but he finds it very dull, so we go off to the schoolroom to practise, or we fetch Rudel for a walk, and once or twice I have taken my work out to the timber-yard; it is so cool and quiet there, and Roger talks to me. On Sunday evening papa always remains in his study, so after church we sing hymns, and Poppie sits up to hear us. Missie was very angry about it at first, but I quietly told her that Poppie was in Miss Leigh's charge and in mine, and that I would allow no interference; and that answered, for she has said nothing about it since.

"With Missie I have simply no influence; she refuses to walk or practise with me, and holds herself aloft from our pursuits. She is always with Miss Hardwick; they go out together, and Missie is over at Maplewood three or four afternoons in the week. When Miss Hardwick comes over here, they show me pretty plainly that my society is not wanted. I have an idea that Missie is mostly to blame for this. Miss Hardwick has always come alone since that first afternoon, and when I beg her to bring her sister Anna, she always makes some civil excuse or other; but I believe the poor little thing is not allowed to come, and I have not yet been asked to Maplewood. There is a talk of a garden party there soon, and of course Roger and I will be invited then, and I shall see Anna.

"Oh! what a long letter I am writing, but you see I have so much to say. One thing more. You will be grieved to hear that when I took your advice and spoke to papa about coming with us to church last Sunday, he was very, very angry with me. He said it was no business of a girl of my age to interfere with him, and that I was to attend to my own duties and leave him to his. I should have been quite unhappy about it, only that, in spite of his anger, I could see such a sad look in his eyes, and that made me all the more sorry for him. Roger says ——but here he comes, looking very mischievous, as though he meant to hinder me. Oh, Aunt Di——"

"Ailie has written at least six sheets, and I mean to have this last page. Nieces are all very well, but I am sure you would like to hear sometimes from your nephews. Here is Rudel dying to send a message to Aunt Diana. Well, sir, what is it? Never mind, he is a good boy, as boys go, but he is not gifted with a huge amount of brains, and he has not hammered out a very elegant message, but I am sure you will excuse it and give him credit for warm feeling. 'Tell Aunt Diana that she is no end of a brick.' Do please forgive me for a literal transcript of his words. 'Yes, she is a brick, and no mistake, for sparing Ailie to us, and Ailie is a regular trump; things are not half so horrid, and a fellow has some pleasure in his life when he is not being chivied all over the place and riled until he is pretty nearly mad.' Hold there, my good lad, I am sure Aunt Diana will spare you the rest. Seriously, my dear aunt, we are all, from Poppie upwards, as grateful to you as possible for sending back Ailie to us; good girls are not as plentiful as blackberries"—("For shame, master Roger!" from Miss Carrington)—"and we mean to make much of Ailie now we have got her.

"The Holms is not the most peaceful spot in existence. 'Birds in their little nests agree,' so Dr. Watts says; but, my dear aunt, every schoolboy will tell you that is false; though we will let it pass, and suppose the baby beaks do not peck each other. Still, at The Holms there is a vast amount of pecking.

"There are 'wills and won'ts, I shall and you shan't,' in this happy abode, and Ailie does not like it at all. She has dreadfully old-fashioned notions about family life, and thinks brothers and sisters ought never to quarrel; she is all for kissing and making up, but, bless you, one can't do that sort of thing alone. For instance, if I wished to embrace Missie during one of her tantrums, I should find my arms full of thin air, or the real, substantial Missie might scratch at close quarters. There is nothing your fairhaired vixen will not do.

"Never mind; poor little Ailie does her best for us all, and some of us are properly grateful. We have good times now and then, and get up a laugh and astonish ourselves. One thing, I have enjoyed my breakfast for the last three weeks. No more lukewarm coffee poured out with an acidulated smile; we have the real thing in smiles now. There, I think I have inflicted enough on you, so I will subscribe myself

"Your affectionate and grateful nephew,
"ROGER."

When Miss Carrington read this letter to Mr. Moore, on the old bench by the river, a pleased look came over the old man's face.

"I like that lad," he said, striking his ivory headed stick into the ground. "I remember his voice pleased me when he was here some years ago; a good honest voice it was. Mark my words, Miss Diana, our little sunbeam is fulfilling her mission."

"I think Roger is all the happier for having his sister," returned Miss Carrington, with a sigh.

"Oh," he said, turning his sightless face towards her quickly, "you are missing the child, and so am I. Sunny is beyond our reach just now; one cannot help wishing her back sometimes. For

my part I had no idea how sorely I should miss my little pupil."

"I always knew what her loss would be to me," returned Miss Carrington, with some emotion; "that is the worst of isolating one's affections. I have so few who are absolutely necessary to me; only you and Greville and Ailie—three out of this worldful of millions; it seems wrong somehow."

"The fewer to love—the fewer to leave," replied the old man, somewhat dreamily; "but," rousing himself, "I believe you are right, Miss Diana. We ought to open our hearts wider, and compel the many to come in. There must be something niggardly in our natures if we find it so difficult to care for people. Love begets love, so they say. We lose both principal and interest if we lay up our talents in a napkin."

"Do you know," observed Miss Carrington, a little abruptly, "that Greville is very angry with me for sending Ailie away?"

"Oh, he has written to you, has he?" with a half smile, for he had already received a stormy letter from his grandson on the same subject.

"Yes; he is as indignant as possible about the sacrifice, as he terms it. He calls me shabby for not letting him into the secret; he declares he shall go round by Chesterton on his way home and have it out with Alison, but I have put a stop to that."

"What! you deprived him and Sunny of that poor little pleasure? What a hard-hearted woman you are, Miss Diana; and yet you were young yourself once."

"My dear friend, it would not do at all," returned Miss Carrington, in her most resolute tone. "You spoil that boy so dreadfully that you give in to all his whims. You want me to keep you all in order."

"But where would be the harm?" persisted Mr. Moore, smiling. "Just a call and a chat; why, it would do Sunny good."

"No, no; it would only unsettle her. Greville shall go down to The Holms some day, but not just yet. Ailie will get on better if we leave her entirely to herself the first few months. Why, unless things go very wrong, I do not intend to go down myself until next spring. But Greville, oh no; I told him on no account to do it."

"And you expect him to obey you, I suppose?"

"Oh, yes, he will obey me now. Later on, perhaps—but we shall see. I am sure it would be only cruel kindness for Greville to unsettle her. She frets enough after us, I am sure of that, and seeing him will only bring us more vividly before her. Besides, there are other reasons; but, my good old friend, you do not often distrust my wisdom."

"Nor do I now," he returned, slowly. "I was only putting myself in my boy's place, and thinking how he must long for a glimpse of Sunny. Have it your own way, Miss Diana; Greville is almost as much your boy as he is mine, and I know you would not cross him if you could help it."

"No, indeed," she replied, very gently, "I think you, and Greville, too, may trust me." And then the conversation dropped.

It was an odd thing, but when Greville read Miss Carrington's letter, his face first clouded with disappointment, but after a second perusal it suddenly cleared.

"All right, my dear old Carri," he said to himself. "I understand more than you think, perhaps more than you intended; well, you shall be obeyed this time, and without much grumbling; but next year, if I pass this examination, you and grandfather shall see." And then he took up his straw hat, thrust the letter into his pocket-book, still smiling, and went down to the lake, where his boat was waiting, whistling as merrily as a blackbird all the time.

"Ailie," asked Roger, suddenly, as they sat together in the timber-yard one evening, "what has become of that fellow, Greville Moore? I never hear anything about him now."

"He has joined a reading party at Keswick this vacation," returned Alison, throwing a stick into the canal for Otter to find; "and after that I believe he and Mr. Moore are going to Cornwall. Aunt Diana said something about it in her last letter."

"And Aunt Di is going to the Swiss Tyrol, is she not?"

"Yes, I believe so," returned Alison, turning her face away. Roger thought she was only interested in Otter's movements, and he rose lazily to find another stick.

But Alison's dark eyes were suddenly full of tears. Roger knew nothing of those long winter talks in the twilight, when she and Aunt Diana were having blind man's holiday until the lamp was brought in. How they had planned out that delightful trip that Aunt Diana was now to take alone; the weeks that were to be spent among the Swiss mountains when she and Alison were to fill their sketchbooks, and Aunt Diana was to find a scene for her new picture. Alison had never been abroad, and the previous year Mr. Moore had been ill, and Miss Carrington had refused to leave him, and they had only gone to Hastings later on with him and Greville. It was a happy time, she remembered, and full of pleasant recollections; but Greville would have joined them in Switzerland.

Miss Carrington had said very little about it in her letter; it was a painful subject to both. She was going quite alone now; some friends of hers were in the Engadine, and would join her, if she wished it, but she would miss her dear little companion all the same.

"Come along, Ailie," exclaimed Roger, drawing her arm through his. "It feels cold and damp. It is hardly prudent to sit so long. Come into the schoolroom and give me a lesson."

Alison rose silently, and in the dim light brushed something from her cheek, but Roger noticed nothing amiss when she asked him in her usual voice what song he would try. "It would only vex him if he knew how disappointed I am," she thought, "so I will not tell him, and perhaps some day, if I am very good, Aunt Diana may still take me to Switzerland." And with this thought she resolutely set herself to play Roger's accompaniment.

(*To be continued.*)

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The Clang of the Hammer. Words by G. W. Southey. Music by Theo. Bonheur.

HENRY KLEIN.

The Last Muster. Words by Juba Kennerley. Composed by Henry Pontet, with accompaniment for harmonium.—A thoroughly vocal theme; expresses the words most sympathetically.

A Shilling and a Kiss. Written by Frederick Wood. Composed by Henry Pontet.—Lively and amusing; very likely to become popular.

Can He Forget. Words by Omagh. Music by Harold Gordon.

Saved by a Child. Written by Nemo. Composed by M. Piccolomini.

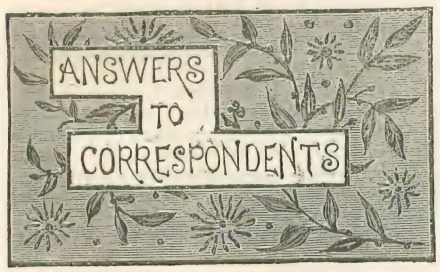
Both are worthy of commendation.

Rêverie. By E. Parsons.—A brilliant pianoforte piece, will suit the capabilities of a moderate performer, and requires clear and firm playing.

Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep. By Henry Klein.—An old favourite very pleasingly arranged as a pianoforte solo, presenting no difficulties.

Rosa. Gavotte. Composed by Frederic Burgiss.

Buxton Promenade March. By the same composer.



MISCELLANEOUS.

We have received the following letter from one of our readers:—Dear Mr. Editor,—I have been reading your Answers to Correspondents in The Girl's Own Paper for February, and saw the reply given to "Annie May" to the effect that if she had only ten shillings a month for dress she must make it do. I suppose I may gather from that that she has been, and perhaps is, of the opinion that it is not enough. If you will pardon me for taking up your time, I should like to tell you how I make the same sum answer very well indeed for my own dress expenses. I am in service, and have very good wages, and have always been in the habit of keeping a strict account of every penny I spend; but it was not until I read the articles on "Girls' Allowances" that I adopted the plan of having what I call a "guide list of expenditure." On comparing my accounts year after year, I found that I usually spent £6 per annum upon dress; but, of course, as I had no fixed rule to go by, it was only by chance that I kept to that amount; but now, by the help of the above mentioned article, I have a list which I keep to as much as possible. Of course, it needs revision according to the state of my wardrobe at the end of the year. I am my own dressmaker and milliner, and knit my own winter stockings, and make it a rule never to buy anything I can make. Of course, it is needless to say one does not want the same things every year, so as I bought a fur cape for this winter, I intend, if I am spared, to buy a jacket for next. Last year I bought a nice cloak for 16s. 9d., which will last me for years, so that, taking one year with another, the expenses are pretty well balanced. Perhaps it will be thought that some of the sums mentioned in the list I have enclosed are almost too small, such as gloves and handkerchiefs; but a girl with only 10s. a month cannot afford to indulge in any expensive whims. With regard to gloves, I may say that in the warm weather I always wear black taffeta; they are less expensive and more serviceable than kid; and as to the handkerchiefs, one can always buy them in twos or threes at a sale, and they are better, I think, than one would get in buying them in the ordinary way, as the drapers are generally anxious to get rid of the odd ones, and will sell really good ones at a reduced rate.

List of Expenses for One Year.

	£	s.	d.
Stays	0	4	6
Underlinen	0	4	6
Petticoat	0	2	6
Stockings	0	5	10½
Handkerchiefs	0	1	4½
Print dress	0	4	0
Boots and shoes	1	9	6
Summer dress	0	14	6
Winter dress	0	19	6
Fur cape	0	14	9
Hat	0	5	6
Gloves	0	6	0
Sundries	0	7	6
Total	£6	0	0

Of course, expensive frilling and lace cannot be indulged in; a little good frilling for the best dress is all I ever indulge in. That, with buttons, cottons, &c., is included in the "sundries" in my list. I may also add that any edging I may require for trimming I make myself, either in crochet or tatting. I do not know, Mr. Editor, whether you may think this short account of how I manage my dress allowance will be of any use to your readers, but if you do, you are quite at liberty to make what use you like of it, and also the list. I should like to say, in conclusion, that, although I have good wages, yet I do not think I have any right to spend more than is necessary upon dress, and it is quite possible to dress nicely upon the sum I have mentioned. With warmest thanks for your delightful paper, which no girl can value too highly, I am, dear Mr. Editor, Yours sincerely, Alpha.

Alpha.—We are much obliged for your list and your carefully written account of your yearly dress expenditure. The managers of the Lairitz Pine Wool Products Company are anxious we should say that their manufactories are situated in Germany—not in Norway.

A Great Admirer.—In the new price list of coins we find the value of George III. half-crowns given as from 3s. 6d. to 6s. There are two varieties, dates 1816 to 1817, and from 1817 to 1820, inclusive. We could not give addresses; they will be found in a directory.

Naughty Girl had better go home and make friends with her aunt, to whom she seems to have behaved very badly, and on whom she appears to have little or no claim. She does not state who paid for her mother's last illness and funeral, nor what claims her aunt had on the various articles.

Raymond di Procida.—The Summer and Christmas numbers are, we fear, out of print, but you could inquire for them, and for the covers, of Mr. Tarn. The rate of book and newspaper postage is a half-penny for every two ounces.

E. W.—You would have to employ proper workmen to fix your aviary, or you could purchase a large cage to begin with.

Nancy.—We feel much sympathy with you in your troubles; but we think your immediate duty is to go on with your education, and your parents seem to agree with us. When that is finished, a way will be opened for you to assist them as you wish to do. Meanwhile, you can only reward those that help you by your attention to your studies. We regret we cannot take the puzzles, as they would not suit us.

Annie.—There are homes for working girls at 135, Queen's-road, Bayswater, W.; at 14, Fitzroy-street, Fitzroy-square, W.; and at 88, St. John's-street, E.C. We believe that another has been recently opened in Mortimer-street, W.

J. H. C.—We do not remember the letter for which you apologise. We most willingly excuse what you so much regret to have written. We see no enclosure in your letter dated February 27th, or would send you a reply to any question contained in it.

Xrefa.—We cannot be "wise above that which is written," and we know no more about the mark that was set upon Cain than you can find in your own Bible.

Blue Hyacinth.—The Sunday called Mothering Sunday is Mid Lent. It is said that it received this name from the ancient custom of visiting the "mother church." It is a great holiday, and children in many parts of England go home from service on that day to visit their parents. Rub flour or bran well into the hairbrush to clean it.

Lily Leaf.—Pulaski was a noble Pole, who served as a volunteer in the American War against England. He appears to have fallen in a skirmish in 1779.

True Sincerity's poems show some talent so far as they are copies of other people's. It is, however, most difficult to find out where she has engrafted herself on several well-known authors without reference to their works. She probably takes great pleasure in writing, and there is no harm in her doing it; but she must try to be quite original, and also to use a capital "I" for the first person singular instead of a small one, which looks illiterate.

Delta.—If the pearls be valuable, consult a good jeweller.

Gar's Darling.—We are much obliged by your kind letter and its good wishes, which we warmly return, and we are glad to hear that you find our paper so useful.

Yarn Ferguam.—If the aged relative with whom you live, and from whom you expect £3,000, had purchased an annuity, you would now have been in a very different position. If it be a case of "doing as you would be done by," we advise you to invest the money, and consider those whom you will, in your turn, leave behind you.

Passy may clean pampas grass by placing it in clean cold water for a few hours to soak the dirt off, and, after lightly shaking it, placing it to dry by the fire or in the sun.

A Maori Princess will do well to avoid lying on the grass after dark, for in this English climate the grass is seldom dry enough to trust.

Agnes B——y (Australia).—Your kind letter is acknowledged with our best thanks. We are always glad to hear from our colonies, and usually reply first to those whose letters have had to travel so far, whether they be British or our foreign girls. You have our good wishes.

Alice H. (New Zealand).—We thank you warmly for your kind letter, and for telling us that our paper was pronounced by a leading journalist of New Zealand to be well worth reading to anyone, and far superior to any other journals he has seen. This is very encouraging, and it was kind of you to write and tell us of his opinion. Your handwriting is pretty, and we offer you our best wishes.

Shuttle.—We recommend you to show your eyes to some oculist in a hospital, as it may be necessary to use some drops for your eyes. They may be a little congested. In working, you should place the light beside or behind you, not so as to fall on the eyes. Possibly you may need spectacles to relieve the strain upon them. We do not know to what your education amounts, nor what abilities you may possess. Thus, we could not advise you as you desire.

Starlight.—All white linen and cotton articles would become slightly discoloured in lying by. The place where they are kept should be perfectly dry.

Blue Ribbon Mattie must consult a surgeon, as the obnoxious mole could perhaps be removed so as to get rid of the trouble to her sight.

Irene.—You would be obliged to speak to the clergyman of the parish, and be guided by his advice at the time.

Dot.—The maid would precede the visitors upstairs to announce them at the drawing-room door. The lady of the house in taking a visitor to the drawing-room or bedroom, would say, "Shall I show you the way?" or some words to that effect. It is not needful to introduce people to each other in society; it is optional.

Jane Distin.—Judging from the letters we receive, most of our girls are very faithfully trying to do all the good they can; but they must all be guided by the circumstances of their individual lives, and the state of life to which God has called them.

Precedence.—We should consider that C., as the senior deacon, would take precedence of D. The question of a majority of votes would have nothing to do with it.

Pickle.—We must refer you to our article on "Good Breeding in Receiving Hospitality." The duties and obligations of a guest are all fully considered—servants' fees included—with other questions. For a week or ten days' visit you may give 2s. 6d. to the housemaid and the parlour-maid. Women do not, as a rule, fee men servants; but were the coachman to give you drives alone, without being accompanied by a member of his master's family, you would give him a couple of shillings or half-a-crown on leaving. See page 363, vol. v. (number for March, 1884). The manner of playing Mendelssohn's "Songs Without Words" must be determined by the taste of the performer. Of course you cannot be guided by "words" when there are none.

Alma Green.—Cramp is usually the result of too much acidity in the system. Bicarbonate of potash, as much as would cover a sixpence or less in a wineglassful of water before going to bed might prevent its coming. You must attend to your diet, and eat but sparingly of sugar and sweet things. A little dose of citrate of magnesia might be sometimes of service to you. You write fairly well.

Ivy tells us, judging from the happy marriage she has herself made, though on limited means, that it is "better a thousand times to have a nest of your own than that dreary waiting for a nicely furnished villa, and one or two maids!" What a lugubrious picture of "Love's young dream," as dreamed by the prudent girls, who do not wish to risk the spectacle of "the wolf at the door." We congratulate Ivy, however, on her felicitous union, including "daily bread," and understand also that, in her case, a home of her own was not purchased at the expense of leaving the old parents' nest. The "gipsy chairs" covered with crewel work would look well. We should go to a good draper's, and ask for remnants of dark woollen material, with a bright stripe, for the fire-place curtains.

M. A. L.—Possibly Broadstairs might suit you. Provisions are cheap and good, and apartments moderate (except in the very height of the season, which lasts from July to the end of September). The beach is both sandy and sheltered, and bathing good. The town stands on a cliff, and the cliff parade extends from one end of the town to the other. You may go there either by train or a steamer from London Bridge. It is 77 miles from town, and the climate is bracing and healthful, and very pleasant in June.

E. F. F. C. is referred to the answer quite recently given in our correspondence department to a person likewise suffering from a flat foot. Certainly it should be shown to a surgeon, or it may grow worse. You should not spell "whether" as "wether"—a sheep.

Elfie.—You have written a very nice and gratifying letter. This much we clearly understand; but you do not quite so well express what you mean by your "throat not being clear on special occasions." Perhaps your throat is relaxed, and your voice husky. Tannin lozenges might be of use to you, or a gargle of burnt alum, half a teaspoonful; half a wineglass of vinegar, a small tablespoonful of honey, and half a pint of water. If a singer, beware of over-straining or fatiguing your voice.

Nolda.—The Holborn Viaduct was opened by the Queen for traffic November 6th, 1869.

VOL. VI.—No. 285. JUNE 13, 1885. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

THE OLD SUNDIAL.

By HELEN MARION BURNSIDE.

STILL the old sundial standeth
On the dew-bespangled lawn,
Where the blackbirds, mellow-throated,
Sing their matin songs at dawn.

I remember the old mansion,
Standing 'midst ancestral trees,
With its pleasant windows open
To the flower-fragrant breeze.

And I seem to hear the voices
Of the children softly ring
From the casements where the jasmine
Wreaths of starry blossoms fling.

While a pair of youthful lovers
Wrapt in low, entrancing talk,
Now in shine and now in shadow,
Slowly pace the winding walk.

Where the rowan-trees are bending,
Decked in autumn's garments gay,
Shining wet and fire-tinted,
In the fountain's rainbow spray.

I remember, I remember,
And my eyes are dim with tears,
As again I see the garden
Of my home of bygone years.

Not a footstep breaks the silence,
Not a voice comes on the breeze:
For the old house stands deserted,
Dark and dank amidst its trees.

And the children's happy laughter
Will be only heard in dreams;
And the lovers, wept and parted,
Ah, how long ago it seems!

And the rowan-trees have vanished,
And the spring that fed the well
Leaps no more with silver tinkle
From the naiad's broken shell.

But the dial marks the hours
With its shadowy fingers slow,
Still unchanged, amidst all changes,
On the lawn of long ago.

MEDITATION.

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WHEN WE WERE GIRLS TOGETHER.

A STORY OF SCHOOL-GIRL LIFE.

By SARAH DOUDNEY.

"It seems to me but yesterday
Since we were girls together."—OLD SONG (*Adapted.*)

CHAPTER VIII.

HAM HOUSE.

TWELVE pages of French history and two black marks had a slightly depressing effect upon Charlotte Ashley. But she was far too high-spirited to let it be seen that she was humbled, and she performed the task and accepted the marks with a gaiety which quite astonished her companions.

Inwardly, however, she chafed, and tried to believe that she had been undeservedly punished. If only Minnie Wood had been a witness to her humiliation, the memory of it would soon have faded from her mind; but Jennet had looked on, and had, no doubt, enjoyed the little scene. It was this thought that stung Charlotte's pride, and intensified her causeless dislike to her new schoolfellow.

Miss Thornhill, who always carefully studied the characters around her, could read much of what was passing in Charlotte's mind. She regretted that little scene in the bedroom, not by any means because she thought that Charlotte had been unjustly dealt with, but because it had strengthened the girl's antagonism to Jennet. Above all things, she wished these two to become friends; they would, she believed, unconsciously help and improve each other if once they could be brought into intimate association. Already, Charlotte had instinctively recognised in Jennet a will stronger than her own; and her aversion had its root in a secret consciousness of Jennet's superiority.

"I should like to plan a little excursion for some of the elder girls," said Miss Thornhill to Mrs. Mayfield. "We can hardly hope that this perfect weather will last much longer. It will be Charlotte Ashley's turn to be taken out, and Pamela Rye's. Minnie Wood and Agnes Quinton must go, too; and the trip will be a great treat for Jennet Fowler."

"I am glad you have thought of her," replied Mrs. Mayfield, "I don't like to see her with such a sad face. She is homesick, I daresay; and I am afraid some of the other girls are not as friendly with her as they ought to be."

"She is feeling lonely," Miss Thornhill answered. "The others leave her to herself a good deal, partly, I fancy, because she is so tall and handsome. They are half jealous of her and half afraid. And she can't and won't make any advances."

"Poor child," said Mrs. Mayfield, compassionately. "Those fine queenly-looking girls are so often shy, and need a great deal more encouragement than the little ones. Yes, my dear, your excursion will be a good thing. Where are you going?"

"I think we will run down to Richmond, and then walk across the fields to Ham. Some of the girls have never seen Ham House, and they are sure to like the place. Shall we say to-morrow?"

These trips were often planned and carried out in fine weather, and it was always contrived that each of the elder girls should have an excursion before the dark days set in. Miss Thornhill's announcement was hailed with great satisfaction; and Jennet, who had, of course, never seen Richmond, brightened visibly at the prospect. She could not help wishing that Charlotte Ashley was not going, but comforted herself with the thought that Miss Thornhill would certainly keep her antagonist in check.

The little party started at one o'clock, on one of the fairest autumn days that they had ever known. So balmy was the air, and so soft the light, that even Charlotte fell under the peaceful spell of September, and was quieter and gentler than usual. Most people were irresistibly attracted by her in her gayest moods, but Jennet liked her face when it was at rest. Then the long black lashes veiled the sparkle of the dark eyes, and the delicately cut lips took soft curves that suggested thought and feeling. In her tranquil moments all that was best in Charlotte seemed to come to the surface; the pity was that she was so seldom tranquil.

"We will explore the park another time," said Miss Thornhill to Jennet, when they reached Richmond. "We shall come here again many times, I hope, while you are with us."

She led the way across the low-lying fields which border the river, and Jennet followed like one in a happy dream. To have escaped from smoky houses and busy streets was an intense relief to the country-born girl; and here was the rich familiar green of her old home-pastures; the sight of cattle feeding peacefully; the mellow colouring of fading trees. On the right flowed the beautiful river, with its silver lights and soft shadows; overhead was a pale blue sky with white clouds floating low, and across the grass breathed the faintest sigh of autumn wind, laden with the well-known scent of dying leaves. Jennet was silent. The other girls laughed and talked behind her, but she scarcely heard their voices. Her heart was full of home thoughts and tender memories.

But when at last they paused upon the edge of the grassy ditch which divides Ham House from the fields, Jennet's mood swiftly changed, and she beset Miss Thornhill with eager questions about the place.

The old Jacobean mansion, with its red-brick walls and numerous windows, stood bathed in calm sunshine, as silent and deserted as an enchanted palace. The whole place seemed to have been laid under a spell; the long arcade presented no sign of life; the doors were fast closed; and the colossal river-god in the centre of the lawn seemed to have grown grey in watching over the general desolation. At least a century ago Horace Walpole complained that the lofty iron gates were never opened, and year after year sees them still fastened, still unpainted, and slowly rusting away.

"They have only been opened once since they closed on Charles II.," said Miss Thornhill. "I wonder if they will ever turn on their hinges for another king!"

"What a dreary Christmas James II. must have spent here!" cried Jennet. "Think of the winter wind moaning round these old walls while he was brooding over his lost kingdom, and William of Orange, at St. James's, was the real king. Don't you think, if we begged very hard, we might be allowed to look inside that great entrance door?"

"You must be content with seeing the outside," Miss Thornhill answered. "But I have a great longing, myself, to see those splendid old rooms and all the treasures they contain. I should like to peep into the Cabal chamber; and I want to examine the Duchess of Lauderdale's boudoir, where they keep her arm-chair and desk, and the walking-canes she used to carry. There is a marvellous charm about this place, Jennet; I am glad that you feel it."

"I could stay here for hours and hours," Jennet replied.

"There are no changes," Miss Thornhill went on. "It is always like this—beautiful and silent, and decayed. Even in spring, when the buttercups bloom all over the meadows, there is something dreamy and solemn in Ham Walks, where Swift and Pope and Gay used to wander in their time. Surely there are no other trees like these grand old elms! You cannot think how often I see this spot in my dreams;—the ancient house, the shady walks, and the silver shine of the river. I have been very happy here, and very sad."

Jennet turned and looked at the teacher's beautiful face, and something that she saw there made her glance quickly away. At that moment the girl had a brief and sudden insight into sorrows that she had never known; and she felt that it would be a serious thing to step over the line that divides girlhood from womanhood. Her eyes wan-

dered off to the shadowy meadows around them, now thickly strewn with brown and golden leaves, and she saw the gleam of the river between the stems of the great elms. The calm and the sadness of the dying year seemed to be stealing over her spirit; youth was gliding away; a fuller life, with all its unexplored paths, was waiting for her inexperienced feet. Meanwhile, it was sweet to be dreaming here in the autumn sunshine and quiet shades.

If Miss Thornhill had not been unusually occupied with her own musings, she would have noticed that two of her pupils were missing. Pamela Rye and Agnes Quinton had merely moved to a little distance, and were watching a lady artist sketching under one of the old trees, and vigilantly guarded by a large Newfoundland dog. But Charlotte Ashley and Minnie Wood were nowhere to be seen.

(*To be continued.*)

AGNES JONES.

"WHO was Agnes Jones?" most of our readers will say. Let them hear what Florence Nightingale, known and honoured by all, thought and wrote of her, and they will feel interest in learning more about her life and work. Miss Nightingale became famous over all the world, because her good deeds were witnessed on a grand scale during the Crimean war. What she did amidst camps and armies, Agnes Jones did in the humbler and less public sphere of hospitals and workhouses, but with equal devotion and as noble self-sacrifice. This is what Miss Nightingale said of her sister in deeds of mercy and kindness.

"She died, as she had lived, at her post in one of the largest workhouse infirmaries in this kingdom—the first in which trained nurses had been introduced. She is the pioneer of workhouse nursing. Of all human beings I have ever known, she was (I was about to say) the most free from the desire of the praise of men. But I cannot say most free, she was perfectly free. She was absolutely without human vanity; she preferred being unknown to all but God; she did not let her right hand know what her left hand did."

"This young lady," Miss Nightingale goes on to say, "in less than three years reduced one of the most disorderly workhouse populations to something like Christian discipline, such as the police themselves wondered at. She inspired fifty nurses and probationers with her own admirable spirit; she converted a Vestry to the conviction of the economy as well as humanity of nursing pauper sick by trained nurses; she converted the Poor Law Board to her views; she disarmed all opposition, conciliated all classes and denominations, and won the hearts of the paupers."

"How," asks Miss Nightingale, "did she do it all? She did it simply by the manifestation of the life that was in her—the trained, well-ordered life of doing her Father's business; so different from the governing, the ordering about, the driving principle. And everybody recognised it—the paupers, and the Vestry, and the nurses, and the Poor Law Board. As for the nurses (those who understood her), her influence with them was unbounded. They would have died for her, because they always felt that she cared for them, not merely as the instruments of the work, but for each one in herself; not because she wished for popularity or praise among them, but solely for their own well-being. She had *no* care for praise in her at all. But (or rather because of this) she had greater power of carrying her followers with her than any woman or man I ever knew. And she seemed not to know that she was doing anything remarkable."

Miss Nightingale's testimony to her character and her work is valuable, but the following extract from a letter gives us deeper insight into the true secret of her devotedness: "I often think," wrote one of her nurses, "how closely she followed her Saviour, in leaving her home, where she might have had so many comforts, and yet she left it to associate with the poorest and lowest of mankind. . . . You know we entered here amid great difficulty, but with her help and love we were able to surmount it all. Before she took us into the wards she commended us all to God in prayer, and besought His blessing and help in the work. That was the secret of her success in everything. She took all to Jesus, and always exhorted us to do the same."

Agnes Jones was the daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel Jones of the 12th Regiment; she was born at Cambridge, on November the 10th, 1832, and, following the regiment, went at the age of five to the Mauritius, where she remained a few years. The home of her family in Ireland was mostly at Fahan House, a lonely spot on the banks of Lough Swilly. For this place, and to all the people round about it, she acquired a very strong affection. At an early period she had serious thoughts, and on her birthdays would make many good resolutions, which it grieved her much to find she had forgotten almost immediately after. Ardent in nature, and affectionate in feeling from the first, her character developed with her years. In 1850 her father died, and from that time she was more decided in regard to religion, and her heart was given to the Lord. During this winter she began to teach in the Lurgan-street Ragged School (in Dublin, to which the family had removed), where the deep spiritual and physical need of her scholars awakened her liveliest interest, and called forth her deepest sympathy.

The year 1853 brought her the joy of a Continental tour. The bent of her mind was shown in the living interest she took in a meeting of the *Œuvre des Diaconesses* of Paris, and in their various operations. On June 21st, the whole party went to Kaiserswerth, Pastor Fliedner's well-known training home for nurses. She was so delighted with the place that she returned to spend a week there. In her journal she wrote: "It may be pleasant in a few years to know with what feelings I looked upon the going to Kaiserswerth, for it seems to me that it will exercise a great influence on my future life. I have no desire to become a deaconess; that would not, I think, be the place I should be called upon to occupy. No, my own Ireland first; in Ireland is it my heart's desire to labour."

The effect of the visit to Kaiserswerth was a strong desire to return there and be trained for Christian work. A year or two were spent in Dublin, Port-Stewart, and Fahan House; and at the last-named place especially, the much-loved home of her girlhood, her desire to be employed in ministering to the sick and sorrowful began to be realised. "In the school; by the sick bed of the dying; in the lowly cottage, where some sudden accident had brought sorrow and despair, and where her gentle self-possession and prompt wise action seemed often to bring healing and hope." So much was her heart in the work that nothing would have been deemed harder than to give it up. "What a sore trial it would be to be forced to cease from visiting them! Their cordial welcome cheers me, and the hope of doing them good is such an incentive; when I come to one who is a Christian, and hear her prayers for me, there rises within me a deep wellspring of joy." Stormy weather and bad roads were certainly not welcome, yet they did not overcome her purpose. "I thought, the snow is heavy, the roads slippery, my head aches severely; how gladly would I remain at home! But how can I with these words in my ears—'the Lord hath need of thee'?"

Thus busy with the work of faith and the labour of love, the years of Agnes Jones's life ran on till, in 1860, the way was open for her to return to Kaiserswerth. Leaving her mother and sister was a great trial, but at first it was not thought that her absence would extend beyond a month. She wrote that she was as happy as the day was long, the Sisters had told her much of Miss Nightingale, and filled her with the desire to know such a loving and lovely womanly character. One told her that many of the sick remembered much of her teaching, and some died happily, blessing her for having led them to Jesus. It was soon made apparent to her that so short a stay would be useless, and great was her delight when longer leave to stay was granted. She was much struck with the ways and ideas of Kaiserswerth: the absolute obedience that was required; the constant endeavour to make the work reproductive, by training others to do it; the effort to elevate the nurses, by giving them a higher education; the evangelical teaching; and the order and method pervading the whole establishment.

On leaving Kaiserswerth, her first work was to assist Mrs. Ranyard in her scheme of employing Bible-women among the London poor. At this time she came into contact with Mrs. Pennefather, then of Barnet, for whom personally she had a great love and admiration, and whom she strongly urged to engraft some plan for training and employing deaconesses on her useful work now carried on at Mildmay. In the following winter she was summoned suddenly to Rome by the illness of her sister. When the danger was over, and she had leisure to move about, her heart leaned to wherever there were deaconesses; in short, it was apparent that her heart was in the occupation of nursing. At Rome, at her sister's bedside, she felt she had somewhat of the nurse's faculty; but the question arose, Could she teach and govern others? She went to St. Loup, and learned something there. At Richen and Zurich she saw how God could even use feeble women to give guidance and help to others. At Strasburg she discussed the matter with a Sister, and her fears became less. Then she determined to go to St. Thomas's Hospital, and see whether she might not be able to say, when others kept back from the work, "Lord, here am I; send me." Her mother could no longer resist her wish, and when the family arrived in London, Agnes entered into correspondence with Miss Nightingale and Mrs. Wardroper, and it was arranged that in October she should enter St. Thomas's Hospital as a probationer.

Miss Nightingale was very desirous that she should count the cost; she must remain a year at St. Thomas's, and act as a common nurse; with companions moral and respectable, but not, as a body, Christian women. All this she had looked in the face. Her motto was, "I will go in the strength of the Lord God"; and her hope was that God might even there give her a mission to the nurses and patients. To St. Thomas's accordingly she went. People might pity her in her hospital costume, and with her hard and apparently repulsive duties. But her heart did not sink. She could take the humorous side of a heavy duty, write to her friends how they would laugh if they could have a peep at her giving medicine to forty-two men, and see one of them open his mouth for her to pop in a pill, and stopping to thank her before he swallowed it. She could describe herself as "happy Agnes," and tell of her privileges, the goodness of God, the

favour which she found in the eyes of others, the happiness of morning prayer and a daily prayer-meeting. She got a day now and then to pay a visit to Barnet and enjoy the refreshment of Mrs. Pennefather's comments and prayers.

When her year was out, she accepted a situation for a time as superintendent of a small hospital in Bolsover-street, and, later, in the Great Northern Hospital. The latter position made great demands, and brought on an affection of deafness which was very trying. She had to go for a time to rest amid the familiar scenes of Fahan or other quiet spots in Ireland. Thence she was summoned, in

AGNES JONES.

1865, to what proved to be the great scene of her triumph and of her death. In Liverpool, Mr. W. Rathbone had proposed that in the great workhouse hospital trained nurses should be substituted for the very unsatisfactory women that had heretofore been appointed to take charge of the inmates. Knowing how difficult it is to infuse one's convictions on such a topic into a public Board by arguments, however strong, he had offered to bear the whole expense for the first three years, believing that at the end of that time the arrangement would plead its own cause and commend itself to the Guardians on every ground. In the spring of 1864, he wrote to Miss Jones, then at the Great Northern Hospital, asking her to take the post of Lady Superintendent of the proposed trained nurses. After consideration and consultation with Miss Nightingale and others, she agreed. It was a great undertaking, and it was some time after she went to reside there before she began her work. "Again and again," she wrote, "I have asked myself, Shall I ever be able to meet the dreariness, the loneliness, the difficulties, jealousies, restraint, disappointments, isolation? In my own strength, no, never. And yet when I look back, I see how God has helped me, how in the darkest moment a something has come, sent by that loving Father—a little word, a letter, flowers, a something which has cheered me, and told me not only of the human love, but of the watchful heavenly Friend who knew His weak child's need, and answered her repining or fearing thought by a message of mercy which bade her trust and not be afraid." In that spirit, trusting and not afraid, she set to work, and achieved results which drew universal astonishment and admiration. She had a double duty—the general charge of the whole institution of six hundred pauper patients, most of whom, as was acknowledged, had come there through their own fault: through one or other of the great causes of pauperism and misery—drink or indolence. More important than that, she had the training of the nurses and probationers, the inspiring of them with the true spirit of their work. There is no detailed account of her method of procedure. From half-past five till near midnight, her time was occupied going through the wards, meeting with the nurses, having prayers, presiding at meals; but she was ever active and bright. When her mother and sister paid her their first visit "she was the picture of happiness, and evidently delighted in her work; finding pleasure in every proof, however small, that through her or her staff, more of physical, as well as moral and spiritual good, had been brought to those under her care. Early in the summer she began Sunday evening readings in one of the wards where there were none but Protestants. She could not be ignorant that Roman Catholics did attend; but as they came uninvited, she did not consider herself called to exclude them. This class she continued to the end. "I shall never," continues her sister, "forget the one at which I was present. . . . The room had filled; on each bed men were seated, closely packed together, others standing by the wall, or grouped around. . . . She began with a short prayer, then read part of a chapter, on which she commented in very simple but striking words

closing with a practical application and earnest personal appeal to the hearts of all present. . . . She had also every Sunday a Bible-class for her nurses." She had another Sunday class which mounted up to a hundred children. But she did not depend on dealings with her people in the gross. Before she began, she had said, "It is the *individual* influence we shall have, the individual relief and the individual help for mind and body that will be ours." And so it was. "It was one of the characteristics of her work that she never overlooked the individual in the community, but cared for the pleasure of each as if they stood alone. She had great faith in the softening influence of happiness, and her tender heart went out in active sympathy for those who, immured for life in these hospital wards, had ceased to expect that brightness or gladness could ever come to them."

Although cheerful in her work, she was often sad and discouraged from the necessary evils that result from crowding together numbers of poor people in a huge institution. "I sometimes wonder," she said, "if there is a worse place on the earth than Liverpool, and I am sure its workhouse is burdened with a large proportion of the vilest. I can only wonder how God stays His hand from smiting. Then, so little effort is made to stem the evil. All lie passive, and seem to say it must be. The attempt at introducing trained workers has certainly not met with any sympathy from clergy or laity. In the nearly ended two years of our work, how few have ever come for the work's sake to wish us God-speed in it!"

Nevertheless, about the end of that two years, and one year before the time arranged for trying the experiment of trained nurses, the sub-committee of the Workhouse Committee presented a report on the working of the system, so favourable that the Vestry determined to adopt the system as a permanent one, and extend it to the whole of the Workhouse Infirmary. "This success," Mr. Rathbone wrote to Miss Jones, in April, 1867, "would have been impossible had it not been for your cheerful firmness and faith. I do most warmly congratulate you on having been so faithful a servant to Him to whom you look in a work so truly His own."

After this, there was hardly a year's time for work. Her system had doubtless been overworked, and this rendered her more liable to the attack of one of the worst and most fatal of diseases, typhus fever. She died February 19, 1868.

No words could describe the grief that overwhelmed the hospital. It had seemed impossible that such an angel of mercy should die. When the coffin was carried out, the poor patients crowded the stairs and landing to get a last look of all that could now remind them of her who had been such a treasure and blessing among them. Her remains were carried to her own Ireland, and laid in the churchyard of Fahan, where the waters of Lough Swilly ripple to the foot of the Ennishowen Hills.

Our last thought is, what a wonderful capacity for usefulness, what a power of benediction there is in thousands of girls and women, if only they were in the same state of union and communion with Christ as Agnes Jones was! It may be given to few to do such work as she did, with her rare gifts and graces of character; but the same spirit of devotion, of kindliness, and unselfishness, may be shown in lesser spheres, and even in the narrow circle of our own home. The more such spirit is shown the more will this earth be like heaven, and true Christianity be spread among the children of men.*

* The materials of this memoir are chiefly taken from a book by the Rev. Dr. Blaikie, "Leaders in Modern Philanthropy." Published by the Religious Tract Society

FANCY DARNING.

ORDINARY darning, as you are all well aware, consists in the imitation of linen weaving, by passing over one thread and under one, to form minute, almost imperceptible squares. This mode of mending is often, for rapidity, made less precise by missing two or three stitches. Fancy darning, however, is more complicated, as it comprises the reproduction of different styles of weaving. It includes the hosiery or stocking web, the small and classical designs of old, covering the linen ground with a series of long straight stitches, which delineate the pattern by crossing over and under an irregular number of threads, besides the damask with its ground intersected by diagonal lines, obtained, like some other twills, by darning over four and under one, with this distinction: that the damask twill leaves a thread between at every line, whereas the ordinary twill forms a continuous streak, each stitch touching the other. Since writing this article I have unravelled numerous specimens of damask to discover some easy and quick patterns for beginners, and have come to the conclusion that it is perfectly impossible to reproduce the designs stitch by stitch. The round threads of modern napery are so clotted together by the strength of steam power, that with the finest needle and cotton scarcely a quarter of the pattern can be represented in its corresponding space. Hence it is best to practise the two varieties of the stitch which produce the different effects of light and shade, and then work out the design in the best way possible, guided by the eye. In this case it is essential to keep the pattern in front of you, and to work upwards with the needle from you, breaking the thread at each row, to save the shifting of the work. By all means avoid the usual ridge of ends on both sides by finishing off the rows irregularly.

We have already made some acquaintance with plain darning and stocking mending, these being the two indispensable modes of repairing. Bear in mind, though, their mutual invention dates from very distant periods. To the early Egyptians we owe the manufacture of linen, while the stocking-frame has only been known since the reign of Queen Elizabeth. Pharaoh, we read, "arrayed Joseph in vestures of fine linen" (Gen. xli. 42); but Western people seem not to have been so favoured, as Englishmen did not indulge in the luxury of linen shirts before 1492, when Flemish weavers established themselves in Great Britain to teach the art, under the protection of Henry III. In 1589 the Rev. Mr. Lee, of Nottingham, found out the secret of imitating the web of knitting stockings in a frame, just twenty-five years after we had learnt to knit them with needles. This last-named discovery, it generally appears, hailed from Mantua, in Italy, where it had been slily studied by an English apprentice-boy, who brought home his precious knowledge, and on his arrival presented to the Earl of Pembroke a pair of worsted knitted stockings—the first of this description seen in this country. On the other hand, it is also reported that, in 1560, Mrs. Montague offered to her sovereign, Elizabeth, a pair of black silk knitted stockings, probably of Spanish make and material. The difference in date is of little moment; evidently the occupation of hand-knitting came from the South, and silk stockings were the speciality of Spain, where silk, at that time, abounded.

Ah! it would indeed be interesting to follow, step by step, the progress of textiles; impossible, though, to dive into such investigations, for to-day our allotted space must be devoted to the practical rather than to the historical side of the question. However, I strongly recommend all needlework teachers to render that great bore—the mending class—more attractive by a chat on the gradual spread of these textiles. This term, in its widest acceptation, refers to every kind of stuff, no matter its material, wrought in the loom. A lively survey of this kind would soon transform the proverbial dry task into a delightful lesson, full of moral bearing. Our own annals alone show the enormous labour spent in bygone years, with spinning from a distaff, and weaving with primitive hand-looms. What real martyrdom, too, was suffered by those who, at the cost of fortune and life, offered to the world improvements which slowly and surely have conduced to all the comforts enjoyed in the nineteenth century—comforts denied even to kings and queens of yore. On hearing these details of self-help, self-sacrifice, and perseverance, what pupil will not set to work with alacrity and thankfulness? Will it not seem to her quite a pastime to reproduce so quickly and easily a fabric which, in its origin, called for an untold amount of energy and inventive power.

The first diversity brought to the linen consisted in dyeing the texture either in one unbroken colour or in stripes—a process for which Britons held the palm.

The next phase resulted in obtaining a woven pattern by regular divisions of coloured threads. Checks naturally suggested themselves at the outset, and although invented by the Gauls, there is every reason to believe that these were the fundamental designs from which arose the Scotch plaids, universally worn throughout the island from the second century. Boadicea, the warrior queen, always garbed herself in a tunic of native woollen stuff, chequered all over with many colours.

Accordingly, the second lesson in darning always runs upon the elements of fancy darns—coloured blocks and stripes—still woven on the principle of take one, leave one. There is little to be said about these series, the squares having been already explained in THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER of April 4, 1880, page 271, and the stripes being worked on a similar principle. Matching of colour and size of thread constitute such important points of mending that, as a rule, the darn is scarcely a success, unless ravellings of the very stuff itself are employed.

Gradually, patterns have been introduced, all of them small and geometrical, and invariably retaining the plain ground. These designs were primarily woven in costly silk fabrics alone, and passed in the early Middle Ages by the name of "diaspron"—a Byzantine-Greek word, which means "I separate," to signify what distinguishes or separates itself from things around it, as every pattern does on one-coloured silk. From the Latin adaptation "diasper" we have "diaper."

Other authorities give a much more recent origin to the word, which they derive from Ypres, in Flanders, a town wherein the same style of weaving was carried on, but in flaxen thread. The silken fabric fitly served, in mediæval times, for expensive dresses and furniture, while its flax imitation provides the modern towelling and napery.

No better example of the diapered stuffs could be shown than the "bird's eye" (fig. 1), a pattern ever new and popular, albeit so many centuries old. Needle and loom alike have vied in representing its spotted diamonds or lozenges. The more antiquated the embroidery, the more constantly is the "bird's eye" met with for grounding and garments, either wrought in silks or artificially raised over cord, and glittering with metallic thread. Even in our days the veriest child is taught to reproduce the speckled diamond on her canvas-work, and every branch of industry still retains the tiny linear figure. It is really so familiar, that it has been thought as well to illustrate it here under a more uncommon aspect—viz., in

a slantwise direction, after which way it is more likely to be seen in needlework and fancy textures cut on the bias, than in linen. Anyone can, of course, readily follow it in its straight lines (fig. 1).

To make it, lay a foundation of thirty-three threads, which, being diagonal, mount one s rand higher at one end and one thread lower at the other in each row.

For the CROSSING darn horizontally, as usual, but, to keep the bias, slant one thread to the left at each line. The pattern in the cut starts at the centre of the diamond:—

1st Row.—Under 1 and over 3, 8 times; under 1.

2nd Row.—Under 2, over 5; under 3 and over 5, 3 times; under 2.

3rd Row.—Over 1, under 2, over 3; under 5 and over 3, 3 times; under 2, over 1.

4th Row.—Over 2; under 2, over 1, under 2, and over 3, 3 times; under 2, over 1, under 2, over 2.

5th Row.—Over 3 and under 3, 5 times; over 3.

6th Row.—Same as 1st.

7th Row.—Like 5th.

8th Row.—*Agrees with 4th.*

Continue thus until the eleventh row, which, by this order, matches the first again. The nursery diaper is worked on exactly the same plan, but its diamond is smaller, and has no spot or eye in the centre.

Soon the diaper patterns were superseded by bolder damask figures, woven on an apparently speckled ground obtained by passing under 4 threads and over 1. The designs, worked out, reversed by passing over 4 and under 1, impart a more raised and glistening effect, although the contrary order often occurs. Whatever the complication of pattern, these two changes of stitch constitute the whole method — not a very puzzling one, it must be acknowledged; *indeed, there is scarcely* any fancy work in which so little variation is introduced. The only drawback is the tediousness of counting the threads, and the management of the pattern, for we are far from the stereotyped set of designs, which menders usually know by heart. Almost every table-cloth now displays some fresh figuration, in the guise of elaborate baskets of flowers, heads, animals, crests, mottoes, landscapes, and endless scrolls. Such intricacies I would certainly own as being beyond any woman not possessed of a good eye for drawing, and a rather exceptional share of patience. As one of the simplest examples of practising the damask stitch, I have selected the illustration of the Maltese cross (fig. 2), for, in fact, any child, without the slightest knowledge of drawing, can obtain this figure in a minute by folding a square of paper into a triangle, and then into a triangle again. When the square is opened it will show four creases, which split up almost to the centre, divide into the four flat arms of the cross, putting one in mind of the paper windmill that little ones often contrive to have some fun with in windy weather. Nothing will prove more easy than the reproduction of this model in any stitch, whether crossed-twill, damask, &c. A good expedient is to practise it first on coarse canvas, or in Kindergarten plaiting in paper or straw.

To work the Maltese cross, lay a foundation of 45 threads, across 75 threads, to be divided thus: 15 on either side darned for the border, to secure the silk or cotton, and 45 passed loosely over to allow for the square of the crossing. You have well understood that there are only two stitches in damask darning —one for the ground, and one for the pattern. In fig. 2, the foundation is under 4 and over 1, while the intersecting threads, on the contrary, run over 4 and under 1. These modes could quite as correctly be reversed.

Crossing.—Allow the same number of threads for the darned border. Cross the 45 loose threads thus:—

1st Row.—Under 3; over 4 and under 1, 7 times; over 4, under 3.

2nd Row and every alternate one are returning rows, and start, of course, from the left-hand side.—Over 1, under 3, over 1, under 1; over 4 and under 1, 6 times; over 5, under 3, over 1.

3rd Row.—Over 2, under 3, over 1; under 1 and over 4, 6 times; under 1, over 3, under 3, over 2.

4th Row.—Over 1, under 1, over 1, under 3, over 3, under 1; over 4, and under 1, 5 times; over 4, under 3, over 3.

5th Row.—Under 1, over 3, under 3, over 3; under 1 and over 4, 5 times; under 1, over 2, under 3, over 4.

6th Row.—Over 2, under 1, over 2, under 3; over 4 and under 1, 5 times; over 4, under 3, over 2, under 1, over 2.

7th Row.—Over 4, under 1, over 1, under 3, over 5; under 1 and over 4, 4 times; under 1, over 1, under 3, over 5, under 1.

8th Row.—Over 3, under 1, over 3, under 3, over 3; under 1 and over 4, 3 times; over 6, under 3, over 5, under 4, over 1.

9th Row.—Over 3, under 1, over 4, under 3,

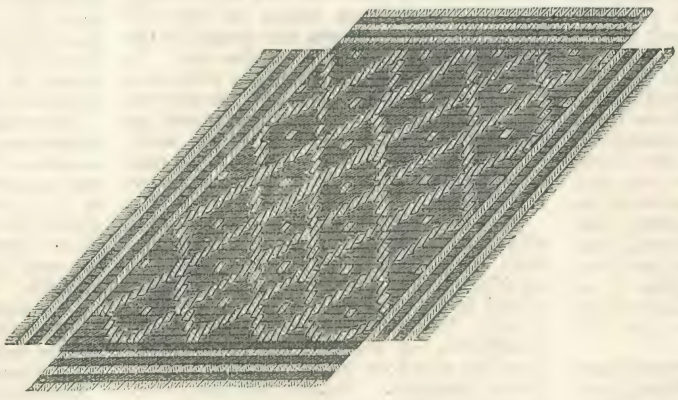


FIG. 1.

over 2; under 1 and over 4, 3 times; under 1, over 5, under 3, over 1, under 1, over 4, under 1, over 1.

10th Row.—Over 4, under 1, over 4, under 3, over 2; under 1 and over 4, 3 times; under 1, over 3, under 3, over 3, under 1, over 4, under 1.

11th Row.—Over 2, under 1, over 4, under 1, over 2, under 3; over 4 and under 1, 3 times; over 4, under 3, over 2, under 1, over 4, under 1, over 2.

12th Row.—Under 1, over 4, under 1, over 5, under 3, over 1; under 1, and over 4, twice; under 1, over 5, under 3, over 1, under 1, over 4, under 1, over 4.

13th Row.—Over 1, under 1, over 4, under 1, over 5, under 3, over 1; under 1, and over 4, twice; under 1, over 3, under 3, over 3, under 1, over 4, under 1, over 3.

14th Row.—Over 1, under 1, over 4, under 1, over 4, under 1, over 1, under 3, over 5, under 1, over 4, under 1, over 2, under 3, over 4, under 1, over 4, under 1, over 3.

15th Row.—Under 1, over 4, under 1, over 4, under 1, over 3, under 3, over 3, under 1, over 4, under 1, over 2, under 3, over 4, under 1, over 4, under 1, over 4.

16th Row.—Over 2, under 1, over 4, under 1, over 2, under 3, over 4, under 1, over 4, under 3, over 2, under 1, over 4, under 1, over 4, under 1, over 2.

17th Row.—Over 4 and under 1, 3 times; over 1, under 3, over 5, under 1, over 1, under 3, over 5; under 1 and over 4, twice; under 1.

18th Row.—Over 3; under 1 and over 4, twice; under 1, over 3, under 3, over 5; under 1 and over 4, twice; under 1, over 1.

19th Row.—Over 3, under 1; over 4 and under 1, twice; over 4, under 3, over 3, under 3, over 1; under 1 and over 4, 3 times; under 1, over 1.

20th Row.—Over 4 and under 1, 3 times; over 4, under 3, over 1, under 3, over 3, under 1; over 4 and under 1, 3 times.

21st Row.—Over 2, under 1; over 4 and under 1, 3 times; over 2, under 5, over 2; under 1 and over 4, 3 times, under 1, over 2.

22nd Row.—Under 1 and over 4, 3 times; under 1, over 5, under 3, over 1, under 1; over 4 and under 1, 3 times; over 4.

Centre.—23rd Row.—Over 1; under 1 and over 4, 3 times; under 1, over 5, under 1, over 3; under 1 and over 4, 3 times; under 1, over 3. This gives a speckle in the centre.

24th Row.—Over 1, under 1; over 4 and under 1 three times; over 4, under 3, over 2, under 1; over 4, under 1, 3 times; over 3.

25th Row.—Under 1 and over 4, 4 times, under 5, over 5; under 1 and over 4, 3 times.

26th Row.—Over 2, under 1; over 4 and under 1, 3 times; over 1, under 3, over 1, under 3, over 1; under 1 and over 4, 3 times; under 1, over 2.

27th Row.—Over 4 and under 1, 3 times; over 3, under 3, over 3, under 3, over 2; under 1 and over 4, 3 times; under 1.

28th Row.—Over 3; under 1 and over 4, twice; under 1, over 3, under 3, over 5, under 3, over 5; under 1 and over 4, twice; under 1, over 1.

29th Row.—Over 3; under 1 and over 4, twice; under 1, over 2, under 3, over 4, under 1, over 2, under 3; over 4 and under 1, 3 times; over 1.

30th Row.—Over 4 and under 1, twice; over 5, under 3, over 1, under 1, over 4, under 1, over 2, under 3; over 4 and under 1, 3 times.

31st Row.—Over 3; under 1 and over 4, twice; under 1, over 1, under 3, over 5, under 1, over 5, under 3, over 1, under 1; over 4, and under 1, twice; over 2.

32nd Row.—Under 1 and over 4, twice; under 1 and over 2, under 3; over 4 and under 1, twice; over 3, under 3, over 3; under 1 and over 4, twice.

33rd Row.—Over 1, under 1, over 4, under 1, over 5, under 3, over 1, under 1; over 4, and under 1, twice; over 3, under 3, over 3, under 1, over 4, under 1, over 3.

34th Row.—Over 1, under 1, over 4, under 1, over 4, under 3, over 2; under 1 and over 4, 3 times; under 3, over two, under 1, over 4, under 1, over 3.

35th Row.—Under 1 and over 4, twice; under 3, over 2; under 1 and over 4, 3 times; under 1, over 1, under 3, over 5, under 1, over 4.

36th Row.—Over 2, under 1, over 4, under 1, over 1, under 3, over 5; under 1 and over 4, twice; under 1, over 5, under 3, over 1, under 1, over 4, under 1, over 2.

37th Row.—Over 4, under 1, over 3, under 3, over 3; under 1 and over 4, 4 times; under 3, over 2, under 1, over 4, under 1.

38th Row.—Over 3, under 1, over 3, under 3, over 3; under 1 and over 4, 4 times; under 1, over 1, under 3, over 5, under 1, over 1.

39th Row.—Over 3, under 1, over 2, under 3; over 4, and under 1, 5 times; over 2, under 3, over 4, under 1, over 1.

40th Row.—Over 5, under 3, over 1, under 1; over 4, and under 1, 5 times; over 2, under 3, over 4, under 1.

41st Row.—Over 2, under 1, over 1, under 3, over 5, under 1; over 4 and under 1, 4 times; over 5, under 3, over 4.

42nd Row.—Over 3, under 3; over 4 and under 1, 6 times; over 3, under 3, over 3.

43rd Row.—Over 2, under 3, over 1, under 1; over 4 and under 1, 6 times; over 3, under 3, over 2.

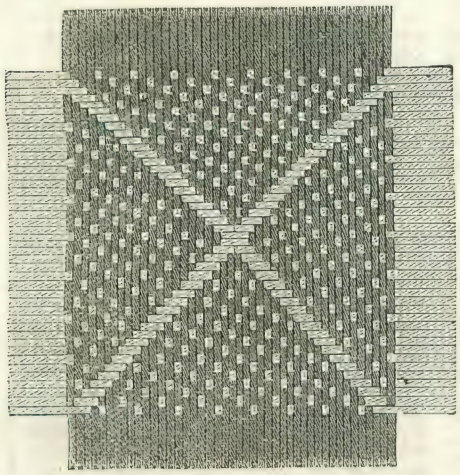


FIG. 2.

44th Row.—Over 1, under 3, over 2; under 1 and over 4, 7 times; under 3, over 1.

45th Row.—Under 3, over 2; under 1 and over 4, 7 times; under 1, over 1, under 3.

Do not be frightened at this lengthy description; when once you have begun it you will find it not half so puzzling as it seems. Once accustomed to the run of the ground, there will be no need to look at the directions, stitch by stitch, for your eye will guide. Though this pattern is a very easy one, I strongly advise you not to make your first experiment on it, but begin by practising each stitch separately, and then together, in the antique block pattern. The old *damier fleuri*, or "floriated check" (fig. 3), offers a rather more complicated arrangement of checks, with a conventional flower of 4 petals in the shape of a cross, with blocks radiating around. The pattern comprehends 45 threads square, divided each way into 4 blocks of 10 threads square, with an intervening centre one of half the width—*i.e.*, 5 threads wide by 10 threads long. Lay the foundation as for the Maltese cross, allowing 15 threads at each end, leaving the 45 threads stretched over the centre space to be darned in the pattern.

Crossing.—In the *first set*, of four checks and a half, the stitch changes four times, which, in the following directions, will be marked by stars.

1st Row.—Under 3, over 1, under 4, over 1, under 1*, over 1, under 1, over 4, under 1, over 3*, under 3, over 1, under 1*, over 1, under 1, over 4, under 1, over 3*, under 3, over 1, under 4, over 1, under 1.

2nd Row Returning.—Under 4, over 1, under 4, over 1*, under 1, over 4, under 1, over 4*, under 4, over 1*, under 1 and over 4 twice*, under 4 and over 1 twice.

3rd Row.—Under 2, over 1, under 4, over 1, under 2*, over 2, under 1, over 4, under 1, over 2*, under 2, over 1, under 2*, over 2, under 1, over 4, under 1, over 2*, under 2, over 1, under 4, over 1, under 2.

4th Row.—Over 1 and under 4, twice*; over 4 and under 1 twice*; over 1, under 4*, over 4, and under 1 twice*; under 1, and over 4 twice*.

5th Row.—Under 1, over 1, under 4, over 1, under 3*, over 3, under 1, over 4, under 1, over 1*, under 1, over 1, under 3*, over 3, under 1, over 4, under 1, over 1*, under 1, over 1, under 4, over 1, under 3.

6th Row. — Like 1st read backwards.

7th Row. — Like 2nd read backwards.

8th Row. — Like 3rd read backwards.

9th Row. — Like 4th read backwards.

10th Row.—Like 5th read backwards.

Second Set. — 1st Row.—Over 1, under 1, over 4, under 1, over 3*, under 3, over 1, under 4, over 1, under 1*, over 1, under 1, over 3*, under 3, over 1, under 4, over 1, under 1*, over 1, under 1, over 4, under 1, over 3.

2nd Row.—Under 1, over 4, under 1, over 4*, under 4, and over 1 twice*, under 1, over 4*; under 4 and over 1 twice*; under 1 and over 4, twice.

3rd Row.—Over 2, under 1, over 4, under 1, over 2*, under 2, over 1, under 4, over 1, under 2*, over 2, under 1, over 2*, under 2, over 1, under 4, over 1, under 2*, over 2, under 1, over 4, under 1, over 2.

4th Row.—Over 4, and under 1 twice*; over 1, and under 4 twice*; over 4, under 1*, over 1 and under 4 twice*; over 4 and under 1, twice.

5th Row.—Over 3, under 1, over 4, under 1, over 1*, under 1, over 1, under 4, over 1, under 3*, over 3, under 1, over 1*, under 1, over 1, under 4, over 1, under 3*, over 3, under 1, over 4, under 1, over 1.

The 6th, 7th, 8th, 9th, and 10th rows agree with the 1st, 2nd, 3rd, 4th, and 5th rows, read backwards, as in the 1st set.

Centre.—Half blocks. Only 5 rows are required. Work exactly like the first 5 rows of the *First Set*.

Third Set.—Corresponds to the *Second Set*.

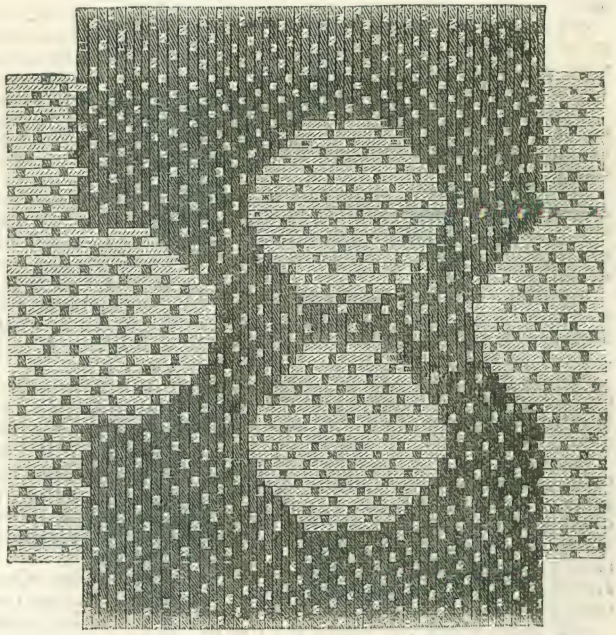


FIG. 4.

Fourth Set.—Agrees with the *First Set*.

The other cut (fig. 4) exhibits one of the greatest difficulties of damask darning—a difficulty which the designer has not well understood. Ignorant of darning, he little thought that the omission even of a line could very much alter the plan, therefore I must ask you to be guided more by the description than by the illustration. The delineation of the circle always proves troublesome, and in this case still more so, when it has to be shaped by two stitches, running in different directions. Here, specially, will the true eye be indispensable. Naturally spots affect all manner of sizes and positions. Some are large and scantily strewn, while others are very small and closely grouped. Ours have medium proportions, extending over 25 threads, and each separated by 3 lines of plain damask stitch.

Lay a foundation of 52 rows, darning 15 threads, as usual, for the border.

1st Row.—Over 3, under 1; over 4 and under 1, twice; over 2, under 4; over 1 and under 4, twice; over 1, under 5, over 3, under 1, over 7, under 1, over 4.

2nd Row.—Over 2, under 1, over 6, under 1, over 4, under 1, over 1, under 2, over 1; under 4 and over 1, 3 times; under 3, over 3; under 1 and over 4, twice; under 1, over 1.

3rd Row.—Over 4 and under 1, twice; over 4, under 2; over 1 and under 4, 4 times; over 4 and under 1, twice; over 2, under 1, over 3.

4th Row,—Over 1, under 1, over 6, under 1, over 4, under 1, over 2, under 1, over 1; under 4 and over 1. 3 times; under 4, over 2; under 1 and over 4, twice; under 1, over 2.

5th Row.—Under 1 and over 4 3 times; under 2, over 1; under 4 and over 1, 3 times; under 4; over 4 and under 1, 3 times.

6th Row.—Over 2; under 1, and over 4, twice; under 1, over 3; under 4 and over 1, 3 times; under 5, over 2; under 1 and over 4, twice; under 1, over 3.

7th Row.—Over 1, under 1; over 4 and under 1, twice; over 5, under 2, over 1;

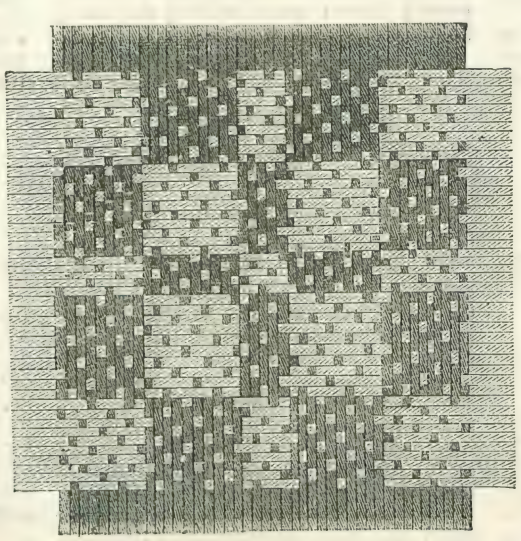


FIG. 3.

under 4 and over 1 twice; under 6, over 1, under 1; over 4 and under 1 twice; over 4.

8th Row.—Over 1; under 1 and over 4 twice, under 1, over 5, under 2 and over 1; under 4 and over 1 twice, under 4, over 3; under 1 and over 4, 3 times.

9th Row.—Over 2, under 1, over 4 and under 1 twice; over 4, under 3, over 1 and under 4 twice; over 1, under 5, over 2, under 1, over 4 and under 1 twice; over 3.

10th Row.—Under 1; over 4 and under 1 twice; over 7, under 5; over 1 and under 4 twice; over 3, under 1; over 4 and under 1, 3 times.

11th Row.—Over 3, under 1; over 4 and under 1, 3 times; over 1, under 1; over 1 and take 4 twice; over 1, under 1, over 3, under 1, over 2, under 1; over 4 and under 1 twice; over 2.

12th Row.—Over 4 and under 1; over 4 and under 1, 3 times; over 4, under 3, over 1, under 4, over 1, under 2, over 5, under 1; over 4 and under 1 twice; over 4.

13th Row.—Over 4 and under 1, 4 times; over 2, under 5, over 1, under 3, over 2, under 1, over 6, under 1; over 4 and under 1 twice; over 1.

14th Row.—Over 3, under 1, and over 4 twice; under 1 and over 2, under 1, over 5, under 7, over 7, under 1, over 2; under 1 and over 4 twice; under 1, over 2.

15th Row.—Under 1 and over 4 twice; under 1 and over 6, under 1 and over 2, under 1, over 5, under 1, over 7, under 1, over 6; under 1 and over 4 twice; under 1.

16th Row.—Here commences the row of complete spots which stand on either side of the half one, with which the darn begins. Over 2, under 1 and over 4, under 1, over 3, under 4, over 4, under 1, over 1, under 1, over 6, under 1, over 6, under 4, over 5, under 1, over 3, under 1, over 3.

17th Row.—Over 1, under 1, over 4, under 1, over 3, under 3, over 1, under 5, over 2, under 1, over 4, under 1, over 1, under 1, over 5, under 9, over 4, under 1, over 4.

18th Row.—Over 1, under 1, over 4, under 1, over 1, under 3, over 1, under 1, over 1, under 5, over 1, under 1, over 6, under 1, over 4, under 3, over 1, under 4, over 1, under 3, over 3, under 1, over 4.

19th Row.—Over 2, under 1, over 4, under 2; over 1 and under 4 twice; over 1, under 1, over 1, under 1, over 4, under 1, over 1, under 1, over 2, under 4, over 1, under 6, over 1; under 1 and over 3, twice.

20th Row. Under 1, over 4, under 1, over 1, under 3, over 1, under 1, over 1, under 4, over 1, under 3, over 5, under 1, over 4, under 3; over 1 and under 4 twice, over 1, under 1, over 5, under 1.

21st Row.—Over 3, under 1, over 2, under 4; over and under 4, twice; over 1 and under 1 twice; over 4, under 1, over 1, under 2, over 1, under 4, over 1, under 6, over 1, under 1, over 3, under 1, over 2.

22nd Row.—Over 4, under 5, over 1, under 1, over 1; under 4 and over 1 twice; under 1, over 2, under 1, over 3; under 4 and over 1 3 times; under 3, over 3, under 1, over 1.

23rd Row.—Over 4, under 2; over 1 and under 4, 3 times; over 4 and under 1, twice; over 4; under 4 and over 1, twice; under 6, over 1, under 1, over 3, under 1, over 1.

24th Row.—Over 3, under 5, over 3, under 1, over 3; under 4 and over 1, twice; under 4, over 3, under 4 and over 1, 3 times; under 5, over 1, under 1, over 2.

25th Row.—Under 1, over 3; under 1 and over 1, twice; under 4 and over 1, 3 times; under 1, over 1, under 1, over 2, under 1, over 1; under 4 and over 1, twice; under 6, over 1, under 1, over 3, under 1.

26th Row.—Over 2, under 1, over 1, under 5, over 1; under 4 and over 1, twice; under 4 and over 3; under 4 and over 1, 3 times; under 7, over 3.

27th Row.—Over 1, under 1, over 2, under 2, over 1, under 1, over 1; under 4 and over 1, twice; under 4, over 4, under 3; over 1 and under 4, 3 times; over 1, under 2, over 4.

28th Row.—Over 1, under 1, over 3, under 3, over 1; under 4 and over 1, twice; under 4, over 3, under 1, over 1, under 2, over 1, under 4, under 1; under 4 and over 1, twice; under 6, over 5.

29th Row.—Over 2, under 1, over 1, under 3, over 1, under 1, over 1; under 4 and over 1, twice; under 4, over 4, under 3; over 1 and under 4, twice; over 1, under 7, over 3.

30th Row.—Under 1, over 3, under 1, over 1, under 1; over 1 and under 4, 3 times; over 1, under 1, over 2, under 1, over 1, under 1; over 1 and under 4, 3 times; over 1 and under 1, twice; over 3, under 1.

31st Row.—Over 3, under 7; over 1 and under 4, twice; over 1, under 3, over 4; under 4 and over 1, 3 times; under 5, over 1, under 1, over 2.

32nd Row.—Over 5, under 1, over 1; under 4 and over 1, three times; under 2, over 1, under 1, over three; under 4 and over 1, 3 times; under 3, over 3, under 1, over 1.

33rd Row.—Over 5, under 1; over 1, and under 4, 3 times; over 1 and under, 1 twice; over 4; under 4 and over 1, 3 times; under 3, over 3, under 1, over 1.

34th Row.—Over 3, under 2, over 1; under 4 and over 1, 3 times; under 2, over 1, under 1, over 5, under 2, over 1; under 4 and over 1 twice; under 3, over 3, under 1, over 2.

35th Row.—Under 1, over 3, under 1, over 2, under 5, over 1, under 4, over 1, under 4, under 3, under 1, over 4; under 4 and over 1, 3 times; under 2, over 4, under 1.

36th Row.—Over 2, under 1, over 3, under 3, over 1; under 4 and over 1, twice; under 1, over 2, under 1, over 4, under 1, over 2, under 5, over 1, under 4, over 1, under 2, over 4, under 1, over 3.

37th Row.—Over 1, under 1, over 4, under 1, over 2, under 4, over 1, under 4; over 1 and under 1, twice; over 4, under 1, over 5, under 3; over 1 and under 4 twice; over 2, under 1, over 4.

38th Row.—Over 1, under 1, over 4, under 1; over 1 and under 5, twice; over 3, under 1, over 4, under 1, over 5, under 9, over 5, under 1, over 4.

39th Row.—Over 2, under 1, over 4 under 1, over 4, under 4, over 6, under 1, over 4, under 1, over 6, under 9, over 5, under 1, over 3.

40th Row.—Under 1, over 4, under 1, over 5, under 4, over 4, under 1, over 1, under 1; over 4 and under 1, twice; over 8 and under 1, over 5, under 1, over 4, under 1.

Darn 3 rows in the ground-stitch, and then start the next spot just between the two above, following the same method.

"Damask" has been thus named from Damascus, in Syria, the town wherein it was first manufactured. The fabric soon spread over Europe, and was brought by Flemish weavers into England, in 1573, where it is now made to perfection. Thus, to the same sixteenth century we owe the introduction of linen shirts, woven and knitted stockings, diapers and damasks—all materials so conducive to health, cleanliness, and comfort. Yet, as already alluded to, our forefathers, who have bequeathed to us such wonderful works of art, never gave a thought to all these personal and domestic requirements!

There are three kinds of damask—silk, worsted, and linen; to this latter species only our remarks apply; it is finely-twilled, much used for napery, and has to be mended with very fine "flourishing" thread.

The stuffs generally known under the heading of twills are, apart from cottons and Bolton sheetings, mostly woven in wool, with their diagonal lines more close and sudden than the damask, and obtained in mending by passing over 3 and under 1. In this category are included cashmeres, merinos, serges, &c. Ravellings of the textiles themselves form the only satisfactory mendings for such goods.

General Remarks.—Never try your skill on fine material; it causes loss of sight, time, and patience. Experiment rather on crumb-cloth, coarse canvas, or by means of interplaiting. When about to darn the material for good, tack the worn part straight and flat on a piece of brown paper or *toile cirée*. Select needle and thread of suitable size, and be careful to leave long loops, in order to cut them regularly, when, after the material has been washed, the cut threads will work themselves into the stuff.

AUNT DIANA.

By ROSA NOUCHETTE CAREY, Author of "Nellie's Memories," "Not Like Other Girls," "Esther," etc.

CHAPTER XIII.

A CONVENIENT THUNDERSTORM.

"ROGER, does it not seem strange that Miss Hardwick never brings her sister to The Holms?"

"Well, no, Ailie. I am too profound a student of human nature to think anything strange. You women know how to tyrannise over one another. Revenge is sweet, even to the feminine mind. Poor Miss Anna is expiating the offence of having excited our commiseration. The fiat has gone forth—her days at The Holms are numbered."

"Oh dear, I hope not," returned Alison, in an anxious voice; "I took rather a fancy to the poor little thing, and I hoped to have been of some use to her—she seems so utterly devoid of friends."

"I perfectly agree with you there. I never see Miss Anna without recalling the old story of Cinderella. I only wish we could improvise a pumpkin coach and carry her off. I should like to set her to play, and do nothing else for three months, at least."

Alison laughed at Roger's energetic tone as he struck the hedgerow with his stick. They were walking down a country road. The evening was sultry, and Roger had invited his sister to accompany him in one of their pleasant

"'WE SHALL HAVE A THUNDERSTORM DIRECTLY.'"

strolls. There was a moment's silence after Roger's speech, and then he began again—but this time there was a glimmer of mischief in his eyes.

"Ailie, what should you say if I should promise to bring you and Miss Anna together in less than half an hour?"

"I should say you were a magician," returned Alison, carelessly, for she did not believe him in earnest.

"Nevertheless, the thing shall be done," was his oracular reply; and then he said, quickly, "Look at the clouds, Ailie; we shall have a thunderstorm directly." Alison gave a startled glance at the sky; there was no mistaking the gathering blackness overhead.

"What shall we do?" she exclaimed, in a disconcerted voice. "I have my new hat on, and this nice, clean cambric, and we have no umbrella, and there is not a house in sight."

"All right," was Roger's cheerful response; "things are just as they should be. Walk as fast as you can; in less than ten minutes we shall be at the gate of Maplewood. Could anything be more cleverly arranged? Of course, we must take refuge from the impending storm. You are afraid of lightning, are you not, Ailie? They will be compelled to house us for an hour at least."

"Oh, Roger, what a good idea!" exclaimed Alison, still laughing. "Please let us make haste, though, or we shall never reach Maplewood in time." And Alison quickened her walk into a run. But the heavy drops pelted on her before she took refuge in the portico.

Before Roger could lift his hand to the knocker, the door was flung open, and Anna stood on the threshold.

"I saw you both running down the road," she exclaimed, eagerly. "I knew you would take refuge here from the rain; there is going to be such a heavy storm, and I was just beginning to feel frightened at the thought of being alone in it, but I don't mind a bit now."

"Do you mean that Mrs. Hardwick and your sister are out?" asked Roger, as he shook Alison's light mantle, which was already wet.

"Yes, they are dining at the Allans'. There is to be a dance afterwards, so they will be very late. Do you mind my taking you into the morning room? I have some work that I must finish, or Eva will be disappointed; but I can talk to you all the same. Oh, it is so nice to see you again," looking at Alison affectionately.

"Is it not nice to see me, too?" asked Roger, in a comical tone. "I don't think you ought to leave me out in the cold, Miss Anna."

Anna laughed and blushed at this; then she said, very prettily, in her childish way, "Oh, I am glad to see you, too; but I never thought of telling you so. Will you ring, Mr. Roger? and then Morton will bring us some tea. Please take that easy chair by the window, Miss Merle—it is Eva's favourite seat, because there is such a pretty view of the garden."

"No, indeed, I am going to help you," returned Alison, laying her hat aside, and pulling off her long gloves. "Oh, you poor child, what a task!" as she inspected Anna's work. She was trimming an Indian muslin gown with coffee-coloured lace.

"Yes, is it not pretty?" returned Anna, innocently. "Eva means to wear it at our garden party on Thursday. You and Mr. Roger are both coming, are you not?"

"We are not invited," returned Alison, a little gravely, as she took a thimble from her pocket, and helped herself unasked to a needle and thread. "I am going on with that flounce," she continued, quietly, "so you have nothing to do but to talk to me and Roger."

"Oh, how kind you are!" returned Anna, gratefully. "The thunder always makes my head ache a little, and I have been working all the afternoon, and it was so hot; indeed," interrupting herself, "Eva was writing out your notes of invitation to-day. I think she gave them to Mabel. I am sorry," flushing a little as she spoke, "that you should have them so late, but Eva is always so busy."

"So is someone else always busy," observed Roger, with a pitying glance at the girl's tired face. Both he and Alison thought she looked thinner and paler than when they saw her last; her blue eyes looked large and heavy, and the veins of the forehead were marked too clearly; her fair hair was strained from her face and coiled somewhat untidily, and her grey linen dress looked tumbled and far from fresh. Poor little Anna! she had been too busy all day to think of her appearance; and then, no visitors ever asked for her. Roger, who was a keen observer in his quiet way, could not help comparing the two girls as they sat together—Alison looking so dainty and neat in her pretty summer gown with her lace ruffles, and Anna in her unbecoming grey dress, with a tumbled collar, and her little thin hands and bare wrists unrelieved by any whiteness; and again Roger thought of Cinderella sitting among the ashes; then he jumped up and wheeled the easy chair towards the table.

"I am afraid you will have to house us for a good hour or more," he observed, "for the weather means mischief, and in this climate it never rains but it pours, so while Ailie acts the part of a good Brownie, and does your work, you may as well make yourself comfortable. I suppose you will not mind my going into the library for a book, for I am not much of a hand at talk? You may summon me when tea is ready." And Roger marched off, muttering to himself, "Two is company, three is none; she shall not be bothered with making company talk for me, poor little girl!"

"How good he is!" whispered Anna, almost before the door had closed behind him; "he thinks I want to talk to you alone, and so I do. Oh, how quickly you work! your needle seems to fly. My head was aching so with stooping over the muslin that I could hardly see; but when I told Eva so, she said I was always full of fancies, and that I was so dreadfully idle. But I don't think I really am idle, do you?"

"No, indeed," returned Alison, with something of Aunt Diana's abruptness; "I am sure you have been working too hard, you look so thin and unsubstantial. Tell me, Anna, why have you never come to see me again, as you promised?"

A painful flush overspread the young girl's face.

"Eva does not want me to come," she half whispered; "at least, I think so; she always raises difficulties when I ask to accompany her; and—and—" her eyes filling with tears—"she was so angry that afternoon when you and Mr. Roger were so kind to me—when he brought me the groundsel, you know; she said I was so forward that people could not help noticing me, and that she was sure Mr. Roger thought so."

"What a shame!" was on Alison's lips, but she prudently refrained from uttering the words aloud; she only said, very kindly—

"Never mind, Anna, dear—may I call you Anna? and please remember I am only a girl myself, and my name is Alison, and not Miss Merle. Never mind, if what your sister says is not true; people often say things when they are put out, which they do not really mean. No one could think you forward; I am sure Roger would laugh at such an idea if I were to tell him."

"You must not do that," returned Anna, quietly; "he would be so angry with Eva; they are not good friends, you know. Oh, how glad I am to tell you this; it takes quite a load off my mind. I was afraid you would think me so ungrateful after pressing me so kindly to come; you might have thought I did not care—I cried about it so often."

"You must never do that again," replied Alison, quite pained at this; "if you do not come to The Holms I shall quite understand where the fault lies; we will not make things worse by fretting over them. Aunt Diana always says fretting never helps anyone, and only undermines our strength. We must try and be patient for a little—things may be better by-and-by."

"That is what I often say to myself," returned Anna, more brightly. "Do you think it wrong to make up stories about oneself, Miss Merle?"

"Miss Merle has no thoughts on the subject, or on any subject," returned Alison, gravely.

"Do you think it wrong then, Alison?" repeated Anna, with a shy laugh.

"My dear"—very briskly—"you are asking a very strange question of a dreamer of dreams, like myself. I am afraid I must refer you for an answer to my usual authority—Aunt Diana."

"Oh, dear!" returned Anna, with a pleased smile, "how nice to think that you are not wiser than myself in that! I mean, that you make up stories, too."

"Well, you know,"—in rather an amused tone—"eighteen is not quite the age of Methusaleh, and I possess a few of the sins of girlhood; but I must give you the same dose of wisdom that has been administered to my unfortunate self. Aunt Diana used to say to me, 'What is the use of dreaming in the daytime? it is drowsy work and only makes real life look harder by comparison.' And she often quoted Kingsley's words,

'Do noble things, not dream them.' 'Why, it is like building a house with eggshells, to go dreaming through life,' she would say; 'hard work is better than such flimsy thoughts. You will never be a heroine, Ailie, my dear, so it is no use fancying yourself one. When I was a child, I once fancied myself Joan of Arc, and tied myself so tightly to the nursery table that I could not undo the knots. I suppose my mother wanted to teach me a lesson, for she would not let anyone come to my help for an hour. "No, my dear," I remember her saying, "you courted martyrdom, as poor Joan did, so you must not expect such an easy deliverance. Undo your own knots, and never mind about hurting your fingers. Joan had to expiate those dreams of hers, and you must do the same, Diana." It actually cured me of my fancies for a long time.'"

Anna laughed merrily at this.

"I should like to know your aunt, Alison; she seems so clever and so good. I do not wonder you are so different from other girls. No one ever told me such things,"—a little sadly. "Somehow it makes the time pass, and the world seems less tedious if I imagine all sorts of stories about myself—castle-building, is not that what you call it?"

"Yes, it is very nice," returned Alison, with a sigh; "but nice things are not always wholesome—one may be surfeited with sweets. If I were you, Anna, I would have an interesting book beside me, and read a page or two every now and then, when you feel restless; it will refresh you, and give you food for thought; a book is such a companion, and takes off all dulness. Yes, I am sure that would be better for you than dreaming, unless you compose poetry; that would do as well."

"Oh, I could not do that; I am not a bit clever," returned Anna, in quite a frightened voice; "but I like your idea about the book. I am reading the 'Water Babies,' and I was longing to get to it all the afternoon; it is just the sort of book for a hot day. Yes, I think you are right about castle-building being a foolish sort of habit; I will try to break myself of it, and think other people's thoughts instead. But here comes tea, and we must summon Mr. Roger."

Roger was not sorry to be called. The library was rather a gloomy apartment this wet evening, as it looked on the darkest part of the shrubbery; the evergreens coming far too close to the windows. But, as no one sat in the room, this was not considered a grievance. He thought the morning room looked snug and cozy when he went back to it. The muslin dress still reposed on the centre table, but a smaller one was placed in the bay window, round which the three young people were gathered.

Anna quite forgot her headache and fear of the thunder as she performed her simple duties of hostess. She looked so pleased when Roger told her that he had never tasted better tea, that he laughingly accused her of never having entertained company before. To his surprise, she answered him, quite seriously—"Oh, no; I have never had a tea-party before. How nice it is! Eva has her friends sometimes, but I do not seem to know any girls."

"Or young men," put in Roger, mischievously. He seemed bent on teasing her to-night.

"Well, there is cousin Anthony, you know," she replied, in her usual naive fashion; "he is a young man, of course; but I do'nt think he would like to come to my tea-parties. Eva always says that I am such a child that people don't care to talk to me. I am afraid I am not very clever."

"I am glad of that," returned Roger, promptly. "I detest people who think themselves clever. You are quite clever enough for Alison and me. By the bye, Miss Anna, how do you get on with your Latin?"

"Oh, pretty well," she answered, with one of her varying blushes, which made her almost pretty. "I have so little time, and you have not given me a lesson for so long, Mr. Roger."

"Why, you never come to The Holms now," was his reply to this. "I believe Ailie has frightened you away. You must not mind her, Miss Anna; she is a sort of epitome of Aunt Diana's sayings now. As Macaulay has it, 'Nothing is more unattractive than an epitome;' so, of course, Ailie is a sort of Gorgon to you."

"Oh, no, indeed! I am so fond of your sister," returned Anna, in her gentle, impulsive way; but she made no excuse for herself in return for Roger's implied reproach.

"The rain is over now," observed Alison, in a regretful voice, "and it is growing so dark, Roger, we ought not to stay any longer."

"Never mind, I shall see you on Thursday," replied Anna. "I am looking forward to the day so much. I have a new dress, too," she continued, as Roger left the room to find Alison's mantle; "it is not so pretty as Eva's dress—such a beautiful muslin; mine is only cream-coloured nun's cloth."

"I am sure you will look very nice, and I shall bring you some flowers," returned Alison, kindly, with a vivid recollection how well Anna had looked with the knot of roses fastened in her grey dress. "Now, good-bye, dear. Promise me that you will not put in another stitch to-night; perhaps your sister will be able to help you to-morrow."

Anna looked surprised at this. "Eva never works," she said, simply, as though it were an uncontroverted fact; "she hates the very sight of a needle. When she was quite little, she cried so about it, mamma would not let nurse teach her; and cousin Anthony says it would be a waste of time for such an accomplished creature to do what any uneducated needlewoman could do for her."

"Yet she wastes your time." Alison could not help saying this, but Anna only shook her head.

"It is not waste of time for me. I am not clever, like Eva; and I am fond of work. One may have too much of it sometimes; but I like to feel of use to somebody."

"Well, dear, you will have your reward some day, I hope," returned Alison, gently; and then they joined Roger in the hall.

"Well, Ailie," he observed, as they walked briskly down the wet road, "have you had a nice time with your new friend?"

"Yes, indeed, Roger. I am so thankful for the rain. I am getting quite fond of Anna. There is so much goodness under that shy, childish manner."

"I knew you would appreciate her," he returned, heartily. "Poor little girl! One is glad to do anything to help her. There is not much a fellow like me can do, except say a kind word when people snub her, or leave her to sit alone in corners. That is almost all I have done."

"But you teach her Latin, Roger."

"Nonsense!" was the hasty reply. "A pretty sort of teaching! The poor little thing once confided to me her difficulties, and so whenever an opportunity came I gave her a quarter of an hour's construing. She used to come rather often to The Holms once upon a time. Well, I shall leave her in your hands now, Ailie. A girl friend of her own age will be far better for her."

"I am sure you have been good to her, Roger, or she would not be so grateful to you." But as Roger only said "Nonsense!" rather impatiently, Alison, with her usual tact, changed the subject.

(*To be continued.*)

VARIETIES.

Soap for the Lettuce.

A young woman, who had never learned the art of cooking, being desirous of impressing her husband with her knowledge and diligence, managed to leave the kitchen door a-jar on the day after their return from their bridal trip, and, just as her lord came in from the office, exclaimed loudly:—

"Hurry up, Eliza, do! Haven't you washed the lettuce yet? Here, give it to me. Where is the soap?"

A Reasonable Inference.

If God has made this world so fair,
Where sin and death abound,
How beautiful beyond compare
Will Paradise be found!
—*James Montgomery.*

Love and Friendship.—Love is the shadow of the morning, which decreases as the day advances. Friendship is the shadow of the evening, which strengthens with the setting sun of life.—*La Fontaine.*

The Use of Flowers.—Flowers seem intended for the solace of humanity: children love them; quiet, contented, ordinary people love them as they grow; luxurious and disorderly people rejoice in them gathered; they are the cottager's treasure; and in the crowded town mark, as with a little broken fragment of rainbow, the windows of the workers in whose heart rests the covenant of peace.—*Ruskin.*

Good and Bad.—There is such a mixture of folly and infirmity in the best and wisest of the human race that we should be much more thankful for the good we meet with than disappointed at the bad.

CARVING ANIMALS IN WOOD.

TOYDONIA; OR, THE LAND OF TOYS.

By Emma Brewer.

St. Ulrich in the Grödner Thal. Wooden Toys.

Perhaps of all the toy districts we have visited, St. Ulrich stands pre-eminent for beauty and peculiarity of situation.

The inhabitants also are of quite another class than are to be found elsewhere, and differ from them not only in manners, habits, living, and method of working, but they speak a language peculiar to themselves.

St. Ulrich is one of the very few relics of the mediæval workman's life existing in Europe, and it gives us an insight into the way people lived and worked before the introduction of machinery. It is, in fact, a good specimen of a mediæval commune existing in the nineteenth century.

After leaving Grünhainichen, we went to Munich and thence to Innspruck as the proper starting point for St. Ulrich. Here we took tickets for Waidbrück, a picturesque village and station on the Brenner between Brixen and Botzen.

We reached this place about four o'clock in the afternoon, having been nearly six hours coming from Innspruck. Here, after some difficulty, we obtained a carriage and pair of horses to take us through the Grödner Thal up to St. Ulrich, its chief town, the distance from Waidbrück being about twelve miles.

It was a wonderful drive, and one we are not likely to forget, as we were near losing our lives by the horses backing us to within an inch of the deep, rocky ravine. However, the wild beauty of the scenery, with the grand, mysterious Dolomites in the distance, and the Grödner Bach flowing through the valley on its way to join the gorge of the Eisack, in Waidbrück, should be seen by everyone who has time and means at her disposal—it is, I think, one of the most lovely drives imaginable. This bach, or river, which accompanied us the whole way from Waidbrück to St. Ulrich, is a union of many streams, which take their rise in the Seisser Alp.* There is no doubt that it adds greatly to the wild beauty of the valley; but, at the same time, it does much mischief to St. Ulrich in stormy weather, a mischief greatly increased by the practice of cutting down forests and not replanting.

St. Ulrich is, as I have said, at the extreme end of the valley in full view of the Dolomites, and, in consequence of its great height, the air is raw and cold, and the soil very unproductive. The climate, however, is healthy, and the inhabitants scarcely know, except by name, either consumption or scrofula.

As I call St. Ulrich a chief town, you may expect to hear that it is large and populous; not so, however; it has but two hundred and ten houses and thirteen hundred and twenty inhabitants, plus four hundred strangers, mostly servants or workmen. Three-fourths of the inhabitants, including women, and children over six years, are employed in the toy trade.

The thought which forces itself on one's mind is—how was it possible that the toy-trade should have taken root and flourished in a district so far away from everybody and everything? Why, it is only quite lately that a road was made through the valley to St. Ulrich, and up to that time all goods had to be carried on the back to and from St. Ulrich, and that by ways dangerous and almost impassable. Little was known of the people of the Grödner Thal previous to the 18th century, except that they were very poor mountain folk living under the protection of Botzen and Brixen, and that they were almost cut off from the rest of the world by the want of roads and the thickness of the forests. It was further known that, although they bestowed great labour upon the soil, it gave them no adequate return. Little notice is taken of them in the various histories; but, whenever they are mentioned, they are spoken of as an earnest and God-fearing people.

It seems strange to us who have the power of looking back, that these inhabitants of the Grödner Thal should have remained passive and unambitious so many hundreds of years, plodding away at the ill-conditioned soil, as though that were their only means of living. How long and persistently the surrounding woods and forests must have been whispering words of hope and encouragement without avail! There they were ready to supply their every want, yet did the people live on in semi-starvation, lacking both energy and ambition to look about them for improvement. But it was not always to be so. There came a time when the woods and forests were applied to for the help they had been so long in a position to give. It happened thus: A boy was born in St. Ulrich, in 1703, who, as he grew up, showed no inclination to walk in the ways of his forefathers. Instead of working in the field, he made his way to the woods, and with his rough knife made many beautiful objects out of the ductile Cimbra pine. Such work was quite a novelty to the people of the Grödner Thal, who shook their heads at the strange ways of the lad. In time, he became famous for the beautiful carved picture frames which he made out of the pine growing so abundantly in the whole valley. For these frames he found many and ready purchasers in the towns and villages outside the Grödner Thal. Among those who watched and imitated him, were two brothers, Martin and Dominick Vinatzer. These young men loved their land and its people, and had frequently mourned over the depression and poverty which reigned in their midst, and as they watched the young wood-carver, it dawned upon them that here was an occupation for the whole valley, and one that could be easily taught. The first thing they did was to instruct themselves not only in the making of frames, but in carving men and animals. By their example and earnest work, they induced a few others to join in it,

* The Seisser Alp is a magnificent pasture mountain, nearly 6,000 feet high, and about thirty-six miles in circumference, on which a couple of thousand head of cattle feed.

and as time went on they agreed that if the benefit was to be felt throughout the valley, their own work must be more perfect. So they put by their earnings, and with them went to Venice for instruction. After a time they returned with power and desire to teach, elevate, and enrich the inhabitants of the Grödner Thal.

An improved condition was not long in making its appearance; soon the whole of the male population were at work, some in cutting down the trees from the thick forests, others in carrying them away, and the remainder in carving various figures. They started, as you see, with division of labour.

It seems that at first the work learned was to carve saints and ornaments for churches; but as orders did not come in for these with sufficient speed and regularity, the work-people filled up their spare time by making articles to please children, and it was not long before the making of toys formed part of the occupation of every household. An advantage in the toy branch of the trade was that it involved no loss: the articles were made in spare time and of small pieces of wood, and when a sufficient number was made to form a pack, one of the family would start with them into the outside world, and there sell them without requiring permission from their employers. These journeys acted beneficially upon the toymakers, in that they learned the manners and customs of other lands, and the sort of articles that would give pleasure to a people of higher intelligence and education than themselves; they learned also something of the laws of trade and commerce.

At first the makers of toys consisted of men only, the women employing their spare time in the making of a coarse kind of lace, but the desire for this died out as the condition of the people improved; they no longer thought the lace good enough, and preferred it soft and fine, like that worn by city folk.

In this century the toy trade of St. Ulrich is carried on by both sexes. One fact came to my knowledge concerning the girls employed in the toy trade, which I know will give you pleasure; it is this—That about seventy of the best-looking and most intelligent of the Grödner girls are constantly employed in travelling through Tyrol, Bavaria, and Italy with toys made in their homes, and, notwithstanding the temptations to which they are exposed in this solitary wandering life, not one of these girls has been known to lose or even tarnish her good name.

You can see clearly that when once the wooden toy trade was established in St. Ulrich it was bound to prosper, for the toy-makers had in abundance and in close proximity the one article necessary for their work. As a consequence they were able to make toys cheaper than those who lived in districts thinly wooded, where the necessary material must be bought at a high price and where distance made the carting expensive. And it soon became apparent that St. Ulrich would flourish, even at the expense of Sonneberg and Nürnberg, whose trade in wooden toys was sensibly diminishing.

And now comes a curious circumstance in the history of wooden toys, which serves to show that busy hands, good character, and sober, temperate habits must, if success is to be permanent, go hand in hand with forethought and reflection. As we have seen, the lives of the Grödner people had not been such as to foster forethought and intelligence, and it is scarcely a matter of surprise, therefore, that they worked so vigorously at their new occupation, and were so absorbed in the present success, that it never occurred to them to replant as they denuded the forests, and the day came when they looked in vain for the beautiful ductile pine in their neighbourhood. They had killed the goose with the golden eggs. This, for a time, gave a check to their success, for they had to purchase and bring in the wood from the neighbouring valleys at much trouble and expense, until the newly-planted trees grew up, for, of course, they set to work to remedy the evil brought about by their recklessness as soon as they understood the mischief and how to make it good. All this is, however, of the past. I will tell you now of what we actually saw and heard.

We arrived at St. Ulrich too tired and too late to desire anything more than some coffee and eggs and a good night's rest. The hotel was large and bare, but very clean, and the landlady and her assistants were extremely kind. They soon heard from the coachman of the terrible catastrophe we had but so barely avoided, and seemed to feel that they could not do enough for us to show their sympathy. They were evidently very disappointed that we avoided talking of it to them. It was not because we had forgotten it, for I am quite sure that not one of us closed our eyes that night before thanking God earnestly for His great mercy in preserving us from what would have been a horrible death.

I will give you my daughter's notice of the fact, which she pencilled in her diary before going to bed. "We started from Waidbrück in a carriage with a hood, Mokel on the box and we three inside. After a time Mokel got down and walked and I took his place on the box. The road was lonely, winding about the mountains—far below us, on the right hand a sheer wall of rocks and stones bare of tree or shrub led down to the raging torrent; high above us on the left a very steep bank arose. At the side of the road stood a drinking trough, and the driver wished to give his horses a drink. How it happened I don't quite know; but the reins fell out of his hands and got entangled among the horses' feet; they became very restive and backed towards the precipice. It is wonderful that we were saved, for one wheel was almost over the edge; but the man, with white, set face, seized their heads and pulled them back. We were frightened, but did not utter a sound nor move in our seats."

There are two hotels in this little place; ours, the "Post," we are very content with, for, from the front we got a view of the beautiful church and its surroundings; from the back a sight of one or two points of the mysterious Dolomites, and from the side an extensive view of mountains, valleys, and forests, with the music of the Grödner Bach sounding in our ears while we looked. We always contrived to get bed-rooms joining each other, so that we could be easily aroused if one of our number saw or heard anything of interest, and thus it happened that we all witnessed the sight which the morning brought.

ST. ULRICH.

Soon after sunrise, we were awakened by the sound of an organ, and jumping out of bed, we looked through the windows, which gave us the view of the church and its approaches. I wish you could have been with us, and not learn it from my words only. The whole of the inhabitants who could walk, some very old, and others almost babies, were making their way slowly up to the church for morning prayers before they went their several ways to daily work. It was soon evident that the church was full, for the congregation knelt down outside until they formed a wall around the front and side of the building, and then, as with one voice, they offered up prayer and praise, the beautiful organ accompanying them. It was a touching and solemn sight in the early dawn, with the grand mysterious mountains bearing witness to the desire of the human heart for God's love and protection, to see the whole people meeting together for the purpose of acknowledging their dependence upon the love and care of their heavenly Father. The service lasted about a quarter of an hour or twenty minutes, when all went their way with quiet and restful content on their faces. Thus we began our first day in St. Ulrich, and, before leaving this subject, I would say that what we saw in the morning we witnessed again in the evening between seven and eight o'clock; the day's work being done. No matter what the weather or the distance to come, this is the daily practice throughout the year.

It was early morning when we started with our letter of introduction to the Brothers Moroder, one of the principal firms in St. Ulrich for the export of wooden toys. One brother was absent, attending some of the great fairs, but the other we were fortunate enough to find. He read the English letter through, inquired after the writer, gave one or two orders to his workpeople, and was ready to go with us to the wooden toymakers. He neither wasted words nor time.

Our first introduction was to a little house occupied by a very old man and his daughter, who were considered the best makers of small animals in St. Ulrich. As we stepped into the sitting-room, which was also the workroom, we were startled by what appeared a large, high white gravestone occupying a third of the room, and the idea occurred to us that it was the burial place of the family. I asked Herr Moroder to explain its existence in a living-room, and he answered that we should find one like it in every house in St. Ulrich; it was, in fact, a stove, and, as he pointed out, seats were placed round it, which were very comfortable indeed in winter. It was such a strange sight that, although we saw many a one during our stay in St. Ulrich, we never could get used to the white, ghastly stone-work; and I asked my nephew to make a sketch of it, that you might see it and form an opinion about it. I have travelled a good deal, but I never saw a stove like it, so I suppose it is one peculiar to St. Ulrich.

Satisfied on this point, we were able to look about the room. It was well lighted, decorated with wild flowers, and made lively by the singing of birds, which were kept in two or three cages. These within the house, and bees without, were characteristic of almost every house in St. Ulrich. The old man—almost too feeble to hold his knife—was working away at some pieces of wood, with the idea that he was helping his daughter to earn their daily bread—which idea the good girl encouraged. She, however, was the real worker and bread-winner, and to see her handle the knife and wood was wonderful. She took a piece of wood boldly in the hand and began cutting and scooping with a certainty and rapidity perfectly astonishing; she neither paused to measure nor calculate, but on she went until in a few minutes we saw exactly her intention—it was a dog, a cat, a cow, there was no mistake; and, as each was finished, she placed it on the table before us, where it stood as firmly on its four legs as if it had been alive. Each of these little animals took her about ten minutes. She rarely spoilt a piece of wood; but as she had nothing to protect her hands, they were much disfigured by scars and cuts. We purchased all she made in our presence, and very glad we were to obtain them. Before delivering the various animals into our hands, she polished them with sandpaper and leather. I think I have scarcely described correctly the instruments she used in her work. I have called them knives, but they were more like very sharp cheese scoops or marrow spoons; she herself called them gauges. We had a pleasant talk with this toymaker. She told us she could make ten or twelve different animals, the same, neither more nor less, that her forefathers for two or three generations had made. She disapproved of all innovations in the shape of modelling and painting schools, and would on no condition accept of any knowledge beyond that she inherited from her parents. What was good enough for them, she said, was quite good enough for her. I found that a great many of the animals she made went to Grünhainichen to supply the Noah's arks. As this house was in the neighbourhood of Herr Moroder's stores, he conducted us over them, that we might not only see the class of articles made in St. Ulrich, but gain an idea of the quantity.

These stores consist of well-built barns of two stories, beside many rooms in his own dwelling house. In some of these there was an attempt at order, in others the wooden toys lay in inextricable confusion. There were the old-fashioned Dutch dolls in hundreds of thousands of every size. The children of this generation would scarcely recognise them, but those of us who can go back some years know that formerly none other was known or hoped for by children.

I said to our conductor, "Surely there is no sale for these dolls now that such beautiful creatures are formed in wax and papier mâché." "Not in England and not very much in Europe generally, but we can scarcely make them fast enough for Asia, Africa, and many of the far away colonies," was his answer. So then I thought even dolls serve to mark the progress of civilisation.

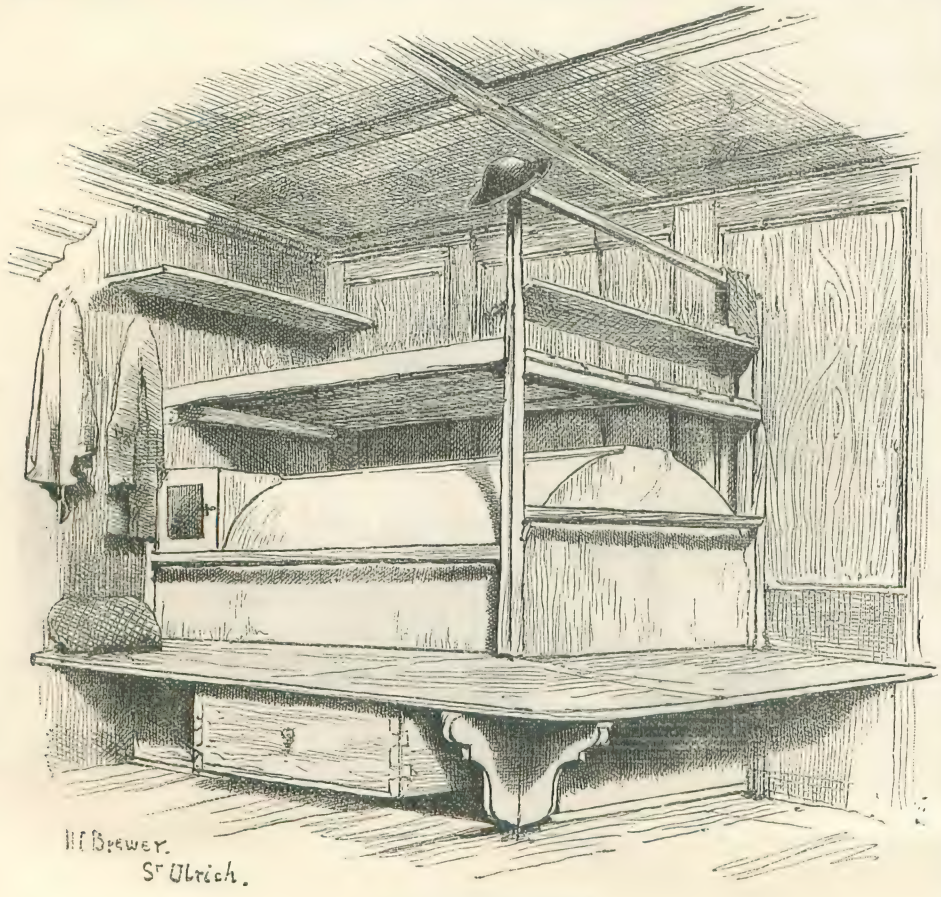
There were the merry go-round horses piled from floor to ceiling, as well as horses on stands destined for France. French duty on painted goods being very high, these goods are sent unpainted—that is to say, in natural wood.

There were thousands of rocking-horses for England, and piles of carts of all sizes. There were lay figures in such numbers as almost to pass calculation. Then, again, there were dolls, animals, saints, and carts, all mixed up together, from floor to roof, in such quantities and apparent confusion that I asked Herr Moroder if he knew at all what he possessed in each store-room.

"Well, scarcely," was the answer.

Everything in these store-houses was in the natural wood, the painting and gilding being done later to order.

As we passed through the village we saw that tiny children had got hold of



A ST. ULRICH STOVE.

pieces of wood, and were cutting at them with sharp gauges in a way that made us tremble for their fingers; yet their relatives looked on with equanimity. It is in this way that children prepare themselves to emulate father and mother in the carving of animals, figures, dolls, penholders, and picture frames.

From house to house we went, till we had made acquaintance with every class of toy-maker in St. Ulrich. A great number of the inhabitants are engaged in making ornaments for churches, and saints for the wayside, in Tyrol; and although this has nothing to do with my toy paper, I mention it to show that, even in the making of these objects, they have no model, merely a small picture or outline to show the characteristics of face or figure. Men generally carve the larger ones, and women and girls the smaller. Before being painted and gilded they are plastered over with a kind of slime made of a fine yellow chalk found at the foot of the Dolomites. This fills up the holes and cracks of the wood, and gives a surface on which to paint. It looked almost ghastly, as we walked about in the twilight, to see life-sized figures, perhaps half painted, standing outside the doors to dry.

One of the peculiarities of the work done in St. Ulrich is that it is all produced by the people in their private dwelling-houses, and each piece of work is commenced and completed by the man himself with the assistance of his family. To give an example: in one house we visited, the father was at work on a large mass of the Cimbra pine spitted through the centre by a sharp iron rod, much as in former times the cook would spit her joint of meat; this enabled him to turn the block at pleasure. We stood a long time watching, and found that he worked only at the head. As this grew near to perfection he withdrew, and his two sons took his place in order to work out roughly the general form. This being done, the father took it under his care again, and worked at every little detail with the utmost patience until the figure was complete as to form, when the wife and daughters took their place at it, polishing it with sand-paper if the wood were to be left in its own natural beauty, or filling every crack and defect with the slime made of the yellow chalk from the Dolomite, and covering the whole figure with it to make a surface for the painter and gilder. Of real artists in wood carving, or, as they call themselves, sculptors, there are about a hundred. The work, of whatever character, is collected on Saturdays, paid for and stored, and fresh work given out for the next week. Here, as in Sonneberg, the toy-makers come trooping in on the Saturday with their week's work from distant parts of the Grödner, and take home provisions from the one general dealer in the place.

The wood used for making figures, large horses, and animals is the soft Cimbra pine, but for dolls and other toys pine wood and some kinds of hard wood are utilised. Of Dutch dolls several thousand gross are made in the year, though the quantity is gradually decreasing, either from a growing scarcity of wood or an increase in the demand for the finer sort made at Sonneberg and Hildburghausen. Or it may be that the price paid for the making of the wooden Dutch doll is too small to enable the makers to live. Imagine, if you can, five shillings for making a hundred dozen, and one shilling for painting them all! the makers and painters finding their own materials—about fifteen dolls complete for a penny!

Of horses and of animals many thousand dozens are made annually, and the average annual value of the goods sent out from St. Ulrich amounts to seventeen thousand pounds, the weight of which toys exceeds fourteen thousand hundredweight. The parts of the world which import the Grödner Thal toys are England, France, Italy, Germany, America, Belgium, Australia, Spain, Holland, Scandinavia, Egypt, New Zealand, and Portugal. Boys are employed to pack the toys, which they do in dozens, or by the schoch (sixty) in cases, ready to be sent to all parts of the world.

Toys are coloured and varnished in water-colours, but figures, ornaments for churches, and waysides are done in oils. At least one-third of all that is made here is sent off white in natural wood.

The makers of common toys can earn from sixpence to one shilling and eightpence a day. The makers of finer kinds from one shilling and eightpence to two shillings and sixpence a day.

Sculptors can earn from two shillings and sixpence to six shillings and eightpence a day.

The inhabitants of St. Ulrich, and, indeed, of the whole Grödner Thal, are a kind, industrious, saving people, and have many of the German characteristics. They are not physically strong, owing, perhaps, to their sedentary occupation. The women and girls have good figures, and are pleasant and good looking, but their occupation and the paints they use in their work prevent their being robust.

The houses are clean and prettily built. There is one little general shop in the village, well supplied, and standing next the very primitive post office, and one butcher, who looks after the supply of the whole valley.

Four times a year a Bee and Honey Fair is held in St. Ulrich, which brings the people together for a little amusement; otherwise, they know little of what is known in the world as recreation.

There is a good school with a couple of teachers, beside two others, for the study of drawing and wood-carving.

We saw a good deal of begging in the Grödner Thal, which evil has been provided against in St. Ulrich by the establishment of a relief fund, and a Home for the sick and needy, and for those incapable of work.

There are very few cases of bankruptcy, although, in consequence of high prices, some of the toymakers are in debt. There are a few rich people who owe their position entirely to the special industry of the place; but their way of living is perfectly simple.

I was disappointed at not being able to chat with the children, who speak only the peculiar language of the Gröden. The elders speak both German and Italian sufficiently to make it easy to speak with them.

It may interest some of you to see a few words of this peculiar language and compare it with others. Here they are—

L'ava, grandmother; l'oma, mother; la mutta, girl; la fëna, wife; la fia, daughter; la botgia, mouth; la böcca, serpent; la fössa, the grave; 'l'bêrba, uncle; 'l uem, man; 'l sudier, jew; 'l ùbràê, arm; 'l tgiàn, dog; 'l bos, kiss; 'l dëit, finger; 'l spiödl, looking glass.

Numbers—

Un	doi	trëi	càtter	cinch	sies	sött
1	2	3	4	5	6	7

òtt	nuéf	diös
8	9	10

A tense of verb "to have."

Tö hè	I have	Nous on	We have
Tu hès	Thou hast	Vo ëis	You have
El ëila hà	He or she has	Ei ëiles	They have

St. Ulrich and the Grödner Thal have not, as you perceive, kept pace with the world and its fashions; as they were hundreds of years ago, so they are to-day; what the fathers did, that same do the children and grandchildren. This is regretted by many, who feel that where progress, social and political, is not the order of the day, then decay and stagnation must be the ruling powers. Yet, this notwithstanding, no places I ever knew have called out such active, devoted, self-sacrificing love from the inhabitants as these have done. You know of the two brothers Vinatzer, and what they did for St. Ulrich and the Grödner; then there were Herr Burger, and Herr Moroder, who, at their own cost, caused a splendid road to be constructed throughout the valley. Great was the rejoicing on the opening day, October 26th, 1856, when many of the people saw, for the first time in their lives, a four-wheeled carriage; and last, not least, there was John Dominick Mahlknecht, the son of a poor retail dealer, who, as he grew up, became possessed of a passionate desire to be rich, that he might have the power to do some lasting good to St. Ulrich and its people. The indomitable industry, careful speculation, and almost unheard of self-denial of this toymaker met with more success than he, in his wildest dreams, could have hoped for. He who had been known in many places as the poor toy boy grew to be the rich Mahlknecht. You would like to know what he did with his many thousands of pounds? His first care was to provide spiritual teaching for the people; his next to build cottages and train nurses for the sick; then homes and food for the destitute. As his end drew near he settled in St. Ulrich, and gave himself up to religious duties, and was never heard to mention business further than to give orders for helping the poor.

The poor from far and wide followed him to the grave, all feeling that they had lost a father and a friend. A marble stone was erected over his grave, with these words:—"Here lies John Dominick Mahlknecht, whose virtue outshone even his great wealth; whose memory is cherished by grateful hearts for whom he provided both priests and physicians."

BLANCHE ELMSLIE'S PROGRAMME.

By Lady William Lennox.

CHAPTER II.

Meanwhile Blanche made the best of her way back to the dull street, where stood a small house, four rooms in which were all that she and her mother could afford to take as their home. It was a hot, dusty walk; her boots were white, as though they had been powdered, by the time she arrived; her mourning, worn for many months, looked more brown than black in the sunlight; she felt fagged and tired, as much from wear and tear of mind as from fatigue of body; and as she walked up the narrow street and stopped before a green door with a black knocker, the remembrance of the beautiful house in London, in which her life had been spent till the last year—the large rooms and wide staircase, the servants, carriages, and horses; the everything, in fact, which that past held of comfort and pleasantness, and the almost nothing which the present seemed to offer—came over her with a sudden rush, and her heart failed her in a way which Alice Neville could hardly have believed of her "strong-minded friend," as she often called her. But if there was one thing more than another about which Blanche was severe upon herself it was the giving way to temptation—strong enough, *sometimes*—to brood over things which had been. To begin with, it was useless, and, not only that, but it unfitted her to make the best of things as they actually were, prevented her being bright and cheerful, which she looked upon as a bounden duty, for her mother's sake; made everything in the present harder to do and harder to bear, and took away the pluck with which she was fortunately well endowed by nature. Consequently, she never allowed herself to sit down with idle

hands and think, unless, indeed, it was in order resolutely to consider what she could do to ease the burden of their poverty a little; and, as the result of her meditations had that day found expression, and even discovered an outlet in prospective action, she took herself to task more sharply than usual for her depression, and, shaking it off, went into the house and upstairs to the sitting room with a smile on her face and a cheerful manner.

"I have brought you some flowers, mother dear," she said. "They are very pretty, and will enliven the room a little, I think."

"Thank you, darling, they are beautiful! I'm afraid the poor room would bear a good deal of enlivening!" and Mrs. Elmslie smiled rather sadly; "but, at all events, your bright face makes it cheerful to me, in spite of all. It's very hot out, isn't it?" she continued. "Go and take off your things, my child, and we'll have tea at once. You look so dusty, and I'm sure you must be tired."

"Not very, mother;" and Blanche went to take off her hat.

Mrs. Elmslie busied herself in putting the flowers in water, arranging them about the room with great taste. She was a slight, delicate-looking woman, with the traces of a beauty which in her youth was remarkable. The white and shell-pink complexion was there still; the fair hair, though faded, was not grey, and the large eyes, like forget-me-nots, had kept their blue, though dimmed by weeping. Tears filled them now as she sighed to herself, "What would I give to see my darling Blanche on her chestnut again! How splendid she looked, and how much she was admired! Only eighteen, and what a life this is for her!" She gazed round the little room, with its shabby furniture. "What a place for her—and for me, too, for that matter—but I really don't mind so much about it, for myself. Ah!" as Blanche came in, "I was just thinking, my child, what I would give to see you riding Shepherdess again. It is foolish of me, I know, for it does no good to think; but sometimes I cannot help it!"

Her voice trembled, and the faded blue eyes could hold the tears no longer; they overflowed and ran down her cheeks.

"Mother, darling," exclaimed Blanche, putting her arms round her and kissing her, "don't do that. Don't fret about me. Why, I am young and strong, and it does me no harm to walk instead of ride. I would much rather see you driving again, if it comes to that, for you cannot walk any distance without being so tired. Now, you must not cry any more, but listen to something I have to tell you. Oh, here is Phœbe with the tea"—as a stout, red-armed country girl came in carrying a tray, which she set down on the table with a bang. "Have a cup first, and then I'll tell you my story—I must say tea is a comfort!"

"Yes," said her mother, settling herself in an arm-chair, "I suppose it's very much to us what smoking is to men; though how they can like that is always a wonder to me. But now, Blanche, what is it you have to tell me? I cannot imagine, and I am quite curious to know."

"Well, mother," began Blanche, "I think I had better say first that I don't feel quite sure whether you will like the idea or not till you have got used to it; but I am pretty certain that when we have talked it over a little you will like it and approve the plan. The plain fact is this:—You know I can play the violin well; I understand it quite enough to be able to teach it, I believe, and I think, under our circumstances, that I might turn my talent, such as it is, to account, instead of letting it lie idle and useless. For a long time I have been considering what I could do to 'turn an honest penny,' and only this very day, talking with Alice Neville, the subject somehow came on the *tapis*, and the end of it is, mother dear, that Alice says she would like so much to be my first pupil."

"It's just like you, Blanche," said Mrs. Elmslie, after a pause, "to consider whether you could not make a little money, for I know perfectly well that that really means getting things for me—things which you fancy I feel the want of; and you must not imagine I don't appreciate the thought and the kindness, darling; but I cannot say I like the idea of your going out as a music mistress—no, I cannot say I do."

"No, dearest mother, that is exactly what I felt was most likely; but still, if you think a little about it I hope you will be able to change your opinion. In the first place, I am so fond of music that I would rather do something connected with that than anything. In the second place—or, perhaps, it ought to go first—it does seem to me that it is my duty to do something if possible. We are very poor, and besides any little extra comforts which you might get, just look at my clothes"—and the girl got up and turned slowly round, half laughing. "Don't you think," she went on, "that I should do for a 'study in brown' instead of a 'harmony in black'? and as for boots and gloves, the less said, or seen, of them the better. No, mother dear, it will be no hardship to me, but an interest, and we shall both be the gainers, I hope. Besides, I shall feel so proud to have earned something by my own efforts. I cannot understand people being ashamed of having power of any sort, nor of using it if they have. So now, what do you say?" and Blanche stood smiling, and looking very handsome, in spite of the brown-black gown, with her bright young face, and wavy auburn hair.

"My child," said her mother, gazing fondly at her, "I believe I generally end by saying what you say, though I may not always begin by it. But I know you are not easily carried away by visionary ideas, and that you have good strong sense in addition to talent—two things which do not invariably go together. My objection to your plan is simply that you never were brought up to anything of the kind, but, on the contrary, were born to such utterly different circumstances; and, besides my motherly pride, which makes it painful to me to think of your going out to teach, I feel that, in spite of your brave spirit, you will find it sometimes hard to accept the sort of half-and-half position which unfortunately is the lot of women who depend on their own earnings in any way. Still, as I said just now, I have great confidence in your good sense, and if you, having thought the matter well over, have come to the conclusion that you would like to try the new life, I will not say no to it."

"That's a good mother," cried Blanche. "I do wish to try it, and I hope and believe it will turn out a success. You won't mind my practising like anything, will you? because I must keep up my own playing, and improve it, too, in order properly to impress my pupils."

"I don't mind how much you practise, dear; wrong notes are but 'few and far between' with you, and some of those 'nocturnes' and 'reveries' are beautiful and soothing to me."

"Ah, yes!" said the girl, "they are, no doubt; but I shall have to go in for more difficult pieces now. My ambition is to play the *Polonaise Brillante*, by Chopin, for violin and piano. I heard it once at a concert. Very difficult for the piano, so I should want a good pianist; but—well, it will be a long time before I venture upon that, though I hope to arrive at it some day."

"I am sure you will, if you make up your mind to it," said her mother, with a smile. "You always were a determined little creature, even when you could hardly walk alone."

"Was I?" said Blanche. "Well, now I am a determined big creature, and I mean to get a guinea a lesson before I have done, and perhaps give a concert into the bargain, at which Fräulein Von Elmslie—I must be German on that occasion only—will play a solo, and wake up this dull little country town with the wild excitement of hearing her! So there's my programme."

(To be continued.)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A WIDOW.—We highly approve of extreme carefulness in disinfecting where any danger may be apprehended; but we do not believe that any infection could be communicated in slippers worn for a short time by a child whose grandmother had been consumptive.

A NOVICE.—Procure some "Berlin black," and brush it over the chairs.

A YOUNG BELIEVER, and Others.—We are quite sure that the work that lies nearest to us is always Christ's work. This is really the chief lesson of His most blessed life on earth. It is generally pride that prevents our seeing this, for the simple duties of home do not minister to it, and in our own estimation we are capable of such grand things.

M. A. G.—The holly leaves must be washed first with a thick gum, and the Epsom salts must be scattered over them before it becomes quite dry. This is rather difficult, because if the gum be too wet the effect is spoilt.

CARAMELLA and MADAMIGELLA.—Not "dewy meads of asphodel," but "yellow." The quotation is from Pope's "Ode on St. Cecilia's Day." The term, "sinews of war," is of very ancient origin. Weschines ascribes the original expression to Demosthenes, who said, "The sinews of affairs are cut." Biou said "that riches were the sinews of business or of the state;" and, probably in allusion to this, Plutarch says, "He who first called money the sinews of the state, seems to have said it in especial reference to war." Accordingly, after this we find money called "the sinews of war" in Libanius, and also in Cicero. The frescoes of the "Galatea and Psyche," etc., by Raphael, are in the Farnesina at Rome.

A WHITE BUTTERFLY.—1. The line, "Alas! how easily things go wrong," is in "Phantastes," by George Macdonald. 2. The works of John Donne were re-published in 1839, with a memoir by Dean Alford.

C. C. A.—The story of the "Swiss Family Robinson" was obviously suggested by "Robinson Crusoe." It is a tale, but not a true one. It is translated from the German, and was written by Joachim Heinrich Kampe.

ALHAMBRA.—The arch-fiend was punished as he deserved when expelled from heaven, and cut off from the presence and favour of his Maker. Your questions are unsuitable for replies in this paper. Read your Bible, and ask for instruction either from your mother, the clergyman of your parish, or minister of your chapel; but strive more to serve your Heavenly Master in your words and deeds than in inquiring into the mysteries of His future dispensations. "Lord, and what shall this man do?" (or, what will become of him?) "What is that to thee? Follow thou Me" (St. John xxi. 21).

IGNORAMUS.—An *Araucaria imbricata*, or monkey-tree, also called the Chili pine, is a native of the mountains of Southern Chili, where it forms large forests, and attains to a height of 150 feet. It belongs also to Patagonia. The cones are as large as a child's head, and the seeds are edible both raw and roasted. The fruit of one large tree will, it is said, maintain eighteen persons for a year. Multitudes of them may be seen in this country, but they do not attain perfection.

ADMIRER OF THE G. O. P.—We thank you for your recipe. You may certainly wear as many as you think in good taste, if suitable to your condition in life. Your writing has been much neglected, as well as your composition. Crape is not worn for a teacher, as such only. We thank you for your kind words.

SPIDER, and Others.—Many troubles in pet animals and birds arise from incautious and careless exposure to cold and draught. Animals are washed in cold weather and improperly dried, and birds' cages are left uncovered at night, and hanging just where the open window or door allows the draught to blow on them. When a cat will not keep her fur clean, a little grease may be rubbed in, which she will lick out.

NANA'S DAUGHTER.—Have your things washed while you are away. The maid generally comes and inquires whether you need the laundress when you are staying on a visit. Take the hymn book when offered, and return it when the service is over, with a smile and word of thanks.

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

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AUNT DIANA.

By ROSA NOUCHETTE CAREY, Author of "Nellie's Memories," "Not Like Other Girls," "Esther," etc.

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"'YOU LOOK VERY NICE, ALISON.'"

CHAPTER XIV.

THE FETE AT MAPLEWOOD.

"WHAT a lovely afternoon! Eva is always so fortunate in weather," observed Mabel, as she and Alison stood at the gate of The Holms, waiting for Roger. "You look very nice, Alison," she continued condescendingly. "I suppose Aunt Diana employed a good dressmaker; your dress is not new, but it looks quite fresh," and Missie, who was in high good humour, regarded her own gown with infinite content.

Missie was certainly looking very pretty, in spite of her many fripperies. Her pink cheeks were pinker than ever, and her bright eyes shone with contentment and pleasure. Nevertheless, many that afternoon turned from her to look at the graceful, dark-eyed girl dressed so simply yet so becomingly in soft Madras muslin, with the shady hat with its long ostrich feather, a gift from Aunt Diana. Alison's perfect simplicity always seemed such a contrast to Missie's finery.

"Yes, you look very nice," continued Missie, complacently. "Eva is right, and you have a style of your own. I only hope poor Anna will not make a guy of herself, but she always does; she is such a plain, dowdy little thing."

"I wonder her sister does not try to improve her taste," remarked Alison, rather severely. "Anna is one of those people who have no natural talent in dress. Aunt Diana always says there is an education even in this; the eye and the taste must be properly cultivated. I think Miss Hardwick should take her sister in hand."

"I told her so once," returned Missie, "but she said Anna had no complexion and no good looks, and that dress would be of little consequence in her case; she always seems to me rather ashamed of Anna, and I don't wonder at it."

Alison was silent. She was resolving in her own mind to appeal to Missie's benevolence on behalf of Anna. In spite of her temper and vanity, Missie had many good points; she was kind-hearted and capable of a great deal of affection. She would try to interest her in the poor child.

"Roger does not seem coming; he was detained so long at the mill. Let us walk on slowly, and he will soon overtake us." And as Missie consented to this, Alison took this opportunity to relate their visit to Maplewood, and she dwelt long and feelingly on poor Anna's solitary task and her jaded looks.

To do her justice, Missie appeared extremely shocked. "That was too bad of Eva," she said, gravely, "to go out and amuse herself, and leave all that work for Anna."

"I am afraid it is too often the case," returned Alison, following up her advantage rather eagerly. "Anna has no time to amuse herself, or to carry on her own studies; she is always slaving for her mother and sister. They are rich and could easily afford to keep a maid. It is not fair that one sister should be a drudge to another."

"No, indeed; I must speak to Eva," replied Missie, in a rather displeased voice. "I have often told her that she puts too much on Anna."

"And, Mabel, dear," continued Alison, coaxingly, "you have such influence with Miss Hardwick that I wish you would ask her to bring Anna with her sometimes when she comes to The Holms. I have no friends of my own in Chesterton, and I have taken rather a fancy to Anna; I should like her to come and see me sometimes."

Alison could not have been more diplomatic. Missie was sure to respond to such an appeal. In the first place, she liked Alison to ask her a favour; it confirmed her own sense of importance; then she had always boasted of her influence with her friend—here was an opportunity of testing it; thirdly, for even Missie was capable of generosity for its own sake, she was quite willing to do a good turn for Anna, who was a harmless little creature, and was never in her way.

"Of course I will talk to Eva," she said, rather consequentially. "I will tell her that Anna must come to amuse you. I rather wonder at your taste, Alison; I cannot imagine anyone more uninteresting than Anna; but we do not always think alike," and then, as Roger came up with them, she broke off her sentence to reprimand him sharply for his delay.

Maplewood owned a garden of very tolerable dimensions, but it was already crowded when the Merles made their appearance. The lawn was covered by gaily dressed people, tennis had not yet begun, but the band was playing. As soon as Alison had greeted her hostess she looked round anxiously for Anna. She had no desire to linger beside Mrs. Hardwick; the handsome, talkative widow had already excited her aversion. As she turned away in search of her friend, Miss Hardwick came up to them in company with a tall, dark man.

"Mabel, dear," she said, almost ignoring Alison, "I must introduce Tony to you — my cousin, Captain Harper. Tony, this is my especial friend, and I shall expect you to pay her a great deal of attention, on peril of my displeasure."

"I am too happy to perform such a pleasing duty, I am sure," lisped Anthony; but his bold black eyes passed over Missie's simpering pretty little face to Alison's.

"Is this another special friend of yours, Eva," he observed, twisting his moustache and looking full at her as he spoke. Miss Hardwick made the introduction somewhat reluctantly; Alison bowed a little haughtily; she was not prepossessed with Captain Harper's appearance, and she determined to have as little as possible to do with him; he seemed about to speak to her, but she turned suddenly to Miss Hardwick.

"I do not see your sister," she said, in a low voice.

"Oh, I daresay not," she answered, carelessly. "I never knew Anna ever ready for anything; she is not half dressed, I suppose. Now, Tony," turning her shoulders on Alison, "you must take Mabel for your partner in the first set, and Edgar Dawson and Miss Freeland will play against you."

"We had better take our places, then," drawled Captain Harper, and, left to herself, Alison turned to Roger and asked him to walk with her to the house.

"I am going in search of Anna," she whispered as she left him, and she asked one of the servants who was just entering the tea-room to take her to Anna's bedroom. The maid looked surprised, but she put down her tray at once, and preceded Alison upstairs.

"That is Miss Anna's room," she said, pointing to the door; "she is dressing, I believe. A hamper of flowers came, and she has only just finished arranging them."

"I daresay I shall be able to help her," returned Alison, knocking at the door.

A weary voice said, "Come in."

"My dear child," exclaimed Alison, in a surprised voice, as she entered, "why, you have not begun to dress," for Anna was standing at the window in her grey linen gown, evidently watching the gay scene, but the tears were rolling down her cheeks.

"Oh, I cannot dress now," she sobbed, as Alison kissed her, "it is so late, and I am so tired; Eva said the flowers must be done, and I have only just finished them. I saw Mr. Roger and you and Mabel come in, and I did so long to come out, but now I am just tired out, and I can't stop crying."

"Oh, you will cheer up directly, and I am going to stop and help you," returned Alison, brightly. "Bathe your eyes with some eau de Cologne and water; I will be back in a moment." And running downstairs Alison made her way into the tearoom, and after a few words with the good-natured maid she had already accosted, she was soon provided with a cup of coffee and some delicious-looking cake.

"Now you are to leave off crying and take these good things I have brought you," coaxed Alison, "and then I will help you to dress. You are tired and worried; but the coffee will refresh you." But Anna's answer was a fresh burst of tears as she threw her arms round her neck.

"Oh, how kind you are to me. I do love you so; no one ever took such trouble for me before."

"Then you must thank me by enjoying the coffee," laughed Alison; but a sympathising drop hung on her own lashes. Nevertheless, she talked on cheerfully until Anna had dried her eyes and drank her coffee, and then she coaxed her to let her brush her hair and arrange it. Anna sat quite patient and docile under Alison's hands; she did not even look at herself till the pretty cream coloured dress was fastened, and the flowers arranged, and then Alison led her to the glass.

"Why, I look quite different; what have you done to me?" observed Anna, in a bewildered tone. "I am not like myself at all." This was the opportunity for Alison to deliver her little lecture.

"You have never taken enough pains with your appearance," she said, seriously. "You have such pretty hair; but you dress it in such an unbecoming way; very few faces can bear to have the hair so tightly strained from the forehead. Look how naturally and prettily it waves now I have given it a little liberty. Your forehead is too high and prominent to be uncovered; but these little curly rings are far better than your sister's fringe, and you will soon learn to wait your hair more smoothly. Grey does not suit you at all. You must never choose a dress of that colour, and when you wear cream or white always have a knot of ribbon or a flower to give you a little tone of colour."

Anna opened her blue eyes rather widely at this harangue.

"You are talking quite seriously, as though you thought I had neglected some duty," she said, in a perplexed voice. "Of course it would be very nice to look like this always; but the less one thinks about dress the better."

"I do not agree with you, Anna," returned Alison, with much decision; "everyone ought to make the best of themselves. There is a great deal in the Bible about dress. See how minutely every detail of Aaron's robes was settled."

"Oh, but he was the high priest, and of course his dress was symbolical."

"Well, dress with us ought to be symbolical too. Oh, I am not repeating my own words; every girl's dress, Aunt Di says, ought to be symbolical of beauty, neatness, and purity. Why, Anna, the Bible is full of descriptions of women's dress. Think how beautifully Esther dressed herself when she wanted to ask a favour of the king; think of the changeable suits of apparel, and the mantles, and the wimples, and the crisping pins; the glasses and the fine linen, and the hoods and the veils mentioned by Isaiah—even to the white robes of the saints. It seems to me that only undue vanity is rebuked, and that dress is not of itself sinful."

"I never thought of it in this way before," replied Anna, scrutinising herself thoughtfully. "Perhaps I ought to have taken more pains with my hair, and chosen my dresses more carefully. I thought," hesitating over her words, "that no one cared how I looked, and so it did not matter; but perhaps I have been only indolent."

"Never mind; you will take more pains with yourself now, to please me," returned Alison, perfectly satisfied with the result of her lecture. "Now, as I am longing for a game of tennis, suppose we go down." And Anna cheerfully assented. They were met in the hall by Roger and Captain Harper; the gentlemen were evidently in search of them.

"I thought you had lost yourself, Ailie," observed Roger; and as he turned to her companion a low whistle of astonishment broke from his lips, and was at once promptly suppressed.

"I did not know you, Miss Anna," was all he ventured to say; but both Alison and Anna coloured with pleasure under the approving look he bestowed on them.

"Miss Merle, I hope, now I have taken all this trouble to find you, that you will not refuse to be my partner in this set," asked Captain Harper, so eagerly that he had almost forgotten his usual drawl. Alison assented rather coldly; but her reluctance vanished when she found Roger and Anna meant to oppose them. She almost forgot her dislike to her partner during the long, well-contested game, which soon drew a crowd of spectators round them; her skill and animation delighted Captain Harper. Missie was watching them rather curiously.

"I did not know Alison was such a good player," she said at last, when Eva joined her. "Captain Harper did not exert himself quite so much when he played with me!" with a displeased toss of her head.

"He knows we are watching him, darling, and that puts him on his mettle," returned her friend, soothingly, and she proceeded to whisper into Missie's ear some of those artful flatteries which some girls love to impart to each other. Miss Hardwick was certainly a most undeniable friend for a girl of Missie's disposition. Her foolish little head was soon turned by Eva's smooth, plausible speeches, and the smiles came to her face again.

"Really, Eva," she said presently, adjusting her eyeglasses coquettishly—for just then it was rather fashionable to be shortsighted, and Missie, who had eyes like a hawk for strength and clearness, must needs dangle her pince-nez, with other misguided young females—"really, my dear, I never saw Anna look so well."

Miss Hardwick turned her long neck superciliously, and regarded her sister with surprise.

"That must be Alison's doing," she said, with evident displeasure. "Anna never did her own hair, I am sure of that." But her handsome face clouded still more when Missie proceeded to take her to task.

"You ought to look after her a little more, Eva," said Missie, who was certainly not deficient in courage. "You have so much taste yourself, you ought to help her to choose her dresses. I should be ashamed if my sister looked as dowdy as Anna generally does."

Miss Hardwick bit her lips to keep back an angry retort, but she was really fond of Missie, as the little monkey knew, for she went on quite coolly with her list of grievances.

Dear Eva was wrong to give Anna so much work. Both she and Alison thought Anna looked very ill. "And, darling," continued Missie, in a smooth, cajoling voice, "Anna must come to The Holms sometimes. Alison has taken a fancy to her, and it will keep her out of our way if she has Anna sometimes, and I like to have you to myself, and—and——" but the rest of Missie's speech was only whispered into Eva's ear, only it was evidently more potent than the rest, for her moody countenance relaxed, and she nodded.

"Very well, she can come if she likes," she said, somewhat ungraciously; but Missie, who had gained her end, cared nothing for Eva's sulkiness.

The rest of the afternoon passed like a happy dream to Anna; she played another game with Roger, who seemed bent on having her for a partner, and afterwards, when Alison had succeeded in shaking off Captain Harper by infusing into her manner a fine degree of girlish hauteur and coolness not easily to be mistaken, the three sat together, passing kindly remarks on the rest of the company.

But the crowning happiness of the afternoon to Anna was when Missie addressed her in the condescending manner of one who confers a benefit.

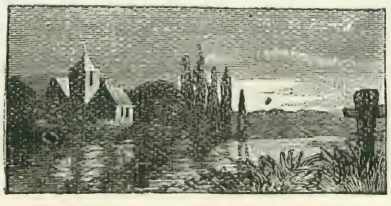
"You have not been to see us lately," she said, quite graciously. "I have told Eva that she must bring you sometimes to talk to Alison." And after this Anna's cup of joy seemed overflowing.

Alison enjoyed her party moderately. The sunshine, and the music, and the gay scene quickened her young pulses; but once when she was left to herself another scene rose before her eyes.

A group of light-hearted girls gathered round a boat, going to pick forget-me-nots on the Long Island. The feathery splash of the oars seemed in her ears; Greville's gay laugh seemed to penetrate through the strains of the music; there were golden lights on the water, swans ruffling their plumage angrily; purple shadows; the flickering of tall reeds in the sedgy banks.

"Ailie, the band is going to play 'God save the Queen.' What were you dreaming about, little woman? Come with me and say good-bye to Mrs. Hardwick; she is holding her court under the acacia." And Roger took her by the arm and led her away.

(To be continued.)



"'VERY OFTEN I HAVE SAT OVER THE FIRE AND GRILLED BACON.'"

BLANCHE ELMSLIE'S PROGRAMME.

By LADY WILLIAM LENNOX.

CHAPTER III.

THE violin lessons began, and went steadily on week after week, and were a source of real pleasure to both the girls. Blanche was gratified to find she had not over-estimated her powers as a teacher, and Alice was delighted as she discovered that by dint of careful and regular practice every day she was making sure though slow progress, and that her arm no longer hurt her as it did at first when she held the violin in its proper position.

"Do you remember, Blanche," she said, one day, "how I used to put the fiddle down and shake my arm because of the pain of it? I was what Frank would call a duffer, I think; but now that's all gone, and, I suppose, the limb has got used to it."

"It's always so at the beginning," said Blanche, "but when once one can make one's notes well, and bring out a good pure tone, one feels it's quite worth the trouble and pain."

"That it is," exclaimed Alice; "I should think no one would deny it, and, by the bye, while I think of it, I believe I know of two more pupils for you—the Fletcher girls, Lucy and May. They told me they wanted to learn, so I mentioned you, of course."

"Thank you, Alice, I shall be glad to have some more pupils; the 'more the merrier,' you know, and, in fact, I find that since I have really taken to it, I like the work immensely, quite apart from the question of pounds, shillings, and pence."

It was true. Blanche enjoyed the hours she spent in giving lessons to Alice as much as, or more than, any hours in her life—as it was now. Her whole soul was in her art, and when, two mornings in the week, she—having just seen that her mother was comfortably established with books, work, and newspaper, in the tidy though shabby sitting room—wended her way through the dull town, out on the white country road for a little distance, and then took a short cut across the fields and a plantation which led direct to Morpeth House, she always felt cheerful and light-hearted; partly from the consciousness that by her exertions she was able to contribute in many small things to the comfort of the

mother she devotedly loved, and partly from the actual pleasure experienced by her in making those exertions. She had replaced the "study in brown" gown by one of grey satteen, which, with a black shady hat, and a black lace fichu tied loosely over her shoulders, and perhaps a rose fastened in it, formed her usual costume, with the addition of a large sunshade to keep off the glare. Very well she looked as she walked slowly along, her fine figure undeformed by tight-lacing, and her intelligent face animated by the thoughts which inspired her.

"My dear!" exclaimed Alice one morning when her friend appeared, "before I forget it I want to ask you something, and mind you are not to say no, whether you like it or not."

"Very peremptory indeed," said Blanche, smiling; "and pray what is your highness's pleasure? Not lawn-tennis or any violent thing of that sort, I hope. I draw the line there."

"Lawn-tennis!" and Alice tossed her head. "I hate it, and never attempt to play. It wouldn't suit you either, I'm sure—not your style. I suppose those Fletchers put that into your head; they are always playing at the game. No; what I want you to do is only to come and dine here to-morrow. Mary Fletcher is coming, and her brother Charlie"—and Alice's cheeks grew very pink as she said this—"and father will be here, of course; but why I particularly want you is because there's an old Frenchman, professor or something, who is to dine here. Father knew him years ago in Paris, it seems, and he has just turned up in England and found us out. I believe he is a great musician, and I should like him to hear you play. Now, don't look as if you saw a ghost, but say yes, like a sensible being."

"Dear me, Alice," said Blanche, "what are you thinking of? You don't suppose, do you, that this French professor wants to hear me play? And, besides, do you know how long it is since I dined out anywhere? Never since we left London, and came to live in the stuffy little town from whence I have just emerged. I have always spent the evenings with mother, and would you like to know the ins and outs of our life?" And she laughed. "Well, very often I have sat over the fire in the sitting room and grilled bacon for the sort of half dinner, half supper we had. They are not over and above tidy downstairs in the lodgings, I fancy, and so I liked better to do little things myself sometimes."

"I don't see the least what that's got to do with it," said Alice. "I shouldn't at all mind grilling bacon—in cold weather, that is. I call that a clean sort of occupation. But you don't do that now, in August, I'm certain; and even if you did you might leave it for one night and dine here."

"Bacon-cooking versus an invitation to dinner," said Blanche. "No, of course I don't mean that the two things have any relation one to another; all I do mean is that mother and I have kept each other company so long that I am afraid she would miss me now if I went out."

"Well, I don't want to be selfish and odious to Mrs. Elmslie;" and Alice sat down on a low stool at Blanche's feet, put her elbows on her friend's knees, and, resting her chin upon her hand, looked up coaxingly; "but you will promise to ask her, won't you? and I do really believe that very likely your meeting Monsieur Adolphe something or other—I forget exactly what his name is—may lead to good. Perhaps he will introduce you to fresh pupils, or give you finishing lessons on your beloved fiddle for nothing. You always say you want them, though I don't think you do."

"I do," said Blanche, "but I think you are building castles in the air. Nevertheless, I will tell mother of the invitation, and if she will spare me I will come. Is Charlie Fletcher, as you call him, a great friend of yours, Alice, you little coax?"

"Yes, oh yes, I have known him all my life nearly. Their place joins this, you know, and we were all children together; but for the last year or more he—Charlie—has been away travelling, so I have not seen him. Now he has come back again to stay, I believe. You will like him, Blanche, I'm sure. Tall, fair, blue eyes, gold moustache; but you must see him for yourself and judge if I have not got good taste;" and the pink in Alice's cheeks became an unmistakable scarlet as she hurriedly rose from her lowly position and went to fetch her violin.

The morrow evening arrived, and with it, at half-past seven, appeared Blanche, looking her best in a black grenadine gown cut square in front, and with sleeves to the elbow, a white crêpe-lisse tucker softening the harshness of the black against her neck and arms. Her bright hair was beautifully arranged, and a silver arrow stuck through it, while for other ornaments she wore a single row of pearls round her throat and a massive silver bangle on each wrist—relics all these of days that were gone. She also had three splendid roses—crimson, pink, and pale yellow—fastened on one side of the square-cut bodice, the flowers being a present from Alice that morning.

As she entered the drawing room at Morpeth House the sight of people in evening dress, together with the general atmosphere of luxury, scent-laden too from a conservatory with wide open glass doors adjoining the room, seemed to throw her mind back almost painfully to her own old home, and the time when such surroundings as these were an everyday experience; and for a moment the memory of the past was so strong that it overpowered the reality of the present and made her feel as if she were in a dream.

But the voice of Alice roused her as she gave her a warm welcome, and then proceeded to introduce her to those among the company whom she did not already know.

Miss Elmslie—Mr. Charles Fletcher—Monsieur Adolphe Dubois. Blanche bowed, and looked first at the "tall fair" hero of Alice's thoughts, and decided that he was handsome, but had a weak face; and then rested her eyes on the small, rather wizened-looking Frenchman, who was, of course, the "professor." He at once addressed her with that politeness and absence of *gaucherie* which unfortunately are qualifications for society more honoured by the breach than the observance in the British Isles. Our intentions are of the best, granted; but many a man, who would gladly lead a "forlorn hope," feels his heart fail him if suddenly presented to a woman of a different nationality, and many an English girl goes through something not far short of terror when she sees a Frenchman being brought across a room in order to be introduced to her.

Monsieur Dubois was, however, free from all such painful sensations, and he plunged without delay into the depths of the English language, explaining to Blanche, after a few sentences, why he did so.

"I like to speek de Engleesh," said he. "Dat me does good. It is var difficult for us others Frenchmen to well pronounce your language, is it not so?"

"It must be, I am sure," said Blanche, "just as it is difficult for us to pronounce French really well."

Dinner was announced just then, and Mr. Neville, giving his arm to Blanche, led her to the large dining room, oak-panelled, with the table in the centre glittering with silver and glass, and decorated with exquisite flowers laid in garlands upon the white shiny damask.

Monsieur Dubois was on her right, and made himself very agreeable to her and Mary Fletcher, who sat on his other side, by turns. He told her of his fondness for music, and of how he had played the violin a great deal in his youth; and when she to herself owned to a love for the instrument, and even confessed to her attempts at teaching it to others, he was delighted, and made her promise to play some little thing that very evening.

Accordingly, when they were all re-assembled in the drawing room after dinner, and Monsieur Dubois, with a low bow, begged to remind "Mademoiselle of her promise the most charming," Blanche, smiling to hide her inward trepidation, got her violin, and taking up a station by the piano, where Alice was seated as accompanist, began to play. She was desperately nervous at first, simply because for more than a year she had never played before anyone—except quite lately Alice—and her hands seemed to have lost their skill and their power. The tune came weak and poor, and she went through positive torture of mind at the thought of the fiasco which she was making. But fortunately the "bad moment" did not last. Blanche made a great effort to recover her self-control, and succeeded so well, that before the first page was turned she was herself again, and the violin answered to her firm, decided touch as it was wont to do. The dreamy little German romance, too, which she had chosen, was well within her powers, and that helped to give her confidence, for nothing is a greater support than to feel that whatever we are engaged upon, we are capable of doing something infinitely more difficult. That consciousness was really like a backbone from the strength it gave to Blanche on this particular evening.

In a few minutes the short piece was finished. The long-drawn note in the final bar, well-sustained by Blanche, had swelled and died away; and the little Frenchman, coming up to the piano with both hands raised in token of satisfaction, said, "Dat I am charmed, mademoiselle. You can play. You have a soul, an intelligence. Yes, I know"—this in answer to a mute deprecation shown by Blanche's expression of face—"I know all about it. You were nervous at the commencement. That is nothing; you must it conquer by playing always, always before the world. But you are an artiste, I a professeur. I know you will permit me one instant;" and, taking the violin from her hand, he played a few bars of one of Chopin's mazurkas in a masterly way. He then gave her a few hints in as many words, and ended by saying "I do not play now, I am old and easily fatigued; but if mademoiselle would permit me I should be enchanted to come and say a little word, which might be to her of use whenever she like."

"Oh, monsieur," said Blanche, overjoyed, "it is most kind of you, and there is nothing I should appreciate so much as your valuable instruction. There are so many things I have yet to learn."

"Well, well," said the kind old man, "for that I do not know; I think you have already a good deal learnt, but I will come. Shall it be here?" looking round inquiringly, and receiving a nod in the affirmative from Alice. "Yes, here then to-morrow. I shall remain a week in this beautiful house, the good Monsieur Neville has me invited."

(*To be concluded.*)

OUR SOCIETIES.

III.—Friends in Council: The Chiltern Club.

Dear Mr. Editor,—The third and last society that for the present I shall introduce to your readers is very aptly described by the title of Mr. Arthur Helps' delightful book, "Friends in Council." It sometimes goes by that name, but for convenience' sake the artificial one of "Chiltern Club," suggested merely by a local circumstance, has been given.

This Society consists of ladies and gentlemen, chiefly young, or at any rate below middle age. It meets upon Thursday evening, once every month, at the house of Mr. and Mrs. Oriel, who were its original founders, and its object is the discussion of various questions of interest—literary, social, philosophical, political. A paper is read upon the topic of the day, and a debate follows, in which the members, of both sexes, take part.

The fact that women in the mixed company express their thoughts is the only feature in this Society that has any claim to novelty. There are debating clubs, public and private, in all parts of town, and in our own immediate neighbourhood I can count no less than five others. But as a rule I believe men only speak, while women, if allowed to be present, listen in silence. There are, of course, other and more ambitious societies in London where all the members take a part, irrespective of sex; but our little gathering is the only suburban one I know of the character, and at any rate I think the mingling of speakers will present a fresh idea to a few readers of The Girl's Own Paper.

Perhaps someone, indeed, who has borne with patience the description of the Ladies' Discussion Society, and even tolerated the idea of a Shakespeare reading, may be horrified at the notion of women making speeches in the presence of the stronger sex. There may seem something a little bold, unwomanly, obtrusive, in such an action; and at any rate the fair girl-reader may feel sure *she* would not open her lips under the circumstances.

I am not a champion to the fullest extent of what are usually known as "Women's Rights," and I think that a public life on platforms is not our ideal career. By striving at equal political power with men women are apt to lose what is of more worth—the gentleness, grace, and lovableness that form their strongest weapon of influence. Still, with all my power I do protest against the feminine type that has now, fortunately, almost had its day: the woman feeble in body, feeble in mind, unable to support, only able to lean; pretty, of course, and "amiable;" in other words, without any definite opinions on anything except her own need of love and shelter; absorbed in trifles, and incapable of conversation on the affairs of the great world, which goes on its stupendous course while she sits playing with toys, safely fenced out of the way; the woman of whom Amelia in "Vanity Fair" and Rosamond in "Middlemarch" are varying types. The supposition that there is anything "unwomanly" in expressing rational thoughts in the presence of men, on subjects that stir joint interest, is, believe me, a relic of this vanishing tradition.

Of course I am not maintaining that girls in their teens, who have scarcely had time to form their opinions, should hasten to air them, even in a quiet society like ours. For such it is not intended; and if women, no matter what their age may be, have nothing to say, they had better say nothing.

There is no compulsion in the Chiltern Club for anyone to speak on the subject of the hour unless he or she feels moved to do so.

After this digression, let us look into Mrs. Oriel's drawing room, which we visited once before on the occasion of the Ladies' Discussion. It is evening now; eight o'clock has struck, and the lamplight falls softly on the charming flower-painted panels of the cabinet, the old china, and the few good prints, which form the adornments of the simple, prettily furnished room. The guests are arriving—greeted by their cordial hostess, with her sweet, earnest face; and by Mr. Oriel, who is a barrister of kindly disposition and cultivated mind. He is a University man, and some of the members of the Chiltern Club are his college friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Campion come first. Mr. Campion has been introduced before as the President of the Shakespeare Society. He has not had the advantage of a University education, yet he is passionately fond of literary pursuits, and spends much of his hard-earned leisure (for he is a busy lawyer) in reading and research. A great deal of what he studies comes to him with fresh delight, just because he has not had the interest rubbed off by early association. He is no linguist, but he is at present absorbed with intense eagerness in Plato's Dialogues, which he is reading for the first time in Professor Jowett's translation. With Mrs. Campion, whom he adores more fervently than in his bachelor days, he spends many an evening of varied and delightful study, although he by no means ignores the duty of an unselfish life, and uses his talent for public speaking to good effect upon religious and philanthropic platforms. To-night he is to introduce the subject of debate.

Next, the Secretary of the Society, Mr. Harrington Ward, makes his appearance. He is a charming fellow, whom everyone likes, and whom most people call by his Christian name. He is a clerk in a Government office, and is remarkable for his kindly disposition. He does not aim after a literary reputation, but his genial common sense and Oxford training stand him in good stead, and make him one of the most popular and useful of the Friends in Council.

In quick succession follow Miss Transome and Mr. Howard. Maud Transome we have met before at the Ladies' Discussion Society. She takes a less prominent position here, yet she conquers the nervousness that besets her sufficiently to make valuable additions to the debate, brief though her remarks usually are. Mr. Howard is a formal, tall young man of the neighbourhood, who has a decided taste for earnest pursuits, and lets the Chiltern Club alternate with the gay round of balls and dinner parties that he graces with his presence. Of another type are Mr. Freeman and Mr. Thornycroft, unmarried barristers also, who lead a lonely life in chambers. Both are men of ability and readiness, but Mr. Seymour Smith, who follows them, exceeds them by his fluency and brilliancy. Miss Emmeline Graham, the sweet Scotch girl who appeared at the Ladies' Discussion, enters accompanied by her friend Miss Terriss, a picturesque, intelligent creature, in a very artistic dress, of a clinging white material, that to my mind recalls nothing but the line of Tennyson—

"Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful."

With these ladies and Miss Transome the gentlemen of the party are quickly absorbed in conversation, while the coffee cups circulate and a merry laugh breaks the hum of voices from time to time. Mr. and Mrs. Raleigh, Mr. Campion's partner and his wife, now enter. We saw him at the Shakespeare Society, as a fair-haired pleasant gentleman without much energy of manner, but with a great deal of intelligent discrimination and cultivated feeling. He possesses no mean powers of thought under that quiet exterior, and what he says is always worth hearing. His wife is a tall, graceful woman, who is endowed with a striking gentleness and amiability of manner. She is never heard to say an unkind thing about anyone, and is deservedly a favourite.

A few other guests enter, including one or two elder ladies; then a young married couple, Mr. and Mrs. Crisp. He is a very hard-headed young man, who reads papers on such subjects as the "Abolition of the Poor Laws," and whose speeches on social topics are always marked by extreme severity. Poverty he regards as synonymous with idleness; misfortune, to his mind, is only another name for wilful improvidence. In reality he is very kind-hearted, and it is difficult to reconcile his professional with his actual self. Miss Brand, who is a very shrewd epigrammatic spinster, now enters; she never makes a speech, but tries to incite other ladies to take up social subjects that interest her.

Who are these appearing last of all? In the tall, slightly stooping figure of the young man, with his clear profile innocent of moustache, and mass of fair hair flung back from his brow in a cloud, we recognise instantly an æsthete. He needs not to utter a word in that low thrilling monotone to our hostess to betray his character. We remember him at once, having met him in the pages of *Punch* and elsewhere, and are not surprised to hear that his name is Mr. Postlethwaite. He is accompanied by his wife, a lovely little creature in a short-waisted dress of terra cotta, with great ruffles round her neck and sleeves, and short curling hair covering her dainty head. Childlike though she may appear, she possesses plenty of intelligence and a delicious sense of humour that make her a charming companion. Her dress is, in my opinion, very much prettier and more becoming than the meaningless array of kiltings, pleatings, and sash ends that disfigure many women of the present day—but this is a digression.

It is time for conversation to cease and the meeting to begin. The Friends in Council place themselves as they like upon the settees that are ranged round the room, and Mr. Oriel, the president, calls upon Mr. Harrington Ward to read the minutes of the last meeting. This being over, the subject for next time comes up for decision, and it is agreed that a paper upon Robert Browning's poetry shall be read by Mr. Oriel, affirming that the poet's reputation will increase, rather than decay, with advancing time.

Mr. Campion is now called upon to read his paper, which declares no other than the astounding proposition, "That the present movement for the 'Higher Education of Women' will be fraught with serious consequences."

I can imagine that to the reader of The Girl's Own Paper the subject will seem strangely inconsistent both with the character of the Chiltern Club and the remarks with which this description is prefaced. I may therefore explain without delay that Mr. Campion is not quite serious in advocating this side of the question. There is a great deal to be said upon it, and it seems to him that it would be well to say it for the purpose of eliciting a thoroughly good discussion; but his acting as the temporary advocate of the Conservative view does not commit him in reality to sympathy with the arguments which he now proceeds eloquently and fairly to put forward.

Mrs. Campion, who is well educated and accomplished, feels a little hot lest some members of her own sex should take her husband's remarks too much to heart. He enlarges upon the danger of over-study to

women's health, the folly of supposing that she can compete with man in the physical endurance necessary for close application; he brings instances where delicate girls have broken down from overwork, and draws an alarming picture of a future generation of under-vitalised, over-cerebrating women. He contrives slyly to exasperate the feminine part of his audience by allusions, in the hackneyed style, to woman's chief end—the good of mankind; hinting that if she makes herself attractive, useful, and agreeable to men, she has achieved the whole reason of her existence. When he has brought some of his hearers to a white heat by this style of argument, he reverts more seriously to the consequences he supposes will flow from the college education of girls—the competition in every profession with men; discontent with the quiet domestic round; and so forth. He then describes the miseries of the home where the presiding genius, though a genius in real earnest, has none of the useful, everyday acquirements that will make her husband and children comfortable. Though she can read Dante in the original, and construe Virgil and Homer, she is ignorant of the ordinary laws of health, and utterly at the mercy of incompetent domestics. After a vivid sketch of the supposed miseries that will result from such a condition of things, Mr. Campion ends up with a peroration in which the old-fashioned girl, domestic, helpful, and handy, is set forth in glowing colours, and his hearers are requested to vote that the new system of high pressure, tending to produce a different type of woman, will entail "serious consequences" on the future of England.

He has not long to wait for a reply, for Miss Despard springs instantly to her feet. She is an earnest, deeply thoughtful woman, still young, and with a fair face, full of sympathy and power. Of independent means, she devotes her time to various philanthropic schemes among the poor of London. She has not very long been a member of the society, and does not know Mr. Campion well enough to be sure what he really means. However, his speech has filled her with the deepest indignation, and she begins to answer that part of it dealing with the supposed competition between women and men which will be the result of "higher education."

Education she defines as an educing or bringing forth of the true capacities of a human being in the best possible way. Will "education," therefore, lead its subjects to do what they cannot fitly attempt? Rather will it not show them what they are, and what they can hope to achieve, with success and the best results to themselves and to the world around? She energetically rebuts the suggestion that it can in any way blind women to their best aims in life, and altogether makes a capital speech, proving point by point.

Mr. Seymour Smith next rises, and first of all creates a sensation by saying that he agrees with the proposition of the opener. The higher education of women will have "serious" consequences doubtless on the future of England; but he understands the word "serious" in a different sense from his friend. While half suggesting his suspicion that Mr. Campion was not thoroughly in earnest, he eloquently pleads for the right of every human creature to the very best education that can be given; and points out that some of the evils foretold were attached to unwise cramming rather than rational 'education,' in which the physical as well as the mental powers of the individual are developed. The best brain is of little service if there is not enough vital energy to work it, as Herbert Spencer says, and any system of education that neglects this fact is imperfect.

Mr. Howard speaks next. He is really in sympathy with the outcry against the "higher education" of women, and shows it by his remarks, which deal with the supposition that a multitude of acquirements will make a woman discontented with the common round of life. He is so red hot against Women's Rights, and ladies who talk of a Sphere, with a capital S, that he mixes up his hostility with the question now before the society.

Mrs. Campion now rises, and says she should like to add a word or two upon the physical effects of education. If a girl chance to be overworked from the abuse of study, and to suffer in health, everyone hears of it at once, and the instance is made much of. But who, she asks, shall count the numbers whose health has failed through the lack of education? She draws a striking picture of the girl of the past in a well-to-do home, perhaps in some country place, with little occupation, without mental resources, wearying her eyes over needlework, her mind full of the vapid novel that formed her only intellectual food. What wonder if such a woman, supposing she did not marry, fell into a state of chronic lassitude, degenerating into ill health? "The little health of ladies," Mrs. Campion believes, is even now in great measure due to this lack of mental tone and poverty of resource, as well as to the more direct cause of their ignorance of hygienic laws. The improvement in this direction, with the advancing education of the sex, is shown by the fact that self-control is on the increase among women. Formerly it was considered the correct thing for a girl to faint away or fall into hysterics immediately on hearing any tidings that were in the least disturbing; this she proved amusingly by reference to the fiction of the past generation. Now the self-control of culture has become a recognised part of the breeding of every lady. Mrs. Campion ends by urging the importance, for every woman who can appreciate and enjoy it, of intellectual resource, that she may have a sanctuary into which she may retreat to seek a refuge from the petty worries of every-day existence. Such a possession sweetens and brightens not only her own life, but the life of all who live with her.

Applause greets these remarks, and Miss Transome rises to continue the same strain. She declares that a cultivated woman will do household tasks that a half educated one would think below her dignity, because the former has a right sense of the fitness of things, and a sense of harmony. It is an error to suppose that homely minds are the best administrators of small duties.

Mr. Oriel takes the same view. He deprecates the ancient notion that a woman should be nothing more than an excellent upper servant, and insists on the need of companionship and intelligent sympathy between women and men.

Mr. Postlethwaite now slowly rises. In a languid, long-drawn-out manner, with a peculiar thrilling intonation of every syllable, he shows his disgust at the opener's rhetoric. He does not state his views upon education nor indeed upon anything else, but contrives generally to imply that Mr. Campion is a Philistine, and that he, Mr. Postlethwaite, is a high priest of culture, while the Society generally is but little worthy of the light he condescends to diffuse upon it. It is only fair to add that when Mr. Postlethwaite speaks upon a subject in art or literature, in which he is at home, he is very well worth hearing indeed, for he is a man of real ability, and his name is not unknown as a rising author.

Other speakers rise, most of them contending for the enlightened view that the best training possible must be given to women, as to men, and that the drawbacks urged by Mr. Campion belong rather to imperfect or cramming education than to "higher education" in its true sense. Mrs. Oriel is especially emphatic in maintaining that if two households be contrasted, presided over, one by a highly educated mistress, one by the merely domestic woman, the palm, other things being equal, will belong to the former. It is well known that the homes of herself and Mrs. Campion are models of good and thrifty management, and this fact lends tacit support to her words, though she is not thinking of it as she speaks. Scarcely any point remains untouched when ten o'clock is reached and Mr. Oriel calls on Mr. Campion to reply.

It is perfectly evident from his few remarks that he is in sympathy with what has been said in answer to his paper. He has a boyish love of provoking opposition, and contrives to fling a parting shaft at one or two who have shown themselves specially exasperated by his words. When the question is put to the vote, the original motion is lost by an overwhelming majority. An adjournment is now made from the drawing room, and Miss Despard actually refuses laughingly to go in to supper with Mr. Campion, who is fain to content himself with a quiet elderly lady as his companion.

Now the scene changes to the dining room, where, over sandwiches, sweets, and fruit, a merry hum of conversation briskly goes on. It is a charming sight; the women are pleasant to look upon, and the men are engaged in talk with them that is not meaningless chatter. For at this Chiltern Club we really converse, and not the least delightful part of the evening is the earnest talk, on all manner of subjects, between intelligent men and women. The whole spirit of the thing is bright and informal, and the interchange of ideas is no mean pleasure.

Many questions that are discussed at these meetings are of literary or artistic interest; for instance, Mr. Matthew Arnold's estimate of Wordsworth, George Eliot's influence as a novelist, and Rossetti's pictures. Social topics are not ignored, and Mr. George's "Progress and Poverty" lately formed the theme of one debate. There is no lack of interesting subjects for discussion, and men and women take their share in contributing papers. Altogether, Friends in Council pass very happy evenings, sharpen one another's ideas, delight one another's appreciative faculties, and are not by any means too intellectual to enjoy a little refined and genuine fun.

Such societies, which form a motive for meeting without trouble, and with scarcely any expense, while the entertainment is ready furnished, provide one of the pleasantest ways of spending an evening with which I am acquainted. All the arrangements are studiously simple; the members are supposed to dine before they come, and the slightest refreshments (of tea and coffee to begin with and sandwiches and sweets at the close of the debate) are all that is necessary. The men, of course, wear evening dress, and the women, without finery, make themselves look attractive, but anything like fashionable display would be "bad form." The talk, which is suggested and stimulated by the subject discussed, is really most delightful, and one always comes away with a sense of exhilaration and pleasure that is not invariably the result of an Evening from Home. L. W.

"A GENTLE MAIDEN WALKS THE EARTH."

By HELEN MARION BURNSIDE.

A GENTLE maiden walks the earth
  Around and to and fro;
Where every want and woe have birth
  Her quiet footsteps go.
She wears no studied garb, I ween;
  Her smiles are frank and free;
No fairer maiden e'er was seen
  Than gentle Charity.

She freely gives to all who need,
  And oft along the way
She turns aside on hearts that bleed
  Her healing hand to lay;
And when she comes to darksome ways
  That angels weep to see,
She folds her holy hands and prays.
  Divinest Charity!

She thinks no evil, knows no guile;
  Rude taunt and tumult cease,
Hot strife is hushed beneath her smile
  Of love, and trust, and peace.
She shares our gladness and our mirth;
  No frowning looks hath she.
Oh, fairest maid that walks the earth!
  Divinest Charity!

THE ESSENCE OF FAMOUS BOOKS.

By JAMES MASON.

V.—PERCY'S RELIQUES OF ANCIENT ENGLISH POETRY.

IN the literary history of England, no work occupies a more marked position than the "Reliques" of Bishop Percy. It is a book of great interest in itself, and, beyond that, claims our notice on account of its connection with the progress both of poetry and fiction from the close of the eighteenth century down to our own day.

A single book never yet created a revolution in literature. But when all is ready for revolution, a single book may prove the starting point in the new order of things, and in this way, by a happy accident, may obtain the credit of originating what it really only sets in motion.

Such was the case with the "Reliques of Ancient English Poetry." It seemed to give a new life to modern verse, and it certainly made ample provision for satisfying a growing appreciation for the productions of our old minstrels.

To the time of Percy we must go back to find the first marked indications of that love for old ballads which helped to change the current of taste and give inspiration to such great men as Scott, Byron, Wordsworth, and Coleridge. People had grown pretty tired then of the formal and artificial age of English literature. To Nature we must after all return for everything, and where can one hear the voice of Nature more simply and delightfully than in many of these literary remains of the past?

They are a study highly to be recommended to all who wish for a sound poetic education. To read them is as healthy for the mind as wandering over moorlands and by mountain streams is for the body. "The stifling atmosphere of morbid feeling and artificial fancies" is left behind: we rejoice in a sense of freedom, and feel that, if we are not in presence of culture, we are at any rate in communion with intellectual vigour and enthusiasm, which is far better.

One writer—and the most prominent—on whom Percy's "Reliques" made a deep impression was Sir Walter Scott. Old ballads, indeed, formed the foundation on which his immense reputation was reared, and we have it on his own authority that he had as many of them by heart as would have taken days to repeat. In his memoir of his early life, published in Lockhart's "Scott," he tells of the delight he took in the acquisition and perusal of Percy's collection. "The first time," he says, "I could scrape a few shillings together, which were not common occurrences with me, I bought myself a copy of these beloved volumes; nor do I believe I ever read a book half so frequently or with half the enthusiasm."

Wordsworth was another who came under the same spell. On one occasion he said of Percy that he thought there was not an able writer of verse in his own time who would not readily acknowledge, as he himself did, his obligations to the "Reliques."

The full title of the work is "Reliques of Ancient English Poetry, consisting of old heroic ballads, songs, and other pieces, by our earlier poets, together with some few of later date."

Of the compiler, Bishop Percy, we need not say more than that he was born in 1728, and educated at Oxford, and that, after acting successively as Vicar of Easton Mauduit, in Northamptonshire, Domestic Chaplain to the Duke of Northumberland, Chaplain to the King, and Dean of Carlisle, he became Bishop of Dromore, in Ireland, in 1782. He died in 1811, after a long life distinguished for piety and learning.

For his services to ballad literature his name will ever be remembered. "All laud and honour," says Professor Aytoun, "be to the memory of Bishop Percy. Among the editors of British minstrelsy he must ever be ranked as *facile princeps*—even beyond Sir Walter Scott, for without the same advantage in point of accumulated information, he transcended him in skill."

We have mentioned Scott's early admiration for the "Reliques." What he thought of the work in his mature years is thus recorded in the introductory remarks on "Popular English Poetry" prefixed to his "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border":—"The taste," he says, "with which the materials were chosen, the extreme felicity with which they were illustrated, the display at once of antiquarian knowledge and classical reading which the collection indicated, rendered it difficult to imitate, and impossible to excel, a work which must always be held among the first of its class in point of merit, though not actually the foremost in point of time."

The "Reliques" were first published in 1765. In the preparation of the work Percy employed one or two collections of ballads begun by enthusiasts many years before his day, but he chiefly made use of a folio MS. which he had himself acquired, and which became much talked about after his work was issued. Some people disbelieved in its existence, and had no scruples about saying so. But there is not the slightest doubt now on the subject. The manuscript was, indeed, exactly printed under careful editorship sixteen or seventeen years ago.

There are three volumes of the "Reliques" altogether, each containing an independent series of poems arranged chiefly according to the order of time, and showing the gradual improvements of the English language and poetry from the earliest ages down to the date when the work was published.

Each volume or series is divided into three books, "to afford," says Bishop Percy, "so many pauses or resting-places to the reader to assist him in distinguishing between the productions of the earlier, the middle, and the later times."

For the introduction of modern pieces he gives a reason which is characteristic. Old ballads were hardly fashionable then, and the Bishop was nervous about their reception. "To atone," he says, "for the rudeness of the more obsolete poems, each volume concludes with a few modern attempts in the same kind of writing, and, to take off from the tediousness of the longer narratives, they are everywhere intermingled with little elegant pieces of the lyric kind." It was not the way to satisfy the dry-as-dust school of literary antiquarianism, but his wiser aim was to be interesting, and he fully succeeded.

He made no scruple about altering the old ballads, and improving them, too, where he thought it necessary. "The old copies," he remarks, "whether MS. or printed, were often so defective or corrupted that a scrupulous adherence to their wretched readings would only have exhibited unintelligible nonsense, or such poor meagre stuff as neither came from the bard nor was worthy the press, when by a few slight corrections or additions a most beautiful or interesting sense hath started forth, and this so naturally and easily, that the editor could seldom prevail on himself to indulge the vanity of making a formal claim to the improvement." The copyist of the famous folio MS. appears sometimes to have got very tired of his work, and to have written on either

"NO FAIRER MAIDEN E'ER WAS SEEN
THAN GENTLE CHARITY."

half asleep or with his thoughts fixed on something else.

A prominent feature of the "Reliques" is the essay which Percy devoted to the ancient minstrels in England, whose labours, as he supposed, he was communicating to the world. This essay is now out of date as regards its conclusions, and few are likely to read it, or his dissertations on the Stage, Metrical Romance, and Alliterative Poetry, till they have devoured the more attractive part of the work, and become fascinated by listening to the voice of bygone times and forgotten ages.

On some minds ballad literature exercises a powerful influence. Even when its merit in other respects is not great, it charms by its associations. We feel drawn to what has interested past generations, enjoyed a long life in memory before it came to print, and brightened dull lives ages before newspapers and illustrated periodicals were so much as dreamt about. No one supposes that the ballad stories could not often have been told with more grace, spirit, and tenderness. What cannot be matched, however, is their artlessness and simplicity. These qualities all can appreciate.

The famous old ballad of "Chevy Chase" is the one with which the work begins. This is the ballad to which Sir Philip Sidney alludes in his "Defence of Poetry" when he says: "I never heard the old song of 'Percie and Douglas' that I found not my heart moved more than with a trumpet; and yet it is sung but by some blind crowder with no rougher voice than rude style." It was to a modern version that Addison devoted two critical papers in the "Spectator," calling the attention of the polite world to its merits. The later edition of the ballad is given by Percy in the third section of his first volume. The incident on which it is founded is a stirring one. Percy, Earl of Northumberland, had made a vow to hunt for three days in the Scottish border without saying by your leave to Earl Douglas, who was either lord of the soil or Lord Warden of the Marches. For what followed let the reader refer to the ballad; she will see there how Douglas did his best to stop the sport.

Percy's second ballad is "The Battle of Otterbourne," and for those who have a taste for fighting, and read it, it may be as well to point out that the battle really ended in the discomfiture of the English. It was for a long time a sore subject on the south side of the Border, and the English minstrels circulated a ballad—that given by Percy—in which the defeat is slurred over. The Scotch version, also well known, is more to be relied on for its facts.

There are more ballads, however, dealing with love affairs than with war times. Take, for example, the romantic ballad of the "Beggar's Daughter of Bednall, or Bethnal, Green," a tale of a dutiful daughter chosen by a knight for her worth, who made a happy marriage, and was proved on her wedding-day to come, after all, of a noble race. There is another ballad of the mendicant fraternity in "King Cophetua and the Beggar Maid," a story often alluded to by our old dramatic writers, and frequently met with also in modern literature. The beggar-maid in this case was a real rough diamond, and never had any discoveries to make of wealthy or imposing ancestry.

Then there is the "Nutbrown Maid," a touching ballad of constant affection, showing that all women are not variable as the wind, as is sometimes said.

"The Spanish Lady's Love" tells of the regard of a Spanish lady for an Englishman whose captive she had become—but the affection was all, unfortunately, on her side, for he was married already.

"Sir Cauline" is a ballad of more ancient date. In it we have an account of the deeds of daring done by a knight to win the hand of a fair lady. Love is faithful to the end, but the end is a sad one, which must, you know, be the way sometimes. In this ballad the art of healing is represented as practised by a young princess, and Percy points out that this is what is usual in old romances, and is quite in keeping with the manners of ancient times. It was a practice derived from the earliest times among all the Gothic and Celtic nations, for women, even of the highest rank, to exercise the art of healing. In the "Northern Chronicles" we always find the young damsels staunching the wounds of their lovers and the wives those of their husbands.

"True Love Requited; or, the Bailiff's Daughter of Islington"—to give the full title—is known to everyone, being still often sung in a slightly reduced version. Islington, according to Bishop Percy, is probably the Islington in Norfolk—not the "Merry Islington" which is now a part of London.

"Fair Margaret and Sweet William" is a touching ballad of "Fair Margaret's misfortune; or, Sweet William's frightful dreams on his wedding night, with the sudden death and burial of these noble lovers.

> "Fair Margaret dyed to-day, to-day,
> Sweet William dyed the morrow;
> Fair Margaret dyed for pure true love,
> Sweet William dyed for sorrow."

This ballad gave birth to "Margaret's Ghost," by Mallet, inserted by Percy in his third volume and described by him as "one of the most beautiful ballads in our own or any language."

Ardent love is undoubtedly well represented in the "Reliques," and philosophic affection also has justice done to it. Witness the prudence and common sense of "The Shepherd's Resolution," given in volume three:—

> "Shall I wasting in despair
> Die because a woman's fair?
> Or make pale my cheeks with care
> 'Cause another's rosy are?
> Be she fairer than the day,
> Or the flowery meads in May,
> If she be not so to me,
> What care I how fair she be?

An English ballad-book is not likely to leave unmentioned either King Arthur or Robin Hood. Both have a place in Percy. The King of the Round Table and his Knights are met with in "Sir Lancelot of the Lake," "The Legend of King Arthur," and several other pieces. Like prominence is not given to the bold outlaw of Sherwood Forest, but he is celebrated in "Robin Hood and Guy of Gisborne." This is a fair specimen of the numerous ballads written about the greenwood hero, whose personal courage, skill in archery, humanity, and levelling principle of taking from the rich to give to the poor "have for all ages rendered him the favourite of the common people."

In the ballad of "Adam Bell, Clym of the Clough, and William of Cloudesly," we make the acquaintance of "three noted outlaws, whose skill in archery rendered them formerly as famous in the North of England as Robin Hood and his followers were in the Midland counties."

The second volume of the "Reliques" contains a curious selection of half-a-dozen mad songs, and the editor in introducing the first of them points out that oddly enough the English have more songs and ballads on the subject of madness than any of their neighbours.

The "shrewd and knavish sprite" called Robin Goodfellow, whose active hand in the transformation of sweet bully Bottom in Shakespeare's *Midsummer Night's Dream*, not to speak of other roguish tricks, all will remember, has a ballad devoted to him. Following this piece on the merry wanderer of the night comes a song of the "Fairy Queen."

"The Fairies' Farewell" is another piece dealing with the same unsubstantial world. We get a curious insight into one of the popular beliefs of our ancestors in these three poems, given by Bishop Percy in his third volume, and in the notes which he has appended to them.

Besides English pieces, the "Reliques" contain some of the best of the ballads of Scotland. The most famous of these is "Hardyknute," described by Sir Walter Scott as "the first poem I ever learnt—the last I shall ever forget." It was written by Lady Wardlaw, a lady belonging to Fifeshire, and she at first attempted to pass it off as a genuine fragment of ancient ballad literature. The real fact of the authorship, however, has latterly been confirmed beyond a doubt.

"The grand old ballad of Sir Patrick Spens," as Coleridge calls it in one of his Odes, is also given by Percy. It was long supposed to have more undoubted claims to antiquity than almost any other ballad, but "it is now very satisfactorily established, so far as internal and circumstantial evidence can go," says Mr. Alexander Whitelaw, "that the ballad itself belongs to comparatively modern times and that it was written by the authoress of 'Hardyknute.'"

Besides these two famous productions, we have the powerful and horrible "Edom o' Gordon," founded on a real incident which took place in the north of Scotland in 1571. A party had been sent by Adam Gordon of Auchindown to reduce the house of Towie, one of the chief seats of the name of Forbes. The proprietor of Towie was from home, but his wife refused to surrender, and spoke her mind very freely over the walls. This irritated the leader so much that he set fire to the house and burned the whole of the inmates, amounting in all to thirty-seven persons.

These are not all the ballads of Scottish origin printed by Percy. He gives the "Heir of Linne," "Edward Edward," "Sir Thomas and Fair Annet," "Sweet William's Ghost," "The Jew's Daughter," and several others of great interest and beauty. The last named—"The Jew's Daughter"—is founded upon "the supposed practice of the Jews in crucifying, or otherwise murdering, Christian children out of hatred to the religion of their parents; a practice which has always been alleged in excuse for the cruelties exercised upon that wretched people, but which probably never happened in a single instance."

Amongst miscellaneous English ballads to which attention ought to be directed, the only one we shall mention is "The Children in the Wood." It would be unpardonable to omit it. Percy prints it from two ancient copies, one of them in black letter in the Pepys collection.

To this simple ballad Addison devoted one of the numbers of the "Spectator." "It is one of the darling songs," he says, "of the common people, and has been the delight of most Englishmen in some part of their age. . . . . The tale of it is a pretty tragical story, and pleases for no other reason but because it is a copy of nature. There is even a despicable simplicity in the verse; and yet, because the sentiments appear genuine and unaffected, they are able to move the mind of the most polite reader with inward meltings of humanity and compassion."

Amongst the poetic pieces of a moral and serious tone inserted by Percy, there are some of great beauty. The first that suggests itself is Shirley's "Death's Final Conquest," said to have been a favourite song with Charles II., far as he seemed to be from taking its solemn lessons to heart. Everyone is familiar with the opening stanza:—

"The glories of our birth and state
Are shadows, not substantial things:
There is no armour against fate,
Death lays his icy hand on kings:
Sceptre and crown
Must tumble down
And in the dust be equal made
With the poor crooked scythe and spade."

A few pages farther on we meet with a sensible song, also well known, beginning—

"My mind to me a kingdom is;
Such perfect joy therein I find
As far exceeds all earthly bliss,
That God or Nature hath assigned.
Though much I want that most would have,
Yet still my mind forbids to crave."

As happy philosophy is seen in Lovelace's song, "To Althea, from Prison," given in the second volume of the "Reliques." The last eight lines are often quoted:

"Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage,
Minds innocent and quiet take
That for an hermitage.
If I have freedom in my love,
And in my soul am free,
Angels alone, that soar above,
Enjoy such liberty."

"Unfading Beauty," by Thomas Carew, is the last to which we shall call attention, and after quoting it we shall put on the shelf again a work which has been found delightful reading for over a century, and which is not likely to be shouldered out of its position as a standard favourite for many a long day to come.

"He that loves a rosy cheek,
Or a coral lip admires,
Or from starlike eyes doth seek
Fuel to maintain his fires,
As old Time makes these decay,
So his flames must waste away.

"But a smooth and steadfast mind,
Gentle thoughts and calm desires,
Hearts with equal love combined,
Kindle never-dying fires:
Where these are not I despise
Lovely cheeks, or lips, or eyes."

WHEN WE WERE GIRLS TOGETHER.

A STORY OF SCHOOL-GIRL LIFE.

By SARAH DOUDNEY.

"It seems to me but yesterday
Since we were girls together."—OLD SONG (*Adapted*).

CHAPTER IX.

A DESPERATE DEED.

WHILE Miss Thornhill and Jennet were lingering in front of Ham House, Charlotte and Minnie had rambled off to the back of the old mansion, and had come to a pause at the foot of the wall. Both were beginning to feel a little bored, and Charlotte openly confessed that she was tired of sentimentalising about the place and its associations.

"Miss Thornhill and the Fowler girl will go wandering on for ages," she declared, "and my stock of patience is quite used up. The Fowler is even more absurd here than she was at the Zoological Gardens. However, I'm unfeignedly thankful that none of my acquaintances happened to get into the carriage with us. Of course they are all supposed to be out of town now; but one never knows who may turn up in unlikely places, and I should shudder if I were seen anywhere with that dreadful rustic."

"She isn't dressed so very badly today," remarked Minnie.

Charlotte lifted her hands with a pretty little gesture of horror and astonishment. "My dear child, what are you talking about?" she inquired. "In the first place, that horrid little cape, tied in at the waist, gives her the ridiculous look of a grown-up child. And, secondly, have you observed her boots?"

"Mrs. Mayfield really ought to speak to her about those boots," Minnie admitted.

"I'm afraid the college is going down," said Charlotte, with a confidential sigh. "We are not as exclusive as we used to be."

"You need not mind anything much," responded Minnie; "only twelve months more, and you will be free."

"Yes, I shall be free," the other repeated. And then, with one of those swift changes of mood which made her so incomprehensible to her schoolfellows, she sighed again; and this time the sigh was real.

"After all," she said, in a sweeter and softer voice, "our schooldays are not so very miserable, you know. We have a good deal of fun, although it isn't fun of an exciting sort; and we are really well cared for. When I was ill last year I was quite glad to be at the college; everyone was so kind, and I had never been so much petted before in all my life."

"Don't you get petted at home?" Minnie asked.

"My dear, there is no time for such a thing. Our life is full of dinners and 'at homes,' and all the other affairs that are the duties of people in society. We are expected to entertain and be entertained; my father and mother go everywhere and know everybody. It is awfully delightful, of course; but it is absorbing, and no one has a minute to spare if you are out of sorts and want attention."

"Well, one isn't often out of sorts," said Minnie, with the happy assurance of fifteen. "I am never ailing, and your illness was nothing serious. You will never be laid up again, I daresay, till you are quite old."

"I hope not," replied Charlotte; "but if I am I know I shall long for the old college sick room, and the school faces and voices."

Then suddenly regaining her old manner she began to make light of her sober mood.

"Is it possible that I'm growing sentimental?" she demanded, striking an attitude. "I verily believe I was saying something about longings or yearnings, and I might have gone on to declare that my school memories were 'too utterly precious' if I hadn't remembered myself. Now I shall have to do some desperate deed just to make sure of my own identity."

"If we could only scale this wall how nice it would be," sighed Minnie, who pretended to be a fine lady, and yet had certain tomboy instincts. "It's not at all high, and just a little clambering would land us on the terrace. I think it is a great shame that one can't even see the old gardens."

Charlotte was thoroughly herself again, and caught eagerly at the idea.

"We'll try it, we'll *do* it," she cried, dancing on the grass, and flinging down her sunshade. "What a pity that this *toque* of mine is not a wishing cap! If it were I'd have a ladder here in a twinkling."

Scarcely were the words uttered than there was a little shout of joyful surprise from Minnie. She was stooping over some object that lay under one of the trees, and wildly gesticulating.

"Charlotte, Charlotte, I do believe you're a witch! Here is the ladder, and it's only a little one. We can lift it up between us. Come along at once."

The ladder was, as Minnie said, only a little one, and the girls were too much delighted with their discovery to wonder why it was left on the ground. They did not stop to think that the person who had deposited it there might possibly return to claim it in a few minutes, nor did they notice how near it was one of the rush baskets so often used by working men for carrying tools. It was enough for them that they had found the very thing that they had wanted; and they proceeded to make use of it without the slightest fear of consequences.

"We need not mention this little escapade to the whole world," said Charlotte, taking up one end of the ladder. "Some people have such over-strained

notions of propriety that they might think us quite mean. But I can't help feeling that I have a sort of right to see the place; my mother is a Walpole, and there was a Charlotte Walpole who became Countess of Dysart, and mistress of this very house. I am a Charlotte, and I daresay I was named after her."

After this burst of swaggering it certainly seemed rather undignified for Miss Ashley to set her ladder against the wall like a thief. The ladder was old and rotten, but the climber was young and airy, and went up like a lamplighter.

"I don't think I can do it as well as that," said Minnie, admiringly.

"This is lovely!" cried Charlotte, now standing in triumph on the gravelled terrace. "I can understand Jack's feeling when he got to the top of the beanstalk."

"What do you see up there?" asked her companion from below.

"First, a beautiful wilderness of sunflowers; then, dreamy old walks winding off between solemn pines; terraces; fountains that have not played for years——"

"Are there any people?"

"Nothing so commonplace as human beings! But there, just advancing from the shade of the pines, I see a lady of Queen Anne's time. She wears a delicious mob-cap, and a thick silk gown, but she's only a ghost, you know!"

"Nonsense," said Minnie, beginning to feel rather creepy. "I don't believe you can see anything."

"I shall go to meet her, and accost her," continued Charlotte. "Ghosts always ought to be accosted, then they tell you their secrets. Here I go!"

Minnie heard the rustle of retreating skirts, and knew that Charlotte would be as good as her word. Should she follow her schoolfellow or not? She hesitated, and looked first at the ladder, and then around the quiet meadow.

The autumn sun was getting lower and lower. Warm lights were resting on the under branches of the trees, and everywhere there were those transient glories of glow and shade which come to us on September afternoons. To Minnie the scene appeared too calm and still; she began to wish that she were nearer to the bank of the river, where there were always merry boating crews, and plenty of life and fun. After all, it was a foolish whim which had led Charlotte into those forbidden grounds. But as Charlotte had dared to penetrate the mysteries of the place, Minnie resolved to follow her. She knew what Miss Ashley could do in the way of ridicule, and did not want the whole college to believe that she had been frightened by the story of that ghostly dame in her mob-cap.

So, with some inward quakings and misgivings, she set her foot on the first round, which was old and rotten, and felt as if it would give way under her tread. She was in the act of lifting the other foot from the ground, when a rough voice, loud and masculine, suddenly broke in upon the peaceful silence.

"Hi, there," it cried; "what be you a doin' of with my ladder?"

The voice came from behind her. Minnie gave but one startled glance over her shoulder and saw a shabby-looking man advancing with (she fancied) a threatening gesture. Terror lent her wings, and she fled like a frightened deer from the spot.

(*To be continued.*)

THE RESULTS OF THE PRIZE COMPETITIONS IN KNITTING.

EXAMINERS:—EMMA BREWER AND MARIE KARGER.

MUFFLERS.

THE muffler competition was highly satisfactory both as regards the quality and quantity (over 700) of the work. In fact, the knitting of a few of the articles was so exquisitely fine and smooth as to be favourably compared with some fine cashmere, and, on the whole, with but two or three exceptions, each competitor deserved the greatest praise. As might have been expected in such a large medley, the assortment was rather bewildering, so varied were the sizes, shapes, styles, and patterns. One specimen deserves a special mention for its shape, which combined a chest protector with a muffler.

To facilitate the examination of this pile of work, it had at first to be divided, as fairly as possible, into three classes, according to whether the designs were solid, open, or ribbed, and out of these three divisions were picked the best specimens, with due consideration as to the length, width, and colouring of these comforters. Here, too, great was the difficulty to decide. Some of the competitors had sent heavy chairbacks, genteel, unobtrusive scarves, whilst others, more practically inclined, had chosen a regular wrapper fit to properly protect against rough and foggy weather. In the general sense of the word, "muffler" is often indiscriminately used for neck scarves, clouds, comforters, etc.; but, strictly speaking, it indicates some large wrapper to thoroughly cover, if need be, the muffle or tip of the nose, hence its name.

The chief causes of failure were: 1st. The edges either ragged, uneven, or curled up. 2nd. The choice of a common wool, too harsh or too limp. 3rd. The use of steel or too fine needles, which in some cases spoilt the elasticity, and of course the beauty of the work as well. 4th. A too close and raised pattern likely to tease or rub a delicate skin, as well as to mark it if rested against. The openwork patterns offer other obstacles; when too loosely worked they are apt to allow the wind to play through, or the long loops are constantly catching at things. The length of the fringe was in some instances either too short or too long; the first fault being ugly, whilst the second would be in the way, especially for old people.

The girls who had not finished off their work with fringe were out of the competition, together with those who, through carelessness, had not properly secured their name and address.

Several competitors, anxious to help the poor, had kindly forwarded not only two or three comforters, but also mitts and cuffs.

MUFFLER COMPETITION.

FIRST PRIZE.

Permewan, Philippa Grylls, Redruth

SECOND PRIZE.

Brooksbank, Lucy, Liverpool

THIRD PRIZE.

Needham, Alice Eleanor, Leicester

FIRST CLASS CERTIFICATES.

Vaughan, Rosa, Shrewsbury
Thompson, Eleanor, Blackpool
Kirkpatrick, Kathleen, Dublin
Downend, Ethel Maude, Doncaster
Pollard, Phœbe Charlotte, Ventnor
Hickman, Maude, St. John's-wood
Pemberton, Minnie Grace, Southampton
Waind, Emilie Mary, Edenbridge
Churches, Margaret, Southampton
Bateson, Nancy, Settle
German, Elizabeth, Burlescombe
Melhuish, Florence A., Preston
Soder, Laura Edith, West Brighton
Massey, Gertrude Helen, Burton-on-Trent
Williams, Beatrice, Southsea
Taylor, Jeanie, Jedburgh
Powell, Eleanor Edith, Ticehurst
Atkins, Edith Emma, Windsor
Berry, Eliza, Great Budworth
Yonge, Jessie M., Birkdale
Yates, Margaret A., Edinburgh
Stubbs, Jane, Bilston
Wimble, Susan, La Chasse, Jersey
Corner, Helena Blanche, Wavertree
Wood, Louisa H., Newport, Isle of Wight
Fuller, Alice May, Bath
Goss, Rosa, Sileby
Large, Hannah Mary, Swaffham
Edwards, Whilemine, Tralee, Ireland
Law, Helen, Penge
Wigham, Jane R., Monkstown
Hemphill, Evelyn Alice, Clonmel
Wallan, Annie, Tullamore
Tresilian, Sara W., Bandon

SECOND CLASS CERTIFICATES.

Skinner, Annie O., Manchester
Fowler, Harriett A., Botley, Hants
Thompson, Ada, S. Gosforth
Morgan, Catherine, S. Hackney.
Sharpe, E., Edinburgh
Lawrie, Jessie Raeburn, Eckford Schoolhouse
Lowden, J. W., Inverurie
Strang, Eliza, Perth
Doble, Margaret O., Flushing,
Craw, Agnes A., Hawick
Sorby, Annie, Weston-super-Mare
Tucker, Minnie, Preston
Brooks, Helen Annie, Tufnell-park
Tennant, Elizabeth Ann, Dawley
Morgan, Kate, Mitcham
Mousley, Mary Augusta, Rochester
Everest, Jane Allan, Southsea
Brown, Annie C., Belfast
Bramwell, Katharine, Southwark
Back, Annie, Bournemouth
Warren, C. M., Wanborough Vicarage
Bennie, Maria Eliza, Finchley

Martin, Mary Emmeline, Ilfracombe
Stewart, Beatrice, Basset, Southampton
Blackshaw, Jessie, Chelford
Williams, Mrs., Gravesend
Field, Edith Mary, Ashfield Lodge
Brimmer, Maggie, Dundee
Ransom, Mary S. A. E., Kettering
Evans, Margaret Jane, Aberdovey
Dixon, Aimée, Worcester
Muir, Agnes, Clapham-park
Biava, Josephine, Bournemouth
Twyford, Emma, Willesden
Ord, Helen Margaret, Bengeo
Holmes, Isabel F. T., Spalding
Goodchild, Ethel, Chelmsford
Roberts, Sarah, Gosport
Percival, Lillie, Ilkley
Sheepway, Emma, Hardwick
Draper, Louisa, Doncaster
Vanstone, Dorothy, Leicester
Martin, Mary Elizabeth, Grantham
Kelly, Nellie, Turnchapel
Bache, Louie, West Bromwich
Easton, Helen Sarah, Exeter
Clutterbuck, Emily, New Malden
Thorndike, Isabella M., Bath
Carter, L. A. (*Address lost; please send at once.*)
Wilkerson, Katie. (*Address lost; please send at once.*)

THIRD CLASS CERTIFICATES.

Couch, Annie, Stoke, Devonport
Powell, Fanny, Benson
Bairnsfather, E. T., Coupar Angus
Theologo, Polyxena, Herne Hill
Pedder, Catherine, Bath
Danvers, Eleanor C., Richmond
Baldwyn, Annie, Bishop's Castle
Ford, Jessie Barnett, Tancred
Smith, Sarah E., Ashdon
Scott, Adelaide, Peebles
Blamiers, Esther, Dublin
Hall, Margaret S., Tenbury
Carnegie, Gertrude, Rathgar
Powell, Florence Jessie, Lee
Seale, Elizabeth L., Shifnal
Evers, Ethel Calvert, Basses Pyrénées, France
Gathercole, Helen, Norwich
Fuller, Ethel Maud, Bath
Douglas, Minnie S., Newport
Jacques, Sarah Ellen, Chesterfield
Ullett, Emma Rebecca, Stoke Newington
Flint, Annie, Tunstall
Strong, Elizabeth A., Liverpool
Ashdown, Selina Mary, East Greenwich
Baverstock, Minnie, Preston
Carter, L. A., Manchester
Blampied, L., Jersey
Meakin, Florence Paley, Kingston-on-Thames
Bullock, Nellie, Reading
Sykes, Lucy, Swinton
Brennand, Eunice F., Blandford
Wolston, Lucy, Torbryan Rectory
Fraser, Helen Lavinia, Ruabon
Moore, Bertha, York
Wilkes, Amy Louisa, Westmancote
Thompson, Andrevna J., Uddingston
Idle, Louisa J., Clapham
Blamiers, Annie, Dublin
Fereday, Lucy, Wednesbury
Birch, Sarah, Leyland
Farr, Emma, Pipton, Three Cocks, R.S.O.
Urmson, Lizzie, Birkenhead
Craig, Sarah S., Pollokshields
McDowell, Alice, Portaferry
May, Agnes, Shortlands
Greaves, Isabel Ida, Hamilton-terrace
Macintosh, Ellen, South Hampstead
Cocksholt, Gertrude, Peterborough
Doyle, Emily E. B., Boston
Ralph, Augusta, Walbridge
Meakin, Ethel Paley, Kingston-on-Thames
McAlpine, Minnie, Brixton
Colegate, Minnie C., Nether Mount, Guestling
Crowder, Susan, Macclesfield
Atkins, Gertrude Mary, Windsor
Read, Florence, Winchmore-hill
Waterman, Mary Ann E., Camberwell
Van Dort, Lillian, Kandy, Ceylon
Goodchild, Florence A., Walthamstow
Fisher, Martha, Old Buckenham
Holme, Catherine, Bishop Auckland
French, Elizabeth R. (*Please send address.*)

KNITTING COMPETITION FOR 1885.

EXAMINERS:—JULIA LAWRASON AND DORA DE BLAQUIERE.

CUFFS.

THE competition in knitting for 1885 consisted of mufflers and mittens, or muffatees. Over 1,224 of the latter were sent in, with and without thumbs, with half fingers, and two pairs of mittens with one division for fingers and one for the thumb. The work in general was excellent and painstaking, beautifully clean, and the finish very much improved, knots, formerly so frequent, being of rare occurrence. The choice of colours, save in few cases, was wise, and the size was intended to be a medium one, but here the great proportion of the competitors failed from bad casting off, or bad setting on the needles, both being too tight, forming, in fact, so tight a ligature as to render it impossible to pass the muffatee over even a small-sized hand. This is a common fault of young knitters, and we hope our girls will cure themselves of it before the next knitting competition. The thumbs also, in many cases, were badly shaped, and bulged out too suddenly from the hand; the natural formation of the thumb may guide us here, for it slopes out very gradually from the joint. The seam, placed by many competitors up the centre of the band, was a fault, as the seam was stiff and uncomfortable. As a rule, mittens should be knitted on four needles, like a sock or stocking.

The wool used was very frequently of too hard a make; in no case do we like ordinary fingering for the purpose; if used at all, a fine soft one should be selected. Some unwise girls had sewn the mufflers and cuffs they had sent in together, with one address and one certificate for the two, a course which entailed trouble on the examiners, and should be avoided in future, as two separate competitions should not be mixed up. In future for such competition the use of paper should be entirely avoided, and the address should be written on one side, and the certificate on the other, of a stout luggage label or luggage address card, with an eyelet-hole in it, through which a string can be passed, and fasten the label securely to the article. The use of pins has proved most unsatisfactory, as the papers fall off, and everyone's fingers are pricked and wounded. Many of the competitors do not even fasten the papers on, but leave them loose in the parcel or box.

The work of the first prize deserves to be mentioned for its beauty and evenness, the fineness of texture, and regularity of stitch. The second prize is a marvel of beautiful work in what is called "feather stitch" throughout, the finishing being most praiseworthy. The third prize is a wonderful example of the best Irish knitting. It is thicker than the other prizes, and of a different kind; the even stitch and neat finish are beyond all praise. Amongst the work for which certificates were given were some very beautiful examples of knitting, and every certificate given has been well and honestly earned.

KNITTED CUFF COMPETITION.

FIRST PRIZE.

Inkster, Elizabeth Grace, Shetland Islands

SECOND PRIZE.

Palmer-Huggins, J. Lucy, Mumford

THIRD PRIZE.

Delap, Maude J., Valentia Island

FIRST CLASS CERTIFICATES.

Anty, Emma Agnes, Mirfield, Yorks
Glass, Margaret, Watlington
Marshall, Mary Anne, King's Langley
Wakefield, Hannah Clark, Whitby
Bowley, Agnes, Leicester
Tyson, Mary, Rydal
Nixon, Annie E., Usk
Musson, Mary Blanche, Elland
Taylor, Martha Ellen, Halifax
Riley, Florence, Uddingston, N.B.
Barham, Annie, Brading, Isle of Wight
Hill, Emily, Chepstow
Stubbs, Mary Jane, Brighton
Jackson, Emily, Notting-hill, W.
Moorhouse, Edith, Kersall, Manchester
Currie, Helen C., New Brunswick
Durrant, Sarah, Stowmarket
Moulson, Elizabeth, Broom-grove, N.
Beeching, Ella Alice, Horsham
Gunn, Beatrice Ellen, Whitstable
Kinstry, Marie M., Ballymote
Pike, Frances, Winchmore-hill, N.
Heir, Susan, 12, Garnault-pl. (*Please send full address.*)
Armstrong, Mary H., Renton, Hadleigh, Suffolk
Rump, Florence May, Wells
Vuilliomenet, Julie, Marsanceux, France
Field, Edith Mary. (*See list of Muffler Certificates.*)
Wilkes, Edith Jane, Westmancote, Tewkesbury
Purseglove, M. A., Sheffield
Pope, Lavinia Dorothea, Farnborough
Holroyd, Alice, Leeds
Marshall, Annie Sarah, Dorset-square, N.W.
Shaw, Mary Helen, Swanland, Brough
Wolston, Lucy, Newton Abbot
Glen, Annie, Fifeshire
Thomas, Amy, Lower Edmonton
Hughes, Emily Mason, Oven, Winsford
Wallace, Emily, High Barnet
Beetham, Minnie, Rochester
Polkinghorne, Elizabeth W., Chatham
Marsh, Annie, Kettering
Davis, Annie E. A., Westbury
Clive, May, Tunstall
Bennett, Eliza Anne, Fawley, Southampton
Lowe, Edith, Hindley, near Wigan
Wilkinson, Ursula G., Whitkirk
Hewson, Julia Kate, Stamford-hill, N.
Edden, Jennie, Thame
Baird, Agnes H., Kilmarusch
Townsend, Ella, Chipping Sodbury
Brown, Mary, Egremont, Cheshire

SECOND CLASS CERTIFICATES.

Ochiltree, Annie, Northumberland
Large, Hannah Mary, Swaffham
Bradbury, Marianne, Hull

Woolnough, Charlotte, Walthamstow
McArthur, Caroline Sarah, Eccles
Langlois, Rosa, Guernsey
Mercer, Florence Eva, Birkdale
Taylor, Mary Annie, Newport, Monmouthshire
Hayward, Minnie, Tewkesbury
Blackburn, Amelia, Morton, Kingley
Bernard, Annie E., Tottenham, N.
Young, K., Eastbourne
Hunt, Edith Mary, Bengeo, Herts
Terry, Frances Eyre, Bury St. Edmunds
Laurence, Kate Amelia, Stratford
Slocombe, Bessie A., Redhill, Surrey
Allen, Rebecca, Seymour-street
Morris, Mary Rooke, Chelmsford
Francis, Annie, Bristol
Bartram, Edith, Norwich
Levick, M. E., Bawtry
Jeffery, Edith, Eastbourne
Urmson, Fanny, Oxton
Gilbert, Minnie, Horncastle
Rees, M., Pontnewynydd
Cannon, Minnie, Bexley
Hayes, Margaret Evelyn, Marlborough
Williams, Lizzie, Shrewsbury
Craig, Margaret, Woodberry Grove
Knight, Eleanor H. E., Plato-road
Howard, A. M., Thirsk
Ronald, Lydia, Nairn
Rowson, Fanny, Palmyra-square
Everett, Mary, Market Harborough
Bratson, Clara G. E., Sheffield
Riley, Annie E., Litton
Mackley, Jane, Grantham
Benning, Mary J., Dunstable
Bielby, Alice, Scarborough
Hay, Louisa, Stamford
Scott, Caroline M., Olton
Boxwell, E. M., Clifton
Spencer, Isabella, Ashby-de-la-Zouch
Averill, Edith Lucy, Wotton-under-Edge
Webster, M. A., Huntington
Downey, Elizabeth, Norman Villa
Neville, Alice, Cambridge
Jeary, Mortham
Dixon, Wilhelmina E., Humshaugh
Peachey, Harriet Anne, St. John's Hill
Gillard, Elizabeth, Exeter
Hall, Mary Fairfax, Higher Brixham
Beatson, Ada E., Sheffield
Shortland, Louisa, Hitchin
Ellingworth, Emily J., Oakham
Couchman, Caroline, Wadhurst
Tuffin, C. E., Harwich
Platts, Millicent A., Bescot Junction
King, Florence L., St. Aldates
Cluff, Jemima L., Tottenham
Walder, Emmeline, Staplehurst
Faulkner, Frances L., Leamington
Jacobi, Signe, Lödertelge, Sweden
Cliff, Louie, Stroud
Selbie, Maggie, Maryculter
St. Barnard, Hilda M., Portland-place
Gael, Christine, West Cowes
Hardwick, E., Stainton
Crawford, Isabella, Edinburgh
Legg, Ethelwynne, Cirencester
Beckett, Emma Jane, Saltley
Wells, Rosa, Turner's-hill
Oakden, Katie F., Coventry

THIRD CLASS CERTIFICATES.

Willoughby, Sophia, Peterborough
Younghusband, E., Southsea
Wood, Mary Anne, Blagdon
Willoughby, Ethel, Penshurst
Léonhardt, L., Uppingham
Heaviside, Gertrude, Hykeham-hall
Sewell, Constance, Plaistow
Jervis, Margaret, Woodford
Shepherd, Mary S., South Hylton
Lutener, Clara, Preston
Wilkins, Selina, Harborne
Harradine, Lily, Cotton End
Rattenbury, Annie, Addington
Steff, Kate, Oxford
Underwood, Kate, East Grinstead
Dupont, Mary A., Guernsey
Forward, Emily, Stanford-le-Hope
Cooke, Constance, Halstead
Searle, Sarah Jane, Peterborough
Tarbuck, Eliza, King's Lynn
Firth, Emily, Bradford
Pye, Dora Melville, Battle
Casey, Ellen, Old Trafford
Court, Louie, Kineton
Innis, Agnes, Woodville
Kennett, Edith N., Long Ditton
Hayward, Florence, Clapham
Aspell, Nelly, Leicester
Spottiswood, Elizabeth M., Axminster
Walker, Louisa E., Retford
Morland, Rose, Highbury Quadrant
Tomson, Clara, Croydon
Barker, —, Appleby
Tyndall, L., Silverdale
Watts, Isabella, Brighton
German, Agnes, Lavender-hill
Dickinson, Harriett, Stratford
Gardiner, Augusta, Birmingham
Keddie, Agnes Bruce, St. Andrews
Hall, Martha Ludlow, Flint
Fairbanks, Constance, Halifax, Nova Scotia
Linay, Emma, Heigham, Norwich
Morris, Minnie, Chepstow
Howe, Ada, Colchester
Woodland, Ellen Mabel, Minehead
Green, Ellen Mary, Bromsgrove
Morris, Lucy, St. John's Park
Hardman, Emma, Gloucester
Hodson, Annie B., Scarboro'
Burcham, Emily E., Tittleshall
Tydd, Nina, Eynsford
Waind, Emilie M., Edenbridge
Powell, Fanny, Benson
Osborne, Grace A., Oakham
Congdon, Matilda, Brent Knoll
Geake, Amy Florence, Bishop's Stortford
Yeates, Mary, Ryde
Scoles, Augusta, Hammersmith
Bates, Louisa, Oxford
Bruce, Mrs. Lena, Hampton Wick
Morgan, Georgie E., Abergavenny
Shearme, Elizabeth, Beaford
Hoare, Kathleen, Hants
Parker, Annie E., Chesterfield
Pain, Alice, Micheldever
Eyers, Millie, Westbury
Iredale, Sarah, Huddersfield
Stallard, Ethel A., Lewisham Hill
Leversha, M. A., Bridgwater
Moffitt, Alice Jane, Keady, co. Armagh
Barker, Nora E., Appleby
Smith, Jessie P., Clapham Common
Thompson, Emily K., Bury St. Edmunds
Carlisle, Isabella W., Stapleton
Mitchinson, Grace, Lindum Holme
Perkins, Alice, Jersey
Merz, Mina, Beham, Birmingham
Millard, Marianne, Corsham
Powell, Ada, Kingston-on-Thames
Flower, M. Florence, Shaftesbury
Thurman, Frances S., Farnham
Walker, Emily, Liverpool
Ogden, Annie, Stockport
Tombleson, Margaret E., Barton-on-Humber
"Myosotis," Boldre
Bell, Edith, Nottingham
Ord, Helen Margaret, Bengeo
Rathbone, Mary B., Streatham Common
Webster, Hannah M., Shrewsbury
Whiteley, Ada, Middlethorpe
Luddington, Minnie W., Lancaster
Taylor, Mary, Coventry
Beadnell, Emma A., Whitby
Browne, Agnes L., Stamford
Rouch, Edith, Chiswick-lane
Vickery, Clara Jane, Egglesford
Whittaker, Elizabeth, Churchill
Chalwin, Alice, Shepherd's Bush
Maitland, Katie, Mintlaw
Fellows, Florence L. (*Address lost; please send at once.*)

VARIETIES.

A NEW USE FOR BEES.—The anger of bees was once turned to profitable purpose. A small privateer, with forty or fifty men, having on board some hives made of earthenware and full of bees, was pursued by a Turkish galley manned by five hundred seamen and soldiers. As soon as the latter came alongside, the crew of the privateer mounted the rigging with their hives and hurled them down on the deck of the galley. The Turks, astonished at this novel mode of warfare, and unable to defend themselves from the stings of the enraged bees, became so terrified that they thought of nothing but how to escape their fury; while the crew of the small vessel, defended by masks and gloves, flew upon their enemies sword in hand, and captured the vessel almost without resistance.

A FRIENDLY INVITATION.—One of the richest specimens of a neat Irish bull was perpetrated by the clever and witty but blundering Irish knight, Sir Richard Steele, when inviting an English nobleman to visit him. "If, sir," said he, "you ever come within a mile of my house, *I hope you will stop there*."

ON BEING SATISFIED.—The most helpful and sacred work which can at present be done for humanity is to teach people (chiefly by example, as all best teaching must be done) not how to "better themselves," but how to "satisfy themselves." It is the curse of every evil nature and evil creature to eat and *not* be satisfied.—*Ruskin.*

OLD NURSERY RHYMES.—Many of our old nursery rhymes had in their day a political significance. Some of them owe their origin to distinguished writers. "Sing a song of sixpence" is as old as the sixteenth century. "Three blind mice" is found in a music book dated 1609. "The frog and the mouse" was licensed in 1580. "Three children sliding on the ice" dates from 1639. "London Bridge is broken down" is of unfathomable antiquity. "Boys and girls come out to play" is certainly as old as the reign of Charles II.; as is also "Lucy Locket lost her pocket," to the tune of which the American song of "Yankee Doodle" was written. "Pussy cat, where have you been?" is one of the age of Queen Bess. "Little Jack Horner" is older than the seventeenth century. "The old woman tossed in a blanket" is of the reign of James II., to which monarch it is supposed to refer.

UNNECESSARY GRIEF.—All unnecessary grief is unwise, and will not long be retained by a healthy mind.

AMONG American girls who have married titles are Miss Lorillard Spencer, who is the Princess Vicarara Cenci; Miss Field, who is the Princess Brancacicco; Miss Broadwood, who is the Princess Ruspoli; Miss Conrad, who is the Marchesa Teodoli; Miss Fry, who is the Marchesa Torregiani; Miss Gillender, who is the Marchesa di San Marzano; and Miss Mackay, who is the Princess Galatro Colonna.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

A county in England, with water and wood,
With cliffs and with shingle, with harbourage good,
With abbeys and castles, with quarries of stone,
Replete with old tales and in hist'ry well-known.

On the coast of this county a wat'ring place lies;
'Mongst the pine-trees, the villas seem dropped from the skies;
From the cliffs you can look o'er the smooth-flowing bay,
Which turns with four tides in the course of the day.

1. Who was it "came down like the wolf on the fold,
And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold"?

2. In the heel of the boot is a castle well-known,
(For the pen of the novelist made it his own)
Where the casque in the court by enchantment was thrown.

3. Pursuing my course through Brazil to the north,
Near the Caribbee Islands my stream issues forth.

4. Barbaric in splendour and barb'rous of mood,
This despot the science of war understood;
The warrior and victor most famed in his day,
All civilised Asia fell under his sway:
And when victory failed to extinguish his rage,
His vanquished opponent he shut in a cage.

5. Th' eccentric old carrier of Cambridge, who laid
Down laws for his customers: one rule he made,
That the horse which stood first of the rank in the stall,
Must be ta'en, or the hirer should have none at all.

6. A classical spring; here the muses oft roved
And were call'd by the name of the fountain they loved.

7. A musical note, with anomalous name;
For the meaning's reversed, though the note is the same.

8. A mode of producing the sound of a string,
By which violinists are able to bring
An aid to their solos: and often it draws
From the audience a round of tumultuous applause.

9. A pronoun that's slipped out of general use,
And its loss want of clearness will often produce.

10. A marshal of France in Napoleon's *régime*,
The Emperor held him in highest esteem.
Undaunted in valour, in honour unsoiled,
By his comrades the "Modern Bayard" was he styled.

11. An industrial Centre, whose fact'ries are full
Of looms for the weaving of cotton and wool.
In the city the noble cathedral looks down
On the spot where the Angles first thought of a town,
And its exquisite music will charity plead
For the widow and orphan to succour their need.

GIRL'S OWN HOME.

SUBSCRIPTION LIST.

S. H. S., 2s.; An Old Friend, 1s.; A Real Dorset Girl, 2s. 6d.; collected by Miss Mary Myatt, 13s.; Olive Darell, 1s. 6d.; Miss J. A. Martin, 1s.; Miss Florence Newbold, 1s.; Fanny and Ethel, 5s.; A. P. G., 1s.; One of Them, 2s. 6d.; A Working Girl, £1; Somebody's Child, 5s.; Miss E. Shaw, 1s.; Liverpool, 1s.; A Mancunian, 5s.; and Miss S. Silke, 5s. Total amount received to March 31st, 1885, £984 13s. 2d.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

PORTIA.—The knowledge of the Kindergarten system is very valuable. You had better read our articles, "Work for All," in last year's G. O. P., in which all information is given on both subjects.

M. M. does not say where she lives, so it is impossible to help her further than by saying that there are very few towns in England without night schools and schools of art.

IGNORANCE.—The cheapest way to obtain what you need is to go into the nearest secondhand bookseller's and ask him to show you some elementary books on arithmetic, history, etc.

E. S. will find an article on the subject in the G. O. P., called "Zenana Work."

BIRDIE TEMPLETON.—You have doubtless found the information in the articles, "Work for All," of last year. The College of Preceptors' examinations would suit you, we think. St. Kentigern, or Mungo, was born in 518, and was the friend of St. Columba. He was Bishop of Glasgow at the age of twenty-five. Being expelled from Scotland, he took refuge in Wales, and founded St. Asaph. He is said to have paid seven visits to Rome, and died in 603. The Cathedral of Glasgow was built over his grave, and the arms of that city still perpetuate three renowned miracles of St. Kentigern, who is the patron saint of the city which sprung up round his abode. He is now more commonly called Mungo, a name which means "beloved."

WORK.

ONE IN A DIFFICULTY.—Crimson, or any of the new greys, would be pretty and suitable colours for a wedding dress. It might be of silk and velvet, of silk, velvet, and cashmere, and the bonnet should match in colour—not "a hat," certainly. A short walking dress, not a trained skirt.

OLD GIRL.—We think your plan of taking a small business excellent, but we recommend you to exercise great care in carrying out the plan. Situation is one of the chief things for consideration. Perhaps the wisest plan for you would be to try to find a person with an established business, who, from health or age, is desirous of a partner.

F. I. S. F.—We can only suppose you used too much gum, and not sufficiently thick in consistency, to varnish the leaves at first.

DAISY.—It would seem a great pity to lose the whole of your sister's apprenticeship and give up her trade when she has just learnt it. The wisest way would be to find a quiet, comfortable situation under a kind mistress, where she could go on with her work.

A NEW SUBSCRIBER.—White flannel, mixed with some pretty colour, is suitable for a tennis dress. Use a striped skirt, waistcoat, collar, and cuffs.

AN ONLY CHILD.—Red and blue are the best colours for washing silks and crewels, and if used with care they will not fade.

COOKERY.

A WIFE.—To make thin captains' biscuits, take seven pounds of fine flour, four ounces of butter, and a quart of milk. Mix these well together with the hands till they make a hard, even, tough dough; cut it into pieces and roll out very thin without any flour on the board, as that will render them spotty. Cut with a cake-cutter into what shape you please (round is best), and prick with a fork. Bake in a quick oven for ten or twelve minutes till of a light brown colour. Care must be taken in baking them, as if too long in the oven they will be brittle, and if done too little they will be tough.

WHITE ROSE.—To make oatmeal scones, take one pint of sour or buttermilk, one teaspoonful of baking soda, and a little salt. Thicken with oatmeal; mix about as stiff as for biscuit (not to be rolled), and bake on a griddle. Turn occasionally, and bake for three-quarters of an hour. Your handwriting is too scribbly; try to write rounder.

A. W. R.—For isinglass jelly, use one ounce of isinglass to a quart of water; reduce one-half, strain on one pound of loaf sugar, and, when nearly cold, add a little wine.

RAGGED ROBIN.—We do not know the "Maria pudding," by that name, at least.

NINI.—You will find a recipe for sponge cake on page 439, vol. ii. Always remember when your cake is in the oven not to move it till done, or you will make it heavy.

QUEEN BAB.—You will find a recipe for making doughnuts on page 494, vol. ii.

A DANISH GIRL.—To make barley sugar, boil clarified loaf sugar (loaf sugar dissolved by boiling in a quarter its weight of water) until, when you take out a little on the end of a stick, it draws out into a thread, and when cold is quite brittle. When boiled enough, pour in for every pint of liquid sugar two teaspoonfuls of lemon juice and six or seven drops of essence of lemon; stir well, and boil till, as before, it be brittle; then pour it on a marble slab, and when cool cut it up into strips with a pair of scissors, and twist the sticks a little with the hand. Spice Nuts.—Take two pounds of flour, one of butter, half a pound of sugar, one pint of molasses, two ounces ginger, one ounce cinnamon, twelve dozen allspice, and six dozen cloves. Knead the dough a long time, and roll it out thin. Cut into very small cakes, and bake it in a moderately hot oven.

B. E. N.—To make gingerette, boil a quarter of a pound of Jamaica ginger (crushed) in two quarts of water for an hour; strain the liquor through a jelly-bag, and boil to a syrup with three pounds of loaf sugar, skimming all the time. When cold, stir in one ounce of citric acid; then put into bottles. Use from two tablespoonfuls to a tumbler of water in which you have first mixed a small teaspoonful of carbonate of soda.

ENNA H. SIDER.—In a dry place, paper painted with the white of an egg (beaten up) would be sufficient; but if exposed to damp and the papers become mouldy, you must lay a paper steeped in spirits upon the preserves, and cover the top of the pot with the paper and white of egg, or with a piece of softened bladder, which latter is better than paper.

BLUEBELL.—You ask for a recipe already given. See pages 92 and 158, vol. iii. Your own writing, as well as that of both "White Rose" and "Sweetbriar," is not yet formed.

SENBUY.—You should make such inquiries of your fellow total abstainers. We should think not.

MISCELLANEOUS.

AN OLD BRASS BUTTON can repay the friend who is kind enough to send her the G. O. P. by making or purchasing them a suitable present. She must endeavour to find out what they would like. The drawing compasses may be brightened with the leather used for polishing silver, and a little cream of tartar.

DISHEARTENED.—If you again send us a letter written in such a horrible hand, we shall certainly not attempt to decipher it. As a great favour, we have made the attempt this time. Of course, those first created intermarried until the privilege of selection became extended. There was then no inherited disease to render such unions destructive to their descendants. When God saw fit to prohibit their continuance, it then became a crime to make them. Wear gloves.

TWO JIMNITES ask a silly question. Adam could have been so made as to have dispensed with ribs altogether, had the Almighty Creator, Who has made such marvellous varieties in everything that exists, so chosen. If you do not know where your ribs are situated, you had better feel for them. We imagine you must be singularly corpulent, and might exhibit yourselves in a show. The 31st July, 1869, was a Saturday.

A TROUBLED MIND.—We read your letter with extreme disgust. Is it possible that you could for a moment contemplate the idea of supplanting your "great friend" in the affections of her affianced husband? How dare you, as an honourable woman, talk of giving this man "that little encouragement," to steal him away from the woman to whom he has pledged his faith? It is loathsome to hear you speak of her as your "dear friend, whom you could not do without," such a traitor as you are to her! If, through any selfish indiscretion on your part he presumed to make love to you, it would reflect on you the most utter disgrace.

SPINNING WHEEL.—"De Senectate" and "De Amicita" are two separate dialogues by Cicero.

TRIXIE.—Both the authoresses you name are living, one in England and one in America.

SNOWDROP and DEWDROP must take plenty of exercise and wear gloves, which is the best thing for keeping the hands from chapping.

L. G. F.—We suppose you mean the "Kyrle Society." The address of the secretary is Miss Mary Lyall, 14, Nottingham-place, W.

HOLLANDIA.—White spots on the nails are caused by opacity of the cells, due to injury. The nails may be rubbed with a little moistened pumice-stone powder very gently. You must take care of your hands, and avoid rough usage. The nails indicate the state of the general health; perhaps that may need attention also. We are very sorry to hear you are so troubled about a foolish proverb.

BUTTERCUP.—Cocoa-nut oil would not be poisonous if used for the hair, of course, but as a rule animal oils are preferred to vegetable oils for that purpose.

LOVER OF BIRDS.—Put a rusty nail or some saffron into the bird's drinking water, and a scrap of yolk of egg boiled hard. Give no green food when moulting, and keep it sheltered from draughts.

LINDA.—We have read your letter over carefully, and we think you use your leg too much, and should take more rest. From your account, it seems a case in which "massage" or rubbing would be serviceable in giving strength and fresh life to the limb. Begin with very gentle rubbing of the leg and knee, and manipulate the muscles. Continue the operation daily.

J. HUMPHREYS.—You appear to write with tolerable freedom in metrical form, and the sentiments expressed are excellent; but your verses contain no new and original ideas, and fall short of what is correctly described as poetry, which is the offspring of genius.

GEMMA.—There is very little, if any, demand for translations from or into French. We cannot propose to increase the number of our occasional contributors; and our regular staff has been made up from the commencement of this publication.

MRS. CAUDLE would find Clovelly and Lynmouth charmingly "romantic" and inexpensive watering-places in Devonshire. At Lynmouth there is good trout-fishing, and at both places plenty of subjects for sketching. 2. To dispose of the "goodwill" of a situation as principal of a small day-school, of furniture, &c., the best plan would be to advertise it.

A DEVONSHIRE LASSIE.—We cannot make promises of such a nature. We give liberally for so trifling a sum paid. Writing fairly good, but spelling imperfect; for example, "oppertunity," instead of "opportunity."

B. S.—We fear that many other people beside your mother have been "possessors of bunions," at great cost of pain and trouble to themselves, and limiting their powers of walking. When inflammation is present, rest and warm fomentations, or the application of belladonna ointment, until it be subdued, will be found good. Afterwards rub in iodide of potassium ointment, to reduce the enlarged joint. Warm poultices are also good, and cold water compresses, when going to rest. In every case the boots and shoes must be large enough not to cause any pressure on the joint. Most people are now suffering from having weakly yielded to the dictates of a foolish fashion in wearing pointed toes.

NEST.—Many thanks for the "posy" and your kind letter.

A YOUNG GIRL. — The indiarubber plant requires but little care, but what it needs must be given it, or it will not flourish. The leaves must be sponged once a week and the soil kept moist, not too wet. But in particular it resents draughts of air. Twice a week is enough to water it, and, judging from your account, you must have neglected this.

AN OLD NORMANTON SCHOLAR.—We are much obliged for the poetry, and we are glad to hear you have found it a comfort to write it, but it is too long for our columns, and we doubt if our other girls would care for it. You must try to cultivate a healthy, robust faith in God's goodness and love, and avoid worrying.

PERKY.—Hampton Court Palace is open every day, except Friday, from 10 to 6. Do you mean the National Gallery, Trafalgar Square? That is open on Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays, and Saturdays, from 10 to 5 in winter, 10 to 6 in summer.

L. A. M.—There are several small shilling manuals on gardening for suburban gardens. They may generally be procured at a railway station.

NAMWAD.—We think the changing of the Pope's name, when he assumes the papacy, is a matter of personal choice only. Sergius II. was the first pope who changed his name on his election in 844.

LADY OF THE LAKE should stand the china basket with raised flowers in a vessel of clean water, and remove the dirt with a clean feather. We should think dressmaking a good trade, provided you had health to bear the confinement.

MIA CARA.—The "Black Art," as practised in the reign of Edward IV., was like the witchcraft of the Bible, and its practisers scrupled at no villainy to injure and hurt those they hated. They called evil spirits to their aid, and practised "unlawful arts." Christmas Day and Valentine's Day are on the same days in Australia as here, but they are warm days instead of cold, as the seasons are reversed at the Antipodes.

BEDA THORNE.—Your fault lies in thinking so much about yourself and your appearance. If you occupied your thoughts with other people, and tried to be of use to them, you would forget yourself, and cease to blush about nothing. What is "an invaild"? We suppose it is something unpleasant, as you do not like it. You will soon change back into your normal state if you do as we recommend. But surely you are not out of the school-room yet, your writing and spelling are so bad. You are not yet fit to "mix in society."

BELLA COCKSPUR sends a very ill-bred letter, containing twenty-three disgraceful mistakes in spelling. What she calls "etikette" has nothing to do with the question of going out to a public place of amusement, such as "koncerts," alone with a young man, and "unbeknown to her parents." Such behaviour is shameful; it is undutiful to her parents, and an act of great impropriety. Has she no regard for her character? We should not "anser" such an impertinent letter, but that we hope it will make her ashamed of herself on every account, and induce her to turn over a new leaf henceforth.

BERTHA.—Bullfinches should be fed on canary and rape seed, with an occasional treat of hemp seed, watercress, lettuce, chickweed, and groundsel. When moulting they require a little hard-boiled egg and breadcrumbs and a clove or rusty nail in their drinking water. A few berries and scrap of sweet apple give them a treat. If they mope, and their feathers appear ruffled, they should be fed on scalded rape seed only for a few days. Beware of giving them sweets. They are very liable to gout in the legs and feet if improperly fed.

SWEET SEVENTEEN (?).—It was a very forward act on your part to "squeeze a gentleman's hand," merely because you "think he is going to propose." Do nothing that looks like a changing of your relative positions; remember that your consent must be sought and urgently solicited; you are not to "court" him. Besides, make yourself quite sure that any such proposal on his part would be so fully approved of by your parents that you need not check the first advances, which you should do, before he expresses his wishes, if they object to such a union. Never allow a man to think he may propose to you unless sure you may accept him.

THYRA.—Your position as a sister renders any reproofs of even a younger sister a delicate matter. If you be grown up and your sister a child, or little more, you might venture to control her. But it is your mother's prerogative and duty to do so, and you might make an exception of a general rule (not to tell tales of a sister), and point out the fact of her forward behaviour to young men. Of course your mother would see the wisdom of not betraying such confidence, but would keep a watch upon her herself.

SHORT HAIR.—Doubtless double windows would exclude much of the noise outside, especially if guttapercha bands for the prevention of draught were placed all round the openings.

HOPE EVERSLEIGH.—Yes, you may become consumptive, even if it be not hereditary. Dark people may have "accidental consumption," although theirs is not the usual complexion for that disease. If quite sure that yours is not a "stomach cough," and that you are not dyspeptic, we should advise you to take cod-liver oil, beginning with a teaspoonful.

BILL'S LOVED ONE sends us a pitiful wail; the result of a phrenologist's measurements and manipulations has been disastrous to her peace of mind, and "drowns all her hope"! Her "bumps are dreadful," and her "future life"—if these obnoxious protuberances really exist—"will not be at all happy, if married." Alas, for the "loved one," who says "she has been courting two years already"! Be consoled, as some phrenologists are no better than impostors.

SANS SOUCI.—1. Your name is inappropriate to your state of mind, for you are very uneasy in reference to a matter of the highest importance. The Holy Spirit has given you the grace to desire the love of your Saviour above all else, and to seek and strive to please Him, apart from all hope of future reward, simply for love's sake and a sentiment of gratitude. The existence of such a feeling shows that you have taken a great step towards the attainment of such wishes. So you may take courage; prayer and meditation on His never-wearying love and forbearance will perfect that return of love in your heart. 2. If you sloped your letters the right instead of the wrong way, your handwriting would be very good.

BELLA BLUNDERBUS. — When the hyacinths have ceased to flower, remove them at once from the glass, and plant them in the garden to enable them to recuperate. We do not name the precise time when any article or series is to come out.

NORMAN had better wait for her gentleman-friend to ask for her photograph before she sends it to him.

E. C., S. K., and D. G. H. H.—You had better emigrate to New South Wales (Australia). Write for printed papers, or call to see the Lady Secretary, Miss Lloyd Clune, New-buildings, Carteret-street, Queen Anne's Gate, London, S.W. Unmarried women not more than thirty years of age are taken at a reduced rate; and on their arrival they will be received into an immigrants' home in Sydney (the chief city), and allowed to remain there a fortnight, to give them time to look for situations.

SNOWDROP.—We cannot give you any prescription to "tighten the skin under your eyes." Frederick the Great, it has been stated, used to resort to some mechanical means for drawing back the facial skin and smoothing out the wrinkles of his guards; and in the eighteenth century there were old beaux who wore "plumpers," or pads, inside the cheeks. If a wise providence has not gifted you with personal beauty, you may cultivate that of a sweet expression.

AN ANXIOUS ONE.—How do you know that you are suffering from heart disease? Perhaps it is only an irregular action, not organic mischief. We have heard that the cases in the institution to which you refer are only temporary, but on this point you should make strict investigation. You might find much benefit from the treatment of a good magnetic rubber. "Work for the Master" is quite as often of a passive as of an active character. To cultivate patience is a great work; it is one of the "fruits of the Spirit," and its cultivation elevates your own soul, affords an admirable example to those around you, and pleases Him you desire to serve.

GEDULD.—You might paint the easel with "walnut stain," and then varnish it. You could obtain it at any oil shop. Employ a flat paint-brush. We regret to hear that so many letters have remained unanswered—that is, if you have not overlooked the replies.

NEMO. — Religious people may show a certain degree of hardness and a feeling of distrust of people in general—as a result of trying disappointments—simply because they are poor, faulty human beings, as the best of God's children are, so long as they are in the body. Girls should not walk out with men alone, unless engaged to them. This is a rule.

A LANCASTER ROSE.—1. Unless landed property be tied up by entail on the eldest son, a father or mother may leave it to any child of their own they please. If secured by settlement on all the children, still a "power of appointed" may be vested in either parent, and thus they may leave a few pounds, or a small annual charge upon it, to one child, and all the rest to another. 2. Justinian ordered that silk should be sold at the rate of eight pieces of gold for the pound, or about three pounds four shillings. When the wife of Aurelian asked him for one single garment of purple silk, he refused, saying that one pound weight of silk sold at Rome for twelve ounces of gold, or its weight.

MARION.—The term "haw-haw" (or haugh) is derived from the Anglo-Saxon *haga*, a hedge; *hāg*, an enclosure; *gehāg*, hedged land, garden, or field. When the proprietor desires to make a lawn in front of his house appear more extensive than it would be convenient to make it, he raises the extreme limit of the ground with a gradual slope, walls it up below the level surface of the rising ground, and thus makes the field below appear to be an undivided continuation of it, until the extreme verge be reached. This renders intrusion from cattle impossible, and precludes the necessity of planting a hedge, and so obstructing the view. It is sometimes surmounted by an open wire space. 2. St. Chrysostom was Patriarch of Constantinople. His father was an imperial general of Syria; his mother, a pious woman, gave him a splendid education and trained him for the law. He was a great orator, and was called "the golden-mouthed;" was born at Antioch A.D. 347, and baptized by Bishop Miletius. He was exiled for his faithful denunciation of evil, sank under the hardships endured, and died A.D. 407.

A YOUNG CRIPPLE.—We do not think you show any talent for writing poetry, but we have no doubt but that you yourself will derive amusement and consolation from writing it.

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

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WHERE THE FORGET-ME-NOT GROWETH.

A POEM.

BY JAMES STRANG.

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WHERE the forget-me-not groweth,
Down by the marge of the meads,
Down where the smooth river floweth
Still through the lilies and reeds;
Under the shadowy trees
Quiver the murmuring bees,
Where the forget-me-not groweth.

Where the forget-me-not groweth,
Where the marsh-marigolds gleam,
Softly the summer wind bloweth
Over the bend of the stream;
Bloweth to steal through the grass,
Cometh to whisper and pass,
Where the forget-me-not groweth.

Where the forget-me-not groweth,
Oh, let us wander to-day,
Now when the summer sun gloweth
Over the meadows of May;
Joyance and peace shall be ours,
Beauty and fragrance of flowers,
Where the forget-me-not groweth.

Where the forget-me-not groweth,
Down by the marge of the meads,
Down where the still river goeth
Slow through the lilies and weeds;
Here let us linger with you,
Plucking the blossoms of blue,
Where the forget-me-not groweth.

HOW I KEEP HOUSE ON £250 A YEAR.

COOL DRINKS FOR WARM DAYS.

IT has often struck me what a small variety of beverages we have in proportion to the number of things we eat; more especially is this the case in houses where wine is not drunk. I know many who I am sure would willingly drink non-stimulating drinks were it not that the choice is so often limited to tea, coffee, water, wine, or beer. The two former, though very refreshing cold, are very rarely drunk so in England. I do not myself think a cup of coffee with a lump of ice in it is at all to be despised. In Miss Bird's book on Japan, I read that the Japanese do not make their tea with quite boiling water; they pour hot water on the leaves and let them infuse for barely a minute, thus producing a delicate and delicious infusion; tea made this way is very pleasant to drink cold. An infusion of this kind has not the injurious properties of "well drawn" tea.

In Italy, France, and Germany fruit syrups and fruit waters are drunk in very large quantities. I have now in my mind a large drapery establishment in Paris, where a glass of syrup and water is given to any who like to ask for it. The crowd of applicants is so great that the proprietors have been obliged to put up a barrier, so that people can only pass singly in front of the counter. Nine or ten glasses are placed on the marble table, a man-servant pours a little syrup, sometimes currant, sometimes lemon, sometimes mocha, or some other (they have many kinds) into each tumbler; another man fills the glasses up with water, the contents are instantly consumed, the glasses are passed to the washer, and more glasses placed, to be emptied as quickly as filled. This goes on continuously every afternoon. Doubtless the trade is the greater for there being no payment, but at the side there is a collecting box for charity, into which anyone may drop one or two sous.

In Germany and Italy the pretty little stalls at which aerated waters and syrups are sold for very small sums attract many customers, who were it not for them might be tempted to procure stronger drinks.

In England the great objection to syrups is their sweetness, for as a nation we like sugar less than our neighbours.

Among the simple drinks for quenching thirst oatmeal water is very good. Make it thus:—Take two tablespoonfuls of fine or medium oatmeal, pour a pint and a half of cold filtered water on it, stir it well, let it settle, and it is fit for use. Water may be poured a second time on to the meal. I have tried oatmeal water made with boiling water, and allowed to get cold, but we did not like it as well; it tasted flat.

Good Barley Water.—Rub in a cloth two tablespoonfuls of pearl barley; then put it in a jug with a very small pinch of salt, a lump of sugar, a piece of thin lemon rind, pour a quart of boiling water on the ingredients, stir well for two minutes, cover the jug over, let the barley water stand until cold. It is better if it is made twelve hours before it is wanted. The barley, like the oatmeal, may have water put to it two or three times.

Years ago toast-water used to be much used; now, I daresay, many have never tasted it, though it is often very useful. We used to prepare it thus:—A jug of quite boiling water was got ready, and when we had slowly toasted a piece of the top crust of a loaf of bread, toasted it so brown all over that it was quite ready to burn, we put it in the jug of boiling water, and covered the jug well over; when cold it was ready for drinking. Toast-water jugs are made with china covers and strainers.

The following is a French recipe for barley water. It is called

Limonade des Malades.—Wash six ounces of pearl barley, and put it into a stewpan with three quarts of warm water, boil it gently for an hour and a half, when it should be reduced to two quarts; strain it through a cloth. Make a syrup with a quarter of a pound of sugar, a quarter of a pint of water, the pulp and juice of two lemons without the pips, and the grated rind of one; boil the syrup five minutes, let it stand on the stove a little while, then strain it into the barley water.

There are many different ways of making lemonade. The following I consider the best.

Lemonade.—Take the rinds of six lemons pared off without any of the white, and the juice and pulp of eight, being careful to remove all the pips, which would, if left in, make the lemonade bitter; pour two quarts of boiling water on the lemons and peel, and add half a pound of loaf sugar, cover over until cold, then strain through thin muslin.

Lemonade for keeping a short time.—Take the rind of a lemon that has been pared off without any of the white, put it in a jug with the strained juice of ten lemons and half-a-pound of the best loaf-sugar, stand the jug in a saucepan of boiling water, keep over the fire until the syrup simmers, then put aside and when cold bottle; do not cork the bottle, but put a little drop of salad oil on the top of the syrup. The oil is easily removed with a piece of cotton wool when the lemonade is required. A little of this in a tumbler of water makes a very pleasant drink. If twenty grains of carbonate of soda are added it will make an effervescing drink.

Lemonade without Lemons.—Take one ounce of citric or tartaric acid, one pound of powdered loaf sugar, and one teaspoonful of essence of lemon; mix all well together in a mortar, then put in a very dry bottle and cork A small tablespoonful of this is to be put in a tumbler of cold water when required.

Ginger Beer.—Take the peel from two lemons, and put it with the strained juice into a large pan, with one ounce of thoroughly bruised ginger and one pound and a quarter of loaf sugar. Pour one gallon of boiling water over the ingredients, and stir. Let it stand until it is only just warm, then add one tablespoonful of good thick fresh yeast. Well stir the whole with a wooden spoon, and leave it to work in a warm place for twenty-four hours. Then the yeast and scum must be carefully removed with a skimmer, and the ginger beer poured off so as not to disturb the sediment. It must immediately be bottled, corked, tied down, and the bottles laid down in a moderately cool place—sufficient to fill sixteen or seventeen bottles.

Soda-water Powders.—Procure three ounces of bicarbonate of soda, weigh it out into thirty-grain powders. Do each powder up in a piece of blue paper; then take two ounces of tartaric acid, and weigh it out into twenty grains, folding each twenty grains in white paper. When done, if you have weighed carefully, you will have forty-eight blue papers and forty-eight white, sufficient to make forty-eight glasses of soda-water, for the cost of sixpence-halfpenny. The papers can be put aside to use again, and save the trouble of cutting more. In using mix the contents of a blue paper in half a tumbler of water, and one of the acid powders in a wineglassful of water. Pour the contents of the wine glass into the tumbler, and drink at once. Ice, syrup, fruit water, or milk may be added. It is necessary to be very accurate in making these powders, for if the right quantities are used a saline draught calculated to allay thirst is produced, whereas if either ingredient unduly predominates an alkaline or acid draught will be the result.

Strawberry Vinegar.—Take two pounds of good, full-flavoured strawberries that have had the tops picked off; put them into a jar, and pour three pints of good white wine vinegar over them; tie over with paper, and let them remain four days; then pour off the vinegar, and drain the fruit well through a cloth until all the juice has dropped from it, but do not press it, or you will make the vinegar thick; replace the vinegar in the jar, and add two pounds of fresh strawberries; let it stand four days again, and repeat the process with two pounds more fresh fruit, making altogether six pounds of fruit to the three pints of vinegar; put aside again for four days, then remove the fruit and weigh the vinegar; this is easily done by weighing the jar before you use it, and deducting the weight when the vinegar is in it; for every pound of vinegar add one pound of loaf sugar; stand the jar in

a saucepan of water, and let the vinegar simmer ten minutes, or else boil it for that time in an enamel stewpan. If boiled in a jar it must be well covered, or it will not reach the desired temperature. Let it stand until the next day, covered with a thick cloth, then put it into small bottles, but do not cork too firmly at first, for fear of the bottles bursting; in four days you can push the corks in tightly, seal the bottles over, and lay them down in a cool place.

Raspberry and black or red currant vinegar are made in the same way. If fruit is scarce it is not absolutely necessary to change the fruit more than twice, and where there is a garden the fruit can be added from day to day as it ripens.

A tablespoonful of strawberry or raspberry vinegar, with a lump of ice and some cold water, makes a most refreshing drink on a warm day.

Syrups.—The following is an old French recipe for making syrups:—Take two pounds of loaf sugar to one pound of any kind of fruit juice. Melt the sugar, and let it boil a few minutes, taking care that it does not colour; add the fruit juice; let it boil a few minutes. When cool, put it in bottles that have been thoroughly dried by the stove; cork the bottles with bits of paper until the next day; then cork properly and seal over.

The following are some of the syrups the most used abroad. I may mention that, besides being pleasant to drink with water, they make excellent pudding sauces.

Caramel Syrup.—Take a quarter of a pound of powdered loaf sugar, put it into a dry copper saucepan (the saucepan must be copper or brass inside, not tin); put it over the fire, and keep stirring it with a wooden spoon until it is a nice golden brown colour; then remove from the stove, and add slowly, stirring all the time, three-quarters of a pint of warm water; put on the fire again, and add one pound of loaf sugar and a pod of vanilla; boil it, stirring all the time until the syrup is thick enough to cling to a silver spoon. It can be used hot, or, when cold, bottled for keeping. The sugar must not when melting be allowed to burn black—only to brown—and care must be taken when adding the water to avoid scalding the hands, as the sugar is apt to splutter.

Cherry Syrup.—Take two pounds of any kind of juicy cherries, remove the stalks and stones, crack the stones, peel and chop the kernels, put the fruit into a pan with one pint of cold water; mash it with a wooden spoon and let it stand covered over for twenty-four hours; the next day boil it for five minutes in a copper pan, then drain the juice from the fruit through a tammy sieve, weigh the juice and put its weight of loaf sugar in the copper pan, let it come slowly to a boil, add the juice and the chopped kernels, stir and boil until well mixed, and you have a heavy syrup. Pine-apple, apricot, and plum syrup are made in the same way. The reason for boiling the sugar apart from the fruit is that the syrups thus made are so much brighter coloured.

Gooseberry, raspberry, strawberry, mulberry, currant, rhubarb, and green grape syrup are better made without any water, merely adding one pound of fruit juice to one pound of boiling sugar.

Seville oranges make a very pleasant drink, thus:—Take the thin rind from six Seville oranges and the pulp and juice of ten; cover them with one pint of cold water, and let them stand forty-eight hours; then boil them half an hour, strain through a piece of linen, weigh, and add the same weight of sugar; boil again until the syrup is clear and heavy; when cool, bottle and cork.

Mocha Syrup.—With a half pound of Mocha coffee make one pint of clear coffee; melt one and a half pounds of loaf sugar in the preserving pan; add the coffee to it; boil together a few minutes; when cool, bottle for use. If it is desired to keep syrups from year to year, they must have more than an equal weight of sugar to the juice. Made by the first recipe given, they will keep for years. The kernels may be strained from the syrups, if preferred; but I think that they much improve the flavour after the syrups have been kept.

Fruit Waters.—Take cherries, raspberries, strawberries, mulberries, currants, pineapples, or any other fruit that is to be had; crush well, and to each pound of fruit add one pint of cold water; stir well with a wooden spoon, again crushing the fruit, then strain through a tammy cloth, pressing the juice well out (it is a good plan to keep back a little of the water to pour over the fruit when you press it); add a little sugar to taste, and boil the liquor until it is clear. These drinks are not meant for keeping, and should be made the same day as they are required for use. Half a glass of fruit-water and half a glass of soda-water make a very nice beverage. With a little more sugar added these *eaux de fruit* make excellent ices.

Rhubarb is very pleasant used in this way, if the thin rind of half a lemon and the juice of a whole one is added to each pound of fruit. Of course, the rhubarb must be cooked to extract the juice.

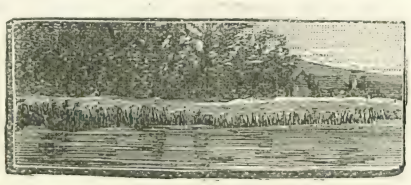
The fruit, after draining, can be used for puddings; it is very good boiled with a little sugar, then put in a pie-dish and covered with a thick layer of bread crumbs and lumps of butter, then baked half an hour.

The following are three French recipes for suitable drinks for delicate people:—

Bavaroise au Lait—Put in a cup four teaspoonfuls of syrup of gum and three teaspoonfuls of orange flower water; mix them, and stir in gradually half a pint of boiling milk.

Lait de Poule.—Put in a bowl three yolks of eggs and two ounces of powdered sugar; work them together until they are frothy, then add slowly half-a-pint of boiling water. A little grated lemon-peel or nutmeg can be added at pleasure.

Petit-Lait (Whey).—Mix the juice of a lemon with a pint of milk; heat gently until it boils; add the juice of another lemon with a piece of the peel; when the milk has quite turned, strain it through a linen cloth, and let it cool. The whey may be drunk as it is sweetened to taste, or may be cleared thus: beat well the white of an egg, mix it with the whey, put it over the fire, stir it; when it begins to bubble put it on the side of the stove; let it stand five minutes, and then strain it. The milk curd makes good cheese-cakes. There are many other syrups, and *tisanes*, or teas, made from different flowers, but they seem unsuited to our climate; then again, there are many cups and drinks made with different kinds of wines and liqueurs, which do not come into my housekeeping. With regard to the use of syrup, I know no nicer drink than the following:—Put a tablespoonful of strawberry or any other syrup into a tumbler, add a tablespoonful of cream and a lump of ice, let it stand a minute or two, then fill up with soda-water. Milk may be used instead of cream, but, of course, it is not nearly as good. Those living too far in the country to obtain ice easily, can by means of the freezing mixtures that are sold make their own ice.



BLANCHE ELMSLIE'S PROGRAMME.

By LADY WILLIAM LENNOX.

CHAPTER IV.

From the date of the evening mentioned in the last chapter, Blanche went on, to use a forcible proverb, "like a house on fire." Her own playing under the able tuition of Monsieur Dubois—who, when he left Morpeth House, still remained in the neighbourhood, and often came to see the Elmslies in their lodging—improved wonderfully, and as a result of that her fame spread so that her pupils increased in number in a way she had never dreamt of. Every morning now, without exception—save, of course, Sunday—she gave lessons from eleven to two o'clock. Then on three afternoons she had a lesson of an hour from the kind old professor, who absolutely refused anything in the shape of a fee, and, in fact, declared he was rich, and would not give instruction for money for the world, but only because mademoiselle had the true soul of an artist, therefore it delighted him to hear her play, and also he was charmed to say a little word which might help her. So her life went on day after day till the bright, warm tints of summer mellowed into the russet and gold of autumn, and those again gave place to the bare branches of winter.

It was a very cold December day, bleak winds blew over the country road—looking so hard and white now—across the fields, and through the leafless plantation, as Blanche trudged along as usual on her way to Alice Neville. She was well wrapped up in a fur-lined cloak, one of the comforts which owed its origin to her own earnings, and she had a thick woollen gown and a muff besides; but still the sharp wind struck her in the face as she met it, and the thought crossed her brain that it was hard for her to be obliged to go out in such weather, when her friend was basking in the warmth of her luxurious home, sitting at that moment most likely in a huge well-cushioned arm chair, with her feet on a carpet of velvet pile. She did not let herself dwell on this thought, though, but resolutely put it away, and struggled on, hair blown about and eyes full of the white dust which flew in all directions this windy day. It was a relief to find herself in the comfortable atmosphere of Morpeth House, and she sat down in a chair close to the fire and stretched out her feet to the blaze. Alice was not in the room when she arrived, but presently the door opened, and in she came, looking radiant, richly dressed in dark green velvet, and evidently so happy about some special thing, that Blanche, after one good look at her face, guessed the reason.

"Alice, dear," she said, "what has happened? Something delightful, I am certain. Is it anything to do with Charlie Fletcher?" and she smiled mischievously.

"You have guessed it, Blanche, quite right, and I am happy, very." She put her arms round her friend's neck and hid her glowing cheeks against Blanche's pale ones. "It won't be till the spring," she said, after a minute, "and you must be bridesmaid. Of course, Lucy and Mary will be, and I think two cousins of my own. Frank will be home on leave by that time, I hope. You and he might play duets, by the bye, as you are both fiddlers."

"How you run on, Alice, dear," said Blanche. "I haven't really been able to say yet how glad I am for you. You have known him so long, and your father likes him; it all seems so bright and happy, and no doubts behind. I have always thought that marriage with any doubts behind—I mean when one

did not feel quite sure of the love or of the principles of one's future husband—must be such a very alarming undertaking."

"So do I; but Charlie is quite a—what's that Latin sentence?—a *rara avis;* even good enough for me!" and she made a little curtsey, and lifted up her face to kiss Blanche again.

Then they sat and talked, or rather Alice talked, and Blanche listened, until the hour for the violin lesson had expired, and the latter rose to go.

"You must have two hours next time," she said, laughing, "to make up for the loss of this morning."

"Well, I could not help it for once, now, could I? I was obliged to give vent to my happiness, and tell you all about everything; but you know, Blanche, that I shall live close by after I am married, so the fiddle needn't be thrown over, even then; and I will tell you of a capital idea I have just thought of. You remember saying once that it would be a good thing to have a concert in the town, only that you did not feel equal then to playing a solo. Now you are equal, and not at all nervous, and Monsieur Dubois says you are a wonderful artiste, in which I quite agree; so what's to hinder it? And don't you see, I, as a married woman, can do so much to help it on. I shall be married the very beginning of April—not the first, of course, though—and so directly I come back from wherever we go, the concert might come off. Front seats, reserved, a guinea. Oh, what fun! Old Dubois would do the accompaniments, I'm sure, and we must find somebody to sing between whiles, and I shall sit right in the middle of the front row with Charlie, and we will both applaud."

"That you will, I know," said Blanche, "if the concert can be got up; but in a little county it's not so easy, though I confess I should like it."

"Well, I shall speak to old Dubois about it," said Alice, and she kept her word.

Two months after this conversation, there was a considerable stir in the town; bills were put up on the one good-sized room—called by courtesy the Town Hall—which it boasted, and were also to be seen in the shop windows, announcing that a concert would be held on Thursday evening at eight o'clock. Principal performers, Miss Elmslie, Madame Vignon, and Monsieur Thierry. At the piano, Monsieur Dubois. Reserved seats, half a guinea.

This event had been brought about chiefly through the good offices of Monsieur Dubois, who entered heart and soul into the idea when mentioned to him by Alice, and only differed from her as to when it should take place.

"No use to wait till the month of April," said he. "I will arrange it all, and soon, if you will permit me."

So it was arranged, and all the world—which was a very small one certainly—of the town of Slocombe was on the *qui vive* to hear Blanche Elmslie play a violin solo in public, and various were the opinions expressed beforehand as to her capabilities, and also as to the correctness of her doing such a thing at all.

"It was never heard of in my day," said old Miss Mangles, "for a lady born and bred to make a show of herself; but there, everything's gone topsy-turvey now according to my ideas. When I was young, girls used to play the *Battle of Prague* to their fathers and mothers in a quiet, decent sort of a way on the piano; but the very notion of a woman playing the fiddle! Well, well ——"

Fortunately for Blanche, however, the Misses Mangles were but few, and her own friends many, thanks to the numerous pupils whom she had trained during the last six months, so that her audience bid fair to be both large and appreciative. Alice and the two Fletcher girls were full of interest about what she should wear on the occasion, Monsieur Dubois was unremitting in his visits for rehearsal of the *Polonaise* by Chopin which she had decided to play, in order that there might be no weak spot in the performance, and Frank Neville, who was home on leave, and was much struck with the brave talented girl, sent her on the morning of the eventful day a box containing a curious group of figures in oxidised silver, which he had picked up in his travels, and offered now "as a token of his good wishes for her success."

Mrs. Elmslie was nervous and confident by turns, but never let Blanche see any sign of the former, and when, at half-past seven, mother and daughter got into the carriage which was to take them to the Town Hall, they both looked, to outward seeming, perfectly calm and free from anxiety. Blanche's hands were strangely cold, certainly, and her heart beat in a very unusual way, but she reminded herself that after all she could play extremely well; that in reality it was no more difficult to play in the hall before the townspeople than in a drawing-room with only a small audience, and, last but not least, she thought of the many comforts which her mother had already received, entirely the result of her—Blanche's—earnings, and of how much the money realised by this concert would help to increase those comforts. All these considerations tended to support and give ballast, as it were, to her mind, and, in fact, she did get such mastery over herself that when the actual moment arrived, and she stood on the platform, violin in hand, and saw a sea of faces all upturned towards her, the excitement she felt was more like that of a racehorse at the start, or a greyhound in the leash, than anything approaching the horrible nervousness which incapacitates people so often from doing their best. Monsieur Dubois was in his place at the piano, and gave her an encouraging nod and smile as he struck a preliminary chord or two, then in another second he made her a little sign, and began the *Polonaise*. The violin part does not come in till the end of the second bar, and in that moment of waiting Blanche saw in the front row a whole bevy of her special friends, among them Alice in the middle seat, with Charlie on one side of her, and Frank the other. She saw her mother also with her heart in her eyes as she fixed them on her child. This somehow added still more to the girl's self-possession, and it was with a hand as steady as a rock that she drew her bow across the strings.

It was a tremendous success, and the applause seemed as though it would never stop. Partly out of liking for the girl, who had made herself very popular, and partly from admiration for her really first-rate playing, the townspeople, as well as Blanche's own particular intimates, were almost rapturous in their satisfaction.

"Bravo, bravo!" cried some, and "Hooray" shouted a man from the shilling back benches, adding in a loud whisper to his neighbour, "That's what I call something like; none o' yer wishy washy things, so soft you can't 'ear 'em scarcely. I likes the wiolin played like that."

Blanche had to make repeated bows to this most gratifying audience, and to receive two huge bouquets handed to her by Frank Neville and the kind old Frenchman respectively, so that it was several minutes before she could retire to the green room, there to have a cup of coffee which was in readiness.

"Ah, my dear Mademoiselle," cried Monsieur Dubois, "did I not say how it would be one great victory? I knew, I knew, and I was right, is it not so?"

Then came pouring into the room her mother, the Nevilles, the Fletchers, and other of her friends, all eager to offer their congratulations, and to carry her off to Morpeth House, where a sort of "triumphal supper," as Alice expressed it, awaited them, and where the proceeds of the concert, fifty pounds, was to be given to her.

"There, mother darling," said Blanche, an hour later, and she laid the money in her lap, "think what we can buy with all that, and say if you are not glad now that I have carried out "my programme."

THE END.

OUR FRATERNAL SOCIETY.

By Dora Hope.

Subject of Discussion: Furniture.

This month Tom was to have opened the meeting by reading a paper on furniture, and a discussion was to follow, but I am sorry to have to record that no paper was forthcoming. This was a great loss to our society, for knowing nothing on the subject, he naturally had very decided opinions. He pleaded illness as an excuse, but having had two or three days clear, it was considered salutary to inflict a small fine. The fine being paid on the spot, we proceeded to discuss the subject, which we found gave rise to a great diversity of opinion. Some of our members are æsthetic, and wish for nothing but spindle-legged tables and high-backed chairs; others like comfort, and vote for luxuriously-padded lounges; whilst the remainder are severely practical, demanding furniture that will wear well, will not harbour dust, and, above all, is in accordance with the last principles of hygiene. Consequently we had to make allowance for individual taste, and could only devote our attention to general principles, which should ensure elegance, comfort, and, above all, health.

As several members of the society were looking forward to starting housekeeping before long on their own account, we all took a practical interest in the best way of furnishing a new house. The easiest way is to put a cheque in the upholsterer's hands and leave it to him, but a good many of us thought the pleasantest way is to manage with as little furniture as possible at first, and to buy things gradually as one meets with them to one's taste, or have them made to suit the style of the house, so that the rooms seem to bud and blossom forth, and take on the impress of the owner's individuality. Unfortunately, it is generally only newly-married people who have the chance of doing this; most of us have to make ourselves and our houses suit our old family furniture. If we move, our furniture has to be forced into the new house "whether it will or no," as people say was the case with the police in olden days, when the uniform was made by contract all the same size, and if the men did not fit the clothes, all the worse for the men.

We began at the hall as the place first seen on entering a house. Margaret gave her opinion that the less furniture one could do with in a small hall the better, so as to leave room for moving about. Old-fashioned hat-stands are not often seen now. They are convenient enough in a large roomy hall, but in the small narrow ones, so commonly seen in middle-class houses, they are much in the way, and may with advantage be replaced by brass pegs for hats and coats, over a zinc tray, with a brass rod about two feet from the ground for umbrellas. Sometimes a corner can be rounded off for the purpose, which effects a considerable saving of space. There should be at least one chair for people who have to wait, and two are better, if there is room, with a table as well. It is better, however, to be short of chairs than to have no room to show visitors out comfortably. If the hall is very narrow, and there is much passing, a

"AS A TOKEN OF HIS GOOD WISHES FOR HER SUCCESS."

seat is sometimes arranged to let down like a flap-table, and to be raised when wanted.

As for the floor of the hall, there is nothing so clean and wholesome as tiles, especially for the part nearest the front door, where, as is so frequently the case in town houses, the hall is divided into two parts separated by curtains or a glass door. If a large space is tiled, a few rugs are necessary to prevent a chilly look, and a good front door mat is quite indispensable. Next best to tiles is a polished floor, with a few rugs which may often be taken up and shaken; a carpet is very bad for the entrance. A small table is a great convenience if there is room for it; among other things, there should be a card-tray on it, for the servant to take the cards of visitors who only call at the door.

Tom informed us that the dining-room was much the most important part of the house, and we must devote our chief attention to it accordingly. We all agreed that the bulk of the furniture should be solid, rather massive in style, but at the same time as bright and cheerful as possible in colouring: for bright surroundings certainly raise our spirits, and consequently (our medical member said) aid digestion. The general rule that rugs or squares of carpet are preferable to the big old-fashioned carpet applies especially to the dining-room, where crumbs are sure to fall, making it advisable that the carpet should be frequently shaken. Mr. Jowitt suggested that a round table is much pleasanter for a dining-table than the ordinary shape: it makes conversation more general, all guests being within speaking distance of one another. He added, for the benefit of ladies, that there should be plenty of footstools under it. Dining-room chairs, too, he said, are generally uncomfortable, and we agreed with him that more attention might be given to making them comfortable, for there are always pauses during a meal when one might just as well be resting. The sideboard or dinner waggon is the most conspicuous article of furniture besides the table, and a good deal of attention should be paid to making it ornamental as well as useful. Some have a mirror resting on it; others have a back fitted with shelves, on which plate or china is displayed. Sideboard cloths are in general use now to preserve the wood from injury.

In small houses it often happens that the dining-room has to be used as a sitting-room. This alters the arrangement of it, making it necessary to add a sofa, one or more easy-chairs, besides a bookcase and the various small articles of furniture peculiar to a living-room. If the house does not contain a library, several good bookcases will be required in different rooms; but, in any case, there should be some arrangement for books everywhere, in both bed and reception rooms. Where space is limited, shelves may be fitted into corners of the rooms to hold books or curios. These corners, indeed, might generally be turned to some good purpose, instead of being wasted as they usually are. Small cupboards or shelves fitted into them not only supply much needed accommodation, but really improve the appearance of the room, sharp angles being seldom beautiful. It is a great convenience, too, in a small household to have a speaking-tube from the dining-room to the kitchen; it can be fitted at a small cost, and saves much trouble.

The doctor here interposed to try and impress on the minds of the society the necessity of avoiding fluffy woollen mats, woollen fringe over the window, and all similar contrivances, which, he says, hold every particle of dust and dirt, and in case of infection make it nearly impossible to get the place thoroughly purified.

The furniture of the drawing-room awakened a lively discussion. The general idea in the masculine mind present seemed to be of small tables that always upset, chairs too light to sit comfortably upon, with the backs encumbered with what they profanely called "folderols." Of course, we did not allow this to be the case, and Margaret said she always provided one or two solid, unadorned chairs in a place of safety for her gentlemen visitors, away from the little tables which she admitted she liked to have about.

This is the room best adapted to piecemeal furnishing, though there should be some general idea. It was one of the manly ideas, and I thought a good one, to have a centre to work from. This is most naturally the fire-place, where in winter we first look on entering a room. Chimney pieces and over-mantels are made now in one piece of oak, mahogany, or other wood. The over-mantel is fitted with shelves and recesses for china, or sometimes with carved or painted panels, and with a small bevelled mirror in the centre, and other small ones introduced between the shelves. There is frequently a difficulty in small drawing-rooms in making any accommodation for books, but one of our members brought an illustrated catalogue from a furnisher's, showing some charming hanging bookcases and cabinets suitable for a drawing-room. The piano is generally ugly and inartistic; if possible, it may be fitted into a recess, or pulled out from the wall so that the back shows. The back may be covered with fluted cretonne, or with whatever the room is upholstered in. A small writing table is a convenience in the room, and a rather larger one for games, afternoon tea, and other like things.

Double drawing-rooms offer considerable scope for adornment. They look best divided by heavy curtains of plush, or other rich material; and the corners will generally afford a tempting niche for a tall palm or cluster of pampas grass. In addition to the usual easy chairs and sofas there is a convenient fashion now in vogue of having a settee against the wall at one side of the room. They are often made to fit into a corner so as to form either a comfortable lounge or a convenient seat for a *tête-à-tête* conversation; a pile of cushions lies at one end, and can be arranged to suit individual taste and comfort. This room should, and generally does, show the taste of its owner. It should be thoroughly original, should be light and pretty, a room for rest and relaxation, and in which everyone should be at their ease. Some drawing rooms are stiff, rich, and gorgeous, most depressing to the spirits, giving the sensation that, in my old nurse's words, we must "behave pretty" while we are in them, and vividly recalling "the best parlour" of a lower rank of life. This we agree is just what the room should not be.

Rugs and polished wood floor is nicest for the room; in very hot weather the rugs are often exchanged for India and other matting. Old-fashioned fenders are not used much now; tiled hearths and stone, marble, or glazed faïence fenders look much better, and are more easily kept clean.

The morning-room is generally the cosiest room in the house; the place where one is allowed to leave one's things about in comfortable untidiness. It should have a well-fitted writing-table, and, if possible, a piano. There should be some ordinary straight chairs, too, for real work, or for use at the breakfast-table, if breakfast is served there. For ease, nothing is nicer for a morning-room than bamboo or Austrian bent wood furniture. Couches, reclining and rocking chairs in these materials are pretty and comfortable; and they are so light and inexpensive that they are just the thing for carrying out to a verandah or garden. A small wicker table is useful for the same purpose, and in winter, when the garden has no charms, it can be brought up with one's work to a cosy corner by the fire.

We left the consideration of bedrooms till the last, though from the health point of view they are the most important of all. Even without sickness people spend a large part of their lives in their bedrooms, either conscious or unconscious. This room, consequently, should be particularly well-ventilated, and free from draughts and smells, for when asleep we are easily injured by foul air, and less able to move out of a draught. When we awake in the morning the air should be as pure and sweet as at any other time of the day. The bed-clothes should be light and warm; eider-down quilts being much superior in this respect to the old-fashioned heavy quilts and many blankets. In summer light Madras muslin makes a nice quilt, which can also be used under the eider-down for winter. The bedsteads should be of metal; it is much cleaner and lighter than the old-fashioned wood. Woollen valances and bed hangings are very effectual traps for dust or dirt. Many people disapprove of them entirely; but if the room is draughty, and some protection is necessary, the curtains should be of some washing material that will show dirt. The bed should not be placed between the door or window and fireplace, as the draught would be greatest there. There are many kinds of spring mattresses now that can be fitted to any bed, and which are healthy as well as comfortable.

The bedroom corners may be rounded off with cupboards and shelves, and put to great use for all the trifles that generally lie about in a bedroom. It is a great mistake, however, to have cupboard for hanging dresses reaching but three parts of the way up the wall, as one so often sees them. If boxes are put on the top they look unsightly in the extreme, and if not used at all it is a refuge for dirt, which the height of the cupboard renders it impossible to dust regularly.

An additional cupboard carried up to the ceiling prevents lodgment of dust and is a convenient receptable for storing articles not in daily use, such as winter clothing during summer. There should be a comfortable chair in each bedroom, and, at any rate in summer, appliances for reading and writing.

The white painted wood fashionable just now cannot be recommended; it is impossible to avoid finger marks where drawers and cupboards are opened, and as soon as the pure white is in the least sullied the beauty is gone. The manufacturers will say that the paint can always be washed, which is quite true; but, as all old housekeepers know, even the best of paint will begin to wear off after two or three washings.

Spare bedrooms should each be provided with a luggage stool to save visitors the discomfort of stooping to the floor to unpack their trunks, or injuring the furniture by setting their luggage on chairs to save their backs. A boot-stand is another convenience which is not often provided. If there is no dressing-room or curtained recess for dressing apparatus, a screen is very useful, especially in cases of sickness. In the mistress's room or other safe place, a locked cupboard for medicine and medical necessities is an important adjunct.

Margaret gave us a very emphatic warning against buying furniture from any but a thoroughly trustworthy tradesman. Otherwise, in the course of a few months drawers refuse to shut and cracks appear in every direction. She also warned us against buying articles, however good, in accordance with any temporary fashion unless they are really good and elegant in themselves. Curious fashions soon die out, and the furniture will then look peculiar and old-fashioned at once.

(*To be continued.*)

WHEN WE WERE GIRLS TOGETHER.

A STORY OF SCHOOL-GIRL LIFE.

By SARAH DOUDNEY.

CHAPTER X.

THE LOAN OF A LADDER.

"WHERE are Charlotte and Minnie?"

Miss Thornhill uttered the words with a sharp pang of self-reproach.

She had been dreaming, but it was not often that she indulged in the luxury of a day dream. It is a dangerous luxury at the best of times. Even if the dreamer is a prosperous woman and has plenty of leisure, she may pay a heavy price for her vague fancies. But Una Thornhill was a poor woman, a teacher, working hard for her bread, having need of all her strength and nerve and brain; and it was sheer madness to build a fancy castle out of the autumn leaves, and gild it with the mellow sunshine.

She gave herself an angry little shake, and collected her faculties. It was a rule of hers never to lose sight of the pupils under her charge. She did not suffer them to feel that her eye was constantly upon them, but she always hovered at a safe distance, and not even the wildest of them had ever rebelled against her gentle guardianship.

"They were here a little while ago," replied Jennet, absently.

Then, seeing a shade of anxiety on Miss Thornhill's features, she quickly added—

"I will go and find them."

"Stop," said Miss Thornhill, in a startled tone.

Minnie Wood, her hat in her hand, and her hair flying loose, came running round the angle of the wall at the top of her speed. She did not pause until she had reached the very spot where Miss Thornhill was standing, and then began to gasp out broken sentences which no one could possibly understand.

Jennet's peach-like cheeks grew pale. She thought that some terrible disaster had suddenly befallen Charlotte Ashley, and her conscience, ever sensitive, smote her for having cherished resentment against the girl. It would have been so easy to have loved Charlotte, if Charlotte had been willing to be loved!

But Miss Thornhill was not alarmed so quickly. She had read Minnie's character, and knew her to be a timid girl, who tried to deceive everyone by assuming airs of dauntlessness. It was the real Minnie, nervous, full of causeless fears, who was standing before them at this moment; and the teacher hastened to soothe her.

"Get your breath, my child," she said, quietly. "Now you can't make me believe that anything dreadful has happened. I suppose Charlotte is at her tricks?"

"She—she has got into the grounds," stammered Minnie, at last.

"Is that all? Of course, it was very naughty and foolish to go trespassing; but how did she manage to get in?"

"With a l—ladder. We found it on the grass."

"Well, if she went up she can come down," said Miss Thornhill, briskly, beginning to move.

"No, no, no! A man came for the ladder, and then I ran away."

Jennet laughed outright, partly from a sense of relief; and Minnie, despite her agitation, shot an angry glance at her.

"You have been rather cowardly," said Miss Thornhill. "You should have told the man that a young lady had climbed upon the terrace."

"Oh, I couldn't! He was a rude man; he called out 'Hi, there!'"

"I don't believe he meant to be rude. Anyhow, we must make our peace with him, and get him to lend us the ladder."

Meanwhile Charlotte, having gone as far as she chose, and having taken good care to keep out of sight of any one who chanced to be at the windows, bethought herself of returning to Minnie Wood.

She had had her whim, but, after all, the gratification was slight. The great desolate grounds, the weird pines, and silent paths, seemed to exercise a depressing influence upon a spirit always quick to receive impressions. If some gay companion had played at hide-and-seek with her in those old gardens, the whole place would have assumed a different aspect. But the silence and solitude were overpowering her gaiety; even the sunflowers seemed to be wasting their glories, and the faint, sweet breath of the autumn roses was full of sadness. Charlotte was seized with an intense longing to quit the spot, and never see it again.

She speedily made her way back to the place where she had left the ladder and Minnie. But Minnie was gone; and, what was more important, the ladder was gone too.

"She has taken it away!" murmured Charlotte, flushed with sudden anger. "Yet no; she wouldn't have had the pluck to dare me! I know what Minnie is, the greatest coward in the school, and a bit of a sneak, too. Can the Fowler girl have done it, I wonder? No; she holds fast to Miss Thornhill, and won't leave her side for anything."

She planted her little feet on the edge of the wall, and looked down wistfully at the grass. Could she jump? The height was too great, although, after all, she was not so very far above the ground.

It would not do, she supposed, to go up to the house and throw herself upon the mercy of its inmates? She had invented so many fictions about Ham House that she almost believed them herself. Casting a hasty glance towards the back entrance, she conjured up that weird figure of a necromancer, dark robe, conical cap, wand and all, just as she had described him a dozen times to her schoolfellows. No; she did not think she could approach that mysterious portal all alone.

The afternoon was on the wane; those golden lights, sliding lower and lower down the branches of the trees, told that the hour of departure was nigh at hand. What if Minnie, afraid to tell of their exploit, were to feign ignorance of Charlotte's whereabouts, and Miss Thornhill, after a vain search, were to proceed to the railway station without her?

"My brain must be giving way," thought the girl, with a smile at her own expense. "They will all be here presently; only—only—they do keep one waiting such a very long time!"

Her faith was rewarded. Miss Thornhill, walking much faster than usual, suddenly appeared in sight, with Pamela Rye and Agnes Quinton at her heels. Very much in the rear was Minnie, looking decidedly sheepish, and trying to pin up her dishevelled hair.

"So you are in a scrape, Charlotte," said the teacher, looking up at the dark eyes that gazed brightly, yet a little defiantly, down at her.

"My exploring instincts have led me a trifle too far," admitted the young lady, airily.

"And too high, it seems. Pray how are we to get you down?"

"Dear Miss Thornhill, I thought your fertile brain——"

"Don't depend too much on my fertile brain; depend, rather, on Jennet Fowler's strong limbs and capable tongue. She has run after the labourer, and is persuading him to lend us his ladder."

"I should think labourers would be quite in her line; she is sure to succeed with him," said Charlotte.

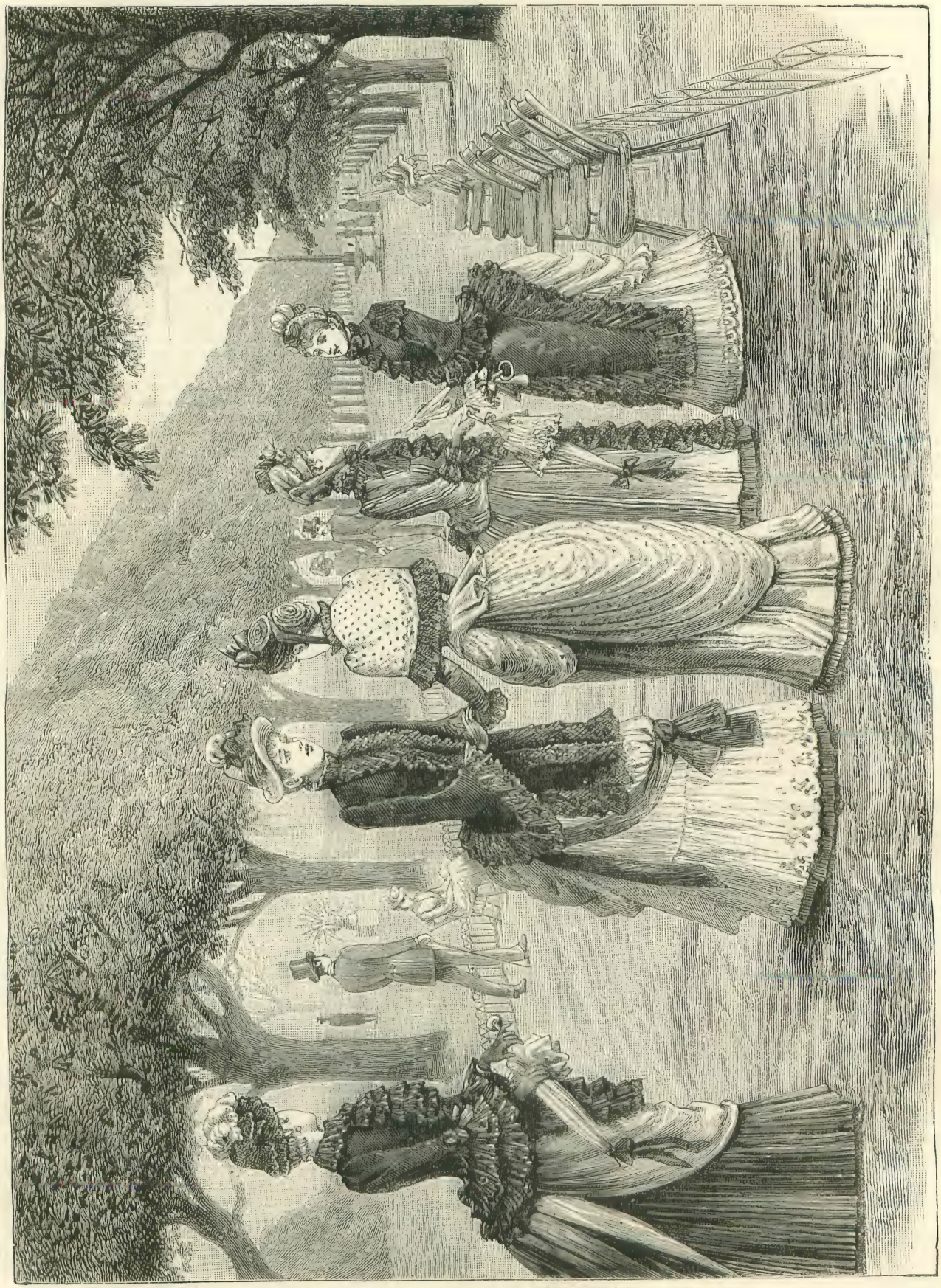
But when she had uttered the words, she was a little ashamed of them.

There was perfect silence. If Pamela felt inclined to smile she did not choose to yield to the inclination; Agnes was a grave, good-natured girl, who was seldom amused by anything in the shape of satire; and Minnie, whose laugh was usually so ready to follow one of Charlotte's sallies, was obviously too much crushed to appreciate any smart speeches. Miss Thornhill's features clearly expressed a quiet contempt.

Long afterwards, Charlotte recalled that foolish sentence of hers, and saw, as if it were painted on canvas, the silent group at the foot of the wall. Foremost in that group was Miss Thornhill, with her haughty face and tall figure; and somehow she had never looked haughtier and taller than she did at that moment. For a background, there were the autumn trees; the golden lights slanting here and there; the red and russet leaves scattered over the deep-green sod.

"Here comes Jennet," said Agnes Quinton, in a tone of relief, "and the man is with her, carrying the ladder."

(*To be continued.*)



THE LONG WALK, REGENT'S PARK.—OUT-OF-DOOR MANTLES AND GOWNS.

DRESS: IN SEASON AND IN REASON.

By A LADY DRESSMAKER.

THE columns of the weekly papers have been full of the dresses worn at the private views of the Royal Academy and the Grosvenor Galleries; for here everyone of note in London congregates in the first days of the early spring, and as everyone seems to have a new dress for one or the other occasion, there is a chance of gleaning an idea of what the really nice people will wear later on. Nothing is more remarkable than the growth of individuality in clothes; and I feel personally delighted with every sign of its progress, for then I think we shall gain the halcyon days when all will dress according to their real station and wants, and not purchase this or that because it is pretty, or "Miss So-and-so has it." If we bring that valuable common sense to bear on the matter, we shall see that we were intended to use our intellect and reason on all the circumstances of life; on our food as well as on our clothing. If God had clothed us, like the birds and beasts, to whom He gave instinct only, it would have been different; but we are ourselves to choose the best and most suitable articles in food and clothing, to increase our usefulness to man, and our power in doing service to our Maker.

Black silk and satin were very largely worn at both the private views, and with them jetted trimmings and small black bonnets, or large black lace hats, with considerable tufts of yellow or pinkish feathers. Very few flowers were seen, although just at present they seem to be more in favour. One dress of pale dove-coloured cashmere, very simply made, had a large dolman or cape-mantle of the same material and colour, and a large white felt hat with white feathers was worn with it at the Royal Academy. Miss Millais, the daughter of the celebrated artist, wore a frock of woollen material, with velvet spots on it, the ground colour being dark blue and the spots red. The bonnet appeared so very small that only a red bow was seen in front, with red strings under the chin, but the general effect was pretty and girlish. Two other young girls wore frocks of willow-coloured cashmeres, with brocade velvet, which was of the same green, but had a shade of pink mixed in; and the hats worn

SUMMER DRESSES.

were of green velvet with pink feathers. This last was a mixture well known to our grandmothers; and very pretty and becoming it is to dark people, with fair, clear complexions. A great many natural flowers were seen. If a sash or belt were used, they were placed in it, but otherwise they were pinned on the left side of the chest, but not at the throat. Scarf pins were much used as bonnet pins, instead of brooches.

Nearly all the mantles seen at present are coloured, or have some colour in them; but as the weather improves and gets warmer, black mantles of beaded gauze will be used; and, indeed, I have rarely seen such handsome mantles of every kind prepared for any season as for the present. Yak lace and Yak net, or lace in the piece, are much employed for them as well as for dresses; and for the former are made up over a colour, as blue Yak lace and canvas over a skirt of red silk, and a bodice lining of the same. Brown canvas and Yak lace are generally made-up over brown silk; but a shade of tan colour or cream may also be used. Very stout people must avoid the rough-looking textiles, as they all serve to increase their apparent size; and, curiously enough, as a "stout party" has just complained to me, have made them feel stout as well. The canvases with a very open mesh will not, I think, wear very well, as they will be liable to pull and tear, and may also grow rough on the surface. But all these thin materials will be invaluable to the possessors of half-worn silks, and indeed of any dresses which they can manage to re-trim with a coloured canvas to match. We are very lucky also this year in the numbers of pretty ready-made skirts of all prices and materials to be found in the shops.

The variety and number of these canvas materials is quite remarkable. Some of them are really as coarse and open as hempen sacking; and there are numberless varieties between that and the fine silken stuff called "Malines," which has velvet brocade or *moiré* stripes on it. The two canvases most used are of a plain character, and the colour is brown, shaded up to tan-colour, and some of the new greens of the year, which resemble willow leaf, or maple green.

There are also many of the soft silks and satins offered for sale this year at extremely moderate prices, which form such capital summer dresses, a saving in washing, and much more useful than sateen, from the fact that when well made and trimmed with lace they look suitable on all occasions.

Although I have been careful to illustrate, describe, and give the pattern of a small mantle this month, I think that during the summer we shall see very few of them worn by young girls, for the popularity of the whole army of jackets is so great with them, and jerseys of all shapes and forms are so completely re-established in popular favour. But I have not only my married girls to think of, but also elder sisters and mammas; and these always require a mantle of some sort, be it summer or winter.

All the newest gowns of tailor-make appear to have an open front with coat lapel, and a waistcoat let in of white or blue linen, or sometimes nankeen. Two dresses of this style were illustrated at page 137 of the December part. The material with which they are suitable would be blue or black serge of fine texture. The popularity of waistcoats to all kinds is unabated. A little further on I have described the method of putting a waistcoat into the fronts of an ordinary bodice-pattern.

"Accordion skirts" are still worn for woollen materials, the edges of the skirts being tucked with several narrow tuckings. But of the "housemaid skirt" we see very few, as most girls found it too trying and plain. Washing materials are often made with very narrow flounces, and have much decoration in the way of lace and ribbon. All kinds of embroidered stuffs, the dresses being generally sold in boxes, with ready-prepared trimmings, are in high favour. When arranged in this manner the home dressmaker is greatly helped in her undertaking; as she has the illustration given with her dress to go by, and the trimmings so prepared as to preclude any possibility of making a mistake, I should think. The entire skirt is embroidered, or merely the front breadths, and the front of the bodice, or the embroidery of different widths is supplied for trimming. This embroidery can also be purchased in red, blue, grey, cream-colour, and other shades, to suit any dress.

Black lace jackets are much used, and are made of piece-net precisely as any other bodice is cut, with darts and side-pieces. Swiss belts are made of lace also, and are sometimes entirely composed of jet beads. All kinds of black dresses are much worn; and for the summer, dresses of thin black Surah silk with black lace ruffles will be preferred to grenadines.

Some of the newest bonnets are made on gold and silver wire foundations. They are first covered with thin net, and then with tulle of the same hue. Black beaded tulle bonnets are made in the same way. When the net is in a heavy pattern of beads it is laid plainly on the foundation. The newest idea, however, seems to be to string beads into designs of flowers, leaves, and arabesques, and make up the bonnet of these, with no lining at all, so that the hair may be seen through it. A spray of flowers and lace forms the trimming. Lace is used as rosettes and as strings, Chantilly and its imitations being the favourites. Yellow and cream-coloured laces are used for Tuscan straws, on which we also see the old-fashioned yellow and straw-coloured ribbons. Violets, especially Parma violets, have been in much favour this last month; and for young girls wild flowers are adopted, as being the most suitable, the large daisies, both yellow and white, being quite as popular as they were last summer. They are mixed with ferns, grasses, and moss. Both hats and bonnets made of lace entirely seem to me the best for selection for those who are obliged to consider economy, as the trimming, and even the style, can be altered by bending them to any shape.

In the large full-page illustration I have endeavoured to give all the various kinds of out-of-door costume, hats and bonnets included. The black lace hat at the extreme left is a very easily made thing, and any girl can compass it for herself when she has the shape, the lace, and a little thin black silk for

SUMMER MANTLE—PAPER PATTERN.

the lining. The mantle is of black cashmere and lace, the dress of greyish-blue cashmere. The next figure wears a white straw hat, trimmed with deep maroon velvet and a white feather. The mantle is black matelassé silk, the dress a challis, with a white ground and maroon velvet sashes. The centre figure wears a plain and chenille spotted cashmere. The long cloak is made of one of the new velvet striped canvases, the colour being tan and maroon in stripes, and having maroon lace trimmings, with a canvas bonnet, and maroon feathers and velvet. The mantle worn by the figure furthest off is made of rich silk, and is suitable for an older person.

The four figures of our illustration of indoor dress are pretty and useful. That on the extreme left wears a gown of fitted grenadine and satin. The next figure wears a blue zephyr, striped with red, made with a polonaise. The frock worn by the young girl in the window is a cream-coloured canvas, with dark blue velveteen or velvet skirt, Swiss belt, cuffs, and band. The paper pattern given last month will serve as a guide by which to make this pretty bodice, and if plain coat-sleeves be needed, any of the other bodice patterns that have been given will answer for them.

The last figure, on the extreme right, wears a gown of printed challis, with embroidered borders for trimmings. The velvet-ribbon must match the colour of the flowers on the dress. The under-petticoat may be of plain challis, or, still better, of a silk to match the flowers. This is one of the prettiest models of the summer, and is very simple, both in make and trimming.

Before I go further I must say a word about stockings and gloves. In the former, plain black are as much used as ever. Generally, if worn with a coloured dress, they are spotted with a colour to match. With coloured costumes stockings to match should be worn. Low, round heels have taken the place of high ones, and the toes are of more sensible shape in both boots and shoes. Bronze kid is worn with brown dresses, and velvet shoes for indoor use.

The undressed kid gloves are in favour, and of the "Mousquetaire" shape. Plain linen collars and cuffs are again worn, the corners being turned down in front, instead of being square. Dress bands are very high indeed, and little frilling is seen.

A few words in recapitulation on the subject of the paper patterns. One paper pattern only of one of the garments illustrated, and of a medium size (36 inches round the shoulders), is prepared each month. Twelve patterns a year will thus be given; a number sufficient for the wants of any average girl. The greatest care will always be taken to give the best and newest shapes, and all the patterns that have been given, as well as the new ones, can be obtained at any time. No other patterns save those described and announced will be obtainable. Each pattern can be had by sending one shilling postal order to the Lady Dressmaker, care of Mr. H. G. Davies, 73, Ludgate Hill, London.

Judging from what I see, the short close-fitting jacket with loose or tight fronts continues, and will continue to be, one of the most fashionable, as it is one of the most useful garments of the year, especially for young girls. This was the first paper pattern given—*i.e.*, the braided jacket at page 409. The prettiest jackets I have lately seen of this kind were made of corduroy. One was in dark green, with silver buttons, and was charming. The pattern was very simple, and any girl could manage to produce it for herself.

The second paper pattern of the velvet bodice illustrated on page 472 is also an excellent one. If a full plastron be not desired it can be turned into a waistcoat front by merely fitting the lining in front, apart from its proper covering, and covering the lining with the material designed for the waistcoat. The bodice covering is then cut off in coat fashion, and the edges lined and properly finished. The waistcoat is not made apart, as many people think, but is only simulated by the bodice lining.

The pattern selected for the present month is a mantle, which I have endeavoured to illustrate fully and carefully; and I must ask all those who undertake to make it to observe the notches, and carefully place them together as cut. It is in three pieces: back and sleeve in one piece, front, and the collar. The quantity of material, twenty-two inches wide, required to make it, will be three-and-a-half yards. The style of trimming will be selected by the wearer, and may be lace and jet; or, if of the dress material, would be trimmed with the same. In order to find out the quantity of lace needed, the measurements must be taken. The amount will probably be from seven to eight yards. The fronts and edges are faced with bias silk: the seams neatly overcast, if the mantle be not lined. The fronts will need hooks and eyes, and the collar should be lined with crinoline or buckram. When cut out and tacked together, the mantle should be tried on, and any alterations needed may be made. But the top of the sleeve should not be changed where it is gathered between the two double notches of the pattern.

VARIETIES.

How a Daughter Managed her Father.

A landed proprietor in Westmeath was much attached to field sports, so much so, indeed, that nothing a daughter could say would induce him to take a house in Dublin, where a gentleman lived for whom she had a deep attachment.

One fine morning the squire was amazed to receive a threatening letter. He put it in the fire, but the next post brought another, and the following morning's post a third; the last illustrated with a spirited sketch of a coffin. The recipient showed them to the nearest stipendiary magistrate, and ere long a number of detectives were busy in the neighbourhood; but they utterly failed both to discover the sender of the objectionable epistles, and to stop fresh ones from pouring in with every mail.

At last the threatened man gave in, and took a house in Dublin for some months, and before long he found himself turned into a father-in-law.

The wedding breakfast was over, and the happy pair were about to start for their honeymoon trip, when the bride threw her arms round her father's neck and said—

"Go home, father; no one will hurt a hair of your head. It was I who wrote the threatening letters that scared you away. I wished to come to Dublin, and as you would not agree, I thought I should try the Ribbon scheme, and succeeded."

A Wise Dog.—There are many stories of dogs who carry money to shops in order to obtain food, but the following incident, which was communicated to a Bristol paper, is, if authentic, probably unparalleled even in canine records. A Bristol dog was allowed by a certain butcher to receive his meat on trust, the butcher scoring each pennyworth supplied on a board with a piece of chalk. One day our canine friend saw that the man made two marks with the chalk instead of one, and he immediately seized another piece of meat, and, despite all the efforts of the butcher to detain him, ran off home with both pieces in his mouth.

A Cure for Consumption.

In Scotland nettles and southernwood, or, as it is called, muggins or mugwort, are held to be good for the cure of consumption. "The funeral of a young woman who had died of consumption," says Dr. Robert Chambers, "was passing on the highroad on the margin of the Frith of Clyde, above Port Glasgow, when a mermaid raised her head from the water, and in slow admonitory tones uttered the following lines:—

> 'If they wad drink nettles in March,
> And eat muggins in May,
> Sae mony braw maidens
> Wadna gang to the clay.'

As may be readily surmised, muggins or mugwort and a decoction of nettles form a favourite prescription for consumption among the common people."

Music in the Time of Queen Elizabeth.—Music during the long reign of Elizabeth seems to have been in universal cultivation, as well as in universal esteem. Tinkers sang catches, milkmaids sang ballads, carters whistled, each trade and even the beggars had their especial songs, the bass-viol hung in the drawing-room for the amusement of waiting visitors, and the lute, cittern, and virginals (for the amusement of waiting customers) were the necessary furniture of the barber's shop. They had music at dinner, music at supper, music at weddings, music at funerals, music at night, music at dawn, music at work, and music at play.—*W. Chappell.*

The Use of Tears.—The utility of tears to animals in general, and particularly to those which are exposed much to the dust, such as birds which live amidst the wind, is easy to understand: the eye would soon be dirtied and blocked up had not Nature provided this friendly, ever-flowing stream to wash and refresh it. A very little fluid is necessary to keep the eye always clear and clean; but here again we must admire the wondrous mechanism which works the human body, for it is to be observed that when, through some accident or hurt, the eyeball has need of more water than usual to cleanse it, Nature at once turns on a more abundant supply of tears.

In conversation, always look at those whom you are talking to, never at those whom you are talking of.

Pleasing and Pleased.—She who can please nobody is not so much to be pitied as she whom nobody can please.

Answer to Doudle Acrostic (p. 606):—

1. SennacheriB
2. OtrantO
3. UanapU
4. TimouR
5. HobsoN (*a*)
6. AganippE (*b*)
7. MiniM (*c*)
8. PizzicatO
9. ThoU
10. OudinoT
11. NorwicH (*d*)

Southampton Bournemouth

(*a*) Whence the proverbial expression of "Hobson's choice."

(*b*) The Muses were sometimes styled "Aganippides."

(*c*) In early musical notation there were only three notes, the breve, semibreve, and minimus (least); the breve has dropped out of use, and the minim is now almost the greatest.

(*d*) The Triennial Festival at Norwich is to aid the fund for supporting the necessitous widows and orphans of the diocesan clergy.

THE GEIRANGER FJORD.

OUR TOUR IN NORWAY.

THE DIARY OF TWO LONDON GIRLS.

Off Merok, in the Geiranger Fjord,
Wednesday, July 30, 3.30 a.m.

How delicious to escape from the tainted atmosphere, to enjoy the "incense-breathing morn,

Ere on the brake
His matins did a warbler make,
Or stirred his wing to brush away
A single dew-drop from the spray."

All is calm and tranquil, as I gaze once more into those pellucid fathoms of deep, translucent green. One snow-clad mountain kissed with the rosy blush of dawn; pretty waving grass on the hill tinged red and violet brown; the quaint, modest, painted timber church vividly defined; bronze-dyed huts gaily decked with green and gold. Merok still sleeps. Oh, fair vision! Oh, pensive hour!

And this is that day on which God gave my gentle mother this world's breath. How bright a day it used to be before God gave her life in heaven! It should now be brighter, better, more dearly hallowed. She would will it so.

A sweet, clear melody of rushing brook falls on my ear; a quivering bird soars by; a big brown fishing smack lies anchored near the huts, from which a man and woman unload their precious cargo of grass to store; blue smoke curls and wreathes amid its bower of greenery; sweet scented air fans my flushed cheek; and over those mystic, magic halls that seem to kiss both sky and lake, day's harbinger comes forth. Then boats of azure tint and variegated green put off from Merok, laden with those who gained their rest on shore, and there is a hubbub and a bustle. I still lean over the side, and as we plough the clear lake,

THE TROLLTINDEN MOUNTAINS IN THE ROMSDALEN.

I see deep down myriad brilliant shades of orange, blue, purple, green, violet, red, playing on white foam, feathery spray, and crystal drops; for countless waterfalls attend the Seven Sisters' Court, and all shine in regal splendour. I glance at the sky for a rainbow; there is not one; but, here in the depths they glow, and on those cliffs gigantic, vast, rampageous, weird, while floating around, above, beneath, are filmy forms and shadowy shapes; and I am paralysed with amazement and delight.

Vestnœs, 11 o'clock p.m.

Is it possible that a day can surpass this for grandeur, sublimity, and loveliness? I think not. The whole voyage from Merok, through the Geiranger Fjord, Sunely's Fjord, Slyng's Fjord, and Stor Fjord to Soholt, I believe, must be unrivalled. Perfect weather, exquisite and varied scenery, amiable and entertaining society, and excellent meals. What more can mortal want? Soholt is most beautifully situated; with it we were charmed, and ardently wished we could stay there; but we were due at Vestnœs at night. The landlord kindly procured us a stolkjœrre immediately through to Vestnœs, which a gentleman, who was in a hurry, politely tried to inveigle us to let him use; but we could hardly afford to be so unselfish, especially as many others (ladies included) were waiting for conveyances. I was half inclined to remind the gentleman that he did not vacate his bedroom the night before for the benefit of two ladies, or we should naturally reciprocate the generous action.

I think I never saw a picture so sumptuously rich, so gorgeous, so luxurious as at midday when ascending the hill from Soholt. The sun, "high in the vault of cloudless blue," and lavish with heat, shed brilliancy and misty vapours. Across the sparkling Stor Fjord our little steam packet (now a tiny speck) was losing itself in softly heaving mountains clothed in rich blue haze. To left and right dense forests of pine in protean hues of green, and dark velvety brown; on left, more magnificently purpled mountains rearing tall crests to the sky, and in the far, far distance, amid grey clouds, more mountains, as if heaven's portals were opening to show other mountains beyond. There they stood, grand, erect, massive, bold, black as ebony, whose undulating bosoms and valleys were clad in sheeny snow, so dazzling that the eyelid droops oppressed, to pause before the eye dare look again. A deep, rich glow overspread the fiery dell, and the whole gorgeous mass was flaming with heat and glory.

I gazed long at this imposing and magnificent sight, fervid with passionate admiration and suspense, till a gentle trickle of water aroused me from my torpor, and turning I beheld close to me a deep, cool ravine where brooklet's merry laughter rang, and ahead a tall, silver-grey mountain, cold and lonely, to which we gradually approached. Soon a thick, dark mist enveloped it, and hid it from our view, while swift arrows pierced aslant glistening in sunbeams, and

"The brooklet raved, for on the hills
The upland showers had swoln the rills,
And down the torrents came;
Muttered the distant thunder dread,
And frequent o'er the vale was spread
A sheet of lightning flame."

Is it thankless or discordant to admit I feel like one suddenly fallen into the lap of luxury and become replete with satiety? I am bursting with desire to portray what I have seen, but, at the same time, I am utterly powerless, and writhe with contempt at my want of power.

	kr.	ore.
Steamer to Soholt	5	60
Three meals on board for two	10	40
Stolkjœrre to Vestnœs ..	6	35

Hotel Romsdal, Veblungsnœs.
July 31st.

Last night we were not prepossessed with the appearance of our apartment, but this morning, after having slept soundly, our verdict is that we could not be more comfortable. The farm house is very antiquated, and is opposite the little church of Vestnœs, with its small portion of "God's acre" full of humble graves and black crosses. After breakfast I went into the kitchen, where an old woman was making an enormous supply of porridge, so I appealed to the bright young girl (in clean white shirt and ornamented scarlet bodice) who had waited on us at meals for replies to my inquisitiveness. She was shy at first, not being able to converse much in English, but after a while she told me she was the daughter of the bönder, or owner of the farm, that the porridge was for the servants, of whom they keep thirty in summer, about four or five in winter. The labourers work on the farm from four till seven, when they breakfast; from eight till eleven, when they have midday meal and two hours' rest, then return to their labours till four, teatime, and again work till nine. This young girl appeared the essence of happiness and good-humour; when I asked her if she were dull in winter, she replied, "Oh, no! I play." Whereupon I, of course, led her to the piano, and begged her to amuse us with some Norwegian airs, which she did at once, and her execution was remarkably good. She had enjoyed the tuition of a master for one year only, and yet she played through five or six pieces of music without hesitation or mistake. I thought she might well put to the blush many a London young lady who has studied for some years, and yet refuses to gratify a few friends when desired to cheer a monotonous half hour.

Herr Stokkeland, the bönder, intends to give the farm to his eldest son next year, as he and his wife are getting too old, and his son is about to be married. Einara, the pretty young daughter, who presented me with her card, says she shall never be married, and if she happens to do so she has resolved only to wear a sprig of myrtle behind her left ear; the girls in Vestnœs, having forsaken the gilt crowns, wear high tiaras of flowers, but she considers them very ugly. I advised her to serve coffee with boiling milk in future, which she said she would do if English people like it better.

Einara took us a lovely walk through the hayfields (where the peasants were busy raising haycocks) to a flagstaff on an eminence, whence we obtained a grand and extensive view of the surrounding country, the Molde Fjord, and gorgeous mountains. In very hot weather the peasants rest during the day and labour at night. The summer is very short, the winter very long. Rye is sown early in November, which month is called "slaughter month," because then the bönder kills and salts a certain number of sheep and cows according to the requirements of his family. In winter no outdoor work can be done except felling trees and bringing heavy loads over the frozen snow. Every trace of vegetation is hidden under several feet of snow. It is a season of feasting and social enjoyment and cessation from labour, and Christmas is kept right merrily. During winter months the cattle are fed indoors, for which purpose the tender branches and leaves of trees are stored for their support.

In the farmhouse at Vestnœs we made the acquaintance of four ladies who had been to the North Cape, and had a thoroughly successful trip, and who were now, like us, *en route* to the Romsdal. Kate and I thought of taking the steamer to Molde (about an hour's voyage, and very inexpensive) and walking up the hill called the Varden, but we ultimately decided to take the steamer at half-past one for Veblungsnœs. We and the four ladies were sorry to bid adieu to Einara, and I fancy I saw her brush away a tear as she stole a parting glance from behind the white lace curtain. I hope if she visits London she will not forget her promise to come to see me.

We much enjoyed our dinner on board, although the salad was dressed with sugar instead of salt; a good cup of coffee followed on deck.

Such a glorious day! Grand, dark mountains mantled with dazzling snow, a rippling, jewelled fjord, the jagged and rugged peaks of Romsdalshorn and Trolltinderne, and we approach Veblungsnœs. A walk of three minutes, with a boy to carry our luggage, and we are located at the Romsdal about five p.m.

At supper I sat next to Marie Brown, an American authoress, who tells me she is travelling (free of cost) for five years through Norway and Sweden, collecting materials for two large volumes, entitled, "The Sunny North." She seems anxious to induce the Norwegians to alter some of their primitive customs, and to have bigger hotels for the accommodation of her American sisters and brothers; but, as I told her, my idea is this: let beautiful Norway remain much as it is, and those who enjoy rusticity, beauty, peace, and simplicity travel over its glorious scenes, but those who yearn for big dinners, plenty of attention, and creature comforts—why, they had better roam in other lands where they can obtain the things they like best. We saw some seals tossing and tumbling in the Stor Fjord yesterday, and a handsome snake on the road to Vestnœs. A strange coincidence happened to the three ladies at Hellesylt. They were put into a bedroom where the roof was wanting repair, and in consequence of the rain they had to sit under their umbrellas all night. These ladies (not elderly, as I carelessly wrote in my previous article,) struck me as being unusually happy in having travelled a great deal, by which they knew how to get over difficult ground with more than usual ease. They, in fact, had acquired the philosophy of true travellers, and made themselves and all about them happy as with a magic wand. Their nephew and friend evidently were much impressed in their favour, as also were Kate and I.

We are quite in love with Veblungsnœs. Its situation is most charming, and the little hamlet is so quiet and peaceful. The people seem gentle, and speak gently. We cannot help remarking on their soft voices and quiet demeanour. We remained on the hill behind this hotel till half-past ten, and I think we have not seen a lovelier twilight. In the west was a streak of deep gold; a soft, mysterious, deep blue haze enshrouded the distant peaks, and veiled the glimmering snow; boldly against the paling sky stood forth the eccentric Romsdalshorn, and at our feet the placid fjord lay hushed to rest. We culled large bundles of lovely grasses, the stems of which are brilliant crimson and gold.

	kr.	ore.
Bill at Vestnœs—supper, beds, breakfast	6	0
Einara	1	0
Luggage to steamer	1	45
Tickets to Veblungnœs.. ..	4	40
Dinner on steamer, including coffee	4	40

The Pension Hotel, Aak,
Friday, August 1.

After breakfast, Herr Torke, who is kindness itself, planned to forward our luggage to Aak, three miles, so that we might walk. My friend had a pair of boots soled last night in two hours, so I took a pair this morning, and about half-past nine we went to see Skomager Olsen, and sat an hour with him. An extraordinary little humped-backed cobbler, with a pair of merry, twinkling eyes, and as honest a face as we wish to see. His

wife was singing, and folding a quantity of clean linen, whilst the fair-haired little daughter, Marie, talked to us, and made us accept all she could find to give us; a few dried leaves, some pretty tiny shells, and a Christmas card with a text in Norske. She pressed us to take an English copy of "Eugene Aram," which her brother, who is at sea, had left with her, but we would not so far trespass upon her generosity. We inscribed our names in her birthday text book, while they wrote their autographs for us on a slip of paper. While lost in admiration of the mysteries of the cobbler's art, who should come in and sit down to sew up a grass pillow, but Herr Torke, the proprietor of "the Romsdal," a big man, with a genial countenance. We all had a good laugh, and tried to make each other understand. Not one of them knew English; and to us naturally the position of affairs had its comical side. Cobbler Olsen was highly amused that we should shake his dingy-looking hand; we had quite an affectionate parting. He only charged four kröner thirty ore for putting strong soles to two pairs of boots, and repairing the heels. Marie was delighted with our small farewell token.

The walk to Aak was delightful, but intensely hot. The roadsides were thick with raspberries, with which we refreshed ourselves. We dined at three in the Hotel Aak, after which the four ladies invited us to tea outside the dépendance. Mrs. Russell and Miss Smith had letters to write, so Miss Wriggle and Mrs. Gwynne decided to go a jaunt with us.

Exhilarated and refreshed, laughing and chatting, we trudged through deep sand, by Blaafjeld, and up the valley, where an old woman accosted us, and insinuated the way to her sœter. Thither we followed, when she produced several wooden tubs containing milk, cream, sour milk with a thick surface of cream, most tempting in appearance, and thin, delicious, crisp round cakes of fladbrod, stamped with elegant designs. Kate and I confined our attention to the fresh cream, while Miss Wriggle and the widow lady exhibited a keen appreciation of the thickened acidulous junket. Here we drank to my father's birthday. It seemed a desolate existence, this old woman's. I imagined the pig would enter soon to be her only companion for the night. The natives live to a good old age, but, I daresay, in the mountains many die for want of attention and advice. A young doctor is provided to preside over a district of forty miles in extent, generally for a term of two years, after which melancholy isolation he is presumed to be qualified for better things. This is a glorious valley, environed by mountains to the height of four and five thousand feet, whose sides are sheerly perpendicular; a deep mantle of snow covers their summits, and fills all the ravines wherever practicable for it to lie. The Horn, 4,960 feet, is a most picturesque object, terminating in two cusps, of which the highest is crowned by a pillar, to show that even its savage precipices have been scaled by man.

The Norwegian peasant rigidly adheres to the customs and manner of living of his forefathers. They have a peculiar mode of making their bread. The dough being first prepared—made of wheaten flour, of barley, oat, or rye meal, according to circumstances and situation—is afterwards rolled into round sheets thinner than pancakes, which are thrown and turned by one person on a flat sheet of iron placed on a fire, while another rolls out the cakes. By this means two persons in a very short space of time prepare cakes enough for the supply of an entire family for several months. This is called "*flad*," or "fladbrod," and will keep a year if put in a dry place. The oldest is thought to be the best, and in former times the woman was esteemed a good housewife who saved for her son's wedding a piece of bread that she had baked for his christening. In times of scarcity the peasants are obliged to have recourse to an old custom, as a disagreeable but sure method of preserving life. They take the bark of the fir-tree, boil and dry it before the fire, then grind it to meal, and mix a little oatmeal with it. It has a bitter and resinous taste, and does not afford much nourishment; but even in the most plentiful times they will occasionally eat it, that they may be prepared against a time of scarcity. They also make a kind of hasty pudding of oatmeal and barley-meal, which they call soup, and in which they sometimes boil a pickled herring or a half-salted mackerel or salmon. They kill cows, sheep, and goats for winter stock, which they pickle, cut in thin slices, dry in the wind, and eat like hung beef. This they call "skarke," and it requires a ploughman's stomach to digest it. Fish is a great and general commodity. Their general drink is small beer in winter, milk and water in summer, and strong beer at Christmas. They are fond of smoking and chewing tobacco. They make several kinds of cheese, particularly one from sour milk, called old Northern cheese. It is made of thickened sour milk, from which the cream has been skimmed. Of this a large quantity is collected from time to time, which is boiled for half an hour, and churned during the boiling; the caseous part then precipitates, the whey is poured off, and the warm curds are put into moulds and strongly pressed. After two days the cheeses are taken from the moulds and put to dry in a tolerably warm place until they begin to ferment and get soft in parts. They are then brought nearer to the fire, in order that their surfaces may dry, and afterwards are piled one on another in a close room till autumn, when they are surrounded with straw, packed in casks, and stored in warm cellars. In Koraas the makers have cheese cases for keeping them, in which they improve exceedingly. The cheeses thus preserved increase in value the older they become, and the more full they are of broken parts, as they acquire no impurities. This cheese, when good, is of a brown colour, thin, has rather a strong smell, and a remarkably sharp taste; it assists digestion, and is regarded by the country people as a remedy for a variety of complaints. Another sort of cheese is made, called *miss smor orst*, principally of the fresh milk of sheep and goats, unskimmed. Of the butter milk, they, by boiling, make a species of cheese called *knage ost*. The dishes formed from milk are numerous.

Hotel Aak (pronounced Oak) has been bought by Mr. Wills, of the Bristol Bird's Eye tobacco. After supper we made arrangements with Mr. Landmark to supply us a guide and luncheon for to-morrow, and we hope to rise early and do a mountain. We hope to take Blaafjeld, over 5,000 feet.

Bill at the Romsdal, Veblungsnœs:

	kr. ore.
Supper, beds, breakfast	5 20
Conveyance of luggage to Aak ..	0 50

Hotel Aak, The Romsdal,
August 2.

Most glorious morning. Lively breakfast; and about eight o'clock the widow lady, Miss Wriggle, Kate, and I, accompanied by the heavily-handicapped Ingebret, sallied forth, casting over the bridge a loving, lingering glance at Rauma's crystal depths, so fascinatingly alluring.

Wending our way to the side of Blaafjeld, we commenced our ascent, from which point it was impossible to descry the summit. Blithely and steadily we climbed, beneath birch and alder, over loose and rugged stones, upon rich parterres of brown-gold moss and emerald ferns, dwarf shrubs of bilberry and molteboer clothed in autumnal hues of golden yellow, tinged with pink and deep dark red; now and again pausing to respire and scan the distant height, till we reached a sheet of snow, where we rested. Even here the fiat of Ingebret was still "Move on, ladies." Fifteen hundred feet had yet to be accomplished. How many times we ask, "Is this the top?" and begin vague speculations as to what Ingebret's wallet contains. At last, the acme of our bliss, Ingebret plants his stick firmly on a stone, and, surveying us with a look of pardonable pride, says, "This is the top." We cast ourselves in a recumbent attitude, and with limbs stretched to their full extent, devote a few moments to panting and other recuperative measures, while Ingebret kindles a fire for women's chief consoler—tea. We were almost disposed to grumble at Mr. Landmark, who, in lieu of packing twelve hard-boiled eggs as proposed, had only sent a third of that number, with half a loaf and some butter. We had some biscuits, and our precious patent soother, and in so beautiful an arcadia it was not likely we should remember long the trivial negligence of our host. With greedy appetites we were about to attack our frugal repast, when Miss Wriggle exclaimed, "What are those dark figures moving in the snow yonder?"

"Surely they are bears!" ejaculated Mrs. Gwynne, with a wry face.

"Then we must be off at once," expostulated Miss Wriggle, but, before we could distinguish the last word, her lap of luncheon was all upset, and she was a few yards on the wrong way down. Dismay had somewhat petrified us all, till we recalled to mind that between us and the bears was a gulf fixed, in the shape of a yawning gorge parting the mountains. A shout to Miss Wriggle soon brought her to bay, and we resumed our task of demolishing the eggs, sincerely trusting that one of the four would not be green; for dark histories have reached us of how the Norwegians leave all the eggs in the nest till the last one is laid, so that the first gift of spring is likely to be peculiar (not to say nasty) in colour and flavour. Ingebret, a picturesque object in striped shirt and fur turban, ensconced himself in a shady nook to smoke his lengthy Norwegian pipe, from which we gathered we might leisurely revel in the beautiful scenes around us.

High in the ultramarine canopy of heaven sits the fiery king; the dazzling fjord sparkles with diamond, sapphire, chrysolite, and laves fair Molde's shore and Veblungsnœs, which modest hamlet entreats us once again to be its happy guests; patches of ripening corn and ruddy grass, where busy haymakers look but tiny specks; and near, almost within our touch (except for intervening gulfs), mystic peaks of Romsdalshorn, Vinde-Tinde, and more eccentric, jagged, toothlike crags, Trolltinderne. These "witch-cliffs" are especially conspicuous for their strange, fantastic pinnacles, which against the clear blue sky assume the form of, and have been named after, owls, dogs, men, &c. Olden tradition says that they are the witches and demons of heathenism, transformed into these enduring monuments at the time St. Olaf Christianised this valley by the powerful arguments of fire and sword.

Between four and five o'clock we began to trip down "on the light, fantastic toe," singing and shouting—as we all said, to give our lungs fair play. Our course was arrested by a fluttering, terrified brood of ryper. We counted the parents and seven young. A wretched hawk was hovering and swooping over them, and I fear their ingenuity in hiding would not prevent him carrying out his dark design. During our heated ascent Mrs. Gwynne had disencumbered herself of certain nether garments of woollen texture, which we

hid behind boulders, noting the place, so as to find them on the return journey; but we mistook the route, and if the sheep and goats suffer from indigestion our vivacious widow is decidedly the fair culprit.

Till *midnight we sat* "in the gloaming" outside the dépendance, talking over our happy day.

Two shares, guide up Blaafjeld, 3 kr.

(To be continued.)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MISCELLANEOUS.

GOTHIC.—"The Cathedral Churches of England and Wales," published by Cassell, would, we think, supply all the information you want.

A VERY PLAIN GIRL is thanked for her letter.

THE OSTRICH had better give her canary some green food, such as some groundsel or chickweed. A little change of diet is required.

MARION WAINWRIGHT must dip her hands in a weak solution of alum or salt and water.

J. H.—We should think it wiser for your aunt, while yet a young woman, to take a light situation as housekeeper, and save her £20 per annum.

ONE WHO IS IN TROUBLE.—After being a teacher in a school, you could take a situation as bookkeeper or clerk.

LUCIE AND ANNIE FRIENDS.—A lemon plant is not difficult to rear in the house. The leaves must be sponged regularly, and it will want water once a week.

A ROVER.—The ancient Romans reckoned from the founding of Rome, A.U.C. B.C. 753; the Mahomedans from the Hegira, or flight of the Prophet from Mecca, 16th July, 622; the Hindoo era of the deluge, the Cali Yuga, dates from B.C. 3101; the Greeks date from the Olympiads, dating from July 1st, 776 B.C.; the Chinese say that their first cycle began B.C. 2700.

SEMPER FIDELIS.—You must either employ a private genealogist or write to the Heralds' College, London, E.C., for information about your ancestors.

ARGUMENT.—Lady Jane Grey has been called the "Nine days Queen."

SEE SAW.—A military man on going into the Church drops his military title and rank, and becomes simply "The Rev." or Mr. So-and-So, in conversation.

JUANITA must consult Miss Caulfeild's articles on good breeding, which, under various titles, will be found in the G. O. P. Juanita should precede her hostess directly she is asked to do so. Oranges are eaten with both the dessert knife and fork, and are cut into halves and quarters, and the inside cut out from the rind with the aid of the knife.

LILY DATHAN.—We regret we cannot make such appeals through our columns.

E. F. Z.—Of course, if you find everyone at home you do not require to leave one of your cards. If there be two gentlemen in the house, you must leave cards both for your father and brother. We should think the work is a clever compilation of nonsense only.

MOTHER'S HELP.—All such home employments are obtained by advertising or inquiry. We regret we could not help you in any way.

MYOSOTIS.—You had better get a bird for your pet. A canary would be the best, being fairly hardy.

MOPPS.—Bathe the forehead with eau de Cologne and water several times a day. Give up all study for a week, and, as you live in Brighton, go out for a walk on the downs every day. In fact, live as much in the fresh air as you can. The cause of your trouble is over-fatigue.

LETTIE CRITCHON.—Write for full information on the subject of emigration to Canada to the Women's Emigration Society, Carteret-street, Queen Anne's Gate, S.W.

TILLY SLOPER would find plenty of *pensions* on the Lake of Thun at all prices. If she would like to go up to the mountains, she might try Beatenburg or the Wengern Alp, and there are numbers of *pensions* on the road to Lauterbrunnen.

MARGARET GILMORE had better allow "her dearest friend's brother" to call her by the name of his choice—"Miss So-and-So." Further intimacy will perhaps come, but the advances need not proceed from herself.

BEE.—Old-fashioned gentlemen take off the glove before shaking hands with a lady; but new ideas do not require such ceremony, and the modern gloves are too tight to allow of it.

ANEMONE.—We sympathise with Anemone in reference to the red "noze," of which she says she "wishes to get rid," especially as it "swells dreadfully." We should recommend her not to part with the article, all the same. Of course, "cold feet and hands" tend to make it red. Keep the circulation in good order, and the curious specimen described may improve in appearance.

X. Y. Z.—We give a specimen of the verses you enclose, having to correct an unscriptural statement—

> "Nature is what God has made,
> That man ne'er did touch.
> It is ev'ry root and blade
> God's own image such."

See Genesis i. 26 and 27. "Every root and blade" is certainly *not* "made in His image." In your last verse, also, you say that "God is Nature," which is equally false. The Divine Creator of all that exists cannot be confounded with the things and the ordinances He has made. Try to write sense, even if you cannot write poetry.

TEA ROSE.—The waters of the Dead Sea are not of a petrifying character. One of its names is Lake Asphaltites, from the quantities of bitumen which it contains; and its local name is Bar Lut, or "Sea of Lot." But it is very unequally charged with its various constituents. It is upwards of seven times salter than the ocean, and exceeds in saltness the Salt Lake of Utah. Certainly, you ought not to go out for a walk at night with a young man. Always return home before dark from your walks, and never take them for pleasure at any time without a female companion.

CIGARETTE would have to go through a regular training as hospital nurse before she became a war nurse. Full directions for hospital nursing, and how to enter upon it, were given in the articles on "Work for All" last year.

BROWNIE.—The general way is to write to the author and make an arrangement with him to translate it; but good books are rarely given to unknown translators.

JANE KNOX.—Perhaps you may find washing the face with terebene soap of use to you. It is of great service at times in removing skin irritations.

ST. KILDA.—We think St. Kilda remains in much the same state as when you read of it.

OCEAN WAVE.—The glasses of an aquarium are usually fastened with white lead and putty; but you should go to a glazier's to get the correct mixture. The aquarium requires very long drying before anything is put into it, for fear of killing the fish.

"SHEETS O' DAISIES,"

THE SUMMER NUMBER OF

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER,

CONTAINS:—*Frontispiece*—DAHLIA. Drawn by John C. Staples.—INTRODUCTORY POEM.—ON THE CROMER CLIFFS. A Story. By Constance Evelyn.—DAHLIA. A Poem. By Clara Thwaites.—THE ART OF PACKING By Dora Hope.—THE COUNTESS OF ABERDEEN. With Portrait.—THE BROOK AND THE WAVE. A New Song. Words by Longfellow. Music by Cecile S. Hartog.—BETROTHALS. By the Rev. T. F. Thiselton Dyer, M.A.—THRICE KNOWN. A Poem.—THE VALLEY OF FLOWERS. A Story. By Lily Watson. Illustrated.—HOW KATE AND NELLIE FOUNDED A LOCAL MUSEUM. By Nanette Mason.—TO A GENTIANELLA. A Poem. By Anne Beale.—SUNNY MEMORIES OF THE HOLIDAY SEASON By Dr. Gordon Stables.—MAID KITTY. A Poem. By Robert Richardson, B.A. Illustrated.—THE POETRY OF THE DAISY. By Dr. Macaulay.—A SUNBEAM FOR THE POOR. By Alice King.—A STUDY OF NEW APRONS. By Dora de Blaquiere. With Illustrations by John Dinsdale.—INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITIONS IN TOWN AND COUNTRY.—AN ADVENTURE IN THE ST. BERNARD PASS. By Charles Peters. With Illustrations.—SUMMER HOLIDAY FARE. By Phillis Browne.—A PROFITABLE WAY OF LOOKING AT NATURE. By James Mason.—VARIETIES.—SEASIDE REMINISCENCES; TOLD ALPHABETICALLY. By Ximena.—THE DIAMOND AND THE ROSE. A Short Story. Illustrated by E. J. Walker.—HER GODMOTHER'S STORY.

JULY.

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

VOL. VI.—NO. 288. JULY 4, 1885. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

WHEN WE WERE GIRLS TOGETHER.

A STORY OF SCHOOL-GIRL LIFE.

By SARAH DOUDNEY.

"'I AM NOT HURT A BIT,' SHE DECLARED."

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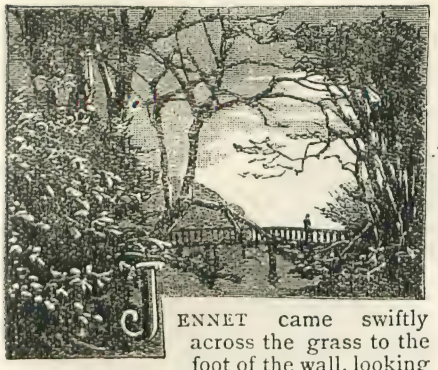
CHAPTER XI.

A SLIP.



JENNET came swiftly across the grass to the foot of the wall, looking flushed and glad. She had overtaken the man, and explained her schoolfellow's plight in a simple, frank way, and he had willingly agreed to carry his ladder back to the spot where he had found it. It had made Jennet very happy to perform this slight service for Charlotte Ashley. In spite of all Charlotte's haughtiness and waywardness, there was something in her that seemed to make her love worth winning.

But Jennet had a natural skill in reading faces; and Charlotte's face, looking down upon her from the top of the wall, did not promise much gratitude. She had fallen, as she often did, into a picturesque attitude, and her pretty little figure was seen to the best advantage in a tight-fitting braided jacket. The crimson *toque*, which would have been too showy for a girl less delicate and refined, sat gracefully enough on the shapely head and black hair, and toned well with her clear brown complexion. But her lips had taken the old scornful curve, and the eyes that surveyed Jennet and the labourer seemed to include both in one glance, and express a quiet contempt for them.

"You are very good, Jennet, dear, to have taken so much trouble," said Miss Thornhill; and then turned to say a few grateful words to the man, who was planting his ladder against the wall.

"Come down carefully, Charlotte."

Charlotte was conscious that Miss Thornhill spoke to her rather coldly, and she felt, too, that the coldness was not altogether undeserved.

Perhaps she really had carried her prejudice against the Fowler girl a little too far. One ought to show a due amount of gratitude even to one's inferiors, she reflected; and Jennet had certainly been ready to do a good-natured thing. Well, she would make her a gracious little speech, and then the matter would be ended.

But anything in the shape of self-condemnation was new to Charlotte, and it unsettled her, as new emotions generally do. At any other moment she could have tripped down the ladder as lightly as a fairy; but somehow her usual airy grace was wanting just when she needed it most.

Not feeling quite so sure of herself as usual, she made a reckless dash at the descent, and drew forth another warning exclamation from Miss Thornhill.

"*Do* have a care, child!" the teacher cried.

But the cry only served to quicken Charlotte's movements, and in the next instant her foot had slipped. She fell; and was raised by Jennet's ready hands before anyone else could touch her.

"I am not hurt a bit," she declared, looking round defiantly upon them all. "It was only a very little fall. How you are staring, Pamela! Let us make haste to get away, Miss Thornhill, and leave this haunted place for ever and ever."

But even while she spoke her brown cheeks grew paler and paler, and the first step forward wrung from her a most unwilling confession of pain.

"My foot gives me a slight twinge; but it's nothing—nothing! I shall be able to walk in a moment."

Jennet put an arm round her, and was repulsed immediately.

"Don't be so fond of embracing people, Miss Fowler," she said pettishly, "I think you must have been a boa constrictor, in a former state of existence. I can walk very well now—yes, I'm sure I can."

Miss Thornhill noticed Jennet's quick flush as she drew proudly away; and in spite of pity the teacher could not help being very angry with Charlotte. Was there ever so self-willed and haughty a being? It seemed as if this girl were bent on putting aside every kind hand that was outstretched to help her.

Pride and determination carried Charlotte on for a few paces; then she stopped short, bit her lips, and fought silently against a strong inclination to cry.

"It's very absurd and tiresome," she gasped, "but I can't get on unless I lean on something. Miss Thornhill, will you lend me your arm?"

Miss Thornhill quietly complied with this request; but the sprained foot grew more and more painful, and the sufferer was becoming faint with pain.

"I believe I must beg for another arm," she said at last. "Pamela won't do at all, she is too reedy; and Minnie is a mere midget! Oh, thank you, Agnes, but I'm afraid you are not very strong."

Agnes Quinton was a delicate girl, unable to bear much fatigue, and always carefully watched over in the college. Miss Thornhill gently interfered.

"No, it must not be Agnes; you had better try Pamela, my dear."

But Pamela did not care to be used as a support. She was "reedy," as Charlotte had said; her frame was thin; her bones ached easily. She hesitated.

"Don't trouble yourself," said Charlotte, quickly, "I daresay I can get on now that I have had a rest. But it is hard on Miss Thornhill; she has to bear my whole weight."

Jennet, who had walked on ahead, heard the words and came back at once.

"Perhaps you will let me help you," she said quietly, "for Miss Thornhill's sake."

A flush crossed Charlotte's pale face; she accepted the offered arm with a grave "thank you;" and the three moved slowly forward.

The progress was steadier now; Jennet was very strong; and as Charlotte found herself upheld and almost carried along, she thought, with half a smile, of those "daughters of the plough," who were ever at the beck and call of Princess Ida. Great as her pain was, it did not prevent her from stealing an occasional glance at the tall, beautiful girl on whom she leaned. Jennet evidently suffered no inconvenience from her burden; she bore it with perfect ease; and yet there was such gentleness combined with her strength, that Charlotte's haughty heart was touched at last.

When at length they got into the road again, Miss Thornhill speedily called a cab. She left Charlotte in the care of Agnes Quinton and Jennet, desired the cabman to drive to the railway station, and then followed the vehicle with Pamela Rye and Minnie Wood.

It was soon evident to Jennet that her services were no longer unwelcome. Her efforts to make Charlotte more comfortable were now received with quiet thanks, and when they stopped at the railway station the girl turned confidingly to her strong companion. Agnes Quinton paid the driver, and the three made their way into the waiting-room, there to stay until Miss Thornhill and the other girls came in.

Charlotte was silent and very pale. Many people would have found it difficult to believe that under a brave and cool exterior she had always concealed a nervous and highly sensitive nature. Her daring was only a veil which hid a great deal of softness and womanliness. Jennet had, from the first, had a vague belief in the existence of a second Charlotte Ashley who was hidden behind the visible Charlotte; and to-day she caught a glimpse of her.

Seated on one of the hard horsehair couches, and resting her sprained foot on a chair, Charlotte looked a very fragile little creature indeed. There was something almost childlike in the dropping of the long dark eyelashes, and the drooping of the corners of the pretty mouth. And as Jennet watched her, in perfect silence, there arose in her heart a strong desire to comfort and protect this proud delicate girl who was so haughty and defiant, and yet so frail and weak.

CHAPTER XII.

SOFTENING.

THE journey from Richmond to Brunswick-place seemed interminable to Charlotte Ashley. Jennet's kindly services were accepted silently, yet not ungratefully. Charlotte was afraid to speak lest she should cry; her foot was swelling, and the pain was just as much as she could bear without openly breaking down.

It was not a very serious injury by any means; but the girl seemed to suffer a good deal, and hers was a face that quickly showed traces of suffering. She was nervous, too, and feverish, and Miss Thornhill took her into her own room instead of sending her to the larger chamber upstairs. She passed a rest-

dless night, and did not make her appearance in the schoolroom next day.

"Jennet," said Miss Thornhill, in the afternoon, "I have been thinking that perhaps you would like to go and sit a little while with Charlotte."

Jennet hesitated.

"Supposing she doesn't want me?"

"Then you can leave her. But don't suppose; just go and see."

So Jennet went.

Mrs. Mayfield and Miss Thornhill both occupied bedrooms on the second floor; and between their two chambers was a little sitting-room, often used as a sort of sanctum when anyone was slightly indisposed. It was in this small room that Charlotte was lying on a soft couch. She had heard Jennet's step on the threshold, and lifted her head languidly to see who was coming in.

"Are you in great pain now?" Jennet asked, advancing to the couch.

"Yes—no. All pain seems great; but I daresay mine is very small. Anyhow, I am not suffering agony."

"But it was bad enough to keep you awake last night?"

"It wasn't altogether the pain that kept me awake. I have got some troublesome things called nerves, and they were out of order. You don't possess nerves, do you?" added Charlotte, with a twinkle in her dark eyes. "I assure you one can get on much better without them."

"I have often thought so," Jennet replied, gravely.

"Oh, but you haven't any, have you?"

"Mine are manageable." Jennet's smile was very sweet when it broke up the gravity of her face. "But my mother is timid and over sensitive, and I have learnt to sympathise with all nervous people."

"We don't get much sympathy as a rule," said Charlotte, lifting her eyebrows. "My father never has any patience with nerves, so I always try to keep mine out of sight. I think they take their revenge for being suppressed."

"I don't know," returned Jennet, doubtfully. "It's a bad thing to indulge them too much, I believe; but I did not suspect you of nervousness."

"Didn't you? I am delighted to find that I'm a successful fraud!" Charlotte spoke with her old merriment. "I always try to give people a wrong impression of me, just as Rosalind did when she put on

"'A swashing and a martial outside.'

"That reminds me of home," said Jennet, brightening. "We children used to play *As You Like It* after a fashion of our own. Our own wood made a splendid Forest of Arden; my sister Katherine was Celia, and I played Rosalind—

"'Because that I am more than common tall.'

And Derrick would lie under the trees and be the melancholy Jacques."

Charlotte opened her eyes and surveyed Jennet thoughtfully. She found it difficult to believe that this rustic was acquainted with Shakespeare. And then, as her critical gaze took note of Jennet Fowler's majestic yet girlish beauty, she could not help thinking that this girl was the very prototype of Rosalind—strong, yet lovable and lovely; gentle, yet true to the core.

"It must have been good fun," she said, with more cordiality than usual. "I know very little of the country, but I have sometimes thought that a sort of sylvan life would suit me well. Often and often I have envied Rosalind and Celia setting out together to the forest, glad to escape from all the restraints of the Court."

"But there's something about you that makes me think of courts," Jennet remarked, impulsively. "You would know how to manage a train, and how to make an old-fashioned curtsey. No, I can never fancy you at home in a forest."

Charlotte smiled, well pleased.

"I shall not have a chance of trying country life," she replied. "When I leave school I shall be ready for my first season, and there will be no leisure to dream of rural delights. What are you going to do when you have done with the college?"

"Oh, that question is easily answered. I am going back to our village to teach my younger sisters. It is very likely that I shall never see London again."

"You will find it hard work to teach. I don't think I *could* do it," said Charlotte, compassionately.

"I don't believe you could. But our paths are marked out for us, you see," rejoined Jennet, in perfect good faith. "You are to be a lady of fashion, and I a simple country woman to the end of my days."

If they could have known how these pictures were to be reversed in the future!

"Who is Derrick?" Charlotte asked, after a pause.

"My brother. He is one year older than I am, and we have always been the closest companions."

"And is he melancholy, like Jacques?"

"Yes, a little. My father says that some boys can be moulded into any shape, and brought up to follow any occupation; but Derrick is not one of those. He is such a good lad that he works patiently at farming; but in his heart he does not like it at all, and it is hard to have to work without a heart."

Charlotte's sympathies were awakened. Perhaps if she had been in her ordinary health and spirits the story of Derrick and his trials would have possessed no charm. But, feeling languid and weary, she was in a quiet mood, and in her quiet moods all that was best in her nature generally came to the surface.

"What does he want to be?" she inquired.

"A clergyman. Above all things he desires to go to college. He always says that a man should never try to teach others unless he is thoroughly trained for teaching. But there is no hope of college for him."

"Why not?" Charlotte was becoming animated. "If he really is in earnest he is sure to succeed. Surely it is a great pity to stifle a good inclination?"

"Ah, no one wants to stifle it! My father would do anything in the world for Derrick, but he is not rich enough to bear college expenses; and I have sometimes wished that Aunt Belfont had sent Derrick to Oxford instead of sending me here."

Jennet had spoken out her thoughts without consideration, almost forgetting for the moment that her companion was a new acquaintance. But Charlotte's quick ear had caught a name that was familiar.

"We know some Belfonts," she said. "They are living in Park-lane. My father first knew General Belfont in India."

"My Aunt Judith married General Belfont's brother," exclaimed Jennet, simply. "Her husband is dead."

"And she is wealthy, I suppose? There is a great deal of money in the Belfont family."

"Yes, she is wealthy; but we are not. My mother and Aunt Judith Belfont are sisters, and as Aunt Judith has no children she has shown an interest in me."

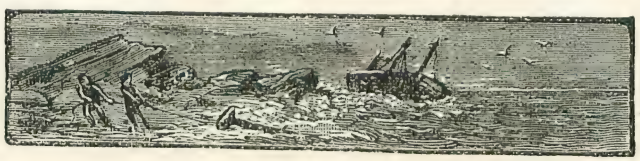
"You may be an heiress yet," Charlotte said, thoughtfully. "I think you should try not to be so—so utterly unworldly, you know."

Jennet's deep, grey eyes opened wonderingly.

"There is no chance of such a thing," she answered, in her straightforward way. "And I don't see why I should learn to be worldly. When my education is finished I am going back to our village, and nobody there has much knowledge of the world."

"Still it is wise to be prepared for changes. Don't you know that it is only the unexpected that ever comes to pass?" said the sagacious Charlotte. "But here comes Ann with two teacups on a tray, so you are to drink your tea with me. Mrs. Mayfield always sends strawberry jam to invalids; it's her way of administering consolation, and a very nice way, too. Now you must sit here and have a share."

(*To be continued.*)



PIANOFORTE FRONTS: AND HOW TO DECORATE THEM.

By FRED MILLER.

THERE are few places in a room that better repay the time spent upon beautifying them than pianoforte fronts, viz., that part which in many pianos is occupied by fretwork and pleated silk. It is a capital situation for putting in a little nice decoration, for whatever is placed there is seen to great advantage. The first thing to be done towards decorating this part of a piano is to carefully measure the opening that receives the fretwork, and it may be necessary to remove this fretwork to take the size accurately, though this is not often the case. The pleated silk is often stretched over a light framework of wood, and where this is the case the old silk can be removed and the painted silk tacked on to the existing framework. In some cases the silk is tacked on to the framework of the piano, and it is perhaps hardly necessary to have a framework made, as the silk to replace the old front can likewise be tacked on the framework when finished. There must be sufficient silk to allow of its being turned over and round. Some of the fine coloured satins, such as those used for embroidering, will be found to be a very suitable material for painting on if you decide to paint the design. The Adolfi medium mentioned in my hints on painting a mantel border is the vehicle I recommend for using with the ordinary oil colours in tubes. This medium dries quickly, and as it makes the colour elastic, there is little danger of the painting cracking or peeling off. You use the medium as you would turpentine to dilute the colours, and there is no necessity to use any other medium with the colours. The plan of painting the lights on thickly, and the darks on thinly, so that the material shows through, as I advocated in the case of plush or velvet, may be resorted to in the case of silk or satin. The colours need not in any case be painted on very thickly, as very little body of colour is

required to cover, and the less thickness of colour there is upon the silk the better chance there is of the colour standing. Peacock blues and greens, olive green, and old gold are effective colours for painting on, though I give the preference to dark colours, as the painting is so much more effective on a dark than on a light ground. Old gold is more difficult to treat, as certain tones of green are not effective upon it, and being, as it is, a sort of middle tint between dark and light, unless some care be exercised much of the work painted upon it is apt to be lost.

When the design has been painted the bronze colours may be employed to complete the effect, and an outline of gold would enrich the design. The festoon at back of flowers might be put in wholly in gold, so also might the lines which divide the space up into panels.

In addition to the gold outline, the flowers and leaves might be finished with touches of the bronze colours.

This design might also be effectively worked in crewels or silk, and a little gold thread might be introduced. The leaves should be worked in crewels of good substance, with good bold stitches, and the flowers in silk. The festoon at back might be just outlined in gold-coloured silk, or with gold thread, together with the dividing lines, though, of course, there is no reason why these ornamental features should not be omitted should it be thought that the work is sufficiently effective without them.

The plants chosen—the daffodil, iris, poppy, and chrysanthemum—are so familiar to all my readers that I feel sure they will have little difficulty in enlarging and carrying out the design should they feel so disposed. The plants are slightly conventionalised, so as to simplify them for working, and by panelling out the space, and introducing the festoons at back of flowers, a certain "oneness" and completeness is given to the design, which perhaps would be lacking were the flowers merely placed on the silk at regular intervals with nothing to bind them together and make them one.

There are plenty of decorative schemes besides the one given that would make effective pianoforte fronts. A head of some great musician, supported on either side by foliage or cupids; or cupids holding a medallion of a musician; or, again, cupids playing on musical instruments, with flowers and butterflies; or again, a field of flowers with birds and butterflies suggest themselves to everyone, and only want to be carried out to be effective.

The backs of cottage pianos are also capital places to decorate, more especially as it is the custom in many homes to have the piano standing in the room with the back exposed to view. With your Editor's kind permission, I shall give in another number a design for the back of a pianoforte, and shall then have something more to say about it.

Be careful to make the colours harmonise with the ground, especially in the case of paintings upon silk or satin. The darker the colour of the ground the greater the need of care to avoid crudity, as a comparatively low-toned colour on the palette will look quite crude and harsh on the dark silk. Make the greens of yellows toned with burnt and raw sienna, and use indigo for dark greens rather than Antwerp blue. Antwerp blue always requires toning with burnt sienna or other warm colour when mixed with yellow. Cobalt and yellow ochre make good grey greens with white.

AUNT DIANA.

By ROSA NOUCHETTE CAREY, Author of "Nellie's Memories," "Not Like Other Girls," "Esther," etc.

CHAPTER XV.

ROGER RESOLVES TO WATCH.

"THANK you, Mabel dear, for what you have said to Anna," whispered Alison, gratefully, as they left the grounds of Maplewood.

Missie looked gratified.

"Oh, of course, I gave Eva a piece of my mind. She is always so reasonable and sweet-tempered, that I never have any difficulty. Anna may come to The Holms as often as she likes." Then, with a perceptible effort to seem at her ease, she continued, hurriedly: "Eva is going to bring her cousin to afternoon tea to-morrow. I hope it will be fine, and then we can set the table under the lime trees; our drawing-room is such an ugly room."

"Do you mean Captain Harper is coming?" returned Alison, with a strong accent of disgust in her voice. "Oh, Mabel! how could you ask him? I am sure papa will not be pleased. I do not like him at all; his manners are so artificial and disagreeable."

Missie looked sulky in a moment.

"It is a pity you did not stop at Riverston," she returned, in an injured voice, "for none of our Chesterton folk, with the exception of that stupid little Anna, seem good enough for you. I think Captain Harper charming, and I am sure papa will be pleased with him, unless you set him against the poor fellow." And here Missie looked decidedly cross. Her temper was rising under this unexpected opposition.

"You may be sure that I shall say nothing to papa," replied Alison, with so much dignity, that Missie was silenced; but she sulked so perceptibly all the evening that her father noticed it, and asked more than once what was the matter with Missie; but tale-telling was beneath Alison, and she said nothing.

But she was terribly annoyed, all the same, and took Roger into her confidence, exacting from him a promise that he would be present at all risks.

"Perhaps I am wrong," she remarked, candidly; "I am always so ready with my likes and dislikes. But I cannot bear Captain Harper, and it is odious to me to pour out his tea for him."

Alison's anxiety was soon set at rest. The party from Maplewood, including Anna, had not long been gathered under the lime trees before Mr. Merle made his appearance, greatly to her delight and Missie's discomfiture. Alison never found out if Roger had betrayed her trust and given his father warning of the expected guest. But there was no mistaking the coolness of his manner to Captain Harper. That unlucky individual was clearly not at his ease, and certainly no inducement was held out to him to repeat his visit.

As soon as the unwelcome visitor had departed Mr. Merle expressed himself as much displeased to find Captain Harper there; indeed, his severity quite overwhelmed Missie, and she retired in floods of tears.

"Papa is never angry with me," she sobbed; "this must be your fault, Alison. You have come home to stir up strife and turn papa against me."

"Don't be absurd, Mabel," returned Alison, a little crossly; "you have brought it all on yourself. Papa seems angry with me too, and yet you know I am not at all in fault. If you do wrong you must bear to be scolded. Papa says he is quite shocked at our forwardness. You see, he blames me, too. He says no one but himself or Roger ought to invite gentlemen to the house, and Miss Leigh says the same. He told me after you left the room that he would take care that Captain Harper should not repeat his visit, as he was not the sort of man whose acquaintance he could approve for his daughters."

Missie dissolved into fresh tears on hearing this. "She was sure it was not papa's real opinion," she persisted in saying. Roger had put him up to it to spite her and Eva. What would Eva say if she were forbidden to bring her cousin to The Holms? She wished Alison would go back to Aunt Diana, and not stop here to make her so wretched. She did not see the use of having a sister who hated and thwarted her.

"Oh, you silly child!" exclaimed Alison, kissing the wet, ill-tempered little face that still looked so pretty. "What a storm in a teacup! I don't hate you a bit. I am very fond of you, though you will quarrel with me about every trifle; but it takes two to quarrel properly, and I do not mean to take up the cudgels to please you!" And here she gave her a playful shake, that so astonished Missie that she speedily grew more amiable, for her tempers had never been so set aside before.

Alison consoled herself for her sister's variable moods by trying to make Anna happy. That little person came frequently to The Holms now, and she began to consider how these visits

might be turned to account. "For it will never do to waste so many afternoons in talking about just what comes into one's head," she decided.

So she proposed to give Anna painting lessons twice a week. She could teach Poppie at the same time and go on with her own work. And as Anna gleefully acceded to this, the schoolroom was transferred into a studio, much to Miss Leigh's delight. She thought it was the prettiest sight possible to see Alison in her picturesque holland blouse, standing behind Poppie's chair or putting in a background for Anna, pupils and teacher all laughing and talking together.

Anna was growing a different creature under Alison's healthy influence. She was one of those sensitive human plants that need sunshine before they can grow. The depressing atmosphere in which she lived had made her meagre and colourless. Her mother and sister had no sympathy with her want of vitality; her very meekness had predisposed her for slavery. If she could have asserted herself, Mrs. Hardwick would have recognised her rights; but the pale shadowy resistance that was all Anna could bring in her defence only angered her mother. Mrs. Hardwick's fond partiality for her handsome daughter disposed her to see with Eva's eyes; and the result was a course of maternal snubbing.

But Anna was not so oppressed now. Eva had been much offended by Missie's interference. She ceased to demand her sister's services, but she also ignored her personality. Anna might do as she liked and go where she liked; Eva had simply no interest in her. Anna was somewhat confused at this sudden freedom; she was like a prisoner restored unexpectedly to the outer world. But for Alison, she would have been at a loss to occupy herself; but her friend gave her many useful hints.

Mrs. Hardwick began to take some notice of her younger daughter. Two or three people at the garden party had spoken of Anna. One of them had called her a nice amiable girl, and had prophesied that she would be a comfort to her mother when Eva was married. The idea struck Mrs. Hardwick. Of course, Eva—her handsome high-spirited Eva—would marry, and then there would be only Anna for companionship. Mrs. Hardwick began to think that it would be as well to bring Anna on a little. She commenced by a serious review of her younger daughter's wardrobe. Many of Anna's gowns were confiscated as being tasteless and old-fashioned. Poor Anna was conveyed on shopping expeditions that filled her with gratitude and amazement.

"Mamma is always buying things for me now," she said, with a deprecating blush, as Alison joked her about her extravagance. "I don't know what makes her so kind to me. She often takes me for a drive, and talks to me about what we are to do when Eva is married, and she was so pleased the other day because Miss Owen, the dressmaker, told her I had a good figure. Poor mamma! I wish I were not such a plain little creature, for she can never be so fond of me as she is of Eva. One day I may be some comfort to her."

Alison was much pleased at this account; and she needed cheering just now. Roger had been looking very worried and careworn for some days, and Alison was afraid, from her father's grave face and silence with his son, that things had gone wrong again at the mill, and that, as usual, the blame had been laid on Roger. She was waiting for an opportunity to speak to him, for his engagements had taken him out several nights, when one evening she met him as she was returning from the town.

He was walking along rather moodily, with his eyes fixed on the ground, and did not see Alison until she called him by name; and then he looked up and his face brightened in a moment.

"Where have you been, Ailie?" he asked, smiling at her; and Roger's smile was very pleasant. "The house felt as dull as a vault without you, so I came out for a solitary prowl."

"Very well, you shall have your prowl; only it will not be solitary any longer, for I am not tired in the least, and mean to come too."

"Really and truly not tired, Ailie?"

"Not a bit," returned Alison, stoutly, for she was a good pedestrian; but even if she had been, she felt she could have walked on gladly till she was ready to drop with fatigue, when she saw that pleased look on Roger's face.

"Very well, then," he said, leading the way towards a quiet shady road, "I am just in the right mood for a talk, and you are the right sort of company."

"I am so glad I satisfy you, Roger," she said, looking at him affectionately. "I wish all brothers were like you, and cared as much for their sisters."

"So they would if all sisters were your sort," was his flattering answer, only Roger meant what he said. "Ailie, of course I know you will go back to Aunt Diana one day, but you must promise me not to leave us just yet."

"Oh, Roger, of course not. How could I go while you wanted me?"

"My dear, in that case you would never leave us at all. No, no, I am not quite so selfish as that. One day you shall go, Ailie, but not just yet, not till things are more settled, and we are all happier. Do you know, dear, I wonder sometimes how I held on those two years without you; your absence made me miss mother more," and Roger's lip trembled a little. Alison pressed his arm without speaking; there was no need for other words between them, they were so sure of each other's sympathy.

When she broke the silence it was to speak on a different subject.

"Roger, I wish you would tell me what has been troubling you for the last few days."

He shook his head and began to whistle.

"Something has gone very wrong," she went on, quite steadily; "you have been terribly grave all the week, and yesterday you were too worried to eat properly. I hope you mean to take me into confidence, dear; perhaps I could find some way of helping you."

"I wish you could, Ailie," he returned, sadly; "I *wish* I could see a way out of our terrible difficulties. Promise me you will be as secret as a statue, and I will tell you a little of what has happened."

"Oh, you may trust me," she replied, lifting her honest brown eyes to his face.

"I believe I may, and it will be a relief to speak. Ailie, Fergusson is going too far; I am convinced in my own mind that he has been tampering with the accounts; we shall come to a crash directly."

"What do you mean?" turning a little pale. Roger spoke so vehemently.

"It would take too long to tell you all, but something very unpleasant has happened this week. You know my father went to Lancaster the other day. Well, a cheque in payment for a consignment of timber was unexpectedly paid in during his absence. Of course I endorsed the cheque, wrote out a receipt, enclosed it in an envelope, and put it in the usual rack for postage. I then made an entry in the ledger, and was just going to lock up the ledger and the cheque in the safe, as it was nearly time for closing, when the sudden cessation of the machinery told me some accident had happened, and of course I ran out of the office, and so did Fergusson."

"Oh, I know! when poor Mitchell was hurt," returned Alison, with a shudder. "I remember seeing both you and Mr. Fergusson standing bareheaded among the men in the yard; you were sending Timothy for a doctor."

"Yes, I was detained for nearly half an hour. Fergusson must have gone back to the office—at least, I missed him after the first few minutes. When they had taken Mitchell off to the hospital, I went back to lock up things for the night. Fergusson was just coming out of the office, and handed me the keys. Everything was locked up, he said, and the messenger had fetched the letters. I had put the cheque into my father's private drawer, and had locked the drawer, but the ledger had been left open on the table, with my entry written on the top of a blank page. I had noticed the page was a little loose, as though the corresponding one had been cut out some time previously; but I was in a hurry and I thought it did not matter. When Fergusson told me everything was locked up for the night, and handed me the office keys, of course there was nothing for me but to take them. Ailie, what do you suppose were my feelings when we opened the private drawer the next morning and there was no cheque there? Neither was my entry in the ledger; the loose page was gone, and, to add to my perplexity, the firm who had paid in the cheque wrote to complain that there had been no acknowledgment or receipt: and yet I had written both myself and placed the stamped envelope among the other letters for postage."

"Roger," exclaimed Alison, passionately, "this must be Fergusson's doings; he must have tampered with your letter and cut out the entry in the ledger, and of course the cheque is in his possession."

"Wait a moment, Ailie," returned Roger, looking very stern and pale. "The cheque was cashed the next morning by a clerk of ours who was turned away for dishonesty, but the bank did not know that, and thought him still in our employ, so the money is lost to us. My father is dreadfully angry and puzzled about the whole affair, but he does not suspect Fergusson. He flew in a perfect rage when I hinted about his gambling debts. He blames me for carelessness; he says I ought not to have left the office without locking up both the ledger and the cheque in the iron safe. Fergusson has told my father that he saw Ibbotson (that is the name of the clerk we dismissed) hanging about the yard talking to the men. He declares that while we were in the yard Ibbotson must have got into the office, turned over the letters, and abstracted my receipt; he must have read the entry in the open ledger, and he knew all the keys, and would easily find the cheque. He has gulled my father completely; he has actually made him believe that, in ten minutes, or a quarter of an hour at the most, Ibbotson could cut out the page in the ledger, track the cheque to the private drawer, hunt out my receipt, and make his escape—and all this without any preconceived plan. Why, the whole thing is monstrous and utterly improbable. I am positive that the only thing Ibbotson has done is to cash the cheque."

"Roger, oh! how dreadful it all is! Of course, there can be no doubt in your own mind who did it all?"

"There is not a shadow of doubt in my own mind, Ailie; but how am I to bring my father to believe it? Ibbotson has left the place, or he was actually going to set the detectives on him. Fergusson has completely hoodwinked him. Circumstantial evidence is strong against Fergusson, to my thinking. Judge for yourself, Ailie. He was with me in the office when I opened the cheque; he saw me make the entry in the ledger, as well as write the receipt; he also must have seen me thrust the cheque hastily into the private drawer before I ran out into the yard. No doubt he returned to the office as soon as my attention was engrossed with poor Mitchell. A few minutes was all that was needed to accomplish the job, Ailie. I have found out to-day that he is terribly involved, and that his creditors are threatening him. I told you things are coming to a crash. I am afraid we shall lose more than the sum we received from Simmonds Brothers."

"Oh, Roger, how blind father is! What are you to do to open his eyes?"

"I am going to watch Fergusson," returned Roger, with a frown of anxiety. "Ailie, I never meant to have told you this. I have been about the town gleaning facts to-day, but I mean to keep them to myself for the next four-and-twenty hours. Fergusson has arrived at some sort of crisis in his affairs. I am afraid he will do something desperate. A sum of money has come into our hands to-day after banking hours, in notes and gold. I wanted my father to bring it up to the house, but he scouted the idea as ridiculous, as though any thief could open an iron safe; but, Ailie, I am not comfortable in my mind. Supposing Fergusson has a duplicate key? My father is so hopelessly duped, that it is no use saying any more to him. I have made up my mind to watch the office to-night."

"But not alone, dear."

"Yes, of course. Timothy will be there if I need help; but I don't mean to take him into confidence. There is a barge that passes at ten to-night. The bargee is an acquaintance of mine. I told him to look out for me by the bridge. I will get him to land me at the lower end of the yard. Timothy will be in his shed by that time, thinking about his supper. I don't want him to see me, or he will enlighten Fergusson. There is a handy wood-pile just outside the office where I can lie snug."

"Roger!" exclaimed Alison, in a quick, determined voice, "you shall not go alone; I shall watch with you." And as he was about to interrupt her, she went on quietly: "You know Missie and Miss Leigh will be out until half-past ten. Papa is always in his study. They will think I am in bed. I can lock my door and put the key in my pocket, and you have the latch-key. I will be no trouble to you. I will be as quiet as a mouse, and not hinder you. I could not rest—I could not sleep, knowing you were with that bad man. I will be useful as a witness. You must take me, Roger."

"Are you sure that you mean it—that it will not hurt you?" he asked, slowly.

"What should hurt me on a summer's night? And the barge will be such fun."

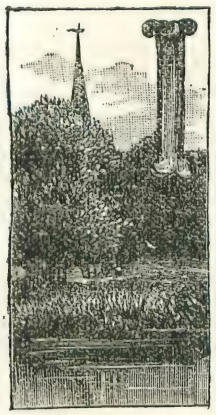
"Very well, you shall come if you like. You are a plucky girl, Ailie."

And Alison was so pleased with the permission, that she gave his arm a little squeeze of gratitude.

(*To be continued.*)

PRACTICAL HINTS ABOUT THE HAIR.

By MEDICUS.



SIT down to write my present monthly contribution with the fixed resolve to be thoroughly practical, genuinely common-sensical. For this I give myself some degree of credit, for my subject is one that could very easily admit of a good deal of pleasant, if not even poetic writing. No end of pretty things have been said, and will continue to be said, about the beauty of the human hair; but I do not mean to-day, at all events, to add even one to the list.

Well, then, I should consider it a strange thing if there were a single reader, whose eyes may scan these sentences of mine, altogether uninterested in the subject. The young wish to keep their hair as luxuriant, soft, and lovely as possible; the older wish to retain theirs at least in a state of health, and health means or implies beauty. There are a few facts, physiological and otherwise, which are not difficult to bear in mind, but greatly aid anyone in the proper management of the hair, for it is infinitely more easy to prevent hair troubles than to cure them when they take place.

The anatomy of a human hair and its structure are but little understood by even the reading public. Indeed, the whole of what is generally known on this subject is very small. If I were to put the question, "What is a hair?" to some of even our cleverest school pupils, I would expect some such answer as the following.

"What is a hair? A hair is a hair, of course. It is attached to the head or scalp by some means or other, which I have never troubled myself to define. Hair is of different shades or colours in different individuals, having some general relation to the iris tints of the eyes. Sometimes it is black, or brown, or a golden straw-colour, which has been much admired and even imitated by the action of chemicals, but in some individuals we even find it auburn, which ill-natured people have been known to call 'red,' when it was not their own hair; but which poets have written verses about nevertheless. The hair may be harsh and hard, or soft and glossy and luxuriant; it may curl naturally or be artificially 'frizzled' by applications, by heated tongs, or by putting it in paper or rags. The hair may fall all out during or after severe illness, and to prevent this the doctors give orders to cut it all off. Sometimes the hair comes out in combfuls, when there is apparently nothing very much the matter with one. When the hair does this it needs strengthening, and there are plenty of hair washes sold in the shops to do this, the best of which are made of lime water and glycerine, cantharides and oil, rosemary, ammonia, bay rum, borax, and bear's grease. When people get old their hair turns white, and often long before they are old, or it all falls out, leaving them bald."

Well, this little mixture of truth and nonsense really embodies about all that is known and believed about the hair.

Let me state something in addition, and more in accordance with reality.

Each hair grows from the bottom of a little flask-shaped depression or cavity in the skin. Each hair consists of three parts, the bulb and root, by which it is imbedded in the skin, the main trunk or shaft of the hair, and the point.

Each hair is composed of three different structures:—1. The outer or covering layer, composed of cells that overlap each other like

the tiles of a roof or the scales of a fish, and have their free edges directed to the point. It is this arrangement of the cells of the outer coat which causes a hair to feel rough to the fingers if pulled through them from point to root, but smooth the other way. 2. The middle layer, or principal part of the hair, in which the pigment or colouring matter is spread out; and (3) the inner layer, sometimes called the pith.

The hair is in reality a tube, then.

But attention should be directed to one point, because, as will be seen directly, it has a practical bearing on the skilful management of the hair. I refer to what are called the sebaceous glands.

These are situated near to the root of each hair, their ducts opening into the flask-shaped cavities or depressions I have already mentioned. They secrete a kind of natural oil, and this being taken up by the hair externally and internally, its gloss is thus assured.

It will be evident to all that if strong alkali in soaps or washes be applied to the head, destruction of this beautiful gloss will be the certain result. The economy and beauty of the hair depends a great deal upon the proper working or health of those little glands, and probably to some extent its growth and colour as well.

There is just the danger also of not only spoiling the gloss on the hair itself by the application of washes that little are known about, but even of destroying, partially or wholly, the glands, and thus inducing hair disease, such as scurf or dandruff.

There is no proper substitute for the loss of this gloss-giving, oily secretion. Hair-oil will make the hair shine, but it will not feed the hair itself nor keep the roots in health.

As I have mentioned the word "roots," I may as well state here that the bulb you notice at the end of a hair which has been pulled out is in reality not its root any more than the bulbous portion of a leek or onion—if I may use so familiar and simple a comparison—is the root of that succulent plant. The hair roots are embedded in the skin, and do not, as a rule, fall out; it is the hair that breaks off.

I have said enough already, I am sure, to warn the reader against the use or application of alkaline washes used injudiciously and indiscriminately. I am not going to treat of hair diseases, either acute or chronic, though some day it is possible I may describe the more easily managed of these; but there are two kinds of loss of hair which it is my duty just to mention to-day.

One is an actual thinning of the hair. It has been coming out on the comb for months, perhaps, and the results are becoming alarmingly evident. This in young people is usually owing to some derangement in the general health, although this is sometimes hardly apparent; but it must be believed in nevertheless, and obviated, or no improvement of a lasting kind will be possible with the hair itself.

The system should be regulated and cooled. Occasional aperients will do good. Perhaps one of the best, though oldest, is simply a mixture of cream of tartar and sulphur, with a little glycerine and some syrup. But a tonic would be needed as well. Quinine must be avoided, so must iron, owing to its heating qualities. The Kepler extract of malt, with or without cod-liver oil, will be found of much service, and with this may be taken some bitter vegetable tonic—say, the tincture of quassia, which does not bind the system.

Attention to the diet will also be imperative; it ought to be regulated and improved. No eating between meals, and not too much fluid with the food. The softer the comb the better, and I may say the same with the brush. Some simple hair tonic—I shall give a recipe or two presently—may also be used.

The other kind of loss of hair is more gradual and more serious. It is a loss in length. The individual hairs do not grow long enough in time to attain length in measurement. But in this case the hair may appear just as thick as ever near the roots.

With the loss of hair there may be some degree of scurfiness, and whatever the connection between the two, to the latter is too often attributed the former, and constitutional treatment is lost sight of.

Such a state of hair requires a long course of most careful treatment, regulation of diet, attention to the rules of health, and rubbing every day with some slightly stimulating and cleansing lotion, such as a little bi-carbonate of soda with glycerine in rose water. This is to be rubbed into the roots of the hair day after day for months.

As much ease of mind and freedom from mental toil as possible should be obtained. It is a well-known fact, and illustrates how very much the nervous system has to do with growth and beauty of hair, that a shock to the mind will often cause the hair to fall out or to become suddenly grey.

But it is time for me to say a word or two about the treatment of the hair in health. I must begin with the morning. A great many of my readers have, I believe, taken my advice about the use of the matutinal sponge bath—the hot water wash first, only the mildest of soap being used, and, immediately after, the cold or tepid tub—and have doubtless found the good effects of it on the general health and spirits; but I must warn them not to take the sponge over the hair every morning. The hair (when washed it needs to be) requires separate treatment. Those who never use any pomades or oils, and I trust their name is legion, and who do not perspire much, need not wash the hair oftener than about once in three weeks, and again I bid them beware of the kind of soap used. It is better to use the egg wash, either the yolk or the white being taken.

Take precautions against catching a chill after the hair has been washed. This chill may be taken, not only when the hair is damp, but by going out too soon after it is dry. Hair-washing had better, therefore, be done in the evening, shortly before retiring to rest.

Combing and brushing the hair are best done when it is perfectly dry. The comb must not be an irritating one, and a hard brush should not be constantly used, under the mistaken notion that the growth and beauty of the hair are thus promoted. Frequent brushing of the hair does good; it keeps it clean and glossy; but the brush must never injure the skin, or scurf will be engendered, and the sebaceous glands injured.

Pomades and oils.—I object to the use of these. They should not be required. If the body is healthy, the hair will show to perfection, if not it will be dull and lustreless. The remedy lies not in the pomade bottle—which only hides the trouble, and tends more to injure than cure—but in renewed attention to the laws of health.

Bearing in mind that a scurfy condition of the scalp is often the first sign of mischief, which may end either in premature greyness or total loss of hair, this should be seen to. But it may take some considerable time before it is quite removed.

It is not generally known that dyspepsia or indigestion exerts a marked influence for evil on the growth and beauty of the hair. This is only another reason why this troublesome and dangerous ailment should be properly and scientifically treated from the very first, and it should be borne in mind that stomach troubles issue in a very large number of lingering fatal illnesses, so that, apparently trifling though they be in themselves, they should never be neglected.

Nervousness is another ailment which affects the hair. It is rather a difficult one to treat and cure; but, whether young or old, a person who suffers from it should be to a great extent her own doctor. She must struggle not to worry even over afflictions, which, as we all know, are very often sent for our permanent good. She must live according to laws of health, and do all in her power, by taking open-air exercise, and maintaining a calm state of mind before retiring at night, to obtain good sleep.

Although, when caused by indigestion or nervousness, no washes or hair tonics are of themselves alone sufficient to remove hair ailments, still they are at times useful. I would recommend only the very mildest, because stimulating the scalp is bound to injure it sooner or later.

The following may be found serviceable: Lime water, three ounces; rose water, four ounces; eau de Cologne and glycerine, of each, half an ounce. Use every night for a fortnight to the scalp, rubbing well in; afterwards equal parts of glycerine and tincture of cantharides may be used as an application mixed with eight times the amount of rain water, to which a little eau de Cologne has been added.

I may mention, parenthetically, that there is no such thing as bear's grease sold in shops. There are thousands of quack nostrums to be had for money, but they should be avoided.

I object to the use of stimulating lotions to the hair as a rule, and also to the use of any kind of stimulants, or hot peppers or made dishes being used when the hair is out of form.

As for hair dyes and washes to change the colour of the hair, it is safest to steer clear of them. If the hair has turned prematurely grey, consult a medical man. There may be hope; at any rate grey hair and old age are not synonymous terms.

The only safe depilatory is a pair of pincers.

In conclusion, let me protest against the craze many girls have of endeavouring by every means, legitimate or the reverse, to improve the lustre and quantity of their hair. I do assure them it is often the best way to let well alone.

BY THE SEA.

By W. C. NEWSAM.

I SAT by the sea when the sun shone bright
And flooded its depths with a blaze of light,
And the golden sheen and emerald green,
Like gems in the crown of a fairy queen,
  Flashed forth in glittering splendour;
And the soft winds sighed o'er the shining tide,
And the murm'ring waves to the breeze replied
  In tones that were low and tender.

I stood by the sea when the moon was high,
And the stars shone out from the midnight sky,
And a wondrous sight was that shimmering light
That flashed from the crests of the surges bright,
  Like stars in trembling motion;
And the moon's soft ray on the waters lay,
And its gleaming track made a bright highway
  Across the slumbering ocean.

I stood by the sea when the lightning flashed,
And the waves ran high, and the thunder crashed,
And the blinding spray, that was dashed away
By the howling wind, in the furious fray,
  Brought death to the hardy toiler;
When his ship at last by the stormy blast,
A dismantled wreck on the rocks was cast,
  A prey to the ruthless spoiler.

The beautiful sea! The treacherous sea!
A joy and a terror it is to me.
A beautiful sight, by day or by night,
Is the tranquil sea, by whose margin bright
  The fisherman loves to wander;
A terrible thing when its rage doth bring
The angel of death with his sable wing,
  To darken the homesteads yonder.

ON TASTE IN THE CHOICE OF SONGS.

By C. A. MACIRONE.

THIRD LETTER.

"A song may be defined as a short metrical composition whose meaning is conveyed by the combined force of words and melody, and intended to be sung with or without accompaniment. The song, therefore, belongs equally to poetry and music."—*Groves' Dictionary of Music*, v. iii. 584.

"As regards the words themselves to which music is to be sung, the least requirement that can be made is that they shall be independently satisfying as poetry. . . . If the words themselves are not of artistic importance, or if the music—however pleasing independently—does not primarily rely upon the due elicitation of the poetic ideas the words fail to comply with what I judge to be the requirements of the modern song proper."—"*Song and Song Writers*," *by E. J. Breakspere.*

AND now about the words of your songs? You see what the opinion of men of eminence is on the importance of the words. And we may see what great writers have thought on the matter by the words they have composed expressly for music; so we will turn to our honoured Shakespeare, for he will help us in this as he would in so many and more important things. Look at the lovely words you there find for songs. Words of all shades of character in one respect, remarkable for their avoidance of others. Songs of feeling, truly lyrics of the most exquisite beauty, of joy and tenderness, humour, and everyday, workaday cheerfulness and hilarity. We may observe the same characteristics in those of Walter Scott, another no mean judge of what words should be for music—bright and picturesque words, poetry of romance and adventure, of tender, loving remembrance, chivalry and war, sorrow or joy. But equally in his poetry for music you will find no trace of preaching or moralising, or attempts to combine instruction with amusement, like the philosophical toys some people advise, to cheat children into learning without working, as if the habit of work were not quite as valuable as the gain of work. But to return. Preaching and moralising is a department belonging to other times, other people, and other places, than in the evening assemblies where we sometimes see young creatures in very gay attire get up to sermonise and philosophise, while their elders are forced by good manners to look and listen as if they enjoyed it. Of course, it is very delightful for the young thing in muslin and ribbons, just out of her nursery, to get on the pedestal of the philosopher or into the visionary pulpit of the preacher; but it is not music, and it is not singing—more especially not the singing of the young, who, in their happy, careless youth, can most naturally carol out the gladness and hopefulness which is theirs to brighten the world. One of the honest, good deeds of music is to infuse an atmosphere of real joy into society and bring people heartily and cordially together. But look around you after one of these sermons in songs; observe the grave, mournful propriety of the assemblage, while penitential faces and subdued voices tell of the effect long after the song has ceased. You may ask why such music is chosen. A music mistress would smile and tell you very easily: "Because, my dear, the uncultivated, lumbering voices can only manage to sing at all by stopping almost *ad libitum* on a few slow, heavy notes, and give the solemn, sad expression of such songs." But why, you may answer, inflict such compositions on other people? If it give them any satisfaction to remain for five minutes on a few dull notes, surely this indulgence could be had without the immolation of a whole hecatomb of other people's bright fancies and enjoyments! We are not alone in protesting against such misuse of time and opportunity. I see from an article in the *Westminster Review* a charming corroboration of the above remark, for the reviewer complains of the large proportion of poetry and songs of a morbid and a disheartening cast, and continues:—

"But while one single topic of hope or animation remained we should consider it as a serious duty to abstain from exciting or encouraging sentiments of a desponding cast. Life is so beset with real evils, with pain in every shape, that the man (or woman) who exerts his powers to aggravate our misery is so far an enemy to his species. This is the offence with which we gravely charge Mr. —— and the whole tribe of sentimentalists. Instead of pointing our hopes to the future, they are eternally damping our enjoyments with unavailing regrets for the past, and conjuring up every image which shall constantly remind us of the brevity of life and the transient nature of human enjoyments: setting suns, fading colours, dying leaves, moaning winds, broken vows, departed friends, lost pleasures, and voices from the tomb—these form the sentimental apparatus of torture, and his gratification seems proportioned to the misery he is enabled to inflict. This misery, this depression of spirits, discouragement, despair, is the obvious evil attendant on such exertions of practical power. Why should singers emulate the fat boy in 'Pickwick,' who 'wants to make your flesh creep'?"

A charming old French chronicler used to say, "Ye English take their pleasures sadly." But why should we? Oh, why should a people who possess a treasury of national songs whose leading characteristics are a fund of humour and sturdy courage, a brightness and cheerfulness conspicuous even in our tragic and political songs—why, I repeat, should people possessing as their own peculiar inheritance music so spirited and so generous die away (or seem to do so) in such faded and lackadaisical ditties as, for our punishment, we have constantly to endure? You will reply, "How can unfortunate people be expected to learn to appreciate what they never have any chance of hearing in public?" True, and pity 'tis, 'tis true; or as Lord Edward Fitzgerald so happily said when forced to apologise to an angry Parliament, "I said so, 'tis true, and I'm sorry for it." Why are they never sung in public? Because it happens to be against the interest of a very close borough to sing fine old songs, and there are only one or two brilliant exceptions to the host of singers who have given in to that interest.

That we have noble art in English songs for young singers to delight in I think I may very clearly show you; but then, as Mrs. Marshal writes, "All noble and ennobling art must be followed for its own sake," a sentence which gives the clue to our gratitude for the debt we owe to her brother Mr. Santley's noble rendering of old English songs.

Professor Sir G. Macfarren says, "It is a great glory not to our country only but to the art of music, that at this early period, preceding the works of Handel and Bach, there was a man writing music which amazed one even now with its beauty and its likeness to modern compositions, Henry Purcell; also, he could not but think of the beautiful songs of Henry Lawes, which were gems of melody, and those of his brother William. Henry Lawes might have known Purcell, but he was his elder; and going still further back, there were part songs to be sung by a solo voice when the other three were not there, some of which were more remarkable for the melody than for the harmony." Another great critic, Mr. Hogarth, says, writing of Purcell's music, "In the charming music of *The Tempest*, how exquisitely has he accomplished the seemingly impossible task of realising the description of the enchanted isle as being—

'Full of noises,
Sounds, and sweet airs, that give delight, and hurt not.'

The light and melodious 'Come unto these yellow sands,' and the solemn, unearthly chorus, 'Full fathom five,' seem to be the very 'sounds and sweet airs' that the poet himself must have imagined as proceeding from Prospero's aerial minstrels. Of a similar character is the music in *King Arthur;* the extreme delicacy of the air sung by the fairy Phillidel, 'Hither this way,' is finely contrasted with the roughness of the answer, 'Let not a moon-born elf mislead ye,' by the malignant spirit Grimbald. The duet in which the hero is tempted by 'Two daughters of an aged stream,' and his power of resisting such accents, is felt to be one of the brightest triumphs of his virtue. The air, 'Fairest isle, all isles excelling,' is a melody worthy of Mozart in his brighter moments; also Mad Bess, and many, many more from the treasury of Purcell's great songs." In fact, when one recalls the names of the gems of old English art, the difficulty is to know when to stop.

Mr. Charles Salomon, on the same subject of English ballads and singers, says:—

"It is patent to all that England possesses some of the best vocal music that has ever been composed, and that native singers capable of singing it have never been found wanting. He believed that to the end of time England would produce native musicians who would compose good music to native verse, and that educated English vocalists . . . would be forthcoming to sing it effectively with ease and fluency."

Educated, mark, and trained. I have just met with a few words on that head from a voice now silent, but one whose critical knowledge and fearless decision were very remarkable, speaking of "that false school which admits of such a barbarism as the defence and admiration of 'nature-singing.' Why not as well speak of natural playing on the violin or other instrument which is to be brought under control? A more absurd phrase was never coined by ignorance conceiving itself sagacity. Why as well not have nature-civilisation, nature-painting, nature-cleanliness? . . . A man whose fingers cannot control the strings could hardly have a second hearing, did he attempt instrumental music; but a woman, supposing she can correctly flounder through the notes of a given composition, has been allowed, too contemptuously, to take rank as a singer." Yet, with such good training, what will not our own sweet, true English voices do?—singing the songs which spring from the heart of our own people, in the language "understanded of the people," with clear declamation, so that every word tells, true to the mark of high feeling and expression. I quote a few words from "Advice to Singers by a Singer" with regard to the further choice even of English songs for society:—

"Aspiring young singers hear a ballad charmingly rendered by some great singer, and straightway go home, send for it on the first opportunity, and treat their friends to their version of it. This is really unfair to themselves, as it throws them into unwise contrast with the public singer, who has made the song popular. Moreover, popular songs—I mean songs whose popularity is largely due to their having been sung by favourite public singers—are by no means always good in themselves, or, if fairly good, by no means easy; or, if good and not difficult, by no means sufficiently so to make it worth while for an amateur to spend time and money upon them. In very many cases the public singer has to sing these songs because he is paid for doing so, and gets a royalty on every copy sold; it is simply one development of the hydra-headed art of advertising, and such productions are known by the vulgar name of 'pot boilers,' *i.e.*, compositions hastily thrown off to bring in a little money to keep the 'pot boiling.' If composers, who are capable of better things, are reduced to making money in this way, we may be sincerely sorry for them; but, speaking from an artistic point of view, the practice is reprehensible, and 'pot boilers' are not the kind of music which a young singer, anxious to improve, should waste time and money upon. I am far from saying that there are no good songs to be found among new music, but I think they seldom lie on the top of the pile." Indeed, *Blackwood's Magazine* says, "the press groans with paltry ballads and equally paltry compositions for the pianoforte;" and in a very interesting article on Music in England, by Mr. Davenport, he observes:—

"Caterers for the multitude should exercise great discrimination in the selection of music, and provide that which is likely to appeal to the best parts of human nature. The market, however, is flooded with compositions of the baser sort, and there is reason to fear that the majority of the people are thus led from the true path by those panderers to a taste that could be moulded to something higher."

Another writer remarks:—"Many examples of the modern ballad show much poetical feeling and genuine poetical temperament; but, on the other hand, there are many examples of that class which are simply imitations, and which I am sure you must, with me, deem to be only for the shop; of course, I cannot say what their value may be; but a musical composition is only valuable so far as it expresses a poetical idea, and is imbued with genuine musical sentiment and sincerity of feeling and expression." But a repertoire of English songs need not include any of the trivial and meretricious class, which is unfortunately large (see Sabrina Dow's interesting work on "Songs and Singing"):—"For if we look for excellent music set to English words, we shall find an abundance written by Handel, by Haydn (the canzonets), and many by Mendelssohn. Besides these are the old English songs, always interesting, by Arne, Purcell, and others of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and later those of Bishop, Wallace, Charles Horn, and last, but not least, the exquisite sets by Sterndale Bennett. We have also much beautiful music written for English words by both native and foreign contemporaries. Sir G. A. Macfarren, Hatton, N. Smart, Blumenthal, Costa, Pinsuti, and others."

I have allowed myself to quote facts from such writers as the above, whose correct and weighty opinions on this subject are of importance, and should precede any advice I can give you—to try to choose good music, pleasing music, and suited to your own voices and powers. If opera music suits you best, look at the operas performed now; if you can speak Italian well, the operas of Cherubini, or the less known of Mozart; if you are masters of French, the operas of Gluck or Auber, Herold or Boildieu, or Geraldine, or *Le Puits d'Amour* by Balfe; if English operas, there are the charming and little known *Four Sons of Aymon* by Balfe, or the exquisite *Mountain Sylph* by John Barnett, or *Maritana* by Vincent Wallace; but do not choose what first-rate singers are heard to perform now.

So too, in oratorio, search in the less familiar oratorios of Handel, and, indeed, of such of his operas as you can get access to; and carry out the same idea in examining the works of other composers, ancient and modern. Good work has been done of late years by Messrs. Novello in publishing works of this class, and there are plenty of these which are still unfamiliar and unhackneyed.

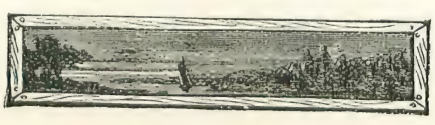
So too, with a ballad, the excellent writer of "Advice to Singers" goes on to say: "While there is no greater mistake than to suppose that anyone can do justice to any ballad whatever, *i.e.*, that is worth the trouble of singing at all (for good ballad singing is one of the rarest accomplishments, and demands qualities which may be wanting even in a person that can sing well in old operas or oratorios), so, to suppose that an untaught singer can sing a simple ballad really well, is simply a mark of ignorance on the whole subject of singing! but there will be more chance of your giving pleasure by singing music which is in its nature beautiful, and, by accident of time and place, rare and valuable in itself, so that at least you have beauty and finish in the style, if not in the singing.'

But you will say, how are you to know which music is valuable and beautiful in itself; for you may quote to me an observation from the *Atlantic Monthly* that, "In judging music the amateur has only his feelings to guide him; the musician, while listening to a piece of music for the first time, is very much in the same case, yet, from his superior culture, his feelings are far more trustworthy guides; beauties and imperfections strike him at once, and are felt by him instinctively, which it would take much study for the amateur to perceive; still, genius and original power can be more or less clearly recognised by everyone."

Now, it is to this power of seeing what is really noble and great or lovely in art that I want to direct your attention. It has a strange way, too, of awakening feeling long dormant, flashing light, as it were, on dark places, kindling energies, and developing feelings which needed the divine hand of genius to start up into life and power. I can tell you a little anecdote which may show you what a touch of genius may do, only I fear you must take my word for it. I have vainly searched written authorities for it, and can only tell the story as I heard it long ago.

It was evening, on the Boulevards of Paris, one winter's day, and the saunterers were fewer than usual; the little tables outside the *cafés* less crowded, and the lights dimmer than when those trees are in leaf in the balmy twilights of summer. By the side of the pavement, not far from the Madeleine, an old man was singing, or trying to sing. The many who hurried by left him unnoticed, but one saunterer had observed what no one else had seen—an air of distinction contrasting strongly with the torn, poor clothes, a sort of military bearing singular in such a place and at such a time. While the stranger watched him the poor, cracked voice faltered on, and told (as the rest) of hunger and penury. "This place is strange to you," said the man who had been watching him, a very majestic, noble-looking person. "You have been a soldier——" "In the army," hesitated the other. "You are an Italian; have you no friends, no help?" "Dio solo, signore" (God alone, sir). A few more words quickly spoken, a little explanation of the dire need, and one glance at the empty hat, whence the means of getting home ("alla patria") were to come, and the magnificent stranger, swinging his cloak over his shoulder, and pulling his hat over his brows, began, with a voice that woke up the slumbering echoes of the half-empty street, with some of the national songs of Italy. Down past the portico of the Madeleine, down all the tree-bordered avenues floated that most magnificent of voices, bringing hurrying footsteps to the spot whence it came. Waves on waves of people gathered round, and, after cheers and wonderings, why, how, or whence such singing came, round came the once empty hat now as full as its frailty would hold of the enthusiastic contributions of the multitude. "Now," he said, "'alla patria,' to Italy, Rome! this is your travelling money," and the singer was Lablache.

(*To be concluded.*)



THE DUTCH ORPHANS; OR, THE DOCTOR'S FEE.

By Mrs. G. LINNÆUS BANKS, Author of "God's Providence House," "The Manchester Man," "More than Coronets," etc.

CHAPTER I.

CALLED UP.

A RAW, cold, sleety north-west wind, fresh from the ocean, came driving over the sandy dykes and grassy dunes of Katwyk-on-Sea to greener and less exposed Katwyk within, laden with more salty and sandy particles than were pleasant to pedestrians, when Doctor Zacharias Van Voorst laid his night-capped grey head down for a comfortable night's rest on his big soft pillows, and endeavoured to accommodate his long limbs to the bed-clothes, which might have been longer, and to secure the thick fluffy quilt which had such an unamiable tendency to slip off his angular shoulders.

For, Dutchman though he was, it is an undeniable fact that he had long limbs and was superlatively lean. His very face seemed all forehead and no jaw, and his bright twinkling eyes looked out from cavernous brows. There were people who said he had fretted all the flesh off his bones when he lost his good-natured vrow Geertruyd, a soft ball of a woman who kept hearth and hope warm, and laughed at the doubts and difficulties of their young days until he overcame them.

That was before he left Leyden to settle at Katwyk with one son, an old servant, and the sorrow that had turned his black hair white. The son, Herman was at that time a youth in his teens. He had almost finished his course as a medical student at the university by that blowy and sleety night when the doctor laid his head down to sleep so composedly, with the reflection that he had no patient in so perilous a condition as to need his services before the morning.

The chamber-stove diffused a genial warmth (a sort of vapour-bathish warmth in that damp atmosphere), the tent-like curtains were closely drawn around him; the drift of sand and sleet against his shivering casement only made all within the dim room more snug and somnolent.

"Ach, bed is the best place on a gusty night like this. May God help the poor creatures who are compelled to brave it. I would not go out again to-night for the biggest fee that was ever paid me," was the last drowsy good-night of Doctor Zacharias Van Voorst to himself, the luxury of his high-piled bed serving as a speedy soporific.

Had the doctor been asleep ten or twenty minutes when he dreamed that the wind was tearing the apples and pears from his favourite fruit trees and dashing them against the shutters and doors? He started up in a fright. The love and pride of his life was his garden, second only to his love and pride for Herman, his brave son.

"Stop, listen!" That was not the rude impact of ripe fruit against hard wood. It was more like the hasty and resolute beat of the brass knocker on the green door of his house.

Aye, and there was old Anna feeling her way down the dark, steep, narrow stairs, and grumbling as she went.

Closer did the doctor draw the blankets over his shoulders and resolve that he would not go out that night for anyone.

"Rap, rap, rap, rap!" Then a sound of bolts withdrawn, then a rush of wind that drowned any voices below, a closing of a door as if a double force had been needed; and then Anna stumbling upstairs again.

"Mynheer, mynheer, a poor girl is below; her mother is very ill: she wants mynheer the doctor."

"Ach, ague, of course. Ask her name and where she lives; I'll see her in the morning. I'm not going through the wind and rain to-night."

"The poor young meisje* (girl) has come through the wind and the rain from Katwyk-on-Zee, mynheer," was said in a tone of reproof by privileged Anna, through the chink of a door held ajar. "Must the poor meisje go back alone to her sick mother, mynheer?"

"How old is she? and why did not someone else come?" was jerked out as a sort of crusty concession to duty and Anna's plea.

"There was no one else. She has neither father nor brother, and she is not more than seventeen, mynheer, and so wet and white."

"There, get along, give the poor thing something warm, and dry her clothes as well as you can. If I must get up I must."

So saying, he scrambled out of bed and turned up the flame of his night-lamp, in a worse humour with himself than with the weather.

"Zacharias, Zacharias, thou art growing old and selfish. When wert thou wont to set wind and wet against human lives?" he muttered, as he hurriedly resumed the many thick warm garments so recently set aside. "Art thou a more tender plant than a child of seventeen? No father and no brother to come, and her mother—Ach, Zacharias, thou art a brute!"

It was a habit of the worthy doctor so to apostrophise himself in his solitary hours, and his walks abroad. He was still muttering when he entered Anna's comfortable kitchen, where the spoons in the rack, the brass cooking vessels over the mantelshelf, and the rows of plates and dishes on the walls were not more immaculate than the white table, or the red and black tiles on which it stood, isolated on a wooden island of its own.

There were wet and muddy footmarks on those tiles, and much he marvelled that Anna had not upraised her voice in protest. He would hear of it on the morrow, he felt certain.

He was mistaken. The wet form, the pale, appealing face of the young girl he saw seated by the stove, had turned the grumbling tones of Anna to pity the moment she had opened the front door to the wind-blown petitioner.

His keen eyes took in at a glance the wet cloak hung up to dry, the kettle singing on the stove, where the crackle and roar behind the little closed door told of freshly supplied fuel, the two cups and saucers and tea-pot on the white table, and the young girl rising eagerly at his approach.

"Ah, mynheer, you are good. I was afraid you would not come, it is so late. And our mother is ill, mynheer dokter. Oh, so ill. One day she shakes, one day she burns; and to-night she is—oh, so strange." And the girl pressed her hands tightly together.

"Ah, ague; so I thought. Wants a dose

* The Dutch "j" is sounded like the English "y."

of quinine," he muttered to himself. Then aloud, "Who is your mother?"

"The Weduwe Westerholt, mynheer."

He shook his head. The name was new.

"And so you live by the shore? Were you not afraid to come over the dunes this rough night?"

"Afraid! I was only afraid mother would die before I could bring the dokter. Ah, mynheer, let us not delay."

"Nay, nay, my good girl, not so bad as that, I hope. Drink the tea Anna has made you. I'll only get some medicine will do your mother good. My great coat, Anna."

When he came back with such medicaments as he thought might be wanted, Anna had his great coat ready, and the girl, Bertha Westerholt, stood waiting with her short cloak drawn over her white close cap as a protection from the weather. He made her drink the second cup of tea, having fortified himself with something stronger, and the two set out together, with the wind well against them, Anna wishing them "God speed" as they went.

"You should have klompen (wooden shoes) on your feet to keep them dry," he said, as he opened the garden gate, having heard no clattering footsteps behind him on the brick pathway, and recollected the muddy imprints in the house.

"I am not used to klompen," she answered; "I could not run in them, mynheer."

"Run! and thou hadst to run, poor child! Ach, Zacharias, and thou didst hesitate to rise! Shame on thee."

After that Bertha had almost to run to keep pace with Dokter Van Voorst's long legs as he stalked on, her eager anxiety outstripping both, as they bent their heads to the wind and sleet, he involuntarily wishing to hasten the time when Herman would relieve him of night duty, and almost in the same moment calling "Zacharias" to order for slothful love of his own ease.

From this habit of open self-communion with the baptismal half of his own name he had come to be known as "Dokter Zacharias," and to be as well esteemed as known.

The Old Rhine flows through Inner Katwyk on its way to discharge its waters by the great sluice-gates beyond Katwyk-on-Sea, and is a distinguished feature in the pleasantly picturesque and verdurous little place. Tall trees stand like sentinels before the houses on its banks and nod to their intangible representatives in the river, which has a flow and a shine not common to the sluggish canals elsewhere. There are grassy pasturages where piebald cattle graze, and cottages with fruitful orchards well walled in, and houses of a better class, some on the river promenade, some standing back in their own sheltered gardens, where tulips and hollyhocks, pansies and dahlias, hyacinths and roses, in their seasons, triumph in colouring over lettuces and cabbages, strawberries and gooseberries, apples and pears. The home of Doctor Van Voorst was one of these, a bright red house with quaint gables, and above the high-pitched roof, a chimney-stack, where a pair of storks had had their ragged nest for years. The prescient storks had, however, fled before the early autumn breezes grew strong and threatened their abode.

"Ach, foolish Zacharias, thou didst think the storks had taken flight too soon; wiser than thou, they scented the breeze before it came," he murmured, as a gust of wind at a corner almost blew his hat from his head, and made a raid on Bertha's cloak.

They had left the hard knobbly stone pavement, and were out in the open; and then he bade her clutch his arm to help her onward. And it was needed, for though the distance was not great there was no paved tramroad at that time beneath their tread, they had to struggle on over the hillocky and grass-bound dunes, their feet sinking in the wet sand, or catching in the running rootlets of the sparse grass, with here a trip and there a stumble, until they were greeted with the mingled odours of pitch and peat and fish, and wood-smoke from curing houses, and the lights of the little fishing village shone out to guide them. Inner Katwyk might be all asleep, but here the people were awake and astir, old men and women, with their white pinners flapping in the wind, stood in their klompen on the shore, regardless of the rain, looking seaward through the haze for the white and brown sails of fishing boats, in which were husbands, lovers, brothers.

At one of the best of these cottages, out of the line, and with its gable to the sea, stopped Bertha Westerholt and her companion. The blind of the lower room was down, but not the shutters, and a light gleamed within.

The girl gave a low tap on the window-pane, and on the instant the wooden bolt was withdrawn, and the doctor, bending low his head, crossed the threshold of a room which bore to his keen eyes the visible marks of poverty—that poverty which strives against itself and bears the impress of a comedown in the world.

It was no fisherman's hut. On the walls were two or three pictures, not of a flashy, common type, but oil paintings, old and dingy enough to speak of ancestors, whatever might be their merits or demerits as works of art. There was also a large oaken press or cabinet, on which were mounted two or three jars of old pottery, and on a smaller press stood a tea-stove and a bowl that had an air of bygone respectability. The chairs and table were, however, of the commonest description, and the curtains which screened the bed in the recess at the far end of the apartment were faded and far-worn.

He saw all this by the light of a small paraffin lamp, and he saw also two younger counterparts of Bertha with their white caps and full brown woollen skirts, and the same look of anxious waiting in their eyes.

"How is the moeder?" questioned Bertha, eagerly, in an undertone.

A sad and silent shake of the head was the only answer.

The doctor chafed his cold hands to set the blood in circulation, and, when it tingled in his finger tips, approached the bed where his patient was murmuring strangely to herself, and, after a minute or two, felt the pulse, which was racing fast towards another world.

As he had surmised, he had to deal with ague, but ague in an advanced stage. Glad was he then of the medicine he had brought as a precaution.

He himself administered a dose, and then, having dismissed Bertha to change her wet garments, waited and watched its effects along with the girls.

Not that he had been called in to a paying patient, but because the pale wistful faces of the three fatherless young girls, evidently left alone to tend the mother who was all the world held for them, had roused more than a common interest in his not unsympathetic breast.

He watched with them, but not in dismal and heart-breaking silence. He saw how their young minds were over-strained, and by low-toned conversation strove to turn the darkened current of their thoughts.

His first care had been to suggest the desirability of a cup of warm tea for wet and weary Bertha, and also for the one who meant to sit up through the night.

Whilst tea was preparing, and he taking note of the neatness and despatch with which all was performed, the deft handling of cups and saucers (one of fine china, by the bye), so that no disturbing clatter should be made, he was aware of a quiet contention going on between the two sisters. He saw that cups were laid out for all, and divined the cause.

Presently the youngest, bringing the china cup to him, asked, "Please you, dokter, must not Joanna and Bertha go to bed to-night? Am not I old enough to nurse my dear moeder one night? I am thirteen. They have not been in bed—*oh, so long.*"

"Ach," interposed the other, "I am the strongest, dokter. Do tell Lena and Bertha to take repose. They need it most."

Bertha here came downstairs from the attic in a dress of printed cotton much the worse for wear, but neat and clean, and put into the amiable controversy her claim as the eldest to nurse her mother night or day, protesting, too, that the walk had refreshed and not fatigued her.

Doctor Zacharias thought otherwise, and begged the three would leave their mother to his care. But no one would hear of that, and no one would think of sleeping whilst the mother was in danger.

Danger there was. The anxious look and suppressed mutterings of the good doctor declared it, although only a word here and there was intelligible. Then he gave orders for this to be done, or that, of which they in their youth and *ignorance never dreamed.* And as they moved with noiseless feet over the red-tiled floor, guiltless of rug or carpet, they had a fearful sense of what was near at hand, as he had a sad assurance.

When the first line of grey light crept under the door, and gave the paraffin lamp a sickly glare, the doctor went his way, leaving on the door the inevitable paper telling of the Widow Westerholt's illness and its character, and in the hushed room three fatherless girls to follow his instructions with bated breath and dread. He had been unable to mock them with false hopes.

The wind had subsided, the rain was over, the fishing-boats had come in when he stalked on over the cloggy dunes and over the petrified kidneys with a heart ill at ease. He had promised to send fresh medicaments.

To the surprise of Bertha, in less than an hour Dr. Van Voorst's old housekeeper tapped at the door. Anna had not merely brought the medicine and a basketful of dainties and appliances for the sick, but she had brought them all the comfort of her motherly presence and her experience.

Her face was brown and wrinkled as a last year's potato, and her voice was none of the sweetest; but she had a tender heart, and Bertha's aspect and errand over-night had touched it.

All night the three girls had bravely kept back tears, lest each should pain the other or disturb the mother, who yet seemed to know them not.

Now, the dry eyes filled with tears that rolled in silence down wan cheeks. Her coming had touched sensitive fibres.

"Ah, how thankful we are to the good dokter and to you. We are used to the moeder's illness often; but this—ah, we know not what is to be done, and we are afraid we do not what we should," said Bertha, speaking for the rest.

It was soothing to hear old Anna praise them for their good nursing, and a wonderful relief. But when she hinted that they should send for friends or relatives, the girls shook their heads.

"We have no friends. My mother had a brother in Batavia, but we think he must be dead. My grandfather was a merchant in Amsterdam. He cast my father off because he would not deal in cheese and butter, but chose to be a painter."

"And you say your father has been dead how long?" interrogated Anna.

"Three years," answered Bertha, with a sad motion of the head. "He went to Rome and died there of malaria. We have no father now, and moeder——" A gasp and a gulp finished the sentence.

"My dear miesje," said Anna, earnestly, "you have a Father, a Father who will never leave you, never die. He will be near and care for you all whoever else may go. Trust Him, He knows what is best for us all. Whatever may be, He will not leave you comfortless."

He had not left them comfortless when old Anna came to them, and the three girls felt it gratefully.

(To be continued.)

TO CORRESPONDENTS

EDUCATIONAL.

Bucephalus.—We have so often given the addresses of training schools for mission work that it is evident you do not read our answers to correspondents. Look for some of them under the above heading. That a younger sister is soon returning home from school would not justify you in going abroad for a permanency unless your parents were quite satisfied that you should go. For home mission work it would be less difficult to be trained, as you would not have to learn a foreign language. You might be prepared for this at the Deaconesses' Training Institution, Mildmay Park, London, N. If not capable of difficult work abroad, you might undertake school-teaching, and should apply to Miss Webb, 267, Vauxhall Bridge-road, London, S.W.

Daddo.—Your nervous system needs attention. You have been over-taxed, and ought to have complete rest and change for a time. A Divine Providence does not always place us in the positions we should select for ourselves. Our training is not merely of a scholastic character; it is both moral and spiritual. We have to triumph over our inclinations when placed in a path of usefulness. Get as much rest and sleep as you can for the present, and divert your leisure hours, and at the end of your time you may make some change.

Minnie, Maud and Others.—The fullest information on all points of employments for women and girls was given in last year's G. O. P. under the title of "Work for All." See pages 23, 119, 179, 347, 518, 652, vol. v. There is an excellent small manual just published by Cassell and Co. called "A Guide to Female Employment in Government Offices," which would be useful.

Lucy, E. E. S., M. A. F., and Others.—We think it would always be advisable to have a certificate before opening a school; but it is not compulsory, nor do we think you have been rightly informed about the summoning of persons for sending their children to schools kept by uncertificated teachers, as there is nothing to prevent fathers or mothers from teaching their own children, provided they be capable of doing so, and that the children, when examined, are up to the various standards of the School Board.

Beatrice Annie.—We think, judging from the style of your letter—its spelling, writing, and composition—that you would not get much good from home study alone, and you would do better if you tried to get some teacher, or even pupil-teacher, near you to give you an hour in the evenings, two or three times a week, to improve you in all the groundwork of education. Do not write in pencil; it shows bad taste, and is a lack of respect, unless you are very ill.

Martha Paull (Australia).—If you read the answers to correspondents under "Educational" you will see all you want to know about the training in hospitals of both lady probationers and of ordinary nurses. If you would like to enter as a Nightingale probationer, write direct for all information to the secretary, Henry B. Carter, Esq., 91, Gloucester-terrace, Hyde Park, W. Pupils are trained at St. Thomas's Hospital, Albert Embankment, S.E., for one year, receiving board, lodging, uniform, with £10 salary. During three years after completion of training, they are required to take situations as hospital nurses, receiving a commencing salary of £20 per annum. Ladies wishing to qualify for superior appointments may be trained upon payment under two scales—£30 and £52. After completion of training, their salaries will rise from £35 to £60 or £100 per annum. Candidates are usually required to be from twenty-five years of age up to forty. Address your intended sister-in-law as "My dear Miss ——," and say you hope to address her in more sisterly fashion very shortly.

Une Eleve.—Apply for the prospectus of the St. George's Hall Correspondence Classes, 7, Randolph-place, Edinburgh; address the secretary. The fee for preliminary subjects is £1 2s. Slope your handwriting a little more from right to left.

HOUSEKEEPING.

Claudia.—A little milk and water is usually employed to wash tiles in the hall.

Posey.—If the table-cloth be well washed and boiled the claret stains should come out without any further trouble. The first thing to do when you spill claret or make fruit stains on table-linen is to pour boiling water over them before sending to the wash.

Father's Darling.—We know of no other method than to wash the feathers in a soap lather and shake them dry.

A. E. S.—You might succeed in taking the ink-stains out of the ivory by rubbing them with a little finely-powdered pumice-stone and water, and, leaving it wet, placing under a glass shade in the sun.

M. H. T.—The articles on "How to Keep House on £250 a Year" began in October last, with the new volume of the G. O. P. They will continue through the year.

Adela.—There is no way of preventing silver and electro-plate from tarnishing, save rubbing it up with a leather each day regularly.

Christie R.—Dip a pen in spirits of turpentine and let a drop fall on the paint spot. Let it stay some hours; then gently rub it. Sulphuric ether also removes paint stains from materials.

COOKERY.

E. Halliday.—In reference to your question respecting hop barm, the recipe for making it is as follows:—Take one and a half ounces of best hops, a quarter of a pound of brown sugar, half a pound of flour, one tablespoonful of salt. Boil the hops in two quarts of water till they sink to the bottom of the saucepan; put the flour in an earthenware bowl, and strain the hop-water through muslin (while boiling hot) upon the flour, stirring it quickly all the time; then add the salt and sugar. When luke-warm, add a cupful of good yeast, and set in a warm place to ferment for twenty-four hours. Next day place it in a stone jar. Cover closely, and keep in a cool place. A small cupful is sufficient for a baking of moderate dimensions. Directions for bread-making will be found at page 439, vol. i.

Jack F. A. S.—We are much obliged for your kind offer, but we shall not require further aid.

Gipsy.—We have given many recipes for toffee, but supply one more:—Half a pound of brown sugar, three ounces of butter, one and a half teaspoonfuls of water, and one lemon. Boil the water, sugar, butter, and half the rind of the lemon together, and when done (which you will ascertain by dropping some into cold water, when it should become crisp) let it stand aside until the boiling has ceased; then stir in the juice of the lemon. Butter a dish, and pour in the toffee till it be half an inch in thickness. Take care to stir the mixture all the time it is boiling, and let the fire be a hot one. This is Everton toffee.

Angelica and Sophonisba.—You are very welcome to "discard the G. O. P.," and we take leave to "discard" your questions and correspondence. The mother or governess of such impertinent little girls would have destroyed such a letter as theirs, and stood them both in a corner.

Alice White.—To make "milk of almonds" you will require an ounce of sweet almonds and three ounces of the bitter, half a pound of white sugar, and one quart of water. Steep the almonds in hot water to blanch them, then pound them in a mortar with the sugar; add the water gradually, strain, and add the orange-flower water to flavour it. The almond should be beaten to the consistency of cream.

Ishi Docia.—You should not take your butter out of the churn till properly gathered. The reason it does not gather is that it is too cold. To obviate this, add a cup of boiling water, turning the handle of the churn quickly. While doing so, if necessary, add more; the quantity required will depend on the size of the churning. To prevent the streaky appearance of which you speak in your butter, you probably make it up into rolls or pats too soon after salting. After washing your butter well, so that no sign of buttermilk remains, add the salt (of which none but the very best should be used). Work the salt thoroughly into the butter, and put it away in a cool place till next day, when work it well again and make into pats. You will notice streaks in the butter when you go to work it up the second time; but if worked well now they will not reappear.

Motherless.—Oatmeal Cakes.—Rub a quarter of a pound of butter, lard, or dripping, into a pound of oatmeal, into which a small quantity of soda and a little salt have been previously well mixed. Make into a paste with a gill of cold water; put some meal on your paste-board, and roll out to the thickness of a penny-piece. Cut into shapes with a cake-cutter (a small tin canister will answer for this purpose), put on a hot stove, and when brown, turn it to brown the upper side. Keep the cakes in a tin box, and warm them in the oven when wanted for table.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Clara.—Temple Bar was one of the City gates, and was called so from its vicinity to the Temple, the chief seat in England of the Templars. It was built by Sir C. Wren in 1670.

Lover of Travelling.—Apply at one or more of the great steamship offices, such as those at Liverpool, Portsmouth, Southampton, Plymouth, London, or Glasgow. We by no means recommend the other course you propose. With your lack of education also, you could only attach yourself to a very low description of company. If you learnt hair-dressing, millinery, and dressmaking, you might be a lady's-maid, and have a chance of travelling under those circumstances. Domestic service is thoroughly respectable, although, like every other vocation in life, it can be unworthily filled by disreputable or lazy and inefficient people.

A. E. T.—We thank you for your prescription for the benefit of sufferers from rheumatism:—Take one pint of new milk and one head of celery, including the root; cut the celery in very small pieces, and boil them in the milk until well done; then eat and drink the whole.

Dolly Spanker.—Your parrot has probably once tasted meat, a bad thing for him. But, as it is, you may have to give him a small bone sometimes with an atom of meat left on it. Also give him a few cotton reels strung together to play with. He is restless, and if you have an empty garret where he may safely fly about sometimes it will do him good.

Hetty.—If your sheepskin mat be a handsome one and very much soiled, you would do well in sending it to a cleaner. Otherwise, you might clean it with powdered plaster of Paris, or with hot bran, at home. Dr. Erasmus Wilson is dead.

Cheerless Delcie.—You say, "It would be a terrible parting for mother, but she would rather let me go than keep me here miserable." Do you not feel utterly ashamed of your selfishness? Are you so heartless as to take advantage of such self-sacrificing love on the part of one to whom you owe everything? Would you leave her still more lonely and otherwise uncomfortable than she is already? The worse it is, the more she needs your support and your companionship. Let it be your aim in life to lighten her burdens, to cheer her solitude, to "requite your parents," bearing with your father's occasional roughness. God has laid a cross upon you; bear it patiently, seeing His hand in it; and He has given you an active duty to perform—surely it is a congenial one, since it is a service of love and of gratitude.

Winter Blossom.—Two negatives make an affirmative in English. If you say you "never had no time," you mean that "you always had some time." See our articles on "Punctuation," pages 726 and 794, vol. iv. "A lot of people" is a vulgar expression.

Candalaria.—From your account, we should imagine that the old-fashioned "golden ointment" would be of use to your eyes. It is to be obtained in a tiny pot from any good chemist. Apply to the shut eyelids at night, and do not open your eyes afterwards, but get someone to put out the light for you. Very little ointment is needed. In the morning the eyes should be carefully bathed with warm water. Apply for two or three nights and then leave off.

Popsy asks, "Is a young lady of seventeen justified in falling in love and marrying immediately?" At that age you should be engaged over your lessons in the schoolroom; or, even if in a position necessitating your being in service, in a shop, or apprenticed to a trade, you would be far too young to marry. At that age your judgment and your taste are still unformed, and you have not done growing, and are quite unfit to undertake all the cares and responsibilities of married life. Besides, you should, if possible, give a few years of your early life to the duties of requiting your parents before leaving them.

ROSIE.—We fear we cannot help you, as a perfect obstruction in a window for lookers-in would be apt to be a perfect obstruction to lookers-out also. Why not try some of the new coloured glass or its imitations, such as glacier painting?

JUMBO, AND ALICE OF TOURS.—The 7th April, 1868, was a Tuesday. Francesca da Rimini was daughter of Guido da Polenta, Lord of Ravenna. Her story is told in Dante's "Inferno," chapter v.

NYDIA.—Conradin, King of Sicily, was the last of the imperial Hohenstanfen family, who had obtained the kingdom of Sicily by marriage, in 1194. Three or four sovereigns of this house had reigned, when the pope gave the kingdom to Charles of Anjou in 1263. Conradin, on the death of his Uncle Manfred—who was slain at Benevento—was invited by the Ghibelline party to take the throne, and entered Italy with a large army, was defeated at Tagliacozzo, 1268, and was beheaded at Naples two months after by order of Charles of Anjou. The massacre called the "Sicilian Vespers" at Palermo, March 30th, 1282, was the consequence of his cruelties in Sicily, and about 8,000 French perished.

FANCHON.—Shakespeare says—

> "There's rosemary; that's for remembrance"
> (*Hamlet*, act iv.).

Moore, in "Lallah Rookh"—

> "The humble rosemary,
> Whose sweets so thanklessly are shed
> To scent the desert and the dead."

M. E. B.—The old coins are not sufficiently described to say what they are. You give no rubbings nor dates, nor do you say of what they are made. The book is of little value.

WESTWARD HO.—The 16th January, 1857, was a Friday; the 25th July, 1864, was a Monday; the 21st September, 1862, was a Sunday.

MYRA.—It is usual to place the tea things on a tray (a silver one if there be such) on the table at tea—not at breakfast-time. No d'oyley is required for it. We do not understand your saying, "This is genuine." What is genuine? You must have omitted some statement. You ought to write small roundhand copies. Your writing is too spidery and large.

C. CAMPBELL.—Before attempting to write what you think are verses, you should be quite certain about your facts. Tyre and Sidon were not "the Cities of the Plain," and were not destroyed by fire from heaven. You have confounded Sodom and Gomorrah with them; so you made a great mistake when you said—

> "For brimstone burned your houses down,
> And left not one brick upon t'other.
> The beautiful cities are gone,
> Gone, gone! is it true?
> Yea, yes, for ever."

We publish this verse for you as a specimen, but do not feel justified in paying you anything for it, as you request.

DESZLER.—St. Paul was martyred at Rome. He was put to the sword, with which emblem he is always represented in art. We do not know who you mean by "Deszler." Was he a cat's-meat man or a pedlar?

ROSE.—Brünel, the great engineer, was born at Hacqueville, in Normandy, 1769. George Stephenson was born at Newcastle-on-Tyne in 1781, and died near Chesterfield in 1848. Burns, the poet, was born near Ayr, in Scotland, and died in Dumfries. Sir Walter Scott was born in Edinburgh, and died at Abbotsford.

ONE OF THE OLD GIRLS.—We are much obliged to you for your note and the account of the old women spinning near your island home. Long may they do so.

CUCKOO'S namesake leaves Britain in July and returns in April. The remaining part of the year is spent in Africa or in the warm parts of Asia.

A FOREIGNER.—We suppose you mean an apprentice by an "articled pupil." An apprentice is one bound for a certain term to a tradesman or master, who undertakes, on certain conditions, to teach him his profession or trade. What would be required of him would depend on the conditions of the articles.

A WILD ROSE.—Newton St. Cyres is more properly St. Cyrus, to whom the church in the village is dedicated. St. Cyrus was an infant martyr, killed with his mother, Julitta, about 304 A.D.

ABRACADABRA.—The "shire courts" were generally held in the open air, and they were the descendants of the meetings of the "wise men" before the Conquest, that formed the first foundation of our later Parliaments.

M. E. MORRIS, M. A. SHAW, F. BOWEN.—"A brown fox jumped quickly over the lazy dogs," and, "A quick brown fox jumps over the lazy dog." These were given in some of the provincial papers, and since then several young ladies have sent it in certified as their own work. We can only hope that in these cases "wits" jump sometimes as quickly as foxes. It is a pity that such a coincidence should occur at the time of a competition.

ARABELLA STUART.—The mackintosh, we fear, has been spoilt from being placed near a fire. You might, however, show it at an indiarubber shop, and if anything can be done they will do it. We feel sure it is beyond any home doctoring. A little bran will soften the water for purposes of personal ablution, and a small pinch of baking soda for making tea.

WELL-WISHER. — We never heard German yeast accused of producing cancer or consumption. There is such a trouble as "accidental consumption" in a person without hereditary taint, and a severe injury may produce a spurious description of cancer, though not the real disease, in a person of a once thoroughly healthy, though more or less worn out, constitution. But the two diseases are hereditary. As linen is more durable than calico, as well as more agreeable for pillow-cases, we prefer it ourselves.

CHEPSTOW writes to say that she has been most successful in using a decanter stopper, instead of putty, to set the flowers up in making a water bouquet. The putty clouds the water in time. The flowers can be tied to the transparent stopper.

DRESS REFORM.—We were much interested in your letter about the alteration in your dress. We think that woollen underclothing should be adopted by everyone in this changeable climate. We think the only thing not needed in your list is the white calico bodice.

MRS. PRITCHARD writes to say she has found a glass of cold water a cure for a bad bilious headache, and that before and after every meal a wineglassful of cold water has prevented these headaches returning to her.

SOPHIE.—The article on tricycles for ladies appeared in *Silver Sails*, page 45.

VIOLET.—Nettle-rash is generally the result of much acidity in the system. Perhaps a small dose of citrate of magnesia (a teaspoonful in half a tumbler of water) three times daily may relieve you. If not, obtain advice from a doctor. We recommend you to wear a cap. Inquire what is to be worn by your companions in reference to your frock.

ROSEBUD.—Always rise to receive or bid good-bye to lady visitors. Circumstances of intimacy, age, or relative positions in life must guide you in reference to men. When staying on a visit at a friend's house you need not get up and shake hands with every member of it each time they enter the room. The article on the treatment of the skin is in vol. v., page 643.

JEANEY B.—You evidently neglect the cleaning of the paraffin lamp, and you do not remove the charred edges of the burnt wick. There should be no smell whatever. The words "whether" and "unpleasant" are improperly spelt "wether" and "unpleasent."

DAMARIS.—The questions you ask are not of a character to be answered in a paper like this, designed for all denominations of Christians. Do you know a little book called the "Daily Round"? (J. Whitaker, 12, Warwick-lane, Paternoster-row, E.C.)

REGULUS. — We have it on the authority of Robert Browning himself that the poem, "How they brought the good news from Ghent to Aix," was of purely imaginary origin.

CLYTIE.—You should take no notice of such a person. Nothing but an impertinence can be intended.

ALICE.—"Coming events cast their shadows before" is from "Lochiel's Warning," a poem by Campbell. The 24th January, 1851, was a Thursday.

FLATTERER.—The price of the "Handbook of the English Tongue," by Angus, is 5s.

AN ANXIOUS ONE.—Rest for not less than an hour a day, and daily gymnastic exercises, such as we have illustrated, will prevent the spinal curvature from increasing with age.

YULE LOG, and Others.—The origin of this Christmas observance dates far back in the heathen saturnalias, and was an indoor counterpart of the midsummer fires kindled on high places. All the Celtic nations kept a feast at the winter solstice to rejoice at the return of the sun to this part of the heavens. The word "Yule" is said to mean "festival of the sun" by some authors.

MAGNOLIA.—We have heard the same story about these amusing tales, but cannot say whether they are true. At any rate, it is not in good taste to pry too closely into the private life of authors. The price of "Cowper's Letters" is 4s. Write to Mr. Tarn.

AN ADMIRER.—We regret to say that your verses will not suit the G. O. P. Not only should the number of syllables be the same in corresponding lines, but the beat, or emphasis, should fall with the greatest exactitude on corresponding syllables in each line. Observe that eight feet are contained in the first line of the fifth verse, and the beat on the second foot; and as this order must be observed throughout, your verse should run thus—

> Oh, *mortal man*, at *thy* com*mand*,
> Forced *to obey* death's *placid hand*;
> To *slum*ber *in* death's *cold* nar*row*
> Cell, *the* gates *of* heaven, *the* door *to*
> Hell." . . . . . .

There is much confusion of ideas in all the verses.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHER.—We do not see what you could do further for them, excepting to lend them some good but interesting books, and to pay them each an occasional visit, telling them that, having been friends so long, you would be sorry to lose sight of them. But you will have to be very cautious and judicious, for if they think themselves pursued to have "preachments" made to them they will resent it, and you will lose all the influence over them that you desire to retain.

MILO BIGELSTONE.—There is no floor to a diving bell; the open end is downward as it descends through the water.

SHIPMITE.—Auguste Comte was the founder of the unorthodox school of "Positive Philosophy," which has been described as "the condensation of all knowledge into a homogeneous body of doctrine capable of supplying a faith and consequently a polity." His catechism includes a Trinity, consisting of (1st) Humanity, or *Grand Etre*, (2nd) Space, or *Grand Milieu*, and (3rd) the Solar System, or *Grand Fétiche*, which has been called "Catholicism minus Christianity." He rejected faith in the invisible.

ALMOST A CRIPPLE might harden her feet by bathing in hot salt and water. Wear thin upper leather in your walking shoes, and wear stuff or velvet shoes in the house.

EILY.—A milking-stool consists of a small circular seat supported on three legs, stretching further apart at the feet than where inserted into the seat. The whole may be painted in any bright colour, or in black, and with a design in colours of leaves, flowers, or other pattern. The top is rather larger than a dinner plate.

NELLY BLY.—Our advice to you is to remain where you are, and not wilfully to give up a situation on the chance of finding another nearer home, unless your parents wished you to do so. Of course, that would alter the case, and then you should talk the matter over very seriously with them, and obtain a fresh engagement before giving up what you have.

ONYX.—You should send the macramé lace to a cleaner. You will not do it well at home.

HEARTSEASE.—Any grease, spirits, or scents will turn inferior turquoises to a greenish hue. "Old rock" or "stone turquoise" does not change its colour. It is known by very small black specks, which (one or more) will be found in them. Turned to the back, if possible.

NETHERPLACE.—A first visit should be paid by your husband in person; after that, if unable to accompany you, his card may be left on the hall table as you leave the house.

PEARL.—A young man who endeavours to mislead so young a girl into clandestine intercourse—thus stealing a daughter's heart from her allegiance to her parents—is no worthy and suitable associate for her. It is mean and base on his part. Why does he not obtain an introduction to them, and state what claims he may have to offer, to obtain permission to pay his addresses to their daughter? Tell the young man in question that you cannot keep up an acquaintance with anyone unknown to your parents, and decline walking with him, politely, but firmly.

CHATTERBOX.—The reception of the repentant prodigal into his father's house and heart and presence supplies in some degree, however small, a parallel to the reception of the child of God into the presence of his divine Redeemer. The actual presence of God, the being "with Christ," the "walking with Him in white" in the Celestial City, is the climax of all bliss. In addition to this "joy, all joys beyond," there will be the realisation that it is for ever; there will be the reunion with those whom we love, who died "in Christ;" there will be exemption from pain and sickness and sorrow; and there will be active but never fatiguing employment. But the realised presence and favour of God will constitute the supreme bliss of heaven; all else will be secondary to this.

ALICE W.—We must refer you to our indexes, with reference to the drying and mounting of seaweed.

VENUS.—We do not give private addresses. Your writing is legible, though pretty and graceful.

CHRISTABEL PRUE.—Consult the indexes respecting the treatment of the hair, and all such personal matters connected with the toilet.

MYOSOTIS.—The telegraph lines across the sea are laid under the water, and are great cables. "Agnostics" are philosophers who assert that we have no knowledge but what we acquire by means of our bodily senses. The name itself only dates from the year 1876, or thereabouts.

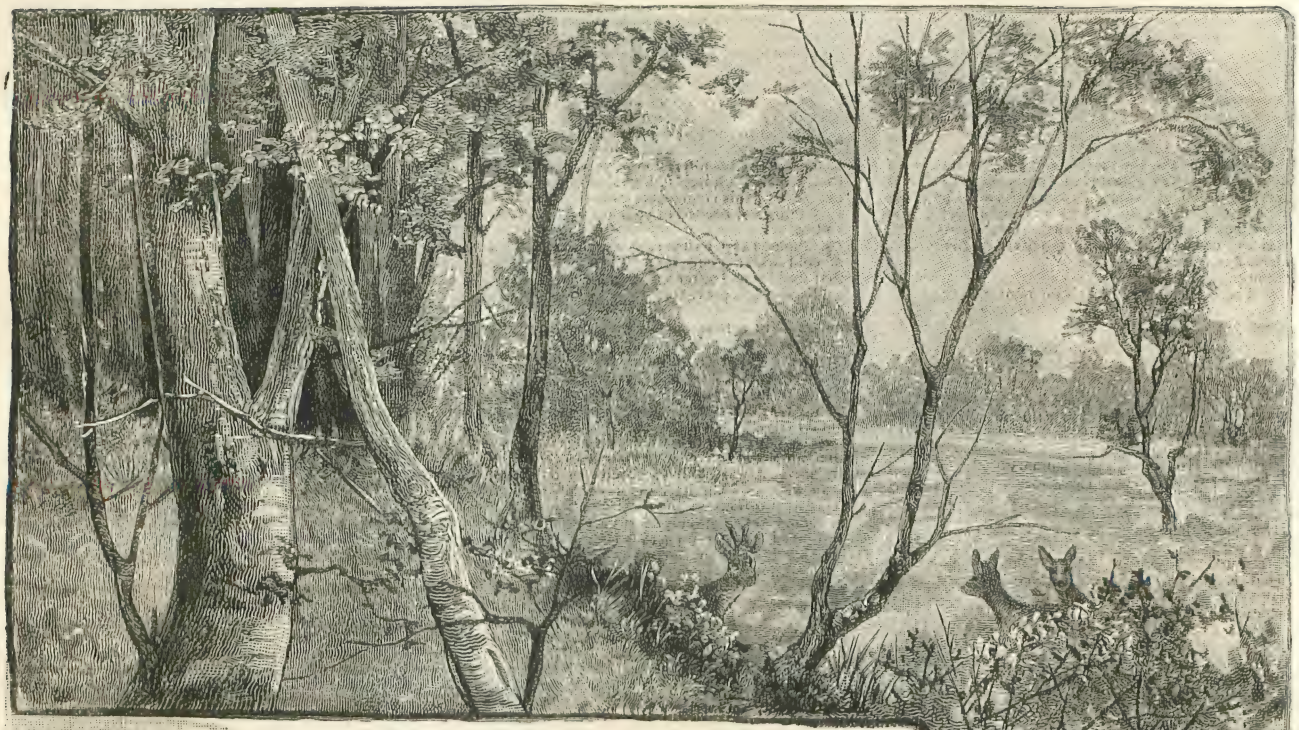
MARY W.—The "London Stone" was one placed in Cannon-street by the Romans, that locality being then the centre of the City, 15 B.C. It is at present in the wall of St. Swithin's Church, where it was placed in 1798. It was known in the time of the Conqueror; in 1742 it was removed from the opposite side of the way. In 1450 Jack Cade struck his sword against this stone, when he exclaimed, "Now is Mortimer lord of this city!"

AUNT SALLY writes:—1. "Can a man, after marrying his eldest daughter, claim her as his child?" We give it up. We are not clever in guessing conundrums. 2. We could not decide such a question, as some people prefer their children to spend Sunday afternoons in one way and some in another. Consult the wishes of your own parents.

BUTTERCUP.—You have lost the hair in your eyebrow from a small-pox or chicken-pox scar. If so, the roots have been destroyed, and there is no remedy.

DAPHNE ODORA.—You might obtain an introduction and recommendation to some draper from one whom you already know, or you might advertise. We are not acquainted with a book of the kind you name; but you will find some useful hints in our own article entitled "A Word to the Wise," designed for shop assistants.

ONE OF YOUR OLD GIRLS.—The selling of old letter-paper is very generally adopted for purposes of charity. We thank you, nevertheless, for your suggestion, which is a good one for people who have little to give.



THE WELCOME HOME.

Oh, come to the wild wood,
The scene of our childhood,
Where wood-pigeons' notes through the foliage resound;
Where bracken and heather
Grow tangled together,
And primrose and violet sprinkle the ground.

Long years have we wandered,
From each other sundered,
And ocean's broad billows between us have rolled.
But parted no longer,
Affection grows stronger
As together we'll live the sweet home-life of old.

What softened reflection,
What gay recollection,
Steal over our memory, mingled with pain,
When meeting the traces
Of dearly-loved faces
Of those whom on earth we shall ne'er see again!

The mischievous brother,
The tender-voiced mother,
Whose gentle reproof held our spirits in awe.
The father, who ruled us
And rigidly schooled us
In Latin, arithmetic, history, and law.

The suffering sister—
How sorely we missed her—
How we watched as she faded from day unto day,
Her spirit so lowly,
So calm and so holy,
Till the Angel of Death bore our darling away.

Then come to the wild wood,
Our playground in childhood,
Though the feet of those loved ones will tread it no more;
And sister and brother
Be all to each other
That is left of the happy old home-life of yore.

Ximena.

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

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AUNT DIANA.

By ROSA NOUCHETTE CAREY, Author of "Nellie's Memories," "Not Like Other Girls," "Esther," etc.

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"ALISON WATCHED HALF FASCINATED BY HORROR."

CHAPTER XVI.

CAUGHT IN THE ACT.

It was still early in the evening when the young conspirators returned to the house, and the next two hours passed very slowly to Alison.

Her nerves were in that fine tension that precedes an expected crisis. She was restless and excited, and any sort of employment seemed impossible. Rudel's Latin was tiresome, and presented itself in the light of an irksome duty. Poppie's fun and caresses—for the child was as frolicsome as a kitten, especially at wrong times—jarred on her longing for quiet. It was a relief when the little girl went off unwillingly to bed, and especially when Rudel shut up his books on the pretext of sleepiness and went upstairs, slouching heavily, after the fashion of schoolboys.

It was then past nine, and Mr. Merle was shut safely in his study. Alison went quickly into her room and made her little preparation. A brown hat she had discarded as being too shabby would just suit her nocturnal purpose; her dress was dark, and a warm jacket was all she needed; and, carefully turning down her gas and locking her door, she crept quietly downstairs, to find Roger waiting for her in the dark entry.

He nodded and held out his hand to her without speaking, until they were outside the gate and were walking rapidly down the road that would lead them to the bridge.

"I have brought this plaid," he observed, presently, showing it to her. "I was so afraid you would find it cold if we should have to watch many hours. I don't think I ought to have brought you, Ailie; but you would come, you know."

"I could not have stopped at home," was Alison's quick answer. "Is this the bridge where we are to wait, Roger? How black the canal looks! Are you glad it is such a dark night—no moon, and hardly a star to be seen?"

"I am afraid we are going to have rain," he returned, in a vexed voice. "I do not mind the moon being absent; the darkness is in our favour. But what am I to do with you, Ailie, if we have a wet night? You will catch your death of cold."

"Nonsense," replied Alison, stoutly. But, nevertheless, she felt an inward twinge of discomfort. Neither of them had thought of the weather. How weird and eerie everything looked in the obscure light, the dark towing-path and the sluggish canal, the tall factories, and beyond them the dim wood-piles and sheds stretching away into the distance. Now and then the sudden splash of a water rat broke on their ear, then the heavy tramp of some belated passenger passing over the bridge; the very barge that came floating towards them out of the darkness seemed to hold dark grisly shapes upon it. She almost shuddered when the men's faint "Hulloa" answered Roger's signal. Fragments of old mythological tales seemed to rise to her memory. She thought of Charon rowing his boat-full of souls down the sable Styx, as she took her place in the barge.

In a few minutes Roger was helping her to scramble on shore. They were now at the extreme end of the timber-yard, and had some way to walk.

"We must not speak above our breath," whispered Roger, cautiously, in her ear. "I hope Timothy is safe in his shed eating his supper; but if he and Nettle were to meet us it would be rather awkward to account for our presence at this time of night; in fact, my little game would be frustrated. I am more afraid of Nettle than of Timothy. Give me your hand, Ailie; there are awkward bits of wood every now and then, and you may stumble."

And Alison soon verified his prediction, for only Roger's strong hand saved her from falling again and again.

Long before they had reached their destination the heavy patter of raindrops warned them to make haste; but in the uncertain light, and with so rough a path—for Roger had chosen a narrow by-path instead of the main road—their speed was greatly retarded.

"Here we are at last," whispered Roger; "follow me closely, Ailie." And as she obeyed, holding his coat to give her courage, it really seemed to her as though she were entering a dark cavern. A pitchy blackness was round them; Roger's groping only led them still farther into the darkness. Alison experienced a sense of suffocation until a ray of murky light showed her where she was—at the farther entrance of one of the wood-piles, with the office windows within a few yards of them.

Alison breathed more freely when she recognised her position. The interlaced planks formed an arched chamber, where they could move with comfort and be sheltered from the rain—unless it were continuous and heavy, and then it would find its way through the wide gaps; but for a little while they would be safe. Roger spread the plaid near the entrance, and bade his sister make herself as comfortable as circumstances permitted, while he went a little way to reconnoitre.

Alison longed for him to stay where he was; it was wonderful how soon her feminine timidity asserted itself directly she was left alone. In spite of all her reasoning she found the darkness behind her appalling. When she was swallowed up in it, her thoughts would run upon gloomy subjects, such as dungeons with mere eyelets in the wall for windows, or the narrow labyrinthian galleries of mines plunged deep in the recesses of the earth; her mind took exploring flights into all sorts of dreary places before he came back to her, with his face wet with raindrops, and took his allotted share of the rug.

Alison slid a very cold little hand into his, and would not be deterred by his wet coat-sleeve from imperceptibly lessening the distance between them, until she found his shoulder a support, and then she declared in a cheerful voice, without much feigning, that she was quite comfortable, and would not mind how long she stopped there.

"I hope I have not brought you on a wild-goose chase," returned Roger, a little ruefully. "Timothy is eating his supper, it looks like cold tripe and onions, but one cannot be sure of anything in this world, so I may be wrong, and Nettle is gnawing a bone with much gusto. We shall have to be careful when he goes his rounds, for the least movement will attract Nettle. Hush! what is that?" as a slight sound was plainly audible. "Don't move, I implore you, Ailie." And Roger cautiously raised himself on his hands and knees and crept a few paces nearer to the entrance, but in a moment he returned and bade Alison in a whisper move farther into the darkness.

"It is Fergusson; I heard his voice," he whispered; "Nettle barked and he spoke to her. Come a little farther; Timothy has his lantern and he might turn it on us; and now not a word if you can help it. Are you frightened, dear?"

"No," returned Alison, a little unsteadily, but at that moment she was certainly wishing herself and Roger safely at home. He seemed to comprehend her feelings, for he patted her cheek, and called her his good brave little Ailie, which restored her good opinion of herself, and gave her fresh courage. Roger's caution was not in vain: a sudden flare of light penetrated the entrance of the wood-pile; they could see Nettle trotting on in front, and behind her the two men, but at the moment the lantern was lowered, and Timothy's face was turned to his companion.

"A wet night, master," he said, in a grumbling voice; "there's no fear of sparks or fireworks to-night from the Cremona Gardens. Nettle and me we will just go on our beat, and then we'll go back to the shed again."

"All right, Timothy," returned the manager, briskly. "I must just hunt for the paper I told you about. Possibly I may be a quarter of an hour in the office; but I will call out to you when I am ready for you to let me out of the yard."

"Aye, aye, I will let you out, sure enough, Master Fergusson; if so be as you strike upon the little window in the shed. Now, Nettle, lass, we'll be going." And the old man moved on slowly.

"Don't move, Ailie; I'll be back in a moment," whispered Roger in her ear.

And Alison remained where she was, feeling the dampness verging round her; an unpleasant moisture beginning to trickle down her neck. The rain was pouring in torrents outside; its very violence promised short duration. Presently Roger crept back to her.

"It is just as I said," he began, hurriedly. "He is unlocking the safe; he has a duplicate key—I was sure of it. There is not a moment to lose. I dare not trust Timothy. I must go for my father. Ailie, may I leave you here? You are perfectly safe—no one would harm you. But one of us must watch Fergusson; which shall it be?"

"You must go, Roger," she exclaimed, pushing him from her, but speaking with chattering teeth. "You will go more quickly, and will know how to avoid Timothy."

Alison did not add that her limbs

were trembling so with sudden fright and excitement that she doubted their efficiency in carrying her so far. Her private opinion was that, after all, she was not fit for such an emergency, and she could help Roger best by quiescent watching.

"Yes, go; no one can hurt me," she repeated, panting a little over her words. But the darkness, though abhorrent to her feminine nerves, was useful in hiding her paleness and trembling lips from Roger.

"Very well; keep up your courage, Ailie, and do not lose sight of the villain," he returned, creeping gently past her. "I will bring father back in no time. Wait where you are until Timothy has passed again."

Alison's reply was inaudible, but her mute assent testified obedience. That moment she was literally beyond speech; the horrid darkness seemed to swallow her up again; a nervous oppression made her heart beat with distressing quickness. It was quite a relief when Timothy passed again; the familiar figure in the heavy watchman's coat gave her a comforting sense of human support, and took away the appalling sense of isolation with only criminal dealings near at hand.

"What a coward I am," she thought, "as though a watchful Providence were not near me." And Alison whispered to herself the comforting collect, "Lighten our darkness," feeling as though the mere utterance of the familiar petition, used nightly from her childhood, brought a sense of safety to her. "And now I must only think of Roger and papa," she said to herself, as she groped her way towards the entrance. Timothy had retreated to his shed with Nettle, and there was no danger of being surprised. There was another wood-pile overshadowing the office roof. No doubt Roger had stood there when he had peeped into the window. Perhaps she might safely do the same. Roger had told her to watch, and here she could see nothing.

She stole cautiously across the open path, and in another moment she was standing outside the office window. There were two windows, for this one was necessarily darkened by the wood-pile, but over the other the blind had been lowered to shut out prying glances. Alison supposed, as Roger had, that he had locked himself in to carry on his unhallowed work. The dark background of piled-up planks quite overshadowed the white girlish face peering in at the uncurtained window.

She was frightened at her own daring, but she remembered that she was Roger's witness; it was necessary for her own eyes to testify of Fergusson's dishonest doings. Now there could be no mistake; the open safe was conclusive, and so were the notes and gold that he was stowing away in that great black bag. Alison watched half fascinated by horror. He had nearly finished; yes, he was locking his bag and closing the safe, the candle stood guttering beside him on a chair, not on the table; he almost pushed against it as he went to the door and set it open. Yes, he had locked himself in, for she could see him take the key out and fix it carefully in the outer lock, and then he went back into the room. Oh, what had become of Roger? In another moment he could have escaped with his booty. The main entrance to the timber-yard was in the opposite direction to the private door opening into the garden of The Holms. Even if Roger and her father were coming in this moment Fergusson would have no difficulty in eluding them. It was true the door was locked and Timothy had the key, but he could easily swim across the canal and reach the towing-path unseen.

Alison's agony was rising to a pitch that almost justified rashness. She was becoming desperate in spite of her terror. A sudden thought came to her, thrilling her with horror—could she do it: yes, for Roger's sake she would try. Another second she was gliding round the little building and passed the curtained window with a gleam of light shining through the crevice. As she passed it there was sudden darkness; he had extinguished the candle. In another instant Alison had shut the door, almost knocking Fergusson back, if she had known it, and had turned the key in the lock. Alison had felt a quick hysteric sob rise in her throat as she heard the key turning under her hand. Had she really done it? Had some unseen presence beside her given her the needful strength? Was the dishonest servant a prisoner and she his captor? But Alison had no time to do more than ask herself these questions, for Timothy came out of his shed, and was hobbling towards her, and the next moment the key was in Alison's pocket, and she was standing at bay."

"What does this mean, Missie? How come you here?" exclaimed the old man, suspiciously, while Nettle jumped up and licked her hand.

"I have locked Mr. Fergusson in; he is stealing papa's money out of the safe," returned Alison, turning her white face to Timothy, and the sob rising in her throat again. "I will not give up the key until papa comes."

A fierce kick at the door behind her drove her from it a few paces.

"Let me out, Timothy," thundered Fergusson. "The girl is mad; she must be out of her mind to say such things. Mr. Merle desired me to look over some papers for him; they are most important, and there must be no delay."

"You hear what he says, Missie," returned Timothy, rather roughly; "we must not keep the master's manager locked up. I warrant you it is all right; they keep them papers in the safe. Give me the key and I will open the door for the gentleman."

"Not until papa comes," was Alison's reply; and in spite of Timothy's surly remonstrances and Fergusson's imprecations, she remained firm. Timothy was driven to his wits' end what to do with the daft lass, as he called her, when sudden footsteps were heard, and Alison darted forward to meet them.

"Papa, I saw him at the safe; he was putting the gold and notes into his bag. I saw him do it!" she cried, excitedly. "He blew out the candle, and then I locked him in. Here is the key."

"Timothy, go at once to the police-station!" exclaimed Mr. Merle, in a voice they had never heard before; it was so vivid with indignation. "Roger, take your sister into the house. There is a fire in my study; I will wait here."

"No, no; I can go alone," returned Alison. "Roger must not leave you, papa."

But he repeated in the same curt way, "Take your sister away, Roger, and be back as soon as you can;" and Roger, who understood his father, hurried her across the yard and the garden, and did not leave her until she was in the warm, brightly-lit study.

"Take off your wet jacket, Ailie," he charged her, as he left her; but there was no time to say more.

Alison obeyed him. She took off her dripping hat also; and then she sat down on the rug and laid her head against her father's chair, and a flood of tears relieved her over-wrought nerves. Roger found her still in the same position when he came in half an hour later; but the tears were flowing more quietly. In his boyish exuberance, he lifted her up as though she were a child.

"Here she is, father, crying her pretty eyes out! And no wonder, when she is so cold and tired. Ailie, do you know you are a perfect heroine! You have done a plucky thing, and no mistake!"

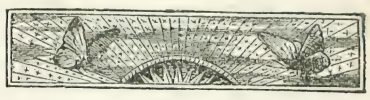
"Come and kiss me, Alison, my dear!" said Mr. Merle. "You are a brave girl, and have saved your poor father's credit. Roger and you have done nobly to-night. I have let myself be duped by a dishonest rogue. Give me your hand, boy; it does not become a man to ask his own son to forgive him, but I think we shall understand each other better from this day."

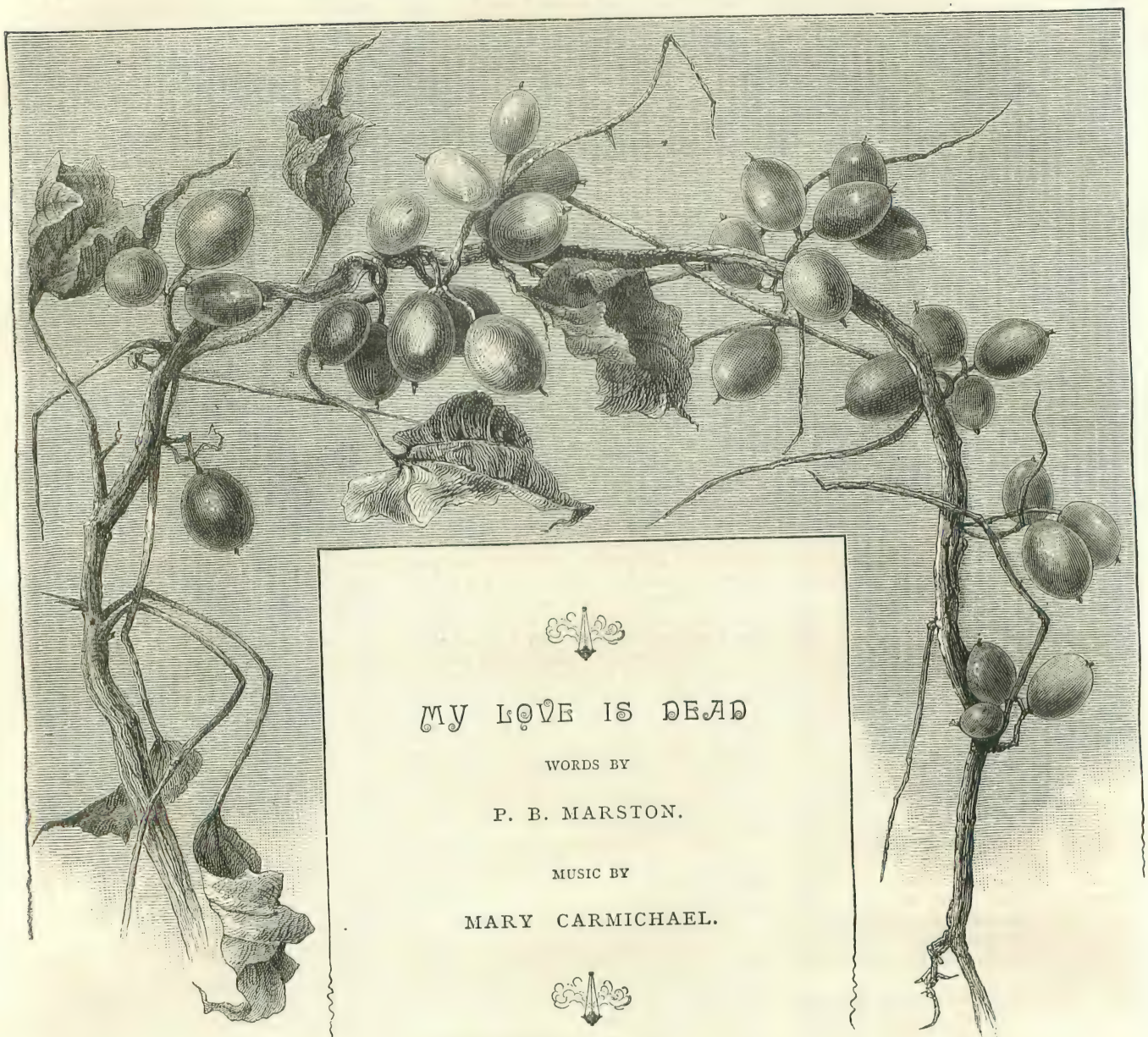
Roger's eyes glistened as he wrung his father's hand.

"I knew it would come all right some day," he said, with an honest blush, as Mr. Merle looked at him, half sadly and half proudly; "it was only Fergusson who made mischief between us."

"Yes, but I ought not to have believed him," returned Mr. Merle, in a contrite voice. "I was too hasty, Roger; and, after all, you are the better man of business. I have always been too much of a bookworm. Well, well, you have broad shoulders, and we must make them serviceable. Now, Alison, my dear, you had better bid us both good-night, for your cheeks are much too pale. Go to sleep and forget everything except that you have been a good child. Roger and I must have some talk together." And, kissing her with a greater degree of affection than he had ever manifested for her, he dismissed her to seek the repose she so much needed.

(*To be continued.*)





MY LOVE IS DEAD

WORDS BY

P. B. MARSTON.

MUSIC BY

MARY CARMICHAEL.

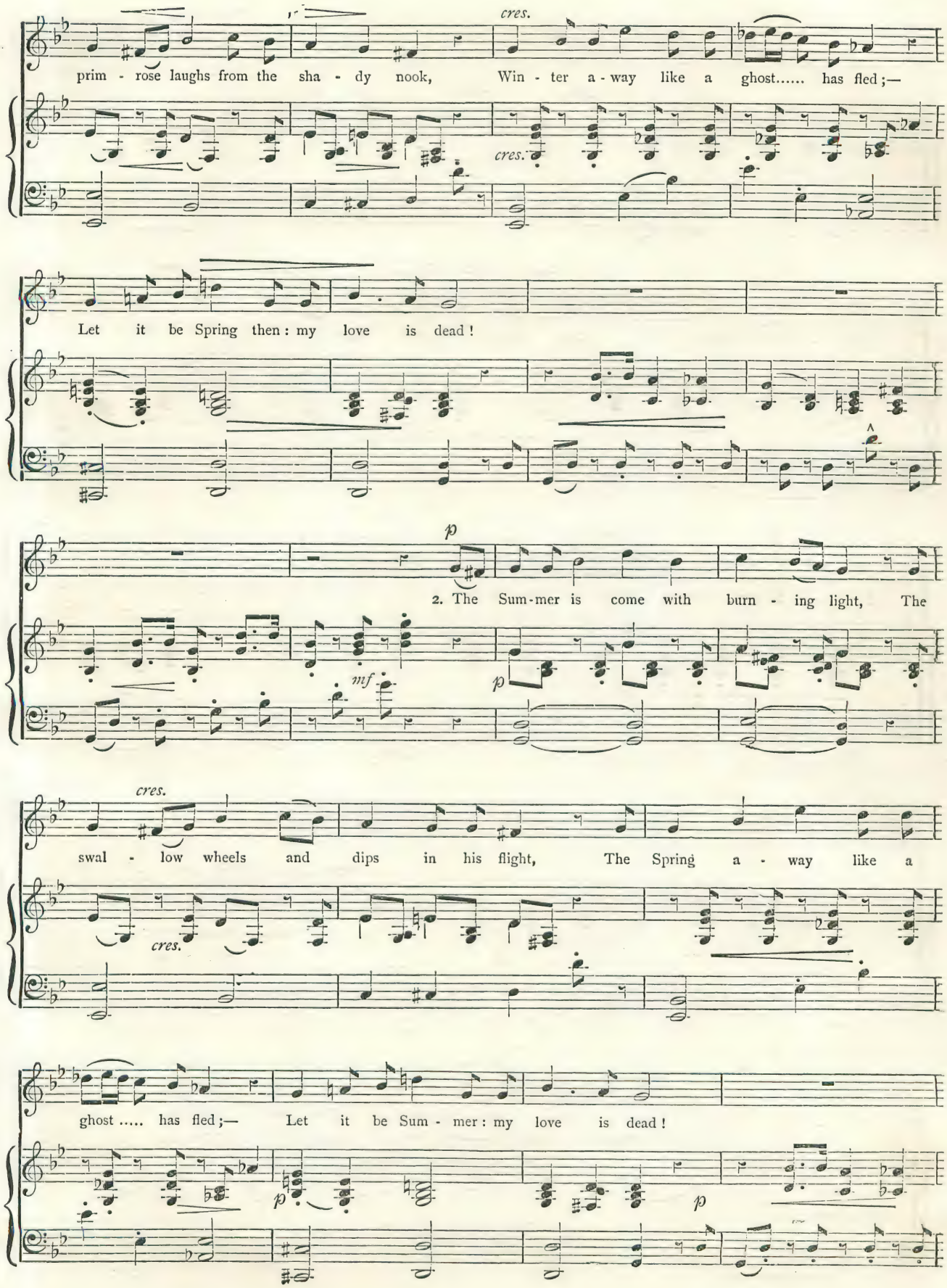
Allegretto con moto.

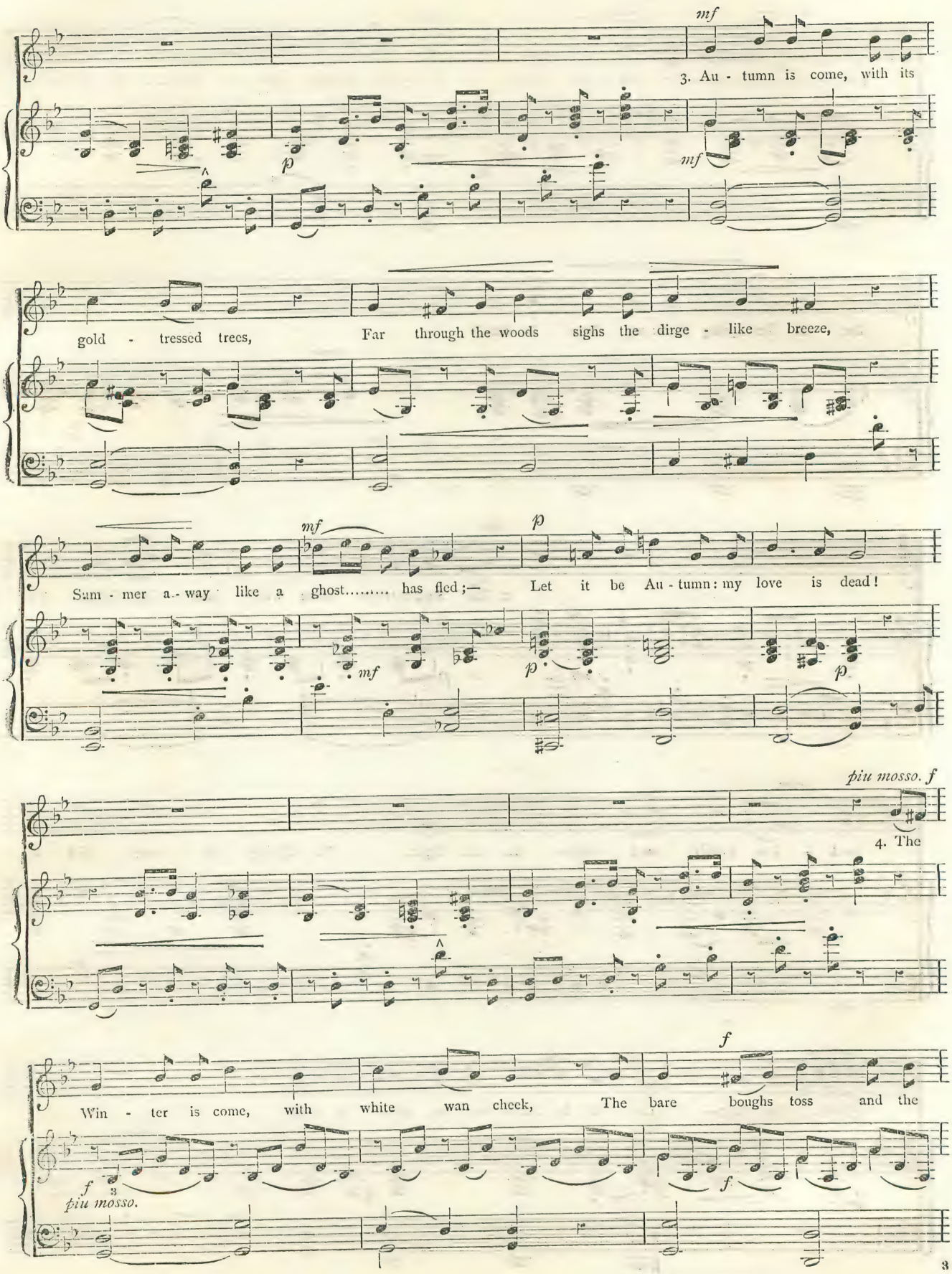
PIANO.

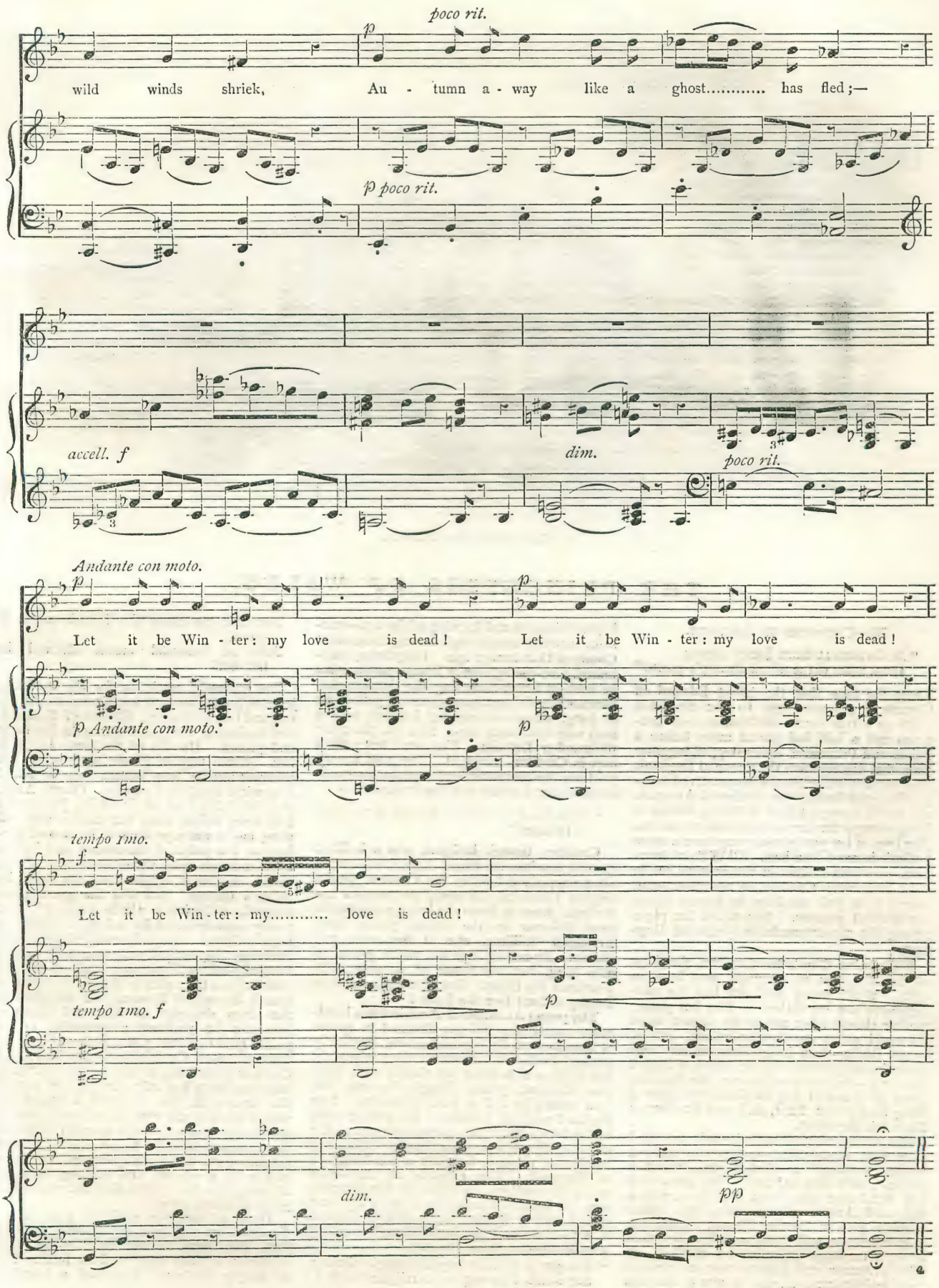
p

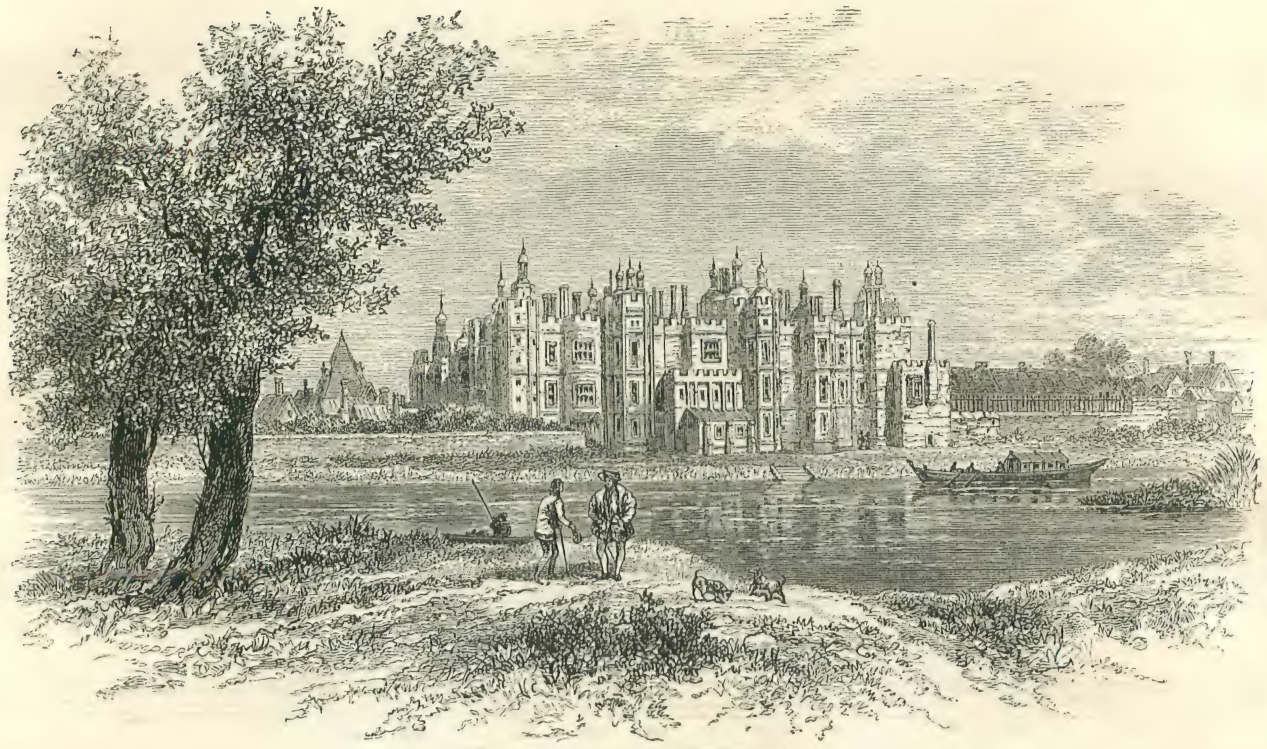
1. 'Tis Spring: the fresh green glints in the brook, The

p


cres.
prim - rose laughs from the sha - dy nook, Win - ter a - way like a ghost..... has fled;—
cres.
Let it be Spring then: my love is dead!
p
2. The Sum-mer is come with burn - ing light, The
mf
p
cres.
swal - low wheels and dips in his flight, The Spring a - way like a
cres.
ghost ..... has fled;— Let it be Sum - mer: my love is dead!
p
p


mf
3. Au - tumn is come, with its
p
mf
gold - tressed trees, Far through the woods sighs the dirge - like breeze,
mf
p
Sum - mer a - way like a ghost..... has fled;— Let it be Au - tumn: my love is dead!
mf
p
p
piu mosso. f
4. The
f
Win - ter is come, with white wan cheek, The bare boughs toss and the
f
f
piu mosso.


poco rit.
wild winds shriek, Au - tumn a - way like a ghost..... has fled;—
p poco rit.
accell. f
dim.
poco rit.
Andante con moto.
Let it be Win - ter: my love is dead! Let it be Win - ter: my love is dead!
p Andante con moto.
tempo 1mo.
Let it be Win - ter: my..... love is dead!
tempo 1mo. f
dim.
pp



OLD RICHMOND PALACE.

THE PRINCESSES OF WALES.

V.—CAROLINE OF ANSPACH.

"A Caroline at Saint James's seen;
Great is her virtue who is Beauty's queen."

FROM the time that the infant Edward of Carnarvon was presented to the Snowdon chiefs as a true native Welshman, four centuries and a half had passed away before a Prince and Princess of Wales stepped together from that dignity upon the throne of England. The first lady whom Providence preserved to enjoy this good fortune was Caroline of Anspach, the wife of George, Prince of Wales, known as King George the Second after his coronation. The lives of her predecessors may have a more pathetic interest than hers. All of them, however, were mere ciphers in the country beside their husbands; Caroline, on the other hand, towers head and shoulders in history above her wedded partner. She takes her place among the most remarkable queens of England.

Wilhelmina Charlotte Caroline, daughter of the Margrave of Anspach, was born in 1683. While yet a child she had the misfortune to lose her father, to lose her young mother shortly after, and to be thrown upon the world with a very slender fortune. Passed on to Berlin—then insignificant in size and power in comparison with the Berlin of Prince Bismarck—she was brought up at the Prussian Court by her aunt Sophia Charlotte, sister of King George the First, and grandmother of Frederick the Great.

Her character was moulded—well moulded—by that remarkable woman, who was "a bright presence," as Carlyle says, "and a favourite with sage and gay." She grew up a tall, handsome girl, lively, intelligent, with a soft, musical voice and penetrating eyes. These were the gifts of Mother Nature. From her able instructor and noble model she acquired a regal carriage, propriety of conduct, an affable manner and delicate tact, a habit of keen insight into character, sympathy with the highest thought and learning of the age—qualities that were rare enough among the corrupt Courts of that corrupt age. The plump, dark-haired, blue-eyed Queen of Prussia might often be seen at Court discussing the deepest problems of life with an unprepossessing gentleman of forty, whose outstanding features were a long nose and bandy legs. This was the great philosopher Leibnitz. The same tastes lived over in Caroline, her pupil. The poet Savage paid her the compliment of saying—a compliment to her, but not to ladies in general—

"Your heart is woman, though your mind be man."

Caroline, though indigent, was a brilliant gem fit to adorn the fairest diadem in Europe. On a pinnacle so lofty as the Court of Queen Sophia Charlotte, she could not remain unnoticed. Even at home she had a passionately loyal follower in the rough young bear, Frederick William, son of her aunt and patron. By-and-by that lad would prove an able king, and the father of an abler still, Frederick the Great. But what of that, when Beauty did not love the Beast?

The young Archduke of Austria was a handsome gentleman, and was destined in course of time to wear the imperial crown. He finally secured a wife, who did not scruple to renounce her faith so as to share the throne with him. But Caroline, young though she was, had firm principles and a solid character. She declined without hesitation the golden offer of the future Emperor. Many long years after our English poets sang admiringly of this early sacrifice of the poor daughter of the Margrave of Anspach. The couplets of Gay—who wrote his well-known fables for her favourite son, the Duke of Cumberland, one of the most genial "wits" that fluttered round her English Court—are worth quoting, although sounding a trifle fulsome to modern ears—

"The pomp of titles easy faith might shake;
She scorned an empire for religion's sake;
For this on earth the British crown is given,
And an immortal crown decreed in heaven."

The successful candidate for the sparkling jewel of the Berlin court was George Augustus, son and heir of George, Elector of Hanover, and nephew of the Queen of Prussia, her tutor and patron. He was of the same age with her. When they were married in 1705, the prospect was far from certain that he would ever wield the British sceptre. Queen Anne, the stolid daughter of that King James who had been driven from our shores, was still alive, and it was a problem to be solved, perhaps at the point of the sword, and by the agonies of civil war, whether the son of that exiled sovereign might not win back his father's throne. Nor did the gruff, grim-visaged, stiff-jointed "little captain" look a very suitable match for a lady of Caroline's high culture. He abhorred "boetry and bainting," he stripped the palace walls of her tastefully-selected pictures, and re-adorned them with a taste akin to that of the present Grand Shereef of Morocco; he delighted in the deep draughts of beer and fumes of tobacco; he preferred a grenadier at the palace gate to all the poets, philosophers, and theologians of Germany and England. Yet Caroline loved him, so far as that sentiment was possible to her calm, intellectual nature; she bore with the snappish humours and stupid tastes of the "insufferable little man"; she treated him with every courtesy, and paid the minutest attention to his wishes, though adoration was out of the question. She ruled him with a supple and smiling dexterity, allowing him the conceit that she was only a good, obedient wife.

Those of you who read our poets of the Georgian era will find her extolled as "the first, the fairest of her sex," "the lovely mother of a lovely race," and so forth. This is simply flattery. She had a charming

manner, a winning smile, a queenly grace, and she was tall, "towering o'er the rest." But her face, like that of good Queen Bess, was scourged by small-pox; and she was corpulent in her maturer years.

Four children were born to her and George on German soil. Queen Anne expired in 1714, leaving no child behind her; her only son, the Duke of Gloucester, had been cut off in early boyhood. The Elector then came to England with Prince George, to reign as George the First, and shortly after Caroline followed them with her two eldest girls, Anne and Amelia.

At noon, on the 22nd of October, in "Queen's weather," the good yacht *Mary*, having Caroline and the two little princesses on board, set sail from Rotterdam with several men of war as a convoy. She landed at Margate on the next night, and on Wednesday morning her husband, now transformed into Prince of Wales, met her at Rochester. As she drove through the streets of London with him in a chariot, followed by another containing the two princesses, who "appeared so lovely and lively that the sight of them wonderfully affected the hearts of vast numbers of spectators," the citizens cheered lustily. A few days after her arrival, Caroline, along with the King and Prince of Wales, passed along Cheapside, through a vast array of coaches filled with nobility and gentry, and looked on the Lord Mayor's Show from a balcony opposite Bow Church. Her affability and royal grace charmed everyone that evening at the "equally plentiful and elegant dinner" in the Guildhall.

Thirteen years elapsed before the death of George the First and the ascension of her husband to the British throne. Unhappily, the two Georges did not pull well together, and for some time the prince and princess maintained a rival court at Leicester House, a building that stood in what is now Leicester-square. There, and at Richmond, Caroline spent much of her time among philosophers, theologians, and poets, who trooped around her from mixed motives; some enchanted by her gaiety, her sparkling wit, her charming condescension, her learning, and her wisdom, others with an eye to gifts from her small but open purse, and crowning favours when the day came that she should hold the influence of queen. She was a keen politician also; it was the "fat spouse" and not her husband, who treated with the leading statesmen of the day. Even in the hunting field she lingered behind the keener sportsmen to have a chat on politics. Amid the "fierce light that beats around a throne"—and what a sorry throne that was!—she carried an unblemished reputation.

The frightful disease that had marred the beauty of Caroline and her eldest daughter was then a widespread scourge among all ranks. The strong-minded princess was among the first who supported the practice of inoculation, and she had the experiment made, successfully, on her eldest son, Frederick, and her two daughters, Amelia and Caroline.

Our girls will be pleased to learn, also, that she took a deep interest in the rearing of the silkworm in England. A previous attempt made by James the First had failed. In 1723, I find that Sir Hans Sloane and two other gentlemen waited on Her Royal Highness, as a deputation from the members of the raw silk undertaking. She was pleased to accept with peculiar satisfaction a piece of silk containing a description of the various changes of those wonderful insects, adorned with a representation of the mulberry tree, its leaves and fruit. I am sorry to say that the Chelsea speculation did not turn out profitable.

Caroline's artistic taste was chiefly displayed in ornamental gardening. She appropriated a slice of 300 acres out of Hyde Park. With all her goodness of heart she had a touch of Continental despotism. On one occasion, having set her mind on excluding the public from St. James's Park, she asked Sir Robert Walpole what the undertaking would be likely to cost. "Madam, only three crowns," said Sir Robert. The witty reply overthrew the project.

To her taste London owes the Serpentine in Hyde Park, It was previously a string of unwholesome ponds. Her bower of bliss, however, was at Richmond, the leading feature of the place being a grotto named Merlin's Cave,

CAROLINE OF ANSPACH.

from a statue of the famous wizard which adorned it. In this retreat she had a library, over which she placed Stephen Duck, "the thresher," a self-taught peasant, who had composed some verses that took her fancy.

Poor Stephen, the butt of many a satire, was the least of the learned band that sunned themselves in her fair glance. Addison dedicated to her his tragedy of "Cato," addressing her as a

"Bright princess, who, with grateful ease
And native majesty, art formed to please."

Sir Isaac Newton, at her request, drew up an abstract of chronology, and Halley, the astronomer, was requested to become tutor to her favourite son, William, afterwards the victor of Culloden Moor. Out of her slender purse she endowed that unhappy star, Richard Savage, her "laureate volunteer," with a yearly pension of £50, in return for which he loaded her annually with high-flown nonsense about roses, lilies, divine orbs, and undying sweets. Sale, the learned translator of the Koran (poor fellow! he often wandered through the streets of London on the outlook for some acquaintance who could supply him with a meal!), was also admitted to the privilege of conversing with her. Pope, Arbuthnot, Dr. Clarke, Whiston (the translator of Josephus), the poet Tickell, and many others were welcomed, and some of them owned their advancement to her. She read, or at least declared she read, Butler's heavy "Analogy of Religion" at breakfast, and it was she who raised him from his obscurity to a high position in the Church. Dean Swift was a frequent visitor at Leicester House, and the princess had many a hearty laugh at the stinging wit of "Gulliver's Travels."

One of the things most creditable to her heart and head was her appreciation of the subtle writings of the philosopher Berkeley, and her patronage of that great thinker and philanthropist. Both as princess and as queen, she often commanded him to attend at Court, eager to listen to his charming conversation and learn about his experiences in America. She took a warm interest in his efforts to found a college in the fairyland of Bermuda for the conversion of the copper-coloured savages of America, and it was through her that he was elevated to the bishopric of Cloyne.

It was certainly a slander to call her penurious. She had only a small allowance from her husband, and, in fact, she died in his debt to the extent of £20,000. She settled £300 a-year on a bishop's widow, and shall we not preserve to all time the memory of the fact that she sent a gift of fifty golden guineas to old Deborah Milton, daughter of the immortal poet, and widow of Abraham Clarke, weaver in Spitalfields? She was indeed the "bounteous Caroline!"

The *femme savante* was also a "tender mother and a faithful wife." During a terrible storm that raged in the Channel while her husband was crossing over from Germany, in the winter of 1736, she buried herself in Rollin's History, and wore a calm exterior; but when the leading minister of state imparted to her that some of the ships had been stranded on the English beach her stout heart fairly gave way, and she burst into a flood of tears. Caroline was far from perfect, and the Court had not the pure and lofty atmosphere of that of our gracious Queen; but, as times went, she was careful of her children's interest. The following anecdote has been told of her. She was one day much annoyed by observing one of her daughters keeping a lady standing for a considerable time while engaged in conversation with her on some trifling topic. In the evening the princess came as usual to read with her, and was about to take a seat by her side. "No, my dear," said Caroline, "you must not sit down at present. I intend to keep you standing for as long a time as you kept Lady —— in the same position this morning."

Caroline had suffered severely but heroically for many years, and she bore the ceaseless and almost intolerable agony of the last twelve days of her existence with supreme courage. Faintly repeating the Lord's Prayer along with her children, the great, gifted, and strong-minded Caroline of Anspach passed away in the Palace of St. James on the first of December, 1737.

OUR TOUR IN NORWAY.

THE DIARY OF TWO LONDON GIRLS.

The Station, Fladmark, August 3.

THIS morning at Aak, after breakfast, great excitement prevailed in consequence of a young man having left the hotel at 2 A.M. with two guides to scale the heights of Romsdals Horn. Now and again we descried them through the telescope, pausing to rest or struggling on.

Having despatched our luggage last night in a stolkjœrre to Fladmark, we commenced our walk with Mrs. Gwynne about half-past one. The road along the narrow gorge between the Vinde-Tinde and Trolltinderne is very grand. We were told that seven witches were hurrying along to a wedding, with the fiddler (that most important character in a Norwegian wedding), who brought up the rear. Either they were late in beginning their journey, or the road proved longer than they expected; anyhow, they were overtaken by the dawn and instantly petrified. On the face of the rocks are black streaks, which Kate suggested to be the witches' tears. We loitered on the road, constantly looking back and admiring the extraordinary colours and shapes of these eccentric rocks, and were surprised when we reached Horgheim, about seven and a half miles from Aak. In this little station several people were dining; so we, after finding our kettle, etc., decided to make our tea on the pleasant greensward outside the inn. The kitchen folks being busy, I went in and found for myself cups, saucers, and plates, and altogether amused the proprietors immensely. Collecting all requisites on a tray, I carried them out, and there made acquaintance with four Norwegian young ladies (daughters of the banker at Christiansund) attired in black skirts trimmed with scarlet braid, white shirts, and scarlet bodices much embroidered. We invited them to take tea with us, which they did, but declined to partake of the eggs. We asked them to sing, but they declared a preference to hear us; so we began a favourite hymn, the one dear old nurse made me sing not long before she fell asleep:—

"Hark! Hark, my soul! angelic songs are swelling
O'er earth's green fields, and ocean's wave-beat shore.
How sweet the truth those blessed strains are telling
Of that new life where sin shall be no more!

Angels of Jesus, angels of light,
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night."

It sounded very solemn and beautiful in that weird imposing spot, but while pausing before the next verse, a reverberation as of thunder startled us, and looking up, we saw snow sprinkling down from the mountain side, a little silvery shower, and could scarcely realise that what in the distance appeared to be so slight an avalanche would produce a noise so appalling and terrific.

About six o'clock we strolled leisurely the remaining seven miles, through the narrow valley to Fladmark, which is filled with enormous boulders, confusedly hurled down from the impending crags, among which the roaring river tears its devious path as best it can. Telegraph poles are fixed in the huge blocks. A good supper refreshed us, and we were all delighted with our glorious walk. We hope to leave here before seven to-morrow morning, so have ordered coffee and pancakes, and a stolkjœrre for our luggage.

	kr.	ore.
Bill at Aak	20	40
Luggage to Horgheim ..	1	70
Tea at Horgheim ..	1	25
Luggage to Fladmark ..	2	10
Supper, beds, and breakfast for three at Fladmark ..	3	55

Stueflaaten, Romsdalen,
Monday, August 4.

"Falsely luxurious, will not man awake,
And, springing from the bed of sloth, enjoy
The cool, the fragrant, and the silent hour,
To meditation due, and sacred song?
For is there aught in sleep can charm the wise?
Who would in such a gloomy state remain
Longer than nature craves, when every muse
And every blooming pleasure wait without
To bless the wildly-devious morning walk?"

How glorious! In the brisk sweet air what could we enjoy more than exercise of limb, amid nature's loveliest scenes, and in the rosy blush of early dawn. How it invigorates one! Every pulse throbs with appreciation and delight. How healthy we feel! We cannot estimate thoroughly the value of health, the greatest of all the many temporal blessings with which God endows us. What is life without it? It behoves us all to guard it as one great talent entrusted to our care. With it everything is enjoyment; it is conducive to contentment, amiability, and consequently happiness. One moment's indiscretion may part it from us for ever. Health assists the power of mind and brain, and it is essential we should do all in our power to advise the rising generation, especially the poor, of its benefits.

Mrs. Gwynne, our merry companion, is leaving papers in Norway and wherever she travels about the Free Home for Destitute Orphan Girls at Kilburn, and the Seaside Home for Children of the Poor at Broadstairs. THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, too, collects for the Girl's Own Home. These admirable institutions require help, and there are few charitable undertakings, if any, more worthy of support. If we do all we possibly can for the improvement and benefit of girls, both morally and physically, we know that reward will come in the moral and physical development of men and boys in future generations. Our girls must be trained to make good wives and good mothers; and what is more necessary for the proper fulfilment of each path than health?

It seems a pity in Norway that the people have not some exercising pastimes. Few care to walk much. We have seen a dismal game of croquet played once or twice; but they have neither cricket nor tennis, and my idea is that every girl as well as every boy (unless constitutionally debarred) in every country should be induced to play cricket and tennis. Charles Kingsley says that a walk, if it is without an object, or is more a task than a pleasure, is not the same relaxation, the same health and life-giving spirit, as a good game, when every muscle is used and the brain enjoys entire rest.

A delightful constitutional walk of six miles brought us to Ormeim at half-past ten, where we waited for the "diligence," which drew up at ten minutes to twelve, containing Mrs. Russell, Miss Smith, and Miss Wriggle. With deep and sincere regret we allowed Mrs. Gwynne to join them, and waved a sad farewell. Mrs. Russell and Miss Smith extend their tour through to St. Petersburg; Mrs. Gwynne and Miss Wriggle leave Christiania on the 8th in the "Angelo."

Ormeim is lovely, and we roamed amid the pines listening to numerous waterfalls till one o'clock, when we dined with a Norwegian lady, who knew not English but could speak a little French, and an Austrian gentleman, who knew German, Polish, and other languages, but neither French, Norwegian, nor English; neither could he carve, so I performed on the "ox," and a very lively company we were, in spite of all deficiencies. After this satisfying repast we forwarded our luggage by stolkjœrre, and walked eight miles to Stueflaaten, an ascent of one thousand feet, stopping to admire the beautiful Soudre Slettefossen, and other charms varied and grand.

The course of the river Rauma here deserves to be thoroughly explored. A succession of bold and beautiful falls, some of them occurring between perpendicular walls of rock, which can only be viewed by lying down on the ground and projecting the head over the precipice. Beyond the Slettefos is a striking view from the road of the blue waters of the river as they issue from this gorge, whose dark precipitous sides, relieved here and there by a graceful birch which springs from among the crags, contrast finely with the stream beneath. The clouds lowered ominously as we approached Stueflaaten, and the whole scene became extremely weird and melancholy. Being indulged with sitting as well as bed room, we made tea, and remained in our sitting-room till supper-time—said to be eight, but not ready till nine. We generally reckon for meals to be nearly an hour later than stated. Judging by appearances, we shall have rain to-morrow.

The term Norway is understood to mean the northern way or country; it was anciently called Norriker, or the Northern Kingdom: Norwegian, Norge; Swedish, Norrige or Norrike; French, Norvége; German, Norwegen; Latin and Italian, Norvegia. The inhabitants of the ancient Scandinavia, or Norway, Sweden, and Denmark, were called Normans, or Northmen. This name was given to them in the Netherlands, in Germany and France; in Britain they were called Danes. They were fierce and warlike tribes, who made piratical expeditions to all parts of the European seas, plundering by land and by sea, and often overrunning large tracts of country, in which they practised every enormity. "They had scarcely any inducement," says Mackintosh, "to spare countries which they visited only to plunder, and where they did not hope to dwell; they were less than others liable to retaliation, and they had neither kindred nor family, nor home They were perhaps the only barbarians who applied their highest title of magistracy to denote the leaders of piratical squadrons, whom they termed *vikings* or *sea kings*. Not contented with their native and habitual ferocity, some of them (called Berserker) sought to surpass their companions by working themselves into horrible and temporary insanity." The poverty of their country compelled them to adopt this means of subsistence, and their religion inspired them with a love for daring enterprises, since it taught them that warriors fallen in battle were

admitted to the joys of Valhalla, the Northern Paradise. They began their piratical excursions in the first part of the ninth century, and soon covered the sea with their boats, and ravaged the coast of England, Germany, Friesland, Flanders, and France. Under the feeble reigns of Charles the Bald and Charles the Fat, they ascended the rivers to the very heart of France, and plundered Paris. It became necessary to purchase their retreat with gold. Their incursions into France were afterwards renewed, and Charles the Simple was obliged to cede to them a part of Neustria (the western kingdom of the Franks, in the north of France, which was afterwards called, from them, Normandy) and to give his daughter in marriage to Rollo, their chief. Rollo embraced the Christian religion, was baptised under the name of Robert, and became the first duke of Normandy, and a vassal of the king of France. His followers received the religion of their leader, and abandoned their roving and piratical habits.

Britain was for about two centuries desolated by the Danes, as they were there called, till the eleventh century, when three Scandinavian princes, Canute, Harold, and Hardicanute, ruled over all England for the space of about twenty-five years. The Saxon line was then restored; but, in 1066, William, duke of Normandy, obtained the English Throne.

	kr.	ore.
Luggage to Ormeim	1	90
Dinner at Ormeim, two ..	4	20
Luggage to Stueflaaten ..	1	87
Supper, beds, breakfast at Stueflaaten	4	90

Holset, Gudbransdalen.
Tuesday, August 5.

Exquisite morning, lovely blue sky! I fancy I have not made mention of the gorgeous profusion of wild roses, foxgloves, pansies, forget-me-nots, and other flowers; and last night, as we neared Stueflaaten, we saw lovely beds of lilies-of-the-valley—not in blossom, certainly, but I was surprised to find them in so high an altitude.

Outside Stueflaaten is Björneklev (the cleft of the bears), which forms the end of Romsdalen and beginning of Gudbransdalen. The tale of an old peasant woman, translated, ran thus:—

"Dale (valley) Gudbrand in the eleventh century was a rich peasant, who received permission to own as much land as he could ride over in one day. He began at Lillehammer and continued to ride the whole day till he reached Björneklev, a distance of one hundred and ninety-two miles, where his horse fell down dead. The same Gudbrand believed in idols, but, when Olaf den Hellige (the saint) would christen Norway, Gudbrand resisted. One day, when Olaf and Gudbrand stood surrounded by the idols, Olaf asked Gudbrand to look to the east, and at the same time he took his axe and cut down the idol, and from the idol fled rats, mice, and worms, whereupon he became a Christian and built a church."

Distance here is reckoned by the kilometer (1,000 meter) constituting one tenth of the old Norwegian mile, or two-thirds of an English mile; one Norwegian mile, eleven kilometers, seven English miles (7·018) The distance from Stueflaaten to Mölmen is seven and a half miles, and as experience teaches us that our luggage cannot be transmitted without cost, we think we may as well try the "ride and tied" fashion, for which purpose this morning we ordered a carriole, which is composed of a seat to admit one person, with a semi-circular back and a narrow sledge-like receptacle for the legs, and a *splashboard* in front, the whole being fixed between two large wheels into a pair of very long ashen shafts, with no other springs than what their length and elasticity supply. I walked on, leaving Kate and the luggage to follow in the carriole. She passed me on the road. I reached Mölmen about half past ten, to find that Kate had preceded me, and that a carriole was in preparation for me. After a glass of delicious milk, I soon overtook Kate, and in half an hour descended from the vehicle, giving directions to the boy to "vent fur Damm," (wait for lady). In due course Kate passed me, and, hastening on to Lesje Jernvœrk, ordered coffee, eggs, pancakes, and preserved berries, an excellent and ample midday repast. This is a capital station; the walls of the sitting-room are covered with paintings at least one hundred years old. Good trout and grayling fishing in front of the house. From the lake the river Rauma runs to the north-west, and the river Laugen to the south-east, the two rivers intersecting the southern part of Norway. In winter the sun does not shine here for twelve weeks. We walked together to Holset, nine miles, sending the luggage on by a little girl of ten, wearing a pretty pink kerchief on her head. Our first request at Holset was for the river, to which a little girl led the way across a fine sloping farm. Here we crossed a rustic bridge and wandered by the stream, till, in the sweet seclusion of the pinewood's gloom,

"In we plunged boldly,
No matter how coldly
The dark river ran,"

and after sufficient exercise to produce an exhilarating glow, returned to the farm to supper at seven, in a cosy little room, where we had the most delicious cream we ever tasted, and plenty of it, with pancakes and strawberry jam. After this, by "Luna's light composed and cool," our kind hostess took us round the "gaard," or farm buildings, of various designations. The Bonderhus is the residence of the family; the humble log hut belongs to the "hausmand," or labourer. The store-house is supported upon pillars, to keep out the mice. The barn is entered by an inclined plane, broad enough to admit a cart with its load of hay. Usually attached to each "gaard" is a rude mill, turned by the unruly waters of some wild roaring torrent. We went into the shed to see the horses feed before they were unwillingly turned out for the night.

Had we not already felt tired, we would have walked to the sœter, about three or four miles off, on the mountain, to get a view, and see more cattle. After this exploration we entered the kitchen, and roasted coffee in the berry over a wood fire, for our good host and his belongings. I believe peat will be more generally used for fuel: the country abounds with it; there is not any coal.

When at Mölmen we should like to have extended our route by following the advice given us by Mr. Burney at Lœrdalsören, which was to walk three and a half miles to Bjordala and row across Tyenvand to Trindehoug, thence walk to Eidsburgaden; then, with a guide, walk to Gjendeboden; row to Gjendesheim and Gjendebod; then walk to Spitserstul, Rosheim, Vaage, and Dombaas.

	kr.	ore.
Carriole to Mölmen	2	30
Milk at Mölmen	0	10
Carriole to Lesje Jernvœrk ..	2	10
Repast at Lesje Jernvœrk ..	2	0
Carriole to Holset	1	95
Supper, beds, breakfast at Holset	6	0

Brœndhaugen, Gudbransdalen,
Wednesday, August 6.

A delightful morning for pedestrians, and at half-past seven I trudged on, Kate following in the carriole. She soon passed me, however, and I did not hear of her again till I reached Holaker, seven and a half miles. The farms about here are first-rate, and the land richly cultivated. As I walked, revelling and meditating, I suddenly became conscious of a stalwart form following close on my heels. I was not nervous, but a kind of tremor ran through my frame, and after a few minutes' deliberation I resolved to stand still to admire the view, and at the same time catch a glimpse of the man's face. It looked honest and kind, and as he began conversing we walked side by side, I secretly trying just a little to outstep him. I could not understand half he said, so, rather than make a mistake and give a wrong answer, I continually replied, "Nœ ver stor" (no comprehend). At last by words and signs he led me to understand that he wanted to look at my umbrella. I felt a slight pang, knowing I was parting with my only defensive weapon; but I would not evince any trace of distrust, so I handed it him unhesitatingly. He examined it carefully, and carried it almost proudly for some time, then returned it to me, and, after chatting to me for about ten minutes longer, he raised his hat and said he was going to his farm.

I was slightly relieved, but the little incident put nervous thoughts in my mind, and I almost regretted he did not continue to accompany me, rather than be solitary, as I did not see another creature till I arrived at Holaker, where Kate had ordered a carriole for me, and was walking in advance. I passed her, and had driven a little distance ahead when the portmanteau fell out; so while the skydsgut was arranging matters I hurried on again, and left him with the carriole for her. She gets tired more readily than I, and I do not want her to feel any qualm of uneasiness that may come while so utterly alone.

I thoroughly enjoyed the walk by rushing water through a lengthy pine forest to Dombaas, where we partook of milk and rusks, and where we met five Danish ladies with their brother (whom we had seen before) in three stolkjœrres, who kindly undertook to convey our small complement of luggage to Toftemoen. Mr. Dombaas is a breeder of horses, so we asked to be allowed to see some of them; but he said they (forty in number) were at the sœter on the mountain, ten miles away. We would willingly have gone there had time allowed.

Now our chief idea is economy. Being almost satisfied with grandeur and beauty, our great anxiety is to save a little cash for small presents at Christiania to take to those at home.

We had seven or eight miles to accomplish before we could reach Toftemoen, where we hoped to get some dinner. It was intensely hot, and when about three miles from Toftemoen I could not resist the fascination of the flowing river, so sought a sheltered and secluded nook,

"And in the depths quiescent stayed
While purling ripples o'er me played."

Weary and footsore, we arrived at Toftemoen about half past five, and, with the aid of a fine English sportsman, who was about to leave, ascertained that we could have veal and pancakes. How thoroughly we did justice to the *recherché* dinner, so well served in this spotlessly clean and commodious shelter! Lately we had eaten little else than fish and eggs; tinned meat we objected to, and the fresh meat it was impossible to masticate. Here we had tender veal, excellent gravy, nicely cooked potatoes, delicious cream, bilberries, and pancakes. After this our attentive maid cleared the decks, and placed in the centre of the table a huge wooden bowl, about half a yard in diameter, full of thick sour cream, and handed us each a big spoon with which to help ourselves. It was reluctantly

we expressed to her our dislike of the same, while she averred that most ladies like it. We regretted sincerely the absence of Mrs. Gwynne and Miss Wriggle. Herr Tofte, the owner of this pleasant abode, is a descendant of Harald Haarfager, of which he and his relations are very proud, and they never marry out of the family. He is a rich man, and when King Charles XV. dined at his house on his way to be crowned at Tröndjhem in 1860, his uncle, who then kept the station, told his Majesty that it was unnecessary to bring in his plate, as he had silver forks and spoons enough for all the thirty or forty in the suite. He has about four hundred cows and calves, two hundred sheep, and forty or fifty goats in his stable all the winter. Here is a post-office. The horse for our stolkjœrre ran away, and the maid (who was to be our skydsguten) and we had considerable fun in catching it.

A most lovely drive brought us to Brœndhaugen.

We nodded to the peasants who were still busy in the fields, at which Katrine was intensely amused, especially when an occasional stolid one would stare in astonishment, and neither nod nor smile. Our Danish friends fill the station here, so we have the *dépendance* opposite, and have ordered coffee and cakes at six in the morning, so as to walk before it gets too hot.

	kr.	ore.
Carriole to Holaker	2	55
Milk	0	10
Carriole to Dombaas	2	10
Biscuits and milk at Dombaas..	0	60
Good dinner at Toftemoen ..	2	0
Maid	0	50
Stolkjœrre to Brœndhaugen ..	2	95
Beds, coffee, and cakes	2	60

Bredevangen,
Thursday, August 7th, Mid-day.

This is delightful, but intensely hot; so hot, that we cannot exert ourselves, but lie on the sofa and languidly gaze out of the windows at the exquisite situation of Bredevangen. Fir-clad hills, hot and hazy on every side; and a wide river, dotted here and there with tiny islets, meanders close by. It is most lovely and picturesque. The flies, though, are a great nuisance, and Kate and I are martyrs to the mosquitoes and insects. How I revelled this morning! The bright green grass, Scotch firs, and birch, were bespangled with dew; gossamer webs of every brilliant hue united bowers of greenery; the soft brisk air was laden with the fragrance of pine, the perfumes of kine, fresh milk, and newly-mown hay, as I sauntered through Rusten, a deep wild gorge, following the devious windings of the river, which precipitates itself in glistening sheets, boiling, eddying, swirling, and splashing among the rocky fragments beneath, then hurrying onwards with ungovernable impetuosity, making falls innumerable, and throwing up on its way a long train of snow-white foam bubbles, that gleam and flutter in the passing breeze.

Strong contrasts of colour enrich the effect, "the summer heaven's delicious blue," glowing amber-coloured crags and cool grey rocks, deep green pines, the glistening silver birch, warm brown tinge of clinging lichens, and the rich terra-cotta of the dying fir. A few graceful goats, with sweetly tinkling bells, skipping from rock to rock, are the only signs of animal life, and as I pause on the bridge pensively to drink in the waters of delight, they trip from the mountain side and advance towards me.

A little lower I overtook Kate, who, thinking I might not care to walk so long alone, sent the carriole on, and was returning to meet me, of which I was glad, for when Nature reveals such loveliness we appreciate her more if we share our pleasure with those we love. To me, looking with two eyes is never the same gratification as looking with four. At Laurgaard we breakfasted about half-past ten; a liberal meal was provided, but we liked the strawberries and cream best. Being oppressed with heat, we ordered a stolkjœrre for Moen. At Romundgaard Colonel Sinclair and his followers passed the night before the massacre. We saw two beggars before reaching Moen, and at Moen the people looked dirty and poor. We were shy of them, and did not like the appearance of the station at all—the only place we had seen where we experienced an indescribable relief that we had not to stay a night. They tried to send with us as skydsgut, a boy whose rags were literally falling off him. So we refused to allow him to accompany us. Here, if cooler, we intended to go up Staagaapigen, two kilometers off. More strawberries and cream have satisfied us, and we shall rest till five, then walk to Storklevstad, eleven or twelve miles. Our good Danish friends convey our luggage.

Storklevstad,
August 7th, 10.30 p.m.

This is rather a funny station. We can get very little to eat; neither bread, biscuits, nor fish. A curious, but clean, well-meaning old woman hobbles slowly about, and constantly comes to me and pulls my sleeve, which is puffed. These hot days I wear a red figured sateen short dress trimmed with red lace, and it takes the dear old soul's fancy wonderfully. She tells me I remind her of her grandmother, and gets quite affectionate. Our walk here was delightfully invigorating, and now "the moon has raised her lamp above" it is exquisite.

Near here is Sinclair's unpretentious monument. It is a square, unhewn stone slab with the following inscription marking the spot where he was buried:—"Her blev spotternes Anfärer Georg Sinclair, begraven efferat han var falden ved Kringelen den 26 August, 1612." Translation:—"Here was buried George Sinclair, the leader of the Scotch, after having fallen at Kringelen on the 26th August, 1612."

In 1612, during the war between Christian IV. of Denmark and Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden, a body of Scotch troops had been raised for the service of Sweden. The Danes were at that time in possession of Gothenburg; and from Calmar in the Baltic to the North Cape, the whole coast was occupied by the subjects of Christian IV. The Scotch, therefore, decided on the bold plan of landing in Norway, and fighting their way across to Sweden. A portion landed at Tröndjhem, and the rest, 900 strong, commanded by Colonel George Sinclair, landed in Romsdalen, from whence they marched towards this valley, ravaging the country on their way. At Kringelen an ambush was prepared by about 300 peasants. Huge quantities of rock, stones, and trees were collected on the mountain, and so placed that all could at once be launched upon the road beneath. Everything was done to lull the Scotch into security, and with perfect success. When they arrived beneath the awful avalanche prepared for them, all was sent adrift from above, and the majority of the Scotch were crushed to death, or swept into the river and drowned. The peasants then rushed down upon the wounded and stragglers, and despatched them. Of the force only two of the Scotch are said to have survived. But accounts differ on this point, one being that sixty prisoners were taken and afterwards slaughtered in cold blood. Sinclair's lady is said to have accompanied him, and it is added that a youth who meant to join the peasants in the attack was prevented by a young lady to whom he was to be married the next day. She, on hearing that one of her own sex was with the Scotch, sent her lover to her protection. Mrs. Sinclair, mistaking his object, shot him dead.

	kr.	ore.
Carriole at Laurgaard	2	10
Frokost at Laurgaard	2	0
Stolkjœrre to Moen	2	75
Stolkjœrre to Bredevangen ..	2	10
Strawberries and cream at Bredevangen	1	50
Aften, lodging, and coffee at Storklevstad	3	40

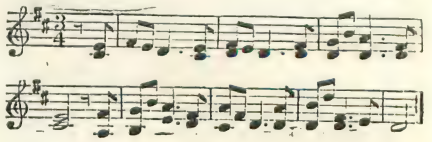
VARIETIES.

An Old Air.

The grave-digger's song in *Hamlet*—

"A pickaxe and a spade, a spade,
For—and a shrouding-sheet:
Oh, a pit of clay for to be made
For such a guest is meet"

is, according to all traditions, to be sung to the following old air, which is the original music to the famous ballad of the "Children in the Wood":—



Practising and Projecting.—Let us do justice to woman: She often practises those good actions which man contents himself with projecting.—*Aug. Gayard.*

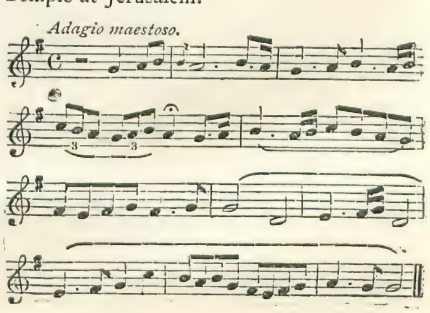
Healthy Cheerfulness.—Cheerfulness of mind is as essential to a good digestion as a good digestion is essential to cheerfulness of mind. A state of gentle and pleasurable excitement of the mind is highly favourable. "Chatted food," according to the old proverb, "is half digested." With the sociability of a mixed dinner company, which a well-regulated household ordinarily supplies, there is just the degree of mutual liveliness most favourable to the performance of every bodily function, and especially digestion.

Mental Pleasures.—Mental pleasures never cloy; unlike those of the body, they are increased by repetition, approved of by reflection, and strengthened by enjoyment.

Learned Women.—A woman ought to exhibit great modesty as to her learning, and to conceal it carefully, above all from other women, when she knows something of which they are ignorant.—*Mme. de Puisieux.*

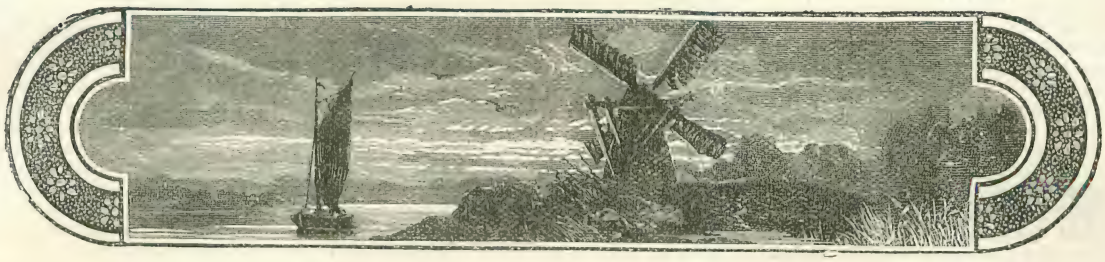
From the Temple at Jerusalem.

The following "Blessing of the Priests," at present sung in the synagogues of the Spanish and Portuguese Jews, is believed by many to be identical with that used in the Temple at Jerusalem.



THE DUTCH ORPHANS.

[*From the Painting by Josef Israels.*



THE DUTCH ORPHANS; OR, THE DOCTOR'S FEE.

By Mrs. C. LINNÆUS BANKS, Author of "God's Providence House," "The Manchester Man," "More than Coronets," etc.

CHAPTER II.

HIS FEE.

The doctor came again and went, and old Anna went and came again, staying long each time; but all of no avail. The fever had got too far ahead to be repressed, and the mutterings of delirium continued to the end, with barely a wakening gleam of consciousness for a final farewell and blessing.

Before the week was out the long-coated undertaker, grim and solemn in his cocked hat, its limp black weepers hanging down behind, had changed the doctor's bulletin upon the door for a more significant tablet of his own, and performed all the other duties of his office, not without some professional regret that there were neither friends nor relatives to be invited to the funeral feast.

Only three orphan girls, with tear-stained faces, entered the empty house to comfort each other, and take up their burden of sorrow and of life as best they might.

The anguish of the three girls was pitiable; but after the first wild outburst of grief Bertha seemed to gather up all her powers of self-repression, as if in recognition of the claims Joanna and Lena had upon her nerve and strength as their elder and the head of the household henceforth.

Anna, in the first dread hour, would have called in one of the fish-wives, but Bertha quietly objected.

"Moeder was particular in her life time; she would not suffer us to associate with the rough fisher-folk, and she would not trouble neighbours she could not afford to pay. She would not like them here. I will help you, good Anna, all I can."

And, to Anna's wonder and admiration, she dried her eyes and rose from her chair, prepared for the performance of any task that would keep their home free from the intrusion of strangers, from whom their loved mother had always held aloof.

"Ach, well, juvrouw Bertha, it is good to listen to the voice of the dead, but folk may shut the door of the house, and of the heart, until they one day shut out the Christ. It is well to be careful, but it is not well to be proud. Some of the fisher-folk have kind, good hearts, and there are services not to be paid with gulden. I've found that those who are not willing to accept a favour often lose the opportunity for doing a favour. I was a stranger to you last week."

"Ach, but you took me in and were so kind to me when I came through the rain for the good dokter, instead of scolding me for coming so late, and calling you out of bed; you did not seem like a stranger," answered Bertha, deprecatingly, with a sort of feeling that old Anna's services were not to be paid with gulden.

"We are all strangers, little meisje, until God brings us together, rich or poor," replied the old woman.

Bertha, helping her to fold a sheet, had listened and pondered. Truly they were alone in their exclusiveness. Rich friends had forgotten them in their poverty; from poor ones they had shrunk in their—could it have been pride, as old Anna seemed to think? Surely her dear mother's desire to hide their struggles and necessity in privacy could not be a culpable pride?

At all events, grateful as they were to her, the sisters declined Anna's offer to send in someone to keep them company. When she took her departure for Inner Katwyk, as much distressed to leave them alone with their dead as she was at the discomfort of her master in her last long absence, and the neglected state of all she usually kept so trim, she had left sorrow behind her—more, even, than she knew.

No sooner had she gone than Joanna and Lena clung to their sister, and weeping bitterly, cried: "Oh, Bertha, what are we to do? What will become of us now moeder is gone? We shall have no money at all now. How are we to live?"

"There is very little money in the house, my dears," said Bertha, "and moeder's annuity will have stopped, since we know not whence it came; but we have our fingers left, and if we use them diligently we shall not starve."

"But we are so young, Bertha," wailed Lena; "no one will trust us with materials to be sewn, for fear we should spoil them."

"We should not spoil them; we have not spoiled them hitherto. Did not moeder teach me to cut out? and no one has yet found fault with your needlework," responded Bertha, with a brave endeavour to cheer their hopelessness. "We must trust in God, and then we need not fear but those people at Scheveningen who gave work to moeder will trust us. Let us kneel down and pray to God for the help and the protection we so much need."

"And now, my sisters," resumed Bertha, after a very genuine petition to the Father of the fatherless, "let us go upstairs and set to work at once; it will be better for all of us than nursing our sorrow in idleness here. If we finish the work we have in hand properly and in time, we shall show that we deserve encouragement."

"Aye, and the gulden will be wanted," added Joanna, following her sister's lead. "Where shall you find money for the——" she hesitated to say funeral, but Bertha needed it not.

"I think there is sufficient for that; but for the good Dokter Van Voorst, I am troubled about his fee. And it must be paid. We cannot contract a debt for his attendance," she said, with frequent pauses, adding, "I must think it over. Moeder would not rest if her dokter was not paid."

And so this girl of seventeen sat down with her sisters to ply their needles by the light of a dormer window in a meagrely furnished attic, and, whilst she placed the seams or stroked gathers, thought and planned, as if she had been seventy, how to eke out the few coins in their possession and keep out of debt, as her mother had always done. All the while her needle went through the long seams with a steady flick, and when rising tears dimmed still more the dim light in all their eyes she strove to keep her own emotion back for their sakes.

She had already possession of her mother's keys. She unlocked the great cabinet downstairs, and an old kist in the attic, and turning over the contents with a sensitive revulsion from the task, which she kept to herself, brought forth two or three black garments, discarded in her mother's better days, and found fresh employment for them all in shaping and adapting them to their own requirements.

The materials were good, and had been purchased when money was less an object; so that when Dr. Van Voorst called to ascertain if he could in any way serve the friendless orphans, a day or two after the dead mother had been carried out, he was struck with the respectability of their appearance. Their caps were white as snow, their black dresses without a speck.

It remained for clearer-sighted Anna to reveal that their garments were no new purchases, only old ones refashioned.

Whilst he hesitated how to put his query respecting their ways and means without wounding their sensitiveness, the ice was broken by the prompt reference of Bertha to his fee for attendance on her mother.

"Ach, meisje Westerholt, I do not seek a fee. I am not rich; still, I am not poor. But if Zacharias Van Voorst took a fee from three unfriended orphan girls, he would deserve to be poor."

A crimson flush overspread the face of the young girl, chasing the pallor that rivalled her white cap.

"Dr. Van Voorst, you are good and kind, but you do not understand. Our dear moeder would not suffer a debt. She would have sent for you a week earlier if she could have paid you."

The doctor rose from his seat and paced the red-tiled floor with a sharply ejaculated "Ach, Zacharias!"

"You came to us in the night-time through the wind and rain, you stayed with us and instructed us what to do, you sent the good Anna to comfort and help us—and—and—it would not be honest to leave you unpaid. But, dokter, I have had to pay more than I expected—and—have no money."

"Well, well, well, I don't want any," and the bright dark eyes sparkled in their caverns like two stars.

"I am not going to offer you money, dokter. I don't think money would repay you. But there is a little picture here that was our grandfather's; if you thought it was

worth taking we should feel relieved. It is very old and dirty, and cannot be worth much, but we have nothing better to offer—and—and— I don't know how much a dokter should have for his fee."

The doctor looked at her, looked at the picture; it was dark, grim with age, here and there a face or a patch of colour standing for a figure; he had a notion it was hardly worth carrying home.

Presently he muttered to himself—

"Thou wilt not rob the orphans of much if thou dost take it, Zacharias; thou mayst lift a load of obligation from the honourable young shoulders. So let it be."

His open assent was a little differently couched.

"Well, well, my dears, if I must be paid, I must. Doctor Zacharias will hang his fee upon the wall instead of putting it in his pocket. It will serve to keep a mark of gratitude and integrity before him."

"I will carry the picture home for you," cried Joanna, rising with alacrity from the seat by the table at which all three had been at work on his entrance.

"Nay, nay, Zacharias is not too proud to be his own porter."

Bertha was already pushing aside the white work upon the table, to clear a space for papering up the picture. In doing so, the heap of linen caught the doctor's keen eye at once. Placing a long lean finger upon it, he said:

"You told me you had no money. Am I right in supposing you are sewing for a livelihood?"

Again the crimson flush rose on Bertha's brow, as she answered in the affirmative.

"Have you done so for any length of time?"

"Only since we came to Katwyk, dokter. Moeder was afraid to leave us unprepared—and——"

"Well?"

"Now we have only our own industry to depend upon. Moeder had a little money every year, but it was very little, and we do not know where it came from. She was not able to tell us anything at the last."

"Ach! Ach!" sighed Zacharias, compassionately.

Bertha continued—

"Joanna is afraid that people will not trust us with their needlework, because we are so young. You do not think so, do you, dokter?"

"No, no, my dears; you have only to be good girls, trust God, and fear nothing. Work will come to keep your hearts and fingers warm, never fear."

And away he went with the papered picture tucked under his arm, resolved that work should come to the orphans, if his voice could serve. It was not merely in private mutterings to "Zacharias" that he expatiated on the rare filial piety, integrity, modesty, and industry of the bereaved girls. Patients approaching convalescence heard their praises rung, and if some were only curious, others were compassionate, and others promised a helping hand; so that by the time the doctor deposited his pictorial fee in his room he had settled Joanna's question for her.

Old Anna turned up her nose at the picture, and decided that both it and the frame wanted a good scrubbing before they would be fit to go upon a clean wall; but as she found no dust upon either, the said scrubbing was deferred by the doctor's directions. It was, however, a sad eyesore to her as it stood in all its dingy indistinctness reared upon the top of a pile of books and papers, in tacit admission that it was not worthy a fixed place amidst the spic-and-span brightness of a room all fresh paint and polish, in anticipation of Herman Van Voorst's final home-coming. She grumbled no little behind the doctor's back at his taking such a fee.

"It is worth nothing to him," she murmured, "and the poor girls will miss it if it was their grandfather's. It has been prized for someone's sake. It's not worth keeping for its own."

Either her grumbling or the picture itself kept the Westerholts and their probable struggles in the doctor's mind. One day in October he and his housekeeper had a conference.

Two or three days later, Anna, with a basket on one arm and a parcel on the other, took her way by the river and over the hard pebbles of Inner Katwyk towards the sandy dunes and sea-lapped shores of the other Katwyk, grumbling all the way at the weight of her burden, but keeping steadily forward until the bright yellow cottage of the Westerholts was gained—not, however, without a nod to passing acquaintances, or even a stoppage to gossip and "rest her old arms."

"Grumbling Anna," as she was called, was almost as well known as Doctor Zacharias; and so from the baker, and the grocer, and even from the blue-skirted fish-wife, who offered to carry her basket for her, she could learn that the three orphans were the talk of the village. No dwelling was cleaner than theirs, no one got up earlier or went to bed later, no one kept so much indoors, no one went more regularly to the kerk, and no one bought so little in the way of food. How they contrived to live was apparently a puzzle to the people.

"Ach!" cried Anna, to one and all. "You can talk, and talk, and puzzle, and think, but not one of you could stretch forth a hand to keep the poor motherless things from starving. Don't tell me: there are ways of helping if folk have the will. Give them sewing or knitting to do, and pay them well for it. They're not too proud to work, if they are to go into debt. Here's some linen to keep their fingers going," and she held up her parcel, but she did not say what was in her basket.

As she expected, she found the three girls sitting at the deal table hard at work, under the small-paned window, across which was drawn a short muslin blind as white as foam. Bertha was cutting out some under-garment from a large piece of calico, whilst Joanna and Lena (who had foot-stoves under their feet as a protection from the cold tiles, though there was no fuel within them) were stitching away as if their lives depended upon it—as, in truth, they did.

She had purposely lifted the latch without knocking, and took them by surprise.

The sober young faces lit up on the instant, though the light soon faded. It told how welcome she was, more than their words.

"Ach, Anna!" they exclaimed, simultaneously, "you are welcome. And how is the good Dokter Zacharias?"

"Here is poor moeder's chair, do sit down," added Bertha. "You must be fatigued, and you are the only visitor we have," and a sigh pointed the sentence.

But Anna must first deliver her messages. The basket had to be emptied. No wonder she had grumbled at its weight. There was more than half a peck of apples, "with the dokter's compliments—they were of his own growing." There was a chicken and some eggs from their own poultry, also "with compliments." There was a small jar of butter, which Anna "thought they might like because she had salted it down," and some hard-looking sausages which she had made, and therefore thought they might accept. And then, scarcely waiting for acceptance, and without once looking up at the blank faces of the three girls, as they stammered out some sort of thanks, the old woman proceeded, with unwonted volubility—

"You must know, meisje Bertha, that the young dokter, Herman, is coming home soon to help his vader, and when he do come he will want a new set of shirts, and ach! my old eyes, I can no longer see to thread a needle or to sew fit for the fine jonkheer; so my good measter bade me bring the linen to you, with his compliments, if you would make them for him to save my poor eyes. You will find an old shirt in the parcel for a pattern. You will have to make them a small bit larger, for, ach! he has grown such a big fine man, the Herman I nursed when a baby, so long, twenty-four years ago."

Bertha, again thanking her, with her heart almost too full for speech, opened the long parcel before Anna could interpose her wrinkled brown hand. In doing so something fell out with a chink, something small in a bit of thin paper.

All three looked from one to another curiously. The sound was rare enough there.

"It is only the gulden to pay you for your work. Dr. Van Voorst said it was not well to keep you waiting until the sewing was all done."

Lena cried, "Oh, Bertha!" with a sort of gasp.

Joanna clasped her hands, and breathed a low "Thank God."

But Bertha, whose nerves had been strung to the uttermost in her attempts to seem hopeful, broke down utterly. She sank back in her chair and sobbed aloud.

"Ach, meisje, why is this?" said Anna, with a pitiful touch of the bowed head.

"Oh, Anna," Bertha sobbed out, "you are our guardian angel. Our Father has not forsaken us. We had neither money nor food in the house when you came."

"A queer sort of angel," quoth Anna, in response. "But I told you before, God does not choose His messengers by the skin or by the clothes. 'Twas He moved Dr. Zacharias to send me; so you must thank Him."

(*To be continued.*)

NEW MUSIC.

STANLEY LUCAS, WEBER, AND CO.

Why so? Written by William Daniels. Composed by F. Sewell Southgate.

Prithee, Madam. Words by Claxton Bellamy. Music by Frederic Rivenhall.

We have pleasure in recommending these two songs to the notice of our young friends; they are quaint and pleasing, and decidedly above the average.

Two Sketches for the Pianoforte. No. 1. Rondino-Scherzando in F. No. 2. Novelette in C. Composed by G. W. F. Crowther.—Two meritorious compositions of moderate difficulty.

ROBERT COCKS AND CO.

My Heart's Message. Written by Mary Mark Lemon. Composed by A. H. Behrend.—A charming song, full of poetical feeling and grace.

'Twas not so long ago. Words by Brunella. Composed by Henri Logé.

Two Lives. Written by Clifton Bingham. Composed by J. E. Webster.

Both these songs display great feeling, and are written in good taste.

An Old Maid's Heart. Written by Helen M. Burnside. Composed by Michael Watson.—Very agreeable verses set in a tuneful and singable style.

The Angels and the Lilies. Sacred Song. By Mrs. Hernaman. Music by Alfred Redhead.—A pretty, effective, and simple song; music and words both harmonising.

Sieg-Lied. Song of Victory, for the piano-

forte. By Alice Boston.—A spirited and effective composition, distinguished by strong character.

Tip-toe. A Fairy Dance, for the pianoforte. By Henri Logé.—A charming and graceful drawing-room piece; carefully and brilliantly played, would become a great favourite.

Two Songs. Words by Henry Vaughan. Music by Paul Rodney.

ENOCH AND SONS.

Alone on the Raft.
Brave Sentinel.
These may both be commended.

Danse des Paysans. Gavotte for pianoforte and violin. Composed by H. J. King.—An attractive theme, characteristic of the dance it is intended to represent; the violin accompaniment is a pleasing addition.

D. WILCOCK.

Song of the Wandering Harper. Words from Sir Walter Scott's "Rokeby." Music by C. H. Booth.—A pretty, singable song, presenting no difficulties.

W. REEVES.

A Bunch of Violets. Song, with piano and violin accompaniment. Words and music by H. R. Couldry.—An agreeably written song, within the capabilities of a moderate singer; the violin accompaniment is a pleasing addition.

HUTCHINGS AND ROMER.

Aurora. Composed by Louisa Hawkins.—Pretty, and within the capabilities of our young pianists.

FORSYTH BROTHERS.

Adagio Religioso. Violin and piano. By Charles B. Ingham.—A tasteful piece of a religious character, with an accompaniment for the piano, demanding taste and some skill in execution.

NOVELLO, EWER, AND CO.

Edith. Gavotte. By J. T. Musgrave.

C. B. TREE.

Evening Thoughts. Written by Wilmote Page. Music by Arthur Briscoe.—A pretty, sentimental song. Words and music in good taste; of easy compass.

The May Queen. Morceau de Salon. By Arthur Briscoe.

J. BROWN.

The Village Fête. Rustic Dance. By Fred. W. Lacy.

These pieces may both be recommended as agreeable studies for our young pianists.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MUSIC.

TIB or LIB.—Unless your fingers be unusually stiff, you might learn to play the piano fairly well after being grown up, especially if you have any natural taste, a good ear, perseverance, and a judicious master who will give you easy as well as pretty pieces to play, such as would not make you feel nervous when playing for others.

ADELA.—We have no prescription to offer you for strengthening feeble hands for instrumental performances. You are very young, and in the course of nature you will grow stronger as you reach maturity. Your handwriting is not yet formed.

GERTRUDE C.—In speaking of Mendelssohn's "Songs without Words" by their German name, say "Leeder-o-ne-Vor-te," but the final e's are clipped in a manner that should be orally taught; letters, according to our English alphabet, will not give the sounds which they are used to represent in either German or French. For such instruction you should apply to natives, and learn by ear, or else learn the alphabet of each language, and then we could direct you by letter with ease.

CONSTANCE.—The voice should not be much used as long as the girl is growing; and should not be cultivated before she is sixteen or seventeen.

FEDORA.—Do not mind about your hands; they will grow. But you can inquire at any good music publishers for the instrument. If you strain your hands while growing, you will have big knuckles to grace your after years.

MILLICENT.—Do you keep your harp-strings in a tin box, and keep them well oiled, and preserve the instrument from draughts? Change of weather makes strings crack.

IVANHOE.—*Technique* means technical terms in music. It is a French word.

ETA.—The Rev. Sabine Baring Gould is the author of "Onward, Christian Soldiers." It would be quite possible to learn harmony without a master, if you have sufficient determination.

MARIGOLD wishes to know "if a boy of twenty could learn to play an American organ?" Why not? What is the matter with this somewhat "elderly" boy? Has he lost all his teeth, or his hair? What prevents his learning to perform on either the hurdy-gurdy or the French horn, unless the tips of his fingers were frost-bitten? Foolish Marigold, those chilblains of yours must have affected your head.

WORK.

JUMBO'S FRIEND.—You might use a little black bearded lace to trim your apron, and add some silk embroidery.

DI and DAISY.—Many young girls now never wear corsets, but have a well-fitting cotton bodice, with bones that can be taken out when it needs washing. We always advise our girls to obtain some training before they begin teaching; the latter, like all other sciences, requires to be learnt.

LENT LILY.—We do not know the address of the "Waste not, Want Not Society," but we have heard of it. Their motto is "Gather up the fragments," we believe.

TROUBLED EIGHTEEN.—You should not have mixed several things together in that way, but have sent your competition sentence, articles, and questions apart. You will see the report of the alphabet competition.

AN INVALID could wear a lace frill at her neck. Why not try the brass repoussé work, if well enough to do it? Although you cannot go to school, there is nothing to prevent your writing copies and improving your education by good reading at home.

S. J. S.—Polish the fretwork by rubbing with linseed oil or turpentine and bees-wax, first rubbing it with sand-paper to render the surface smooth.

H. M. S. PINAFORE.—If your dress be cardinal, trimmed with black, use black gloves; but if there be more black, you will find cardinal silk the prettiest.

ART.

A VICTIM OF WALLACE.—Use veloutine with the colours, and do not varnish the painting.

IGNORAMUS.—We give the School of Art recipe for setting chalk drawings again for the benefit of other readers:—Two ounces of methylated spirits and half a drachm of gum mastic; apply with a spray diffuser or odorator.

ECILA.—There is no book published on the art of poonah-painting. Varnish with white hard varnish; paint the terra-cotta with oil colours.

ARTIST.—Veloutine is the best medium, or what is sold as Florentine medium.

PRINCESS IDA.—The tools required for leather work are moulds, patterns, scissors, stiletto, thimble, and a knitting needle. We gave an article on leather work in vol. iii., page 261. Leather is not suitable for imitation barbotine; use gutta-percha instead.

BARBOTINE.—You must varnish both the flowers and the jar on which they are.

ETHELFREDA.—Clytie was a daughter of Oceanus and Tethys; she was beloved, and afterwards forsaken, by Apollo. In consequence of his faithlessness she pined away, and was finally transformed by the gods into a flower—heliotrope, the sunflower—which is fabled to turn its head always toward the sun in his course, in pledge of her faithful love. Apollo, called Phœbus, was the sun-god.

MISCELLANEOUS.

AN ANXIOUS INQUIRER.—Does your mother know of your engagement to the young man with whom you take walks? If taken with her approval, that is sufficient. At the same time, never say anything to deceive your mistress; and should she inquire whether you were walking with a fellow-servant, take care to speak the truth.

CONVERSAZIONE.—Pronounce your name as "Conver-satz-e-o-nee." What you mean by "viagatz" we were quite at a loss to know, until it was suggested that it might be a corruption of the German words *wie gehts*, which should be pronounced as "vee-gates."

MARIE.—To arrive at the true meaning of any "hard sayings" of our Lord you should be acquainted with the style of phraseology of Eastern countries, and the habits that obtain, severally, in each. For instance, in greeting a friend or a stranger of importance you would not go down on your knees and prostrate yourself, as in the East, yet it does not necessarily mean an act of divine worship, as Westerns might suppose. The language and forms of expression also are far stronger than ours, yet mean no more to an Eastern's apprehension. In reference to "hating" your parents, you should refer to St. Matt. x. 37 for the explanation of our Lord's meaning. A Jew becoming a Christian had to count the cost of being "cast out of the synagogue," cut off from his friends, and turned out of the parental home.

LOVE OF BEAUTY.—We refer you to our indexes for advice respecting the complexion. We have long declined repeating it.

FRIENDLESS, BOOKLESS.—Poets and authors look just like other people. Some are men, some women; they have each a head, and, generally speaking, two arms and two legs. If you "wish to know something about them," you may safely accept this information. You desire also to "know something of all things that would be an advantage in society." We really have not space to touch on half as much, but consider that it would be to your advantage to have a good dress for visiting and another for evening wear; and likewise to study our articles on "Good Breeding" and "Dinners in Society." But, judging from your writing, spelling, and mode of expressing yourself, should you receive an invitation to the latter, we should say, "Do not go."

EXCELSIOR.—"Sin repented of is sin forgiven." No one ever repented of, nor repudiated and prayed against, the "unpardonable sin." So you have in yourself the proof positive that you have not committed it. Read what St. Paul says in Rom. xii. and 1st St. John i. 7, 8. Your sensitive apprehension of offending your Divine Master proves that your "heart is right with Him," notwithstanding all your weakness, infirmities, and, possibly, frequent misdoings and shortcomings.

POP.—1. It is not necessary that you should ask for the consent to your engagement of anyone but your own parents or guardian. Your proposed husband should ask that of his; and you would do well to inquire whether he has obtained it. 2. Of course, you should not walk home with any other man (not a brother) when engaged. It is to be hoped that you were only conditionally engaged until your parents' approval was obtained. Your lover should have asked their consent without one day's delay; and if you were under age (a minor) should have asked their permission to propose to you before he ventured to address you personally on so serious a question.

BEDWAEEN (India).—Your letter interested us much, and we regret that your former letter should not have received a reply. Certainly, a girl's mother has a right to control her actions; but when a daughter willingly and lovingly confides her little wishes and plans to her, few mothers would cross those wishes, if really harmless and unobjectionable in every respect.

UGLY DUCKLING.—Domestic servants are wanted in New South Wales, but there is no opening there for governesses at present. Free emigration to New Zealand is entirely suspended. We write under the authority of the Women's Emigration Society, Carteret-street, Queen Anne's Gate, S.W. We have deciphered your letter with difficulty.

FELINE FUNNIOSITIES.—Write to Mr. Tarn for what you require. The 1st of January, 1865, was a Sunday.

I. DE VALNEIGE (Paris).—We have read your letter with great interest, and wish you God-speed in your endeavours to serve your heavenly Master in labouring for the sick and the needy around you. We are sorry to hear of your sad accident; and we shall always be pleased to hear of you and of your work.

E. W. H. FOWLES (Queensland).—We are obliged to you for the item of local information contained in your letter in reference to the wreck of the "Dunbar," and the "Gap" into which Captain Green entered being situated on the south side of Port Jackson. We are gratified by the terms in which you write of our paper.

GHUNTA (India).—We acknowledge your kind letter with our cordial thanks and good wishes. Your writing is very good, but would be greatly improved by your attending to the distinction that should be made between the "m," "n," and "u."

TROPICAL (Barbados).—We cannot promise to insert any amateur article, unread; but your belonging to a far-off portion of our British Empire would form no hindrance to its acceptance. We should, at least, like to see a brief sketch of what the island "really now is," if you care to send us one.

L. A. BAILEY.—Women have risen in their social position, through the good providence of God, by means of their own zealous and praiseworthy efforts, resulting from a clearer perception of their duties, privileges, and intellectual powers. The necessities of the times, resulting especially from the enormous increase of the population, constrains many to strive after a high degree of mental culture, as well as to practical exertion in almost every department of science, art, and ordinary industries.

J. C. W.—We see no harm in your sharing your hymn-book with your next neighbour; nevertheless, if your family be scandalised by your so doing, why not keep a spare book to lend instead?

SAM.—We do not see why anyone should laugh at you when you pay your just debts.

A QUIET HOUR.

AN UGLY DUCKLING.—Take a walk daily, run up and down stairs, play battledore and shuttlecock, and skip with a rope. Rub yourself well with a flesh-brush every morning, and wear flannel next the skin. You need warming food, also butter, beans, peas, lentils, &c. This climate is scarcely cold enough for us to suggest blubber, but you might take cod-liver oil with advantage. If you attend to all this treatment, the ugly duckling may turn into the beautiful swan at last.

DIFFIDENT QUERIST.—The demand is too small for the copying of manuscripts to recommend your seeking employment in that manner. See our articles on "Work for All."

A. B. NICHOLLS.—We have received an intimation from the secretary of the Women's Emigration Society that free emigration to New Zealand is entirely suspended for the present. Also, that the emigration of ladies to New South Wales, wishing to earn a living there as governesses, should be temporarily suspended, as the supply is greater than the demand.

JOANNA TRIMMER.—Active women prepared to do household work should go to New South Wales. Apply to the secretary, Women's Emigration Society, Carteret-street, Queen Anne's-gate, S.W.

SARAH.—"A New Dictionary of Quotations," published by Shaw and Co., Paternoster-row, E.C., contains quotations in Latin, Greek, and modern languages; but there are plenty of little books to be found at any secondhand booksellers.

ROMEO. — Diana was the goddess of hunting and chastity. She was the daughter of Jupiter and Latona. She obtained permission from her father to remain unmarried, and follow the pleasures of the chase.

PHŒBE H. C. C. (Halifax).—The 13th March, 1867, was a Wednesday. We should not advise you to stay at school after you are eighteen, under the circumstances, if it tire you at all. You can pursue your studies at home.

MRS. CHALMERS.—We are much obliged by your letter and the enclosed recipe.

NANNIE.—No money was enclosed in letter.

CATHERINE.—The origin of the game of chess is lost in the mists of antiquity. It was played thousands of years ago in China, and its invention attributed by the traveller, Eyles Irwin, to the Chinese. It was known in England before the Norman Conquest. The present game has grown, rather than been invented at any precise period.

MAY CAVANDISH.—"Absolom" is by N. P. Willis. Paganini, the violinist, was born at Genoa in February, 1784. He died May 27th, 1840.

WIFFIE.—"Big Ben" at Westminster has four faces, each twenty-two feet in diameter. The bell weighs nine tons.

FICKLE WILD ROSE'S letter is carelessly written. She should never send a "scribble" to anyone. It shows a lack of both respect for the addressed and self-respect. The quotation is probably from a song.

LILY OF THE VALLEY must conquer her temper, with God's help and her own determination.

NURSE NUNNIE writes us a nice letter, and sends us a recipe for cleaning a slimy sponge. Put the sponge in a basin, cover it well with bran, and pour boiling water on it; let it stand till quite cold, and then rinse it in cold water, when it will be quite clean. Nurse Nunnie is very wise to remain where she is, in a quiet place, where she can read and improve herself.

A LERWEGIAN.—You had better wait until you are older, and then if you still continue to think the same about the gentleman your parents wish you to marry, you should express your distaste for the arrangement, both to him and to them. But be sure and consider the matter thoroughly, as they have probably not wished to have him for a son-in-law without good grounds.

A READER (Chester).—"Robina Crusoe" was concluded at page 668, vol. iv., the chapter having "The End" in large-sized letters at its conclusion. Put on your spectacles.

HOPE.—As your pulling-down was a work of time, and your present state of nervous exhaustion was of gradual accomplishment, your restoration will be a work of time, and will demand patience. But you have found your way to that Divine Master who has promised that His strength shall be made perfect in your weakness. Take courage, trust in Him, and "As thy day, so shall thy strength be."

ROCKHAMPTON GIRL (Australia).—Are you, then, so very elegant in style, beautiful in person, highly-bred in manners, deeply read, accomplished in the arts, lovely in character, great in intellectual ability, and possessing every other characteristic that could fascinate people of every description with whom you associate? If not, how could you think yourself better than others, and always imagine that people are looking at and admiring you? Compare yourself and your attainments with the list of attractions above given, and this will tend to cure your self-conceit. Yes, you may write to us as often as you like.

MARCH WINDS.—A bookbinder could repair the leaves. The correct spelling of Shakespeare's name is a disputed point.

KADISHAH.—If your aunt brought you up you should wear mourning for her as for a mother—viz., for one year: crape for the first six months, with jet; afterwards, plain black and silver ornaments. You must send out cards for the kind inquiries made for your aunt while she was living, and for yourself afterwards. You may resume your lessons in a fortnight, or even less. No formal visits are made for the first three months.

A FARMER'S DAUGHTER.—The wedding cards should be acknowledged by a kind note of congratulation to the bridegroom with whom you are acquainted, saying you hope to make the bride's acquaintance at a future period. Many thanks for the recipe. It is known in America as "silver cake"; and another is usually made at the same time called "golden cake," to use up the yolks of the eggs, or what would become of them you do not mention.

MABEL is thanked for the information she gives respecting the halfpence called "bawbees," which, she tells us, were those coined in the early part of Queen Mary's reign, who became queen when only six days old, and which bore her effigy as an infant. Black woollen stockings will not lose their colour when washed, if tepid water be used.

DAGMAR.—Boil the macramé lace in soapsuds. It is so strong, it would bear the use of a soft nail-brush if very dirty. Pronounce "dynamite" as written, "dy-na-mite."

A JAMAICAN BIRDIE.—We thank you for telling us of the esteem in which our paper is held by your friends. Probably you would find Hastings (not St. Leonards) very suitable. The shops at the former place are good and not expensive, and there are plenty of reasonable apartments. The bathing is good, the climate is mild, being sheltered from the north and east. St. Leonards adjoins Hastings, and there is a mineral spa there suitable for sufferers from bronchial, dyspeptic, and pulmonary complaints. There is a public library and a school of art, a good pier, and daily band performances, and fine park and pleasure gardens. We thank you for giving a description of Kingston, Jamaica, as it now is, and of King-street, which seems handsomer than we supposed, and we can quite believe that no pigs and goats are to be seen running about that nor any other part of the city.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER."

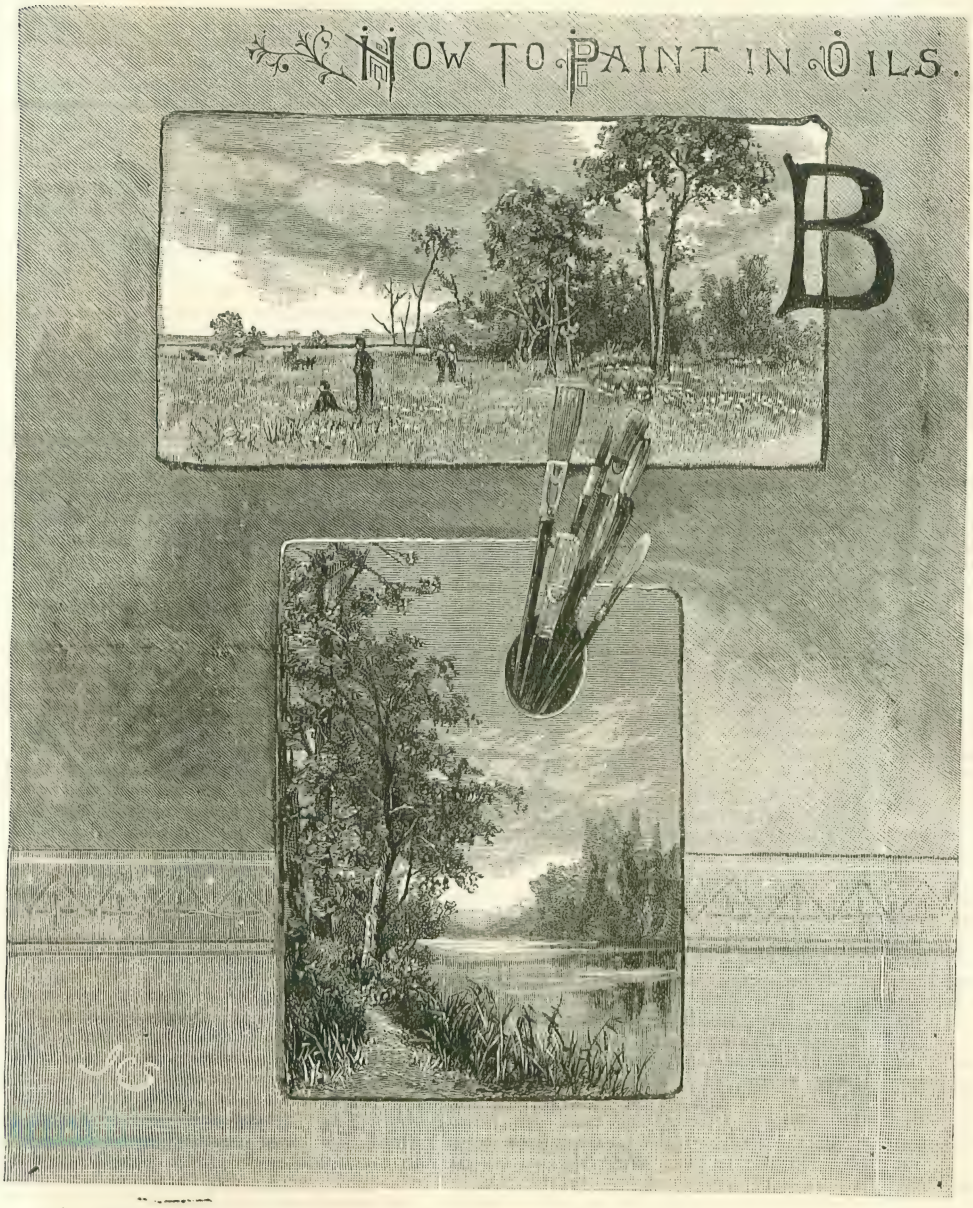
DEAR SIR,—We are about to commence, for the eighth season, our work in connection with the King's Weigh House Flower Mission, and I shall be much obliged if you will kindly allow me to appeal to your readers for help. We shall be glad to receive flowers for distribution; but my special object in writing is to ask for volunteer visitors who will devote an hour or so on Saturday afternoons to carry flowers to the poor who live around the Mint. We are always well received; and I am sure any ladies who may engage in this pleasant labour of love will be abundantly rewarded by the joy and gratitude of the recipients.

I shall be glad to give additional information, or to receive communications from friends disposed to help us in either or both of the above directions. Letters to be addressed, Miss Kemp, care of Mrs. Hancock, Darby-street Mission Schools, Royal Mint-street, Minories, E.C.—I am, dear Sir, yours truly,

BEATRICE KEMP.

VOL. VI.—NO. 290. JULY 18, 1885. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

HOW TO PAINT IN OILS.



BEING now in a position to make an intelligent and judicious choice of your materials, it is time to go forth, and taking your stand before some simple but picturesque scene, to commence the labour and practice of representing it upon your canvas.

A word or two first, however, on the choice of your subject. It is part, I think, of the perversity of all things human that the beginner seems to be almost invariably impelled to select difficult subjects; often those from which the artist who has learned wisdom by experience might (not, indeed, shrink, but) approach with a certain diffidence, and a feeling that the result for him would be rather an increase of knowledge and power to be applied in the future than a success in his present effort.

Remember, then, what I have said above, and be careful to choose a simple subject, such a subject as I shall presently describe, for your early efforts, and pass gradually to more complex and animated scenes. A steady progress in your art may best be secured by a constant struggling with subjects a little, but only a little, beyond your power.

I am assuming here that you are but a beginner, and I feel it important that you should not be discouraged. Make up your mind, therefore, that your first sketches cannot, in the nature of things, be more than comparatively successful, and be satisfied if, after half-a-dozen trials, you find some things in your last study which are better than anything in your first.

Now, I have used two words in the last paragraph in rather a loose sense, and as, if taken in their popular acceptation, they are not unlikely to mislead you, we had better understand at once what we mean by them. I refer to the terms "sketch" and "study." Many people are in the habit of describing any land-

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scape work executed direct from nature on the spot as a sketch, but the term may more properly be restricted to notes or memoranda made with pencil or brush of passing effects or momentary combinations. The sketch proper is never intended at the time to become a picture, whatever may afterwards be found to be its capabilities in that direction, but only to fix what is transient, and to aid the memory. Only the finished artist can "sketch" to any good purpose. A study is a careful transcript of a scene or of part of a scene given with all the completeness that the subject and the circumstances will permit. Both the tyro and the master may profitably spend very much time in making studies. On this point Mr. Alfred Clint well observes in his "Guide to Oil Painting," "A sketch is only useful to an artist of considerable experience, whose memory, from a long acquaintance with nature, enables him to supply all that is wanting in a sketch. To the beginner it is utterly useless."

To return to the choice of a subject. It is an excellent plan to begin by painting isolated foreground objects, as they are called; that is, objects situated near you. For instance, you may choose a branch or the trunk of a tree fifteen or twenty paces away, with just a little of the fern or grass at its root; the picturesque gable of a cottage; a stranded boat; or a rock at low tide, with its clothing of seaweed and its reflection in wet sand or shallow pool.

If, however, you prefer an entire scene, select for your early efforts a simple subject; one in which there are a few broad masses of light and shade, and not many small and intricate forms to puzzle you and to distract your attention from the relative tones of the grand divisions of the picture. Such a subject would be afforded by a bit of common land or heath with a mass of furze bushes, or some broken land in the middle distance, with perhaps a clump of trees on the right or left, or a cottage with its rustic paling, or even a fingerpost standing up against the sky.

If you cannot find in your neighbourhood a scene with simple elements such as these, perhaps you live near the sea and can sit down before a stretch of sandy or pebbly beach, with a line of distant cliffs running across the middle distance and meeting the sea. These subjects, and such as these, should not tax too severely your patience or your resources; especially if you take care to avoid at first the introduction of too prominent and numerous foreground objects. These are likely to spoil the unity of your picture, until you have acquired sufficient experience and judgment to keep them in their due subordinate relation to the rest of the composition. This is a mere matter of seeing your subject as a whole correctly and comprehensively—a power which will come to you with time and practice, and with repeated comparisons between your own work and that of the best masters of landscape art.

Having decided upon the scene which you wish to depict, you must begin by drawing upon the canvas carefully but loosely and lightly with charcoal the position and proportions of the more important masses and the larger forms.

Determine first of all the height upon your canvas of the line of the horizon, and then selecting some accentuated object at or near the centre of this line, mark carefully its form and position on the canvas; next draw in any other forms to the right or left of it so far as the scope of your canvas permits. This done, you will have a good guide for the position and size of the other objects above or below the horizontal line, which must all be carefully and attentively indicated with the charcoal, but without much detail, for all small markings will inevitably be lost when you come to lay on the paint.

This seems to me a convenient opportunity to warn you that you must not fall into the error of supposing that when your outline is complete, however carefully, the labour of drawing is over. You must draw as accurately and attentively with the brush all the time, and with as constant a reference to the model before you in nature as ever you do with the point, for you will constantly be losing bits of drawing beneath the paint which you must recover at the proper time with the brush.

Having got your broad masses correctly placed upon the canvas with dry charcoal, you may take a piece of chalk, black or red, or a fine sable brush dipped in colour made quite thin by the admixture of turpentine, and go over the whole of your outline, correcting and amplifying, or simplifying, as you go.

When this is done you are ready to begin painting, but first take a few minutes of calm and attentive contemplation wherein to study the whole extent of your subject, broadly and comprehensively settling once for all in your mind the relations of the large masses of light and shade.

Thus you may ask yourself, is your sky, as a whole, the lightest portion of your picture? if so, then be sure not to be led away when painting the clouds into the mistake of lowering the tone until it competes with the distances or the foreground. On the other hand, if a stretch of sunlit grass or sparkling sea should happen to be the hightest light in nature, then be sure to introduce sufficient tone into the sky to throw up that light, whatever it may be, into due prominence.

By attending carefully to the just relations as to tone of these and other such broad masses, you will be less likely to be tempted into frittering away, so to speak, the simplicity and harmony of your picture by the introduction of unnecessary and impertinent detail. Great judgment and great experience are necessary before you can avoid this, and one of the highest triumphs of art is the just rendering of subtle and delicate relations of tone in the masses of the picture, while giving due but unexaggerated prominence to details.

When you think that you have fixed in your mind the true values of sky, distance, trees, foreground, &c., take your palette and begin with the sky. (This is the mode of procedure generally recommended, though I think it does not usually matter very much where you begin.) Take a good big squeeze of the thin white of which I have spoken in a former paper, and a little each of yellow ochre, Naples yellow, lemon yellow, jaune brilliant (Edouard's), crimson lake, light red, vermilion, French ultramarine, or, if you like, cobalt or cerulean blue. The mixture of Vandyke brown and white, to which I have formerly alluded, is also very useful in skies. With these colours you will be able to form tints which will represent almost any daylight sky. For sunsets you may have to use brighter and richer colours, and may then add to your palette raw sienna, Indian yellow, &c.

In painting skies you should use very little if any medium, and in mixing and laying on the tints remember that the blue pigments are always—I do not think there is any exception—too cold for the colour of the sky, as you see it in nature. With the blue of your choice, say French ultramarine and white, you mix a tint which shall be neither too light nor too dark, adding a very little yellow, say lemon yellow, or a little red, say lake, or both, and this you lay on, remembering that the colour is stronger and more purple towards the zenith—which means a little more blue and lake to your white high up on the canvas—and weaker and more neutral, though often warm towards the horizon, which means that as you come down you must add more white to your tints, and perhaps a little more yellow, and substitute light red for the lake, if necessary. The varieties of colour in skies are indescribable and innumerable, and your own observation and ingenuity must be your guide.

The tints for clouds you will be able to mix from ultramarine and white, with light red, vermilion, or Indian red, and often with lake. A little black may sometimes be useful: indeed, some cloudy skies may be painted in entirely with black and white, just warmed with a faint touch of light red. And raw umber is not seldom found useful. A range of beautiful pearly greys may be compounded from cobalt, raw umber, and light red, in varying proportions mingled with black and white. For the lights on clouds you may try white and Naples yellow, white and light red, and to either of these you may add a touch of vermilion, if necessary. White, with a very little raw umber, is sometimes useful. And even lemon yellow may be used sparingly with advantage. For the extreme distance your palette will require little or no alteration or addition. The colours are the same, for the most part, but generally stronger and uller. Greys, blues, and purples will still be found to predominate, and these may be compounded from the colours already mentioned, but with a less admixture of white.

As we approach the foreground, the transparent and semi-transparent colours are more and more largely employed, with little or no addition of white, especially in the parts which are in shadow. In the middle distance, in addition to the pigments already chosen, such colours as raw sienna, burnt sienna, terre verte, madder brown will be found useful, either pure or in combination with white. In the foreground the full power and variety of the palette may be brought into requisition, and the richest and strongest colours may be employed as occasion seems to demand, so long as crudity and rawness are avoided. Here, too, details become more visible, and small objects and markings need to be made out, but always with due subjection to the harmony and unity of the whole picture. In the foreground the shadows should be painted thinly with transparent colour, which, while wet, may be painted into with semi-transparent and opaque touches, to give depth and variety to these shadows. The lights, on the other hand, should be painted strongly and firmly with opaque colour and a full brush.

There is one further point to which I would draw your attention. It is that the scene before you is constantly undergoing changes, some gradual and continuous, from the changing position of lights and shadows, some sudden and irregular, such as are produced by the passing of a cloud. The first of these is most important, as it renders it impracticable for you to paint for more than three, or at most four hours, at one subject, so that if you wish to paint all day from nature, you must be prepared with two canvases and two subjects, one for the early and one for the later conditions of light. The effect of the fleeting cloud may be disregarded, for you may wait until it is past; but sometimes the transient effect is so beautiful that you may well try to seize it with memory or with brush, and transfer it to your canvas. In effecting this object, however, a certain boldness and readiness of resource are necessary, which only come by practice and experience. That practice and that experience must result from your own exertions, and cannot be supplied by the guidance of others, however minute or painstaking their efforts, and it is to your own efforts that I now command you in the assurance that setting aside the diversity of natural gifts your success will be proportionate to your earnestness, your simple-mindedness, and your enthusiasm.

JOHN C. STAPLES.

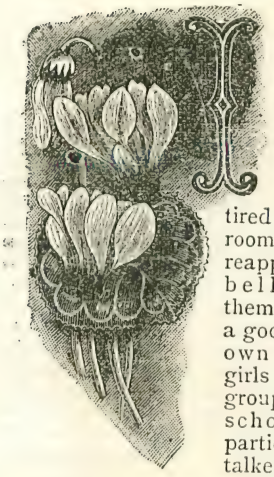
WHEN WE WERE GIRLS TOGETHER.

A STORY OF SCHOOL-GIRL LIFE.

By SARAH DOUDNEY.

CHAPTER XIII.

STOLEN WATERS.



It was Sunday afternoon, always a lazy time in the college, for the teachers generally retired to their own rooms, and did not reappear till the bell summoned them to tea. Left a good deal to their own devices, the girls usually sat in groups about the schoolroom, and particular friends talked together in confidential tones.

Jennet had no particular friend, and Miss Thornhill was not at hand. Charlotte Ashley was still confined to the sanctum upstairs, and Mrs. Mayfield had desired her, if possible, to get some sleep. So Jennet sat alone at one of the long tables, her chin resting on her hand, her eyes fixed on a map upon the schoolroom wall, but seeing nothing that was there.

At last, suddenly bethinking her of a broken shoe-string, and remembering that there would be the walk to church in the evening, she rose and took her way upstairs. The great house was very quiet as she passed through the long corridors; all the chamber doors were closed, and neither teacher, pupil, nor servant could be seen. It was pleasant to escape from the schoolroom, where no one wanted her company, and seek the solitude of her own sleeping-room. Pamela Rye and Minnie Wood were both downstairs, and she thought herself quite safe from all intrusion.

The comfort and convenience of the pupils in St. Anne's College were studied in many ways. Each girl had her own bed, her own washstand, and her own toilet-table, also, and there were no luxuries so highly prized as these tables. There was no quarrelling over a looking-glass, nor brushing one's hair by turns; the tables were small, but each was furnished with a drawer for hairpins and little knickknacks, and it was to this table-drawer that Jennet went to search for a new shoe-tie.

The drawer opened more stiffly than usual, and something lying just inside it transfixed her glance at once. It was a two-shilling novel with gaily-illustrated covers, an attractive book enough to eager young eyes. But how had it come there?

Now, works of fiction were by no means excluded from the college, but it was a rule that no book should be read by the pupils until it had been examined by those in authority. A good deal of what is termed "light reading" was sanctioned by Mrs. Mayfield, who understood and sympathised with the insatiable desire of girls for stories. Moreover, they were encouraged to talk about what they read, and to give their opinions freely on the merits of various writers.

But there were certain novelists whose works were never admitted within the college walls; and to smuggle in forbidden books was to incur a heavy punishment. The rules—printed, framed, and hung in every room—stated plainly that all books were to be submitted to a governess before being read.

Brought up in an out-of-the-way village, our Jennet had had but very slight acquaintance with "society" novels. She had never heard the name which stood upon the title-page of this book; and yet it was a name which is known far and wide. She did not know that the work was one which many fathers, husbands, and brothers dislike to see on their tables at home; and she never paused to ask herself whether she was right in opening it.

The place and the hour were favourable for reading. There were four windows in the large chamber, and the autumn sunlight shone peacefully upon the walls. Looking up for a moment, Jennet could see a calm sky above the garden trees, and one or two lively sparrows hopping from twig to twig. She had been feeling depressed and lonely, and the book offered her a new sphere in which self and its concerns would have no part. How happy she could be, sitting up here in the sunshine, and drifting away silently into book-world!

None save those who have a positive passion for reading can estimate the strength of Jennet's temptation. But there are many of us who can remember the blissful hours spent in sitting on the floor of some old lumber-room with a story-book upon our knees. We were too young in those golden days to find fault with a hard seat; we read on, with heads that never ached and eyes that never wearied, until we lost all consciousness of our actual surroundings, and lived and moved and had our being with the heroes and heroines of romance.

The shoe-tie was forgotten. Jennet did not even pause to close the drawer.

She sank down in a sunny spot on the floor and "began at the beginning;" and a very fascinating beginning it was.

It introduced her at once into a world of which she had never even dreamed; a scented atmosphere, breathed by fashionable beauties, who trailed their silken skirts over marble floors, and dropped rare flowers from their white hands. All the colours were warm, and rich, and soft; all the men had titles; all the women possessed irresistible charms, and jewels of fabulous price. And Jennet read on and on, forgetting where she was, unconscious of the lapse of time, unmindful of possible intrusion. The book had absorbed her, body and soul, and she sat as still as if she had been under a spell.

But Miss Sand, the eldest teacher in the college, was a person on whom the most potent spells could have no power. She was a woman of such iron frame and resolute will that she disdained even the mild indulgence of Sunday afternoon repose. Mrs. Mayfield herself had been known to regard her with a wonder not unmingled with awe. There was something almost supernatural in her working powers and unwearying watchfulness. She never required any rest; her rare holidays were taken reluctantly; and she declared, with perfect truth, that she was never happy unless she was doing her duty. Perhaps she overdid it, and grew gaunt and grim in consequence. The under-workers are more commonly met with, perhaps, than the over-workers; but the latter class are quite as provoking to their fellow mortals. Miss Sand was not a favourite in the school for which she expended such a tremendous amount of energy.

Jennet had not lived long enough in St. Anne's to be acquainted with Miss Sand's practice of pouncing. She had a kind of lair in every quarter of the house, and would spring out from it upon unwary girls, scattering their wits, shattering their nerves, and depriving them of all power of self-defence.

On rare occasions she had even been known to pounce upon the innocent as well as the guilty; but these mistakes had drawn upon her such sharp reprimands from Mrs. Mayfield, in private, that she was pretty sure to be in the right nowadays. She suspected everybody. If girls did not do wrong it was because they lacked opportunity, not inclination; if servants did not steal it was because they were well watched. And as she made no secret of her disbelief in human nature, it was not surprising to find human nature always up in arms against her.

From the first day of Jennet's arrival, Miss Sand had kept a suspicious eye upon her actions. A girl who was so tall, so handsome, and so reserved was sure to be capable of any amount of quiet mischief. Miss Sand was resolved to find her out in something, and find her out she did, with a vengeance.

The shadows of coming woes were thickening fast around the beautiful heroine of the novel; every page was full of subtle suggestions of an approaching crisis. Jennet, her lips apart and her eyes dilated, was breathing quickly, absorbed in intense anxiety to know the fate of this lovely victim of fashionable cruelty. The door opened; but she was

too entirely pre-occupied to start. Miss Sand beheld no guilty blush, and heard no scream of affright. The culprit looked up with a dreamy gaze, and continued to sit upon the floor.

"Miss Fowler, this is the most flagrant instance of deliberate defiance that I have ever seen!"

Slowly and vaguely poor Jennet began to comprehend her true position. The persecuted heroine, the rich flowers, the silks, the gems, were all shadows in a dream. But there, standing before her, was Miss Sand, a very stern reality; and she was in St. Anne's College, and had broken one of the principal rules.

(*To be continued.*)

MIRIAM; OR, PRIDE GOETH BEFORE A FALL.

By SARSON C. INGHAM, Author of "The White Cross and Dove of Pearls," &c.

SINCE Miriam is the first elder sister of whom we have any biographic record in the Old Testament, we would earnestly invite the elder sisters in many an English home to an earnest study of her life and character.

On her own merits she is not introduced to us, nor as the daughter of Amram and Jochebed, but as the sister of the babe left in the little ark of bulrushes by the waterside, with the destiny of a mighty nation awaiting upon the fate that should meet it there.

An anxious but unseen watcher, Miriam lingered near the spot, thinking of the dreadful crocodile, or of a baptism unto death beneath the waters of the reed-fringed Nile.

That was a terrible watch for one so young to keep. We wonder if it comforted her to think that God was watching with her, and that He who kept in the hollow of His hand the ark that held Noah and all his family, could preserve this tiny cradle both from crocodile and flood.

If she did remember it, Miriam's heart would still have been heavy. The child was a beautiful child, but, if he lived, he must be a bondsman like her father; wear the yoke of the idolator while worshipping the God of Abraham, God of Isaac, God of Jacob, whom these Egyptians, with all their learning, knew not; hear, for he is of the tribe of Levi, how the swords of Simeon and Levi have been weapons of violence, and they must be "divided in Jacob, and scattered in Israel."

Great good had come of her fathers' coming up to Egypt to buy corn. They had peacefully kept to their own avocation as shepherds, and yet they were given up to stripes and fetters, and the slow uprearing of those dreadful pyramids.

Miriam was just the kind of girl to feel these things acutely. She was born a slave, but her heart was the heart of the free.

A spark of the poetic fire trembled in her dark Jewish eye; her feelings were strong, while her life had to be one of continual stern self-suppression. Never had they been kept more under the winch than now that she watches the fate of the child. Ah! the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob is the God of the babies! He is the God of the baby that his mother leaves to-day with an aching heart in a hospital, and He was the God of little Moses. He will not let the waters of the Nile or the hungry crocodile rob the baby of the glorious destiny He has in store for it. It is a destiny grander than any of Miriam's waking dreams, and for a girl born to servitude and poverty Miriam dreams a great deal.

The baby's cry had grown strong, so strong that his mother could no longer keep it from being heard, and now it went straight to the heart of a royal princess, and as her arms are flung round it, and she looks into its sweet, tearful little face, she sees why it has been put by the waterside, and she yearns to have it and to keep it for her own. Miriam, drawing near to the circle of maidens in waiting upon the princess, heard every word. She had all her wits about her, for there is nothing so quick-witted and fertile in resources as affection, so the moment the princess alludes to the child's probable origin, she offers to find for her a Hebrew nurse.

The unsuspecting foster-mother compli s, and when Jochebed, with a beating heart but a well-controlled countenance, stands before her, goes direct to the certainty of wages. But Jochebed did not think of the boon this nursing money would be to her little family just then, nor did she stipulate for short hours or a yearly holiday; she was thankful to be engaged on any terms.

It is long before we again hear anything of Miriam. We may imagine her now in her humble home, now at her slave's task with a soul that dwelt apart, singing a song of fire to itself that was not a very happy one. Into the mere drudge Miriam never would, never did degenerate. Her lips gave utterance often to thoughts that glowed and words that burned, and so they spoke of her as a prophetess. The term had an oracular meaning, but as the prophets were chosen of the poets it implied that she was a poetess. A gifted family was this humble family of the tribe of Levi. There was Miriam with the gift we have indicated, and Aaron with his eloquent tongue, and yet how common was the round; how mean and hard the task they had daily to perform!

How mysterious it must have seemed that heathen ignorance and voluptuousness should queen it in high places, and they, they, the intellectually great and worshipping and free, should be compelled to wear the yoke of bondage, and waste their precious youth in vulgarest toil.

"Oh, my soul, tarry thou the Lord's leisure!" we may say, when we fret over the conditions of our kinder lot, and think how slowly God's

> "Eternal thought moves through
> His undisturbed affairs."

There was one sweet drop in Miriam's cup; Moses should not wear this yoke. Beautiful little Moses!

His Hebrew mother had been before his royal foster-mother in his early education. The seed of all holy teachings had been hidden in the ground of his infant heart. He had a talisman which might keep him uncorrupted through all Egyptian pollutions; but he should learn every science wherein the Egyptian excelled his thrall—be great and honourable and rich, being the son, designate, of Pharaoh's daughter. And who could doubt that, grown to man's estate, he would ennoble his family—perhaps confer large national favour on the seed from which he sprung? Moses bid fair to think much if he spoke little. He was not to be, as he himself said in later years, a man of words; but his meek spirit made his childhood lovely. A meek spirit makes every estate lovely. How beautiful the earth will be when it comes into its inheritance! Yet the gifts of his eloquent brother and poetic sister were but as a faint earnest of the rich endowments of this gentle youngest born.

We can only imagine the train of Miriam's thoughts, so must pass on to the next historical record of her. Long and weary was the watch she kept, yet it was not altogether unrelieved.

Even among the Egyptians Moses had won a fair renown. Then the star of his temporal prosperity set, to rise within the horizon of the spiritual, for a crisis came in his life which was to determine his choice of service; and he chose "to suffer affliction with the people of God" rather than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season.

He was fourscore years of age, Aaron fourscore and ten, when God called them to the deliverance of Israel. Miriam had then attained to years which are now deemed venerable; but we must keep in mind the longer span of life accorded to men in these early times. Greatly abbreviated from the period allotted to the antediluvians it no doubt was, but the threescore years and ten, beyond which strength is weariness, was youth compared with what it is now.

So we may think of the three as in their prime when they escaped from their house of bondage, to be led by God in a way they did not know. Pharaoh pursued after them. The yielding floor of the Red Sea was converted into crystal walls, through which the triumphant host of God and His prophet passed. The Egyptians, madly following them, were drowned, the horse and his rider cast into the sea, and their requiem was the grand song of praise in which Moses and the children of Israel celebrated the wondrous triumph.

Deep-toned, manly voices rolled forth the mercy and the wonders of the great I AM, till the volume of sound was as the diapason of ocean when its depths are stirred; was as melodious as the organ's solemn peal when its lower notes are strung into magnificent chords beneath some skilled player's hand; but ere the burden and refrain had died away it was caught up by the sweet ringing soprano of the hitherto silent women of the congregation.

The impetuous soul of Miriam, longing for expression, had rent from the crown to the hem the conventional veil, and her tuneful sisters went out after her with timbrels and with dances choiring to her rapturous invocation—

"SING YE TO THE LORD, FOR HE HATH TRIUMPHED GLORIOUSLY!

"Sing ye to the Lord, for He hath triumphed gloriously. The horse and his rider hath He thrown into the sea."

This was the first celebration of the Oratorio of "Israel in Egypt."

The conductor of it was

"The most gifted poet
That ever breathed a word;"

while it is beautiful to reflect how truly and eagerly his poet sister caught and echoed the glad strain from his lips. Would that the life-harmony between the two had been as perfect even to the close; but it is one thing to discourse sweet music and another to live it. Some of God's living epistles have been living poems.

We do not know whether Miriam had any consciousness then that

"A little rift within the lute
Might one day make the music mute."

Perhaps she had, for there was never a time when the children of God were exempt from the temptation that should warn them to "watch and pray."

Again, having appeared boldly on the scenes, she retires like an Eastern lady behind her lattice, and we are left to conjecture. By means of her prophetic gifts—for the Lord still spoke by her, though neither song nor archive is preserved in the Jewish archives—she served her generation, and fulfilled a high and holy mission.

When the free gifts were brought to the tabernacle we read that "all the women that were wise-hearted did spin with their hands, and brought that which they had spun both of blue and fine linen, and all the women whose hearts stirred them up in wisdom spun goat's hair."

We may take it for granted that Miriam was one of those willing, wise-hearted women, but there is no separate mention of her. In Jewish history she is accredited with being the leading spirit among the women of the congregation, who took her for their pattern in their public worship.

In Jewish synagogues now the women worship apart in a gallery of lattice work which permits them to see without being seen. They are not always as reverent as these proto-worshippers whom Miriam led.

When Miriam next appears before us it is in the character of a rebel.

Miriam's grievance was one that has destroyed the peace of many households. She did not like her sister-in-law. She was neither of the dark, fair daughters of Israel, nor of the noble Egyptians, who, being converted to the true God, might have been allured to leave a life of luxury, to be the life companion of a man who had made the bread of affliction and water of tears his high and deliberate choice. Moses had married an Ethiopian woman, a Cushite. She was one of the seven daughters of the priest of Midian, whose part he had gallantly taken against the domineering shepherds, in whose code of etiquette "ladies before gentlemen" was not an article.

Two boys blessed the union, and were named, from the circumstances that preceded their nativity, Gershom and Eliezer.

It was long before Miriam was brought much into contact with her unwelcome sister-in-law. In his troubles Moses had sent his wife and children back to their peaceful home in Midian, and confided them to the protection of his father-in-law. We get some insight into the beautiful character of this man on the occasion of his coming to Moses in the desert to deliver up his trust. The refined complaisance he showed met with its parallel not only in Moses but in Aaron, who, with all the elders of Israel, came to eat bread before the Lord. A hallowed feast was that, an emblem of the Eucharistic.

On the morrow Jethro sees the strain Moses is under in administering justice to the people, and advises a distribution of labour, which commended itself to Moses's judgment, and greatly lightened the burden that he bore.

From all this may be inferred the kind of home from which Zipporah had been taken, and the moral influences amid which she had been reared; so we can hardly imagine her to have been a woman below respect.

The only thing that Miriam urged against her was that she was an Ethiopian; but that it appeared went as far as it might recently have done in America.

Hitherto she had reigned as princess of her brother's pavilion; probably it grieved her to yield this honour to another. Being by nature influential, she did not keep her discontent to herself, and Aaron, over whom she had a natural ascendency, was not slow to drink in of her spirit.

Their anxiety is to take from the importance of this brother so highly favoured by God. A sad example that for a people only too ready to profit by it.

"Hath the Lord indeed spoken only by Moses? Hath He not also spoken by us?"

How little excuse was there for such a manifestation! For parenthetically it is stated "the man Moses was very meek, above all the men which were upon the face of the earth."

The heavy cares and responsibilities of his position were also as, we frequently see, almost crushing to him, forcing from him on one occasion a cry of anguish, and now the very being, who of all others ought to have been on the watch to strengthen his hands by her prayers and by her solicitude, and to throw the whole weight of her strong personal influence in the upholding of his authority, is found speaking against him. The high priest also, with "Holiness unto the Lord," bound as a sign upon his brow, can take part with her. Under the sparkling breastplate, engraved with names that God holds dear, Moses finds not a heart-shrine worthy of him.

But the Lord heard, and the three children of Amram and of Jochebed are called out before Him into the tabernacle of the congregation. It was a dread moment for the two offenders, for it only needs a sense of the nearness of God to convince us of our sinfulness. It was a bitter moment for Moses, though he only of the three might abide the coming of the Lord without fear. Miriam's disaffection in that day of loyal women must have appeared exceedingly high-handed and daring, and why should Aaron forget his sacred calling in envy of his brother's more onerous office? Moses had been delighted that that golden mouth should supplement his deficiencies, and it could speak against him.

When the pillar of the cloud appeared in the door of the tabernacle only Miriam and Aaron were called; Moses was left alone in his innocence. How the high priest and the first lady of Israel must have trembled for the sequel!

The voice that speaks from the pillar, however, speaks only with mild authoritativeness. The distinction between them and Moses is clearly shown. God will make Himself known to His prophets in visions and in dreams, but with His servant Moses will He speak mouth to mouth, even apparently, and not in dark speeches, and the similitude of the Lord shall he behold. "Wherefore, then, were ye not afraid to speak against My servant Moses."

The sentence is not pronounced, but the judgment has fallen—fallen on her who was first and foremost in the transgression. As they stand trembling, Aaron looks at Miriam, and he sees a leper as white as snow. The power to allure and to lead that she has abused is hers no longer. Every one will loathe her now. Aaron wonders why he should escape a like fate. Awed on her account, melted on his own, he humbles himself for her sake, and he entreats Moses for his mediation with as much submission as if it was from him she had received the chastisement.

"Alas! my lord, I beseech thee, lay not the sin upon us, wherein we have done foolishly, and wherein we have sinned."

With the confidence and urgency of one who has freedom of access to the Father of Spirits, Moses pleads with God on her behalf: "Heal her now, O God, I beseech Thee."

Aaron penitent, Miriam made a signal example of, and the disaffected warned, the Lord graciously relents.

She is healed of her leprosy, but condemned to be shut out from the camp seven days, after which she may be received in again. Thankful must she have been for such a commutation of her punishment, though, notwithstanding it, her humiliation was complete. She had come, as it were, within the criminal code, and those who had spoken of her as a prophetess, worthy of equal honour with Moses, would be just as ready to dwell on her disgrace. The journey through the wilderness was again delayed; no one would thank her for having been the cause of the delay. Miriam must have felt very small as she went into her retirement. She came out of it a person of much less consequence than she was before she entered it. The salt of that seven days of meditation was assuredly a preserving grace to her through what remained of her earthly career. We may infer that she was very quiet, from the fact that we hear no more of her till her death.

* * * *

It may be urged that the history of Miriam is too unique for its incidents to furnish us with lessons that we can take home to ourselves. But do not we all find in our lot something special to ourselves? We learn from the biographies of the Bible that human nature has in all ages been the same, and the heart is not yet cured of its deceitfulness.

Miriam little thought, when she rejoiced in the good fortune of the little babe, shared his mother's fatigue in nursing him, and watched his growing beauty, that one day she should so sin against him as to need his intercession to heal her punishment of leprosy.

Perhaps she thought, as many loving elder sisters do think, that, unless new ties forbid, they will always be like guardian angels to their tender charges. They do not anticipate the time when they shall outgrow their influence as surely as they are outgrowing their leading-strings, when they may be called to a more prominent place on the world's stage than themselves, and new bonds into which the old cannot enter shall be proved the stronger. The lack of this anticipation leads to much sin. How often has a long unbroken reign of peace been disturbed by the introduction of an unwelcome member into a family! Now, whatever objections relatives may feel themselves privileged to offer against a contemplated marriage, the union once consummated it is their obvious duty to make the best of it. They cannot unmarry the parties, and the common-sense axiom,

"What can't be cured
Must be endured,"

might heal, or, better still, prevent, many a breach of this kind.

The more influence elder sisters have, the more bounden it is on them to be peace-makers. Yet how many there are who, like Miriam, have stood the test in early days but later have been found wanting.

In modern biography we find no more

beautiful illustration of the affection which may grow up between a sister and a younger brother, till they are all in all to each other, than in that of the gentle Elia and his sister Mary.

They had their points of difference, over which they "gently wrangled;" but we cannot imagine that she, any more than he, was disposed to go upon the mountains to bewail her celibacy, "like the daughter of the rash king." Mary was his senior by ten years His obligations to her extended "beyond the period of memory," and he wished that he could throw into a heap the remainder of their joint existences, that they might share them in equal division.

The world is acquainted, however, with the craze to which Mary Lamb's fine intellect was subject, and the trials arising out of it may be guessed, but they can hardly be described.

While we admire Charles Lamb's patience and his constancy to his sister, we must not be forgetful of the high qualities that enabled her to retain her hold upon him. She was warm-hearted and generous, loyal to truth and to her religious convictions, unaccomplished, but extensively read, a true comforter in times of distress, and although a little positive, as was he, a pleasant companion when she was in possession of herself. It is well when we can compensate our friends for any unavoidable trial of their patience with us, for we are too apt to forget our duty to them while insisting on theirs to us.

We have seen a few pictures of the childhood of Dr. Adam Clarke's eldest daughter.

"A child of ten years seated in a nursery, with piles of household linen and children's garments before and around her, darning, patching, folding, hour after hour, keeping a watchful eye on the little ones, whose sports she may not join herself, being their responsible caretaker and guardian while the mother lies ill in bed."

Another picture is of the same child a year later, now the nurse of a lovely, dying sister nearly as big as herself; carrying her about to ease the pain, passing week after week in the sick-room, till the nervous system was so affected that she says, "For a long time after the child was dead I heard her cough distinctly."

Another and a brighter picture dates on a few years. It was elicited by a remark of one of her own children on the erudition displayed in a portion of Dr. Clarke's Commentary. "I verified all those references for him," said the mother, quite simply.

It seems a contrast, the patient housemother, the tender, childish foster-mother, and the learned, gifted girl, but the character was homogeneous. "It is the noblest natures that are possessed of the profoundest motherliness."

The claims made upon much of the time that should be spent in the schoolroom or the study may be enumerated among the trials of an elder sister's youth. But it is good for a woman, no less than a man, that she bear the yoke in her youth. "The husbandman hath long patience." Knowledge gained under difficulties is often more highly prized than that to which a royal road has all but been made. The daily round and the common task are to us what drill is to the soldier; and Christian soldiers must not disdain the drill.

We may ennoble toil by regarding it from the higher standpoint instead of from the lower, and saying, with our Great Exemplar, "I came not into the world to do mine own will, but the will of Him that sent Me."

There is room, however, here for a word of admonition to a large class of really estimable girls, who are individually as a right-hand to their mothers, but who absorb themselves entirely in the bread-and-butter and prose of existence.

As nurses, too, and playfellows with their little brothers and sisters, they are all that the most exacting heart could desire, but they forget that they have minds and a future that life cannot remain at the same point. So, unconsciously, there is a want left in their nature, a want which time may broaden into a great gulf between themselves and the very youngest members of their families. The clinging little playfellow of to-day may be the earnest thinker, the brilliant conversationalist of ten or fifteen years hence; and if the long-cherished elder sister is found unable to reciprocate or in any degree sympathise with him or her, she will cease to be sought as a companion, however she may be loved or respected for her endearing qualities. There is a difference betwixt this and the fellowship of feeling that constitutes friendship, that the susceptible heart is quick to feel, so that the neglect of early youth may make a cross for the future which is not of God's appointment.

There is a wealth of meaning in these little words, "To have and to hold." Many elder sisters have had, like Miriam, but have failed like her to hold. Connecting link between the mature life in the home and the juvenile, the eldest daughter needs to cultivate her mind that she may be companionable to her parents as well as to her brothers and sisters. The older spirit has a right to look to the younger for refreshment. How much surer are parents of that refreshment if their elder girls are intelligent, if they have minds that travel beyond the narrow social circle, and are accustomed to seek spoils among the "concrete wisdom of all ages." Naomi did not meet Ruth more gladly, fresh from the fields of Boaz, than the quiet English mother welcomes the hour for tea, because of the rest and the pleasant conversation it will bring, the new life it will infuse into one of the three hundred and sixty pages of the year's volume that was growing tedious. The reverse of this picture is a sad one; and it is alas! not rare. It is an almost fatal thing in a family when the eldest girl is vain and frivolous, and wholly absorbed in herself.

Then, again, grown up or half-grown up sisters may estrange the little ones by being too critical with them. They make the poor little things painfully shy and self-conscious by always noticing their mistakes and defects. Then they wonder that the children avoid them, and look upon them as their worst possible tormentors.

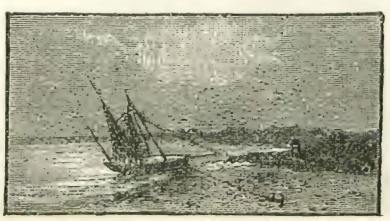
Even the loving, high-hearted elder sister may err if her zeal is without discretion. Over-anxiety defeats itself. Quiet influences distil like the dew, and the dew is better for tender plants than a vigorous downpouring rain. Many earnest girls would save themselves the pain of being misunderstood if they could but "learn to labour and to wait." Sometimes the elder sister marries young, so she escapes the trials of her love which another five or ten years might have developed. "Whichever way we turn," says Thomas à Kempis, "we *find the holy cross;*" and so full often the elder sister in a grown-up family has sometimes to find that she has changed one trial for another in a way she did not expect.

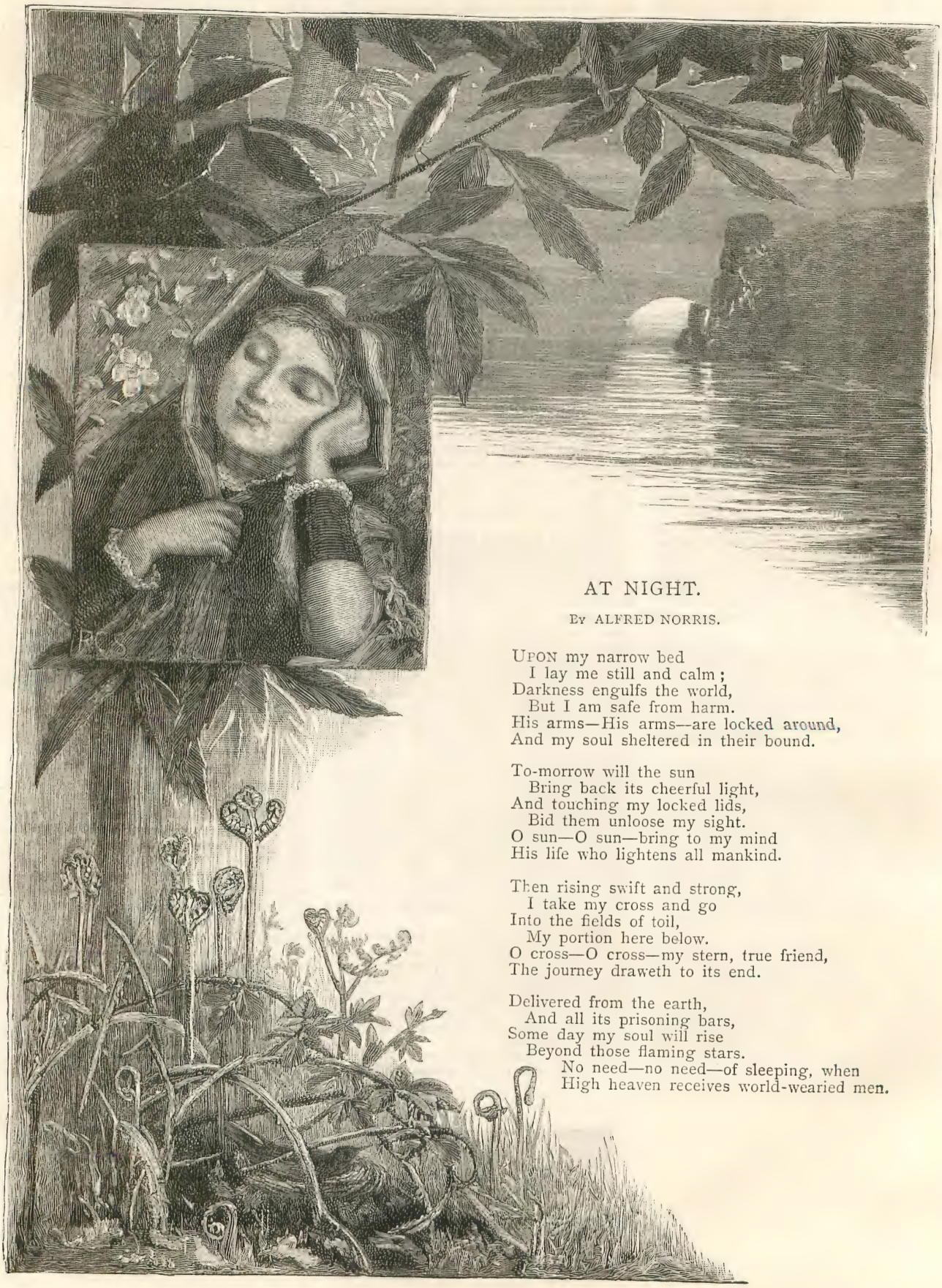
She has made idols and has found them clay. In the enthusiasm of her young affection she has magnified talent scarce raised above mediocrity, to the stature of a commanding genius. She has mistaken a brittle shred of glass for a diamond of the first water. When the illusion is dispelled, how keen is the disappointment! In her ambition she has built castles that still remain in air, and she sees the unreasonable beings for whom she made plans for life resolutely decline them, and choose a way which to her is not good. It is hard under such circumstances to be still. Furthermore, the educational opportunities of the younger ones have perhaps been superior to those of the eldest, and she is a little at a discount with them. Well, she could not expect to be always the pioneer mind of the family, and it is sweet to be surpassed by those we love; but the laurels woven by her own hand are not in all cases gracefully worn, nor the hand stretched over the gulf of years warmly taken.

College debts, misconduct, indifference to the philosophy of ant and bee, affect her as much through her parents as through the offenders. She is the first to mark each symptom of what is termed "breaking up." She cannot bear that anything should disturb the eventide she would have so long and so calm. She trembles for every shock that may come upon the failing mother, or the father threatened with apoplexy.

This nervousness is apt to make her appear one-sided in her sympathies, while to her own consciousness she is weak because of their continual vibration.

Her full-hearted protests are treated like the interference of an uninterested person. She has put her hand between the opposite blades of the scissors, which, moving in opposite directions from one centre, combine to hurt an opposing medium. Well, these are grievances; but unless families are exceptionally well governed, free from even the suspicion of a black sheep, they are inevitable. We do not cite them as proofs that the elder-sisterly life is a peculiarly tried one—rather that it is a deeply responsible one. By the grace of God it may be made very beautiful, influential, and subservient to high purposes. The more opportunity it affords for service and for sacrifice the more exalted is it; and well will it be when children arise and call their mother blessed, if they can say of her whom God placed as a nurse or foster mother next to her, "She, too, hath done what she could."





AT NIGHT.

By ALFRED NORRIS.

UPON my narrow bed
  I lay me still and calm;
Darkness engulfs the world,
  But I am safe from harm.
His arms—His arms—are locked around,
And my soul sheltered in their bound.

To-morrow will the sun
  Bring back its cheerful light,
And touching my locked lids,
  Bid them unloose my sight.
O sun—O sun—bring to my mind
His life who lightens all mankind.

Then rising swift and strong,
  I take my cross and go
Into the fields of toil,
  My portion here below.
O cross—O cross—my stern, true friend,
The journey draweth to its end.

Delivered from the earth,
  And all its prisoning bars,
Some day my soul will rise
  Beyond those flaming stars.
    No need—no need—of sleeping, when
    High heaven receives world-wearied men.

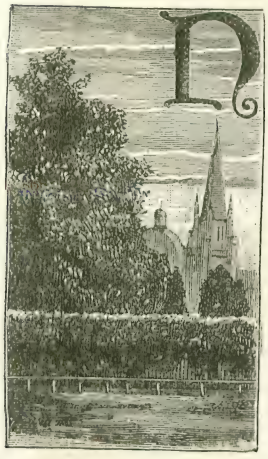
SERVANTS AND SERVICE.

By RUTH LAMB.

TWO ADDITIONAL CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.

"FOLLOWERS."



"No followers allowed." These words form no unfrequent ending to an advertisement in that column wherein the wants of mistresses are specially set forth. The expression is very comprehensive, and no doubt intended to take in visitors of every class that might be likely to inquire for a servant. But in most minds the word "follower" has its particular, as well as its general, meaning, and one always associates it with a masculine hanger-on.

In a former chapter of this series I said a few words about general visitors, and what should be the conduct both of mistresses and maids with regard to them. Now we will consider the "follower" who may be trying to gain the affection of one of our servants, or be (see "G. O. P." for August 11th, 1883) actually engaged to her.

We who are mothers know by experience how deep is the interest excited throughout the whole family by the engagement of a much-loved child, especially that of a daughter. Perhaps it is even greater than in the case of a son, though our boys and girls are equally dear to us. But there is a difference in the way we look at them when the time comes for marrying and giving in marriage.

Probably for years before our son takes such a step he has been going in and out in the world, playing the man's part, and fighting its battles side by side with other men. From protecting them as she used to do, the gentle mother has learned to look up to her stalwart sons as the ones on whom, next to the father, she might herself lean. And when one of her boys goes out from the old roof to a home of his own, it is to take under his firm, but, we trust, tender guardianship the daughter of some other loving mother.

The son leaves father and mother, and cleaves to the wife whom he is pledged to protect, to comfort, to cherish, and to keep while life lasts.

But the daughter's out-going is different. She leaves the shelter of her old home, and the loving arms of the parents whose tender foresight has hitherto anticipated her wants and shielded her from every blast of trouble or temptation that human guardians have power to turn aside.

The boy went out years ago, rejoicing in his youth and masculine strength, and proud to put it to the proof. The girl, when she passes from the roof of her parents to be mistress under that of a husband, often goes out to act an independent part for the first time in her life. Feeling doubtful as to her perfect fitness for the solemn duties before her, she looks back for counsel and guidance to the one who, if a true mother, has ever been ready with both. And the mother, if she is also a wise one, will advise without interfering, and influence for good without intruding on the almost sacred independence of her child's new position and the privacy of her home.

Naturally, from the very instant that the daughter is sought, the mother is on the alert to satisfy herself as to the worthiness of him who seeks to win her child. The subject is all-important, for it involves the happiness or misery of her darling's future life, and, as a matter of sympathy, will seriously affect her own. Should she believe the individual unworthy, what efforts will she not make to shield her child from the evil which would result from a connection with him? If otherwise, how the mother's memory goes back to her own young days, and, in the happiness of her daughter, lives them over again. Her heart expands to take in another son, her mind is full of plans on behalf of her darling, and she rejoices over her and with her with exceeding joy.

Why have I written all this about mother and daughter, and of the days when the girl is sought, wooed, and won? What has this to do with the little maid in the kitchen, or the neat-handed Phillis who waits so deftly at table, and who, while constrained to look unconscious, is very wide awake as to what is going on, and, for reasons of her own, very full of sympathy?

Why? Because surely the mother, whose interest in her own daughter's welfare is so deep and absorbing, should have a little care and sympathy and interest to spare for her young kitchen-maid or pretty waiting damsel, whose circumstances are in some respects similar to those of her darling girl.

These have had to leave their mothers very early in life. Often when they are still children, barely in their teens, the young creatures have begun bread-winning, and learned to shift and act for themselves when they most needed the mother's eye to watch over them, and the wise word which might have kept many a wanderer from straying into dangerous paths.

Surely, when we take these girls to be members of our households we should try not only to guard the safety of our homes, but the safety and purity of these daughters of far-away mothers.

The rule, "No followers allowed," carried out with rigid particularity, may preserve our houses from idle or dangerous intruders. But, on the other hand, it throws our young servants more into the power of worthless and dissolute young men who seek their company with no good intentions towards them. Sometimes, perhaps, such followers may only want to while away an idle hour in the company of a bright girl with a pretty face, and the girl may think no harm can result from merely talking to, or walking out with, one of whom she knows almost nothing, and whose acquaintance she has made in the street.

But the end of such intercourse is often very sad, too sad to say much about in these pages. Often the young, ignorant country girl, new to town service and city ways, is induced to accompany her "follower" to some objectionable place of amusement. She stays out later than the appointed hour for her return, and gets into disgrace with her employers, who threaten dismissal should the offence be repeated.

Perhaps the "follower" next waylays the girl as she is going on an errand, hears the story of her mistress's displeasure, laughs at it, and encourages the foolish young thing to "give it her back."

The girl believes what she is told, that she can get as good a place any day, for there are more places than servants to fill them. She likes the flattery which praises her pretty face, and carries out the evil counsel of the wily tongue.

Again the mistress has to chide her for her lagging steps, having been kept waiting whilst her young messenger spent her time in gossip.

The lady has cause for complaint, and the girl knows it. But she has been incited to rudeness and rebellion, and instead of expressing regret, or promising amendment, she is saucy and defiant at first, then sullen and disobedient. So begins the trouble which too often ends in loss of place and character to the girl herself, and of life-long sorrow to the mother in her country home.

This is one instance where a little motherly oversight and a few wise words spoken kindly and in season might have saved a young life from blight and sorrow. I say might, I dare not say would, because there are girls who are too headstrong to permit the interference of a mistress in matters with which they consider she has nothing to do.

Perhaps the mistress is too much put out by the girl's conduct to take this trouble. She sees her wilful, pert, or sullen, and concludes to let her take her own way, saying to herself, "She will rue it before long. She will have to pay for her folly and impertinence, and wish too late that she had valued the home she now enjoys under this roof."

Dear mistresses, let me plead with you on behalf of these wilful young creatures who rush headlong into the society and the paths which cannot tend to good. Do not let their folly influence you to loose even the weak hold you may have upon them, without an effort to save them from themselves. "Be not overcome of evil," but strive "to overcome evil with good." You are older, have greater experience, and should also have more self-control. So conquer the inclination to be angry, though you may be justly displeased. Think of your own young days, when you had, and most likely needed, constant oversight, patience, and forbearance from a tender mother. Think how you were guarded all round from the risks which your young handmaiden, so early sent out into the world, has to encounter at every step of her way, and how in turn you guard your own more favoured children from the chance of temptation. And thinking of all these things, lay a kind hand upon the girl's shoulder. Look into her face with an expression on yours which shall tell her that it is because her well-being is dear to you that you seek her confidence, and desire to restrain her steps and influence her in the choice of her companions.

If you succeed in convincing the girl of your anxiety for her real good, and save her from the probable consequences of her giddiness and folly, she will bless you, and most likely repay you by future faithful service. And if not, you will have done what you could, and while you may grieve over your ill success, conscience will approve, and the effort that sprang from a loving motherly heart will not be forgotten by the Master you have striven to obey and imitate.

As your true friend, dear girls, let me urge you to receive in a right spirit the advice of your employers, even in things which you, perhaps, think outside their province. The daughter, though out of a mother's sight,

would not say that she was for that reason freed from a mother's authority. If, therefore, a mistress interests herself in your well-being when you are outside the home, is desirous that your companions should be of the right kind, and inquires especially into the character, conduct, and prospects of anyone who may seek you for a wife, be thankful. Do not think that she does it out of a prying spirit or to serve any selfish end. Remember, it is just what she has done in the case of her own child, and rejoice that she cares enough for you to be anxious, not only for your present comfort, but for your lifelong happiness.

Mistresses should encourage and servants should practise perfect openness with regard to "followers" or engagements. Yet there are faults on both sides, faults of concealment and of selfishness which ought not to exist.

For instance, a young girl engaged herself as parlour maid to a lady who was accustomed to keep her servants a long time and to be most considerate in her treatment of them. This girl went with an excellent character. She had given up her place only because her late employers were removing to a distance, and she did not wish to leave the neighbourhood. Her parents' home was near, and this seemed quite a sufficient reason why she did not choose to quit it.

The girl's conduct fully justified the character given, and the lady congratulated herself on having so easily filled the vacancy caused by the marriage of a much valued servant. At the end of two months, she was amazed at receiving the usual notice from Hannah that she was about to give up her place.

"Leave in a month!" said the lady. "You cannot mean it. You are only just settled, as it were, and I am thoroughly satisfied with the way in which you do your work. I looked forward to keeping you for years. What is your reason for wishing to go?"

The girl hesitated, blushed, and at last owned that she was going to be married at the month's end.

Thinking that Hannah must have entered into the engagement very suddenly, the lady asked her if she were well acquainted with the character of the man to whom she was so soon to be united.

"Oh dear, yes, ma'am," replied Hannah, cheerfully. "We went to school together when we were quite little children. We have been engaged five years. It was because he lived here and we were going to be married so soon, that I would not leave this neighbourhood. I wanted to see to things for our house, and to help George to choose what was wanted. I couldn't have done that if I had been at a distance, so I took your place just for the three months, as I didn't want to be idle or lose that much of wages."

The lady was justly annoyed at the girl's selfishness, and said, "You ought to have been frank with me, Hannah, and told me exactly how you were situated. I little thought, as you went about doing your duties so well, that all the while you were simply making a convenience of me and my place to suit your own."

Hannah looked a little ashamed, but, I am afraid, was better satisfied at having gained her end than sorry for the annoyance caused to an excellent mistress.

Another instance of selfishness which came under my notice was on the mistress's side. Her children's nurse, who had been most devoted to her young charges and stayed several years in her place, gave notice to leave. She, too, was going to be married.

"How very tiresome," said the mistress, with a look of annoyance and without one sympathetic word. "I never thought you would leave us. But it is always the way with you servants. You never think of the inconvenience a change may cause, and specially in the nursery. There is Harry, poor child! you know he is so used to you that he will not even let me attend to him. I wonder you have the heart to leave him."

And the lady left the nursery with an injured look, to pour out her grievances in the ear of her husband.

The nurse had been allowed no chance of reply, or she could have told that love for the invalid boy had induced her to put off her marriage for a year, in order that she might watch him through a critical period. That her devotion to Harry had supplied the maternal care the boy needed, but would never have received from the selfish mother, who would say, "I trust you thoroughly, Jephson." Then, with scarcely a glance at her boy's face, she would leave him to the care of the faithful nurse, whilst her evenings were spent amid gay scenes and under other roofs than her own.

No wonder that Jephson felt bitterly the selfishness and want of sympathy in her butterfly mistress, and left that house and the children she had tended with a sore heart and a sense of injustice.

"After the way I was treated, I could not have said another word about my own affairs for the world," she remarked. "I just stayed my time, did my work same as usual, held my tongue, and left when the day came. And the mistress sent my wages to me, and never came near to say 'good-bye,' or 'I wish you well, Jephson.' It was hard to leave master Harry, bless him! and I don't suppose his mamma will let him be brought to see me. But I could not go to that house again, even for the child's sake, though I had lived so many years there."

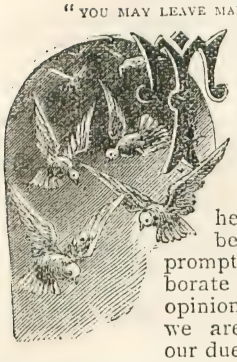
No wonder that even love for her nursling was insufficient to conquer the faithful woman's sense of his mother's selfishness. In this case the servant would have been only too glad to make her mistress fully acquainted with her position. But, while the lady trusted the servant with the care of her children, she neither felt nor manifested any interest in the person who had so long relieved her conscience of a sense of motherly responsibility towards her invalid boy.

AUNT DIANA.

By ROSA NOUCHETTE CAREY, Author of "Nellie's Memories," "Not Like Other Girls," "Esther," etc.

CHAPTER XVII.

"YOU MAY LEAVE MABEL TO ME."



THERE is a certain narrowness in human nature. One may not object, for example, to be considered in the light of a heroine; there may be even inward promptings that corroborate the general opinion, whispering that we are only receiving our due. But it is quite another thing to have to regard one's sister in that luminous character.

Missie's feelings were decidedly mixed when Roger, in his father's temporary absence, related at the breakfast table the whole story of the previous night. Poppie's eyes grew very wide, and Miss Leigh cried a little; but Rudel's excitement was a sight to behold.

"Well, if that is not the cheekiest thing," he exclaimed, with schoolboy eloquence, drumming with his elbows on the table for once unrebuked by the governess. "What a lark! I wish I had been there. So the old cadger is caught, is he? Well, this is a queer start. Ailie has lots of go in her for a girl; I'll back her against a dozen for pluck, and all that sort of thing." And, quite overpowered with the magnificence of his eulogy, Rudel subsided into a series of chuckles.

Alison was a little surprised by the attention she received. Her pale cheeks and heavy eyes secured a good deal of petting. Mr. Merle questioned her anxiously whether she had caught cold; Miss Leigh fairly overflowed with tender inquiries; Roger waited on her zealously, and Rudel sat staring at her, to the obvious neglect of his breakfast, until Alison asked him mildly what he was looking at, and then he blushed in some confusion. Nobody seemed to notice Missie's perverse silence. Even Mr. Merle was too much occupied with Alison to give his usual attention to his favourite. Missie shrugged her shoulders a little over the whole affair. She thought Roger was dosing them *ad nauseam*. Alison had done very little after all, but they were all making such a fuss over it. She was doubly vexed when Miss Hardwick came in, full of enthusiasm for that dear clever Alison. She had met Roger, and he had stopped and given her and Anna a full account—a great condescension on his part, but circumstances clearly justified a truce; his old enemy had no power to provoke him on this morning. Missie had to listen to more eulogiums, though Alison modestly disclaimed all praise. Miss Hardwick quite frightened her when she assured her the whole thing would be soon all over the town.

"You will be a nine days' wonder, my dear," she said, graciously. "People will stare at you when you walk through the streets. Fancy locking the wretch in! My dear Alison, how did you know he had not got a pistol. It was quite horrible and romantic. I must run home and tell mamma and Anthony all about it."

All this was rather a trial to Alison.

Perhaps the greatest pleasure the day afforded was when Roger showed her a letter he had written to Aunt Diana.

"Oh, you foolish boy," she said, colouring with gratification as she read the glowing sentences, written straight from Roger's warm heart. But the tears were very near the surface too. There was a little space left, and she wrote hurriedly across it, when Roger had left the room a moment: "Don't believe all Roger says, dear Aunt Di. I never felt more frightened in my life; heroines are not made of such cowardly stuff. They do not act in a panic; they all make a great deal too much of it."

Miss Carrington smiled over this last sentence. She had read Roger's letter with grave and over-mastering interest.

"Poor little Ailie," she said to herself. "She has a girl's notion of what constitutes a heroine. I daresay many a heroine has been horribly afraid before now. It seems to me that being frightened and yet doing the right thing makes a heroine."

Alison would have been quite happy during the next few days except for the depressing effect of Missie's ill-humour. Missie was plainly suffering from a bad attack of jealousy. Alison seemed the centre of everyone's attention just then. Her father referred to her judgment and asked her opinion; Roger thought of no one else; and even Rudel began to develop a canine sort of fidelity, which chiefly consisted in following Alison about the house with his hands in his pockets, and hindering her by injudicious questions, relating principally to the state of the larder and what pudding had been selected for luncheon.

All this was too much for Missie's selfish nature to endure, and she withdrew to seek consolation in Eva's flatteries. Her visits to Maplewood were now of daily occurrence. Alison once ventured to remonstrate.

"I do not think papa would be quite pleased, Mabel, if he knew you were so much in Captain Harper's company," she said, very gently.

"Captain Harper, indeed!" returned Missie, haughtily. "You need not trouble yourself, Alison. My visits are not to him."

"No, dear, of course not," replied Alison, in a pleading tone—she was very anxious not to irritate her. "But, all the same, you are going every day to Maplewood, and that throws you necessarily into his company. Miss Hardwick cannot well banish her cousin from the room; and, Mabel, I do feel"—hesitating a little, for fear she was speaking too strongly—"that it is not quite honourable to papa. He trusts us to carry out his expressed wishes, and in this you are setting them aside."

Missie's fair face became suffused with crimson. Evidently Alison's honest speech went straight to her conscience; but in some moods nothing is more vexing than to be put in the wrong.

"I wish you would mind your own business, Alison," she said, angrily. "You have no right to lecture me because you are the eldest. Eva says I am quite justified in asserting myself. I hope I know my duty without your always pointing it out to me, and you may leave papa to me. We have always understood each other perfectly, and there is never anything wrong between us unless you choose to go and tell tales."

"Mabel, how can you be so disagreeable?" began Alison, hotly. But she cooled down on remembering Aunt Diana's advice—"Never get warm over an argument, Ailie. When you begin to feel angry it is time to hold your tongue." And Alison held hers.

She would have been a little comforted if she had known how ill at ease Missie really was. Her high complexion and cross speech only proved that the arrow had gone home. She knew in her secret heart that she was behaving dishonourably. Her father trusted her, and she was betraying his trust. The very next day she had planned to join Eva and her cousin in a pleasure excursion, though she knew it was an act of tacit disobedience; but self-will only gains strength by indulgence. Missie's imperious temper made her persist all the more because Alison had gently remonstrated with her.

Alison's vague uneasiness that led to her speaking was changed into positive alarm when Roger came into her room that night. He was in evening dress, having just returned from an early party. Alison was waiting up for him. She had put off her dress, changing it for a dainty pink dressing-gown. Her little black bible lay in her lap. She looked up brightly at him as he entered.

"Ailie," he said, sitting down by her, "I am so bothered about something I have heard to-night. Did you know"—looking at her gravely—"that Mabel was going down to Durbans with Miss Hardwick and Captain Harper to-morrow?"

"Why, no," she said, starting a little. "What place did you say, dear?"

"Durbans. It is about twenty miles from here. There are woods there where people go for picnics. I meant to have taken you and Mabel one day, only we should have gone by train. Miss Anna was at the Meredithes, and she told me all about it quite innocently. It seems that Captain Harper has sent for his dogcart, and he means to drive them over. They are to have dinner and tea at the Castle Inn; so they mean to be away the whole day."

"Oh, Roger! what shall we do?" exclaimed Alison. "If papa were only here I would go to him at once. Mabel has no right to deceive him in this way, and I should certainly get him to put a stop to it at once; but now he will not be home until to-morrow."

"He may possibly come by an earlier train. He told me so as we walked to the station. It will all depend how long business will detain him. Of course, we should tell him, Ailie; the thing is beyond a joke. Fancy that fellow having the audacity to propose such a thing! I saw him driving the other day, and I did not like the look of the horse, it seemed such a hard-mouthed brute. Supposing he brings them to grief. I wish I knew what I could do about it, Ailie; but father's absence obliges me to be in the office. I must be in the yard early, too. I shall not even be able to speak to Missie."

"I will tell her what you say, and then, of course, she will be obliged to give it up," returned Alison, not relishing her task at all, but counting, nevertheless, on an easy victory. Missie had put herself so completely in the wrong that no choice but submission was left to her. Roger, who knew Missie perfectly, was not so sanguine.

"Tell her that if she goes I shall certainly inform father, and then he will put a stop to her visits to Maplewood; and tell her, too, that I am perfectly disgusted at her conduct. Miss Leigh is no good, or she is the person to speak. I am afraid you must do it, Ailie."

"Very well," she sighed. But she lay awake a long time revolving what words she would use. She was determined to be severe and speak her mind very freely; there should be no beating about the bush in this instance. Missie should know what she and Roger thought of such deceitful conduct. Missie considered herself safe. Her father rarely questioned his children about their doings during the day. He took it for granted that they had been usefully and well employed. As for Captain Harper, he had forgotten his existence; he had forbidden his visits to The Holms, and it never struck him that Missie might be meeting him at Maplewood, and no one had yet opened his eyes. Alison woke with a strange oppression upon her—a sense of difficulty, that made the daylight seem less bright. She became nervously conscious that she might fail. What if her severity were of no avail, and Missie should persist in going? She was a little later than usual in going down. Roger had already had his breakfast and had gone to the mill, and the meal was half over before she suggested that Poppie should knock at Mabel's door.

"Oh, I forgot," returned Poppie, in a stricken voice, laying down her slice of bread and jam; "Missie came into my room before I was dressed, and told me to tell you she would not want any breakfast—she was going to have it at Maplewood. She looked so smart, Alison, in her new blue dress. It was rather funny of her to put it on for breakfast."

"Miss Leigh, will you come into the schoolroom a moment, if you have finished," said Alison, quietly; but the governess noticed that she looked rather pale and rose at once, but she was even more shocked than Alison when she heard the whole story.

"My dear, your papa will never forgive us if we do not prevent it," she said, very solemnly. "You none of you know how particular he is; and this will seem dreadful to him. You must go to Maplewood yourself, Alison, and speak to Mrs. Hardwick. She is the only one who can do anything. Anna can go in Mabel's place, but you must insist on bringing Mabel home. I will not answer for the consequences if this affair comes to your father's ears," continued the

governess, moved to tears at this fresh instance of Missie's self-will. Alison thought this such good advice that she put on her hat at once and walked over to Maplewood. It was not a pleasant errand, she felt, and she hardly knew what she would say to Mrs. Hardwick. She only knew she would refuse to return without Missie, even if she had to brave the obnoxious Captain Harper himself. But her face fell when she entered the morning-room and found Mrs. Hardwick and Anna alone; the others had just driven from the door.

"You have only just missed them, Alison," observed Anna, looking anxiously into her face. She thought she had never seen her friend look so grave and perturbed.

"It was very wrong. Mabel ought not to have gone without papa's permission," burst indignantly from Alison's lips. "Papa is so particular, he never likes us to go out without Miss Leigh or Roger, and Roger is very much annoyed with Mabel."

"Oh, my dear, what nonsense!" observed Mrs. Hardwick, tranquilly. "I always say Mr. Roger is such an old-fashioned young man. Anthony is just like my own son; he is as steady as steady. I always let my girls go about with him."

"Yes, but Mabel is different, Mrs. Hardwick," returned Alison, with dignity. "Captain Harper is a stranger to us, and papa will not think it right. Mabel is so young."

"So she is, my dear, quite a baby; so what does it matter?" returned Mrs. Hardwick, comfortably. "They wanted Anna to go, but I could not spare her. What! are you going already, and you have not rested from your walk, and you are looking quite heated, too? Young people ought to take more care of their complexion. But then you never freckle as Eva does. Well, good-bye, my dear; don't trouble your head about the girls, Anthony will take care of them."

Alison felt as though any reply were impossible. Mrs. Hardwick was one of those feather-headed women whose brains seem to need ballast. She received impressions vaguely. Anna, who was more sensitive, was keenly alive to the change that passed over Alison's face as she left the room, and she followed her into the hall.

"Oh, Alison," she began timidly, "I can see how vexed you are about this, and it is very wrong of Mabel to treat you all so; but you must not be angry with mamma; she does not see things very quickly, and Eva told her it was all right."

"I am afraid I do feel angry with everyone," replied Alison, and a big tear rolled down her face. "I know trouble will come of this. Papa is not easily roused, but I know what he will feel. I cannot share Mabel's deceit; I must and will tell him."

"You must do what you think right, and Mr. Roger will help you," returned Anna, in her soft, sympathising voice. "Perhaps Mr. Merle will forgive Mabel, he is so very fond of her. I am sure I hope he will; I cannot bear to see you so worried."

Alison shook her head sadly; she could not comfort herself with any such hope; her father's anger she knew would be in proportion to his love. Missie's disobedience and deceit would touch him very closely.

She gave quite a frightened start when, on her return to The Holms, Roger met her at the gate with the news that Mr. Merle had returned.

"I have not seen him yet, Ailie; I have only just come across from the mill," he continued. "Would you like me to tell him, dear, or do you think you can do it better?"

"We will go together," returned Alison, uneasily. "I am so afraid that he will put himself out, and then you will know what to say." And Roger acquiesced.

They found Mr. Merle in his study, looking somewhat fagged and weary, but he held out his hand with a smile as though he were pleased to see them after his brief absence.

"Where is Pussie?" he asked; "she is generally the first to welcome me." And he looked round as though he were disappointed.

"Dear papa," returned Alison, bravely, "I am afraid you will be vexed about something. We have none of us seen Mabel this morning; she breakfasted at Maplewood. Roger met Anna at the Merediths' last night, and she told him that Mabel had promised to join Eva and her cousin in an excursion to Durbans. I went over to speak to Mrs. Hardwick and bring Mabel back, but they had already started."

"What!" thundered Mr. Merle, and the blackness of his brow was dreadful to Alison, "do you dare to tell me that Mabel has gone over to Durbans in that man's company, when I forbade any intercourse with him."

"Captain Harper is driving them in his dogcart," rejoined Roger, coming to his sister's relief. "It seems a very silly affair, and I told Alison so last night, and begged her to stop it; it is no fault of hers or of mine, father. Missie slipped out of the house while they were at breakfast, and though Alison started off to Maplewood as soon as she could, she was just too late."

"No, it is not your fault," returned Mr. Merle, gloomily; "Mabel must bear the brunt of her own disobedience. Miss Hardwick shall never enter this house again."

"Would you like me to take an early afternoon train to Durbans?" interrupted Roger, who had already conceived this plan, "and then I could join them; there is a vacant seat in the dog-cart."

Alison looked eagerly at her father; she thought this an excellent idea on Roger's part. Miss Hardwick and Captain Harper must be made aware of Mr. Merle's displeasure, and though Roger's presence would be a severe punishment to Missie's pride, placing her in the light of a naughty runaway child, she richly deserved the humiliation; but unhappily, as it afterwards turned out, Mr. Merle did not share his son's moderate opinion.

"Look out a train in the time table," he said, suddenly; "I will go myself, Roger. Mabel shall not return in the dog-cart; I shall bring her back by train. I know how to deal with a disobedient child, and there is no good in your mixing up yourself in this unpleasant affair; you may leave Mabel to me." And Mr. Merle looked so stern and resolute that neither Alison nor Roger dared to dissuade him, though Roger looked anxious and uneasy as he went in search of the railway guide.

(To be continued.)

VARIETIES.

Dr. Johnson on Marriage.

The views on marriage of Dr. Johnson were not romantic. When Boswell said to him, "Pray, sir, do you suppose that there are fifty women in the world with any one of whom a man may be as happy as with any one woman in particular?" Johnson answered, "Ay, sir, fifty thousand."

"Then, sir," said Boswell, "you are not of opinion that certain men and certain women are made for each other, and that they cannot be happy if they miss their counterparts?"

"To be sure not," replied Johnson. "I believe marriages would in general be as happy, and often more so, if they were all made by the Lord Chancellor, upon a due consideration of the characters and circumstances, without the parties having any choice in the matter."

Up in the World.

Blest is he whose path embraces
No dizzy cliffs, but valleys low;
Oft slips his foot who on high places
Is doomed to travel to and fro.
—Erik XIV. of Sweden.

A Woman's Letter.—However long a woman's letter may be, she always puts her best thought at the end.—*Saint-Pierre.*

A Hint for Singers.—Of how many English singers, and even of good ones, may it not fairly be affirmed that at the end of a song the audience has failed to recognise its language? But these singers have been secured from the just penalties of such defective enunciation by the habitual indifference of English hearers to the intellectual meaning of songs; they have neither forfeited applause nor lost popularity. It is otherwise with nations accustomed to the opera and the song in their vernacular tongue. Germans and Frenchmen, for instance, expect to have the thought and sentiment of a song conveyed to them by its words as well as by its music. Naturally, therefore, they reckon a clear and distinct pronunciation to be among the first requisites of good singing; and there is no reason why the same quality should not be demanded of singers in England. — *Mrs. Edmond Wodehouse.*

A Marriage Present.—Among the gifts to a newly-married couple recently was a broom, sent to the lady, accompanied by the following sentiment:—"This trifling gift accept from me; its use I would commend: in sunshine use the brushy part, in storms the other end."

Trifles.

A trifle, a mere nothing by itself,
In some nice situation turns the s[illegible]
Of fate, and rules important actions.
Thomson.

OUR SUMMER HOLIDAY.—WHERE WE WENT AND WHAT IT COST.

HOW I KEEP HOUSE ON £250 A YEAR.

By MARY POCOCK.

NUMEROUS are the suggestions for our summer holiday; well are the *pro* and *con.* of different places discussed before we decide where it is to be spent; and so much is it the event of the year to us, that no sooner is one trip over than we begin to talk of where we shall go and what we shall do the next year. We all know that for us there would be no enjoyment in going to a fashionable seaside resort in its season, where one must pay exorbitantly for food and accommodation that is, as a rule, indifferent, to say the best of it; so we either go to an inland place or else to the seaside when the season is over and charges are more moderate. Fresh air and pretty country walks being our object, and not caring for society beyond our own party while we are away, this really suits us much better than being in a crowded place.

This year we were undecided between Malvern and the neighbourhood of Buxton, but eventually chose the latter, and have returned home more than satisfied with our visit.

One can start for Buxton by the London and North Western Railway or by the Midland. We decided to go by the Midland, as that line traverses some of the most interesting parts of the Peak districts. We took three third-class tourists' tickets; they were twenty-four shillings each, available for return up to the end of the year, and allowed us to break our journey at Matlock, Miller's Dale, and some other places if we wished.

Before starting we had to consider ways and means. There was the twelve pounds set aside for the purpose; then I calculated that the housekeeping expenses at home during our absence would be at least thirty shillings a week less, especially as I had given our younger servant permission to go home for a fortnight's holiday while we were away. Thus by arranging to take a three weeks' holiday we should have £16 10s. to spend for it. We thought that it would be more satisfactory to us, as there were several excursions to be made, to go for three weeks than to make £18 serve us for a month's visit.

We reside near enough to a Midland station to get our luggage conveyed without taking a cab. Of course we did not take much with us, but I took a small hamper of groceries. I had in it one and a half pounds of tea, one pound of ground coffee, three pounds of candles, some soap, a little sauce for cold meat or fish, cayenne, mustard and pepper, a knuckle of ham ready boiled for our teas when we arrived, and a home-made soda-cake, with some other little things. All these were, of course, paid for out of "our holiday funds."

We left London a little after ten on the day fixed for our departure. We took a few sandwiches and biscuits with us, so as to be free, on our arrival, to look for rooms. We reached Buxton at 2.15, placed our luggage in the parcels office, and proceeded to look for apartments. In doing this in a strange place I always let one thing guide me: if possible, I go up hill. So at Buxton we went to the higher part; near the Gardens were rooms much beyond our means; however, we continued our walk towards the outskirts of the town, and found in a new house some very clean, comfortable apartments, a dining-room and two bedrooms. For these we agreed to pay twenty-eight shillings a week; this rent included boot-cleaning and kitchen fire.

We purposed dining in the middle of the day, and having meat teas.

Our rooms taken, we got a porter to fetch our luggage from the station, and by six o'clock we had unpacked our hamper, and sent for bread, butter, eggs, milk, and a lettuce, and were quite prepared to do full justice to our tea, eggs, and ham. After tea, we went and took a family ticket for the Gardens to last us during our stay; for as there is good music there twice a day, and the concerts are held in the pavilion in the Gardens, we knew we should spend much of our time there.

We generally went to the market directly after breakfast, frequently carrying back our purchases with us to the lodgings. On the whole, though the Buxton season was not over, I did not find things dearer than in London; milk, eggs, and vegetables are cheaper, but meat and fish are more expensive.

Our marketing finished, we took our books or work to the Gardens and sat there until dinner-time listening to the band. In the afternoon we generally went for a long walk, sometimes for a drive; there are a great many wagonettes starting every day for the numerous excursions in the neighbourhood; occasionally we went in one of these, but not often, as they were so crowded. We returned to our tea about seven, then went again to the Gardens to hear a little more music; thus our time was passed very pleasantly. After we had been a few days at Buxton, we found that some people staying in the same house would be glad to join us in any excursions; as they were a party of four and we of three, it made quite enough to fill a small wagonette. We found this arrangement less expensive and much more agreeable than going in the public conveyances, especially as we could choose our own time for going and returning.

When we are away, if we make day excursions we always take provisions with us, as our purses will not admit of dinners or luncheons out; but while in Derbyshire we were often tempted to have tea out. I remember when at Chatsworth we had tea at a little farm near, and did ample justice to the bread, butter, cresses, and new milk; the good woman, who herself waited on us, made such a small charge that we felt quite ashamed of our appetites, especially when she insisted on our accepting a large bunch of flowers out of her garden.

With regard to the waters and baths at Buxton, these did not interest us, with the exception of the swimming bath. We were all in good health, and were content to "leave well alone," and simply get what amusement we could; nor did we go to evening entertainments, as we much preferred our evenings in the Gardens.

This part of Derbyshire has much to interest the tourist. Sir Walter Scott has invested many of the places round with a special interest.

During our stay we made excursions to all the places of note in the neighbourhood. Haddon Hall, the seat of the Duke of Rutland, and once the home of Diana Vernon, we visited on our way to Chatsworth, the seat of the Duke of Devonshire. It was in the old house at Chatsworth that Mary Stuart passed thirteen years of her captivity. At the time of our visit the lovely gardens and conservatories were looking their best. We also went to Castleton, and from there to see the Peak Cavern. I believe it is the largest natural cave in England. Thence we went to the Speedwell mine, where we had to descend about a hundred steps, and were then rowed to the "Devil's Hall," as the platform is called from whence one hears the water rushing into the (said to be) bottomless abyss. From Castleton the Blue John mine is also visited; it is an exceedingly pretty cavern. We also went to Dovedale; we took our luncheons with us, and had a most delightful little picnic, thoroughly enjoying the diversified scenery of the Dale. Besides these longer excursions, we had most charming walks—one to the "Lover's Leap," with its romantic story telling how a youth having courted a maiden and failed to gain her parents' consent to their union, he met her; they mounted his horse together and rode away, quickly pursued by the lady's parents; he made his trusty steed leap over the yawning chasm that divided the rock; the pursuers feared to follow, so the lover won his bride.

Then there was the walk round the Duke's Drive, and to Solomon's Temple, Poole's Hole, Black Wood, Monsal Dale, and other places. Suffice it to say that during the three weeks we were away we always found plenty to do, and to interest us; so many places, too, in the neighbourhood have stories attached to them; and however ridiculous a story or legend may be, I think that it adds greatly to the interest one feels in a place.

The commissariat was, of course, my department; it is so different in apartments to what it is in a house, that it requires a little consideration. The housekeeper has certainly one advantage to put against the indifferent cooking that she almost always has to contend with: that is, improved appetites (thanks to the country air) of those for whom she has to cater; indeed, when we are out all day we seem capable of enjoying most things. I found that our landlady's capabilities did not go beyond roasting or boiling. However, this is really a good deal, and when I know what to expect I can arrange accordingly.

Of course we lived plainly. The following list of what I provided the first week will give some idea of how plainly.

Wednesday.—Breakfast — Cold ham and boiled eggs. Dinner—Best end of neck of mutton roasted, French beans, potatoes, stewed fruit. Tea — Cold ham, lettuce, and marmalade.

Thursday.—Breakfast — Cold ham, eggs, watercress. Dinner—Pint tin of mock turtle soup, with water added to it, cold mutton, lettuce, potatoes, Bondon cheese. Tea—Remainder of ham, and dish of stewed fruit.

Friday. Breakfast—Fresh herrings and marmalade. Dinner—Roast fowl, with remainder of soup from day before, strained for gravy, vegetable marrow, potatoes, boiled rice, and stewed fruit. Tea—Eggs, sardines, and fruit.

Saturday.—Breakfast—Eggs, sardines, and watercress. Dinner—Roast shoulder of lamb, mint sauce, baked tomatoes, potatoes, baked tapioca pudding. Tea—Potted meat, sardines, and fruit.

Sunday (no cooking).—Breakfast—Potted meat, watercress, and fruit. Dinner—Cold lamb, lettuces, and hard-boiled eggs, corn flour blancmange and stewed fruit, Bondon cheese. Tea—Cold lamb, and remains of fruit and blancmange from dinner.

Monday. — Breakfast — Potted meat and eggs. Dinner—Piece of top of ribs of beef roasted, cabbage and potatoes, baked custard pudding. Tea—Eggs, lettuce, and fruit.

Tuesday.—Breakfast—A broiled fish and eggs. Out for the day. Took beef and hard-

boiled egg sandwiches and some cakes with us. On our return had cold beef, salad, and stewed fruit.

When in such apartments as we take, I do not think it is fair to require more than two courses for dinner; so if we have soup or fish we do not have pudding.

At inland country places we rarely have fish. If I have it at all, I order it to be broiled, and butter, pepper, and salt put on it. It is more economical than having it fried, unless one has a very amiable landlady, who will fry in dripping.

The following is the financial result of our first week's housekeeping:—

	£	s.	d.
Butter, eggs, and milk	0	4	0
Tea, coffee, marmalade, &c. ..	0	2	7
Two Bondon cheeses	0	0	5
Seven loaves, at 3d.	0	1	9
Grocer: Potted beef, sardines, &c.	0	3	0
Cake	0	0	6
Fruit and vegetables	0	3	3
Piece of ham and meat	0	12	6
Fish	0	0	10
Candles and sundries	0	1	0
	£1	9	10

It must be remembered that fruit, etc., was not bought each time it was on table; it was often left from a preceding meal. In taking rooms I am always very particular in arranging for no extras, save the washing of the linen we use, in order that I may be able to calculate my expenses. This time it will be seen that we did it so exactly that we returned home almost penniless. The following is the account of how we spent our money.

	£	s.	d.
Three tourists' tickets at 24s...	3	12	0
Luggage to and from stations	0	5	0
Parcels office twice, etc. ..	0	1	6
Three weeks' apartments at 28s.	4	4	0
Three weeks' washing (house linen)	0	4	0
Three weeks' washing (personal, no dresses, skirts, or ladies' collars)	0	8	6
Servant (gratuities)	0	3	6
Excursions	2	1	0
Fruit and milk out of doors ..	0	6	0
Three weeks' provisions, including cost of contents of hamper	4	9	0
Family ticket for Gardens ..	0	15	0
Balance in hand	0	0	6
	£16	10	0

The above shows that as regards the actual food, we live on about the same sum when we are away that it costs at home; but for other things it is quite astonishing how money seems to fly. Perhaps some may think the last item, the Gardens subscription, was rather an extravagance with our small means; but it must be remembered that it gave us pleasure every day, and we were away for a holiday. I would rather have foregone the distant excursions, much as I enjoyed them, than the pleasant summer evenings listening to the music. As Buxton is never very warm, and we did not wish much luggage, we ladies took no washing dresses; we generally wore thin serges, plain, but very well made. Most of the people at Buxton dressed pretty well; but I do not think it much signifies what material one wears so long as the colour is suitable and the dress well made and well put on. I would much rather wear a well-made linsey-woolsey than a badly-made silk or satin, and should, too, feel much better dressed in the well-setting dress.

When from home if we have a young girl to wait on us, as is generally the case, I always (unless she is really negligent) give her a shilling each week when I pay my bill, it stimulates attention wonderfully, and is, I find, much better than giving a present when one is leaving and wants no more attendance.

I often feel very sorry for lodging-house servants. Their mistresses are generally too poor to pay them much, so they partially depend on gratuities from lodgers; sometimes they are remembered, sometimes not. I can quite understand that when a girl has been doing her best she must feel anxious to know if she will get a little present "after the luggage is down." I think my way keeps them up to their work better, as they feel secure of their reward.

The girl who waited on us at Buxton was receiving eighteenpence a week as wages, and, of course, she had to find her own clothes. On leaving we gave her eighteenpence and some warm boots, etc., that were no longer fit for town wear. I need scarcely say that she was hoping we should come again next year.

On the day of our return home we left Buxton at 8.50 in the morning, and went as far as Matlock. We arrived there at 9.50 a.m., left our luggage at the station, and went to see as much of Matlock as we could in a day. We wished we could have spent a few days there. The country is lovely, and there is so much to be seen in the neighbourhood—indeed, Chatsworth and Haddon are both nearer Matlock than Buxton; but the air of Buxton is more bracing, and so suited us better. Unfortunately, small incomes do not admit of a party of three changing their headquarters often. We spent a very pleasant day at Matlock, and left by the 5.40 train for London, and in little more than four hours found ourselves at home again, after what had been to us all a most enjoyable holiday.

THE DUTCH ORPHANS; OR, THE DOCTOR'S FEE.

By Mrs. G. LINNÆUS BANKS, Author of "God's Providence House," "The Manchester Man," "More than Coronets," etc.

CHAPTER III.

DRESSING A SCALD AND SPOILING A DRESS.

ANNA carried back to her master a pitiful account of the struggles and privations of the orphans, but she did not know to the full how sore had been the pinch of poverty when she went providentially to the rescue. Little or no money had remained for them when the undertaker was paid. The needlework entrusted to them (not without some hesitation, they were so young) had to be done before it was paid for, and payment did not always follow immediately.

Then their old employers lived in Leyden or Scheveningen, and Bertha or Joanna had to tramp five or six miles to and fro, over the dunes and dykes, to obtain or carry it home. They had come to Katwyk from the Hague in part for cheapness, in part for their mother's health, and so long as she had lived the needlework supplied by a few acquaintances of her better days sufficed to supplement her small income. It was another thing now that their needles were their sole dependence, and the narrow circle of patrons needed enlarging. But for the hotelkeeper at Scheveningen they must have starved outright; even the work from that quarter was intermittent. Their meals, too, grew intermittent and scanty; they had to husband their peat and wood lest some day there should be a fireless stove. Many a time when the bustling fishwives went hurrying past with their laden baskets, they had looked askance and with longing eyes at the silvery herring, or the scarlet-spotted plaice, so plentiful and so cheap, but not always cheap enough for them.

It was hard for the girl of seventeen to bear up against this hardship, and sustain the flagging hopes and courage of her younger sisters, and though the words of Anna dwelt in her mind, and found expression when her heart was failing, she had almost begun to doubt their truth, and abandon herself to despair, when the wrinkled old woman lifted their latch, and brought light into the darkness.

It was the turn of the tide for them.

Anna had brought money and food and work. And, more than all, she had strengthened their wavering faith in an ever-present Father of the fatherless.

Moreover, "Grumbling Anna" had grumbled to some purpose as she came along.

The very next day a little hand rapped at the brown door, and when Joanna rose to open it, there was a small child with straight full woollen-skirted frock, kerchief, apron, cap, and klumpen—a woman in miniature. In her hands she carried a fish fresh from the water, which seemed quite too much for the little maid's carrying powers.

"For the good meisje, with moeder's compliments," was her message, and scampering off, the fish was left at wondering Joanna's feet.

Only the previous week, Bertha, returning from Scheveningen with fresh work, had found that child crying all alone on the breeze-blown sands far away from Katwyk, too tired to drag its straying feet and heavy klumpen a step farther. The short day was near its close, the sky was red and angry; she could not leave the weary little one to perish there. Her arms were nearly full, but she lifted up the child, and though she soon staggered beneath the unaccustomed load, she managed to

bring her home to the village, once or twice setting her down to walk a few paces for relief.

The child ran into a fisherman's hut by the open door; there was a babel of tongues, and Bertha passed on.

The next morning her arms were so stiff she could scarcely use her scissors, but as the stiffness wore away so did the cause from her mind. The sight of the child, Nancy Vlood, was a reminder.

The fish led the way to an interchange of thanks. The ice of reserve was broken, and many a little service was rendered and received afterwards on both sides without either intrusion or loss of self-respect.

The child Nancy claimed acquaintance with them at first shyly; but, at all events, as she came and went the three girls lost their utter sense of isolation.

Then when next Lena went to the grocer's with her bright can for a fresh supply of paraffin oil, the grocer's wife, as fine as gold face ornaments could make her, questioned the girl as to her sisters' dexterity with their knitting-needles, and supplied her with wool for undervests.

This was not the only work that came to the Westerholt girls through Anna or the doctor, and they were soon out of danger from starvation. But another danger threatened in close confinement and incessant toil.

Meanwhile the shirts were finished and carried home by Bertha herself.

Leaning, meerschaum in mouth, over the garden gate was a fine, broad-shouldered young fellow with much Doctor Van Voorst's cast of countenance, though there was no lankness of jaw or cheek, and the clear, keen eyes did not gleam from cavernous recesses, and there was a good crop of black curls instead of the early snow.

He was Herman Van Voorst, home before expectation, and placidly watching for his father.

As the house stood apart he had an opportunity to watch the approach of the comely pale-faced girl, whose not-too-fresh mourning and big parcel were in such contrast to the grace of her carriage and the refined expression of her countenance.

It is not Dutch etiquette for a gentleman to smoke out of doors. Involuntarily his pipe came from his mouth, and he opened the green gate for her admission.

"Is it the dokter you require?" he asked as he made way for her entrance.

"No, mynheer. I would see Meesteres Anna," she replied, as she stepped forward over the tiled pathway to the house door, which stood slightly ajar.

"You will find her grumbling as usual. She has got her heart's wish sooner than she expected, and it has disturbed her equanimity," he remarked, pushing the door open as he spoke and waiting for Bertha to go in.

"Shall I summon Anna for you, or do you know the way to her kitchen, meisje?"

With his hand half-raised to the bright brass knocker on the open door, he paused, looking down into the girl's face the while, as if for an answer—perhaps her name.

The answer came with a sigh—but no name. His question had conjured up a sad memory.

"Yes, mynheer, I have been in her kitchen. I can find my way, thank you." And on she went to the very end of the long passage, leaving the young man looking after her, and wondering who Anna's melancholy and interesting visitor could be, and where he had seen the girl before.

Something had evidently gone wrong, for she could hear the voice of Anna unmistakably grumbling before she showed her face. Anna was stirring some compound in a wide brass pan on the black stove.

"Good day, Anna. I have brought the shirts, and hope you will be pleased with them and with the marking," she said on her entrance.

"Ah, meisje, is that you?" And Anna's troubled face brightened for a moment though she never ceased stirring. "I am glad you have brought them; there will be something ready for him. Here's Mynheer Herman come home too soon—no, not too soon, but two weeks before we expect—and there is no vader here to give him welcome, and nothing ready—nothing nice to eat; and I am all by myself, for Kaatje has her holiday; and he says he will go back if I grumble."

"Let me stir that. I will help you," cried Bertha Westerholt readily, springing lightly across the kitchen, and taking the spoon from the old woman's hand. "You came to our help, you know."

There was a smoothing and a different puckering of the lined face as Anna went back to the wooden island on which her table stood, strewed with as many comestibles as if she had to prepare for an arrival from the other end of the world, rather than a city only six miles away. But six miles before the present tramroad was made was a long distance to the aged Dutchwoman, and she had counted on making a festival of this final home-coming.

It seemed to her only natural that Bertha or anyone should help on so important an occasion, and she found the volunteer so dexterous and capable an assistant, that her face brightened and she ceased to grumble at the absence of slow-moving Kaatje.

Meanwhile Herman Van Voorst, smoking his pipe, and sauntering around the sodden garden, or hanging over the gate waiting for his father, ruminated and speculated on the errand of the fair maiden in black to Anna, since the audible grumbling had ceased, and the graceful figure had not reappeared.

Then, in the idle vacuity of expectation, he went back into the house, and into his father's special room or zaal, turning over one thing or another, opening books or cases of instruments and setting them down again, renewing acquaintance with objects familiar from childhood, until finally his eye rested on the old picture reared up on the papers in the corner.

"Ah," said he, "this is something I have not seen before; what is it?" and was taking it to the window for examination under stronger light, when the latch of the gate clicked, there was a familiar step on the tiles, and he put the picture hastily down to greet his father with a pleasant surprise.

"Ach, Herman, my son, is it thee? We did not expect thee for a week or more. How hast thou sped?" And the old man met the young man in a long warm clasp.

"Famously. I have brought home my diploma. One or two of our professors desired me to settle down in Leyden, and promised introductions if I would."

"And thou?"

"I said it was time my father had some repose. My place was here. And here I am."

"God bless thee, Herman. I have longed for this hour. But how took Anna thy unlooked-for return?"

"Like herself. First she cried for joy, then rated me for coming unawares, and went off grumbling because she had nothing good enough to offer me."

"No matter, I scented something savoury as I came in; Anna will not starve thee. And now sit down, and tell me all the news."

They sat down opposite to each other and near the stove, for, though the Dutch stove has no cheerful open fire to shed a glow on the hearth and those around it, and is more like a low, square, black table projecting beyond the higher mantel-shelf, on which a cup or even an inktsand might be set when frost was in the ascendant, warmth is surest in its vicinity, and Dr. Zacharias had come in rather cold from his round of visits.

Their conversation had a strong professional flavour, and need not be summarised. In the midst of it the younger man's eye strayed to the picture lying where he had placed it.

"Where did that come from?" he asked. "It wants a new frame."

"That? Well, your old father Zacharias took it as a fee for attending a sick woman who died?"

"Nonsense! You are jesting?"

"Nay, it is true, Herman. The woman left three poor girls behind, and having no money they offered that as the doctor's fee. I saw it was not worth much, so I took it to spare their feelings the burden of a debt. I don't think it's worth a new frame. We might have the old one re-gilt."

"Well, suppose I take it with me to Leyden some day, and have the frame and picture both renovated. If not worth that I'd put it away altogether."

Anna had come into the room to announce dinner. She saw Herman peering into the shadows of the painting, and put in her word.

"Ach, the young are always ready to get rid of the old; old people as well as old pictures."

"Nay, Anna," remonstrated Dr. Zacharias, "did not you want to light your stove with it?"

"Did I? Then I've changed my mind, and so would you, Mynheer Herman, if you only saw the poor meisje who parted with it in her desire to be just, and only knew what a good brave heart she has. And but for her pretty nimble fingers you would have had to put up with a very different dinner this day. And served you right, for taking us unawares."

By this time they were in the dining-zaal—a bare, undecorated, carpetless room, furnished only with tables, chairs, and beaufet; and Anna was engaged lifting the covers from more than one appetising dish.

"Indeed! Is Meisje Westerholt here?" asked the doctor, as he took his seat.

"She has gone, mynheer. She brought home the shirts, sewn, oh! so neatly. And she has been so kind. When she saw the trouble I was in she just put on my big apron, and plucked the fowl, and whisked the eggs, and grated the nutmegs, and, and—was more help than three stupid Kaatjes."

"I think I have seen your black swan. She must be indeed a *rara avis* whom Anna eulogises," remarked the younger man, with a peculiar smile.

"Did she say anything in particular?" asked the doctor.

"Only that they had now plenty of work, and she was very grateful to you for recommending them to Mevrouw Spyk and Mevrouw Steen. If Lena was only stronger, she says, they could manage very well now."

"Ach, Zacharias! Thou hast not done thy duty. The youngling needs care. Thou must see to it," was muttered over the old doctor's plate; but not so indistinctly as to escape Herman's sharp ears.

Bertha's appearance and manner had interested him first, now his curiosity was excited, and no sooner had Anna retreated than he led his father to communicate all he knew of the Westerholts before they rose from the table. It was a disjointed narrative, but quite as eulogistic as anything Anna had said, and not a syllable was lost on the hearer.

The long, lean, white-headed doctor and his stalwart black-haired son might be seen arm-in-arm marching round Katwyk the following day or so, dropping in first on patients who were sick, and then on the convalescent, for the introduction of the future partner with all his honours fresh upon him.

And having to visit an aged fishwife lying ill with rheumatic fever in Katwyk-on-Zee, the elder proposed to look in on the Westerholts by the way.

Barely had they reached the village than they were espied by a fisher lad with scarlet cap and suit of loose blue woollen, who at once went clattering back with a Dutch apology for haste, bawling at the pitch of his voice, "Here he comes! Here's Doctor Zacharias! Here's Doctor Zacharias."

A knot of women and children grouped round the door of a fisherman named Jan Vloed suggested some accident. The boy was evidently a messenger, whose errand was anticipated.

Long legs soon cover the ground. The pair of doctors were on the spot as soon as the boy. The small crowd parted, and they bent their heads to the low doorway, having already heard that Nancy Vloed had scalded herself.

To the astonishment of both, there sat Bertha Westerholt with a four years old girl sobbing upon her lap partly undressed. The child's neck and shoulders were closely covered up with rags, and Bertha was then with gentle fingers laying a blistered foot and ankle in a bed of flour fresh from the baker's, too much distressed to note how inadequately her white apron protected her one black dress from the falling flour.

Nor did the agitated mother, kneeling at her feet and holding with trembling hands the vessel of cool flour for use, note how her dropping tears added to the mischief as she poured forth blessings upon Bertha's head.

But Herman Van Voorst pausing on the threshold ere he followed his father noted everything—the compassion in the brimming eyes bent over the child, the pitiful lines about the sweet, sad mouth, the light touch of the small hand, so dainty and so deft, and the little sufferer's arm creeping so lovingly up to the round neck of the impromptu nurse. He looked upon her half in admiration, half in homage, and wondered no longer at Anna's laudation.

Jan Vloed's vrow had risen to her feet as the two long figures shadowed the threshold, and, moving nets and creels to find seats, faltered forth that Nancy had upset the boiling kettle over herself; but Bertha, who had from the first seen the doorway crowded, did not look up from her task until she heard the doctor's well-known voice saying—

"Very good, Meisje Bertha, very good. Where learned you that?"

A well-pleased smile and then a flush broke over her face as she heard his word of approval and saw the companion he had by his side watching her closely.

"From an English lady, when Lena was scalded four years ago. But oh, dokter, I am so glad you have come! You will tell us what we should do for the poor little thing."

"Nothing more, my clever meisje, just yet. We will not disturb your dressing until Dr. Herman has been home for ours. But first let the little one take this."

He had produced from his deep pockets a case of small phials, always carried in readiness. A few drops from one were administered to the moaning child, and then, with an assurance that they would return shortly, and that nothing more could be done in the interim, the father and son went their way.

Herman, however, stopped short, and with his hat upraised said, half to the mother, "The child would be better on its bed. She is fatiguing Meisje Westerholt."

Bertha's uplifted eyes said, "Thank you;" for she was weary, and that simple act of consideration dwelt in her mind.

Jan Vloed's vrow, strong and hearty, had simply no perception of her weariness.

(*To be concluded.*)

MISCELLANEOUS.

EVANGELINE.—Your question as to your nationality presents no difficulty. You are English, although you have German and Austrian blood mixed with (possibly) aboriginal British.

WALLFLOWER.—If you agreed on your marriage to reside with your father-in-law, and with the knowledge that his daughter would continue to be the housekeeper, you have no just cause of complaint. Occupy yourself with some useful or agreeable pursuits. Give yourself a course of study, busy yourself with needlework (for charity or home purposes), practise, draw or paint, set apart some time for devotional exercises, and try to make yourself pleasant and agreeable to all the family.

IDA MAY should apply to Mr. Tarn for the first volume of the G. O. P., at our publishing office. Your writing is good, but your spelling needs attention. The final "e" in most words is dropped in the active participle. Omit it in future in "writing," "hoping," and "improving." Probably you moved your sponge-cakes after having placed them in the oven. Never touch them till baked, and open the oven-door as seldom as possible.

FLO.—Of course, your soul does not remain in the grave, as it leaves the body before the latter is buried. It passes into a state of "happy rest," or of the reverse. But until the "redemption of the body" at the "resurrection of the just," the future bliss of the redeemed cannot attain its highest state of glory and perfection.

A SUFFERER.—1. Inquire of your clergyman or your companions. We should recommend the use of a cap. 2. The shining of the skin is constitutional. Some people fancy that the use of improper soap will produce it. It may be so, but it is natural to many.

TENNIS RACKET.—Your scrapbooks would be welcome at the Cripples' Nursery, 15, Park-place, Clarence-gate, Regent's Park, N.W.

LILLIE HEARN.—You ought not to be baptised a second time, and we see no obstacle whatever to your receiving the Holy Communion in the Church of England, into which you were received last July, and whose services your parents attend. So be quite at rest on this subject.

OPHELIA.—Hamlet was really mad, more or less. He did not merely feign it.

EPPIQUECQUANNA.—Certainly, you should pay for your own railway ticket. It would be no "insult" to return the money at once to the gentleman, who only spared you the trouble by procuring it for you. If on a visit to a friend in lodgings, you have only to give a fee to the house and parlour maid, who is generally one and the same person.

WALTON.—We do not give addresses of manufactories, shops, nor private individuals. A reference to the London Directory might supply you with the information you require. Roberson's medium will serve to dry oil paint.

ELLEN SWEENEY.—Lord Lytton was born in 1805, and died in 1873. Eugene Aram was a schoolmaster of Knaresborough, an individual who really existed, and was made the subject of a novel by Lord Lytton.

RERHTAG.—You are, apparently, in a low state of health, but we could not venture to pronounce an opinion on what the rash is nor what you should do to cure it, not having seen it, and knowing nothing of your constitution nor any of the circumstances of your life. Many doctors devote an hour or two every morning to receive patients gratis. Some supply the medicine they prescribe, for which only they receive payment.

REVEUR.—Do you suppose that you could honestly say that you "would give millions of worlds to feel" that you "still had the still small voice of the Holy Spirit" to teach and guide you, and yet be without His presence and influence? Is it not His divine influence alone that would dispose you to give so much for it if you could? You have simply proved, beyond all question, that He is with you, and turning your heart to Him. Read carefully these three passages, and accept the encouragement they give—*i.e.*, Isaiah lxvi. 2, Hebrews vii. 25, and Rev. iii. 20. A "knock" at the door of your heart is now given by our means. Respond to it in earnest and persevering prayer, and an effort to please Him in word and deed.

LINDA appears as busy as a bee, and her trumpeter is certainly not dead. She would derive much benefit from the treatment by magnetic rubbing. If a professional rubber cannot be obtained in her neighbourhood, she should get some strong healthy person to rub the leg; but never to rub upwards, only round and round or downwards.

A MARRIED WOMAN.—We thank you for your gratifying letter. Henry VIII. had six wives—Katharine of Aragon, Anne Boleyn, Jane Seymour, Katherine Howard, Anne of Cleves, and Katharine Parr.

A HAPPY ONE.—It is well that it is in your heart to desire to make some little acknowledgment in deed, as well as in word, to your Divine Benefactor. Such may be found in your daily home life—small acts of self-denial in trying to help others, expressions of sympathy, self-restraint when annoyed, active usefulness to your mother, needlework done for the poor (of your own or a lower class), toys made for sick children in the hospitals. "Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these, ye did it unto Me." To get up a "working bee" society amongst your young friends, to make patchwork quilts, knitted cuffs, shawls, and comforters, and articles for children, would be very desirable, if the mothers gave consent.

NELLA.—"Our Girl's Own Home" first appeared in the part for October, 1882, vol. iv. All the back monthly parts are still to be had. Write to Mr. Tarn—not the Editor—on this business; the latter does not sell the publications. You make no distinction between the "i," "m," and "n." In the word "opinion" you make only a series of "m's."

READER OF G. O. P.—White fur may be cleaned with bran, plaster of Paris, or flour, well rubbed into it. If the fur be greasy, and bran be employed, heat the latter.

S. A. M. L.—Go at once to a doctor, and consult him, as it is a case with which you should not trifle. It has been neglected too long already.

PRIMROSE.—We never heard of "traps" for shoulder braces. You must mean straps. We do not approve of the wearing of any appliance of the kind by children. Nothing is so good as to make them march about the room in procession with wooden face-boards and back-boards for a quarter of an hour, twice a day, while someone plays a march in suitable time.

TWO DEVOTED FRIENDS.—The word "university" is derived from the Latin *Universitas*, meaning the whole, all together, a corporation, or society of persons associated together. The universities of Europe, including Britain, were originally (for the most part) ecclesiastical corporations, instituted for the education of Churchmen.

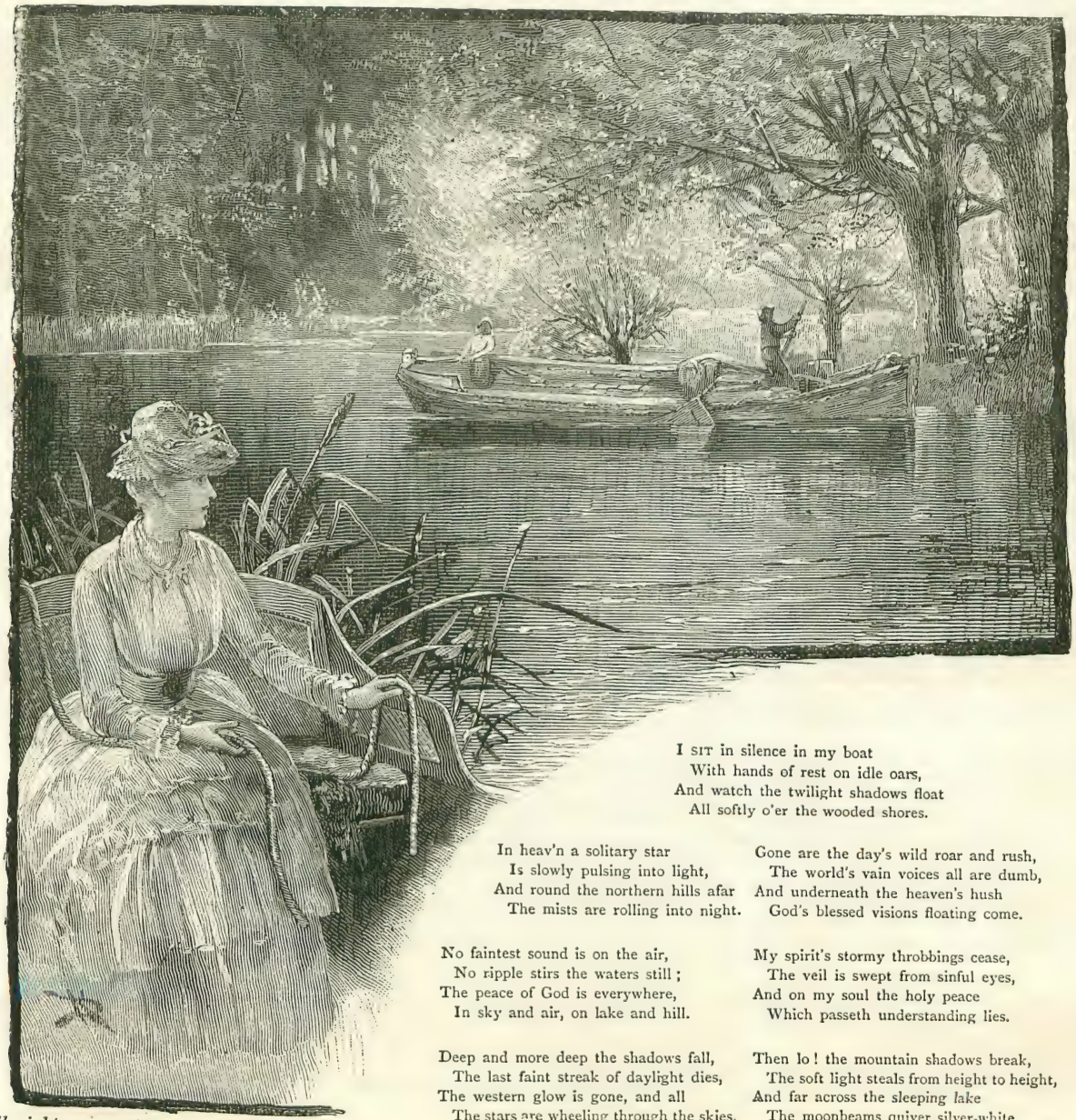
SYLVIA "puts the cart before the horse," and wishes for advice as to a course of action under certain circumstances that as yet do not exist, and very likely never may. Wait until some worthy man, having sufficient means to support you, may make you an offer. It will be time enough then to decide on whether you could love him sufficiently well to marry him. Do not anticipate troubles and difficulties.

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

VOL. VI.—NO. 291.] JULY 25, 1885. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

AT EVENTIDE.

By JAMES STRANG.



I SIT in silence in my boat
With hands of rest on idle oars,
And watch the twilight shadows float
All softly o'er the wooded shores.

In heav'n a solitary star
Is slowly pulsing into light,
And round the northern hills afar
The mists are rolling into night.

No faintest sound is on the air,
No ripple stirs the waters still;
The peace of God is everywhere,
In sky and air, on lake and hill.

Deep and more deep the shadows fall,
The last faint streak of daylight dies,
The western glow is gone, and all
The stars are wheeling through the skies.

Gone are the day's wild roar and rush,
The world's vain voices all are dumb,
And underneath the heaven's hush
God's blessed visions floating come.

My spirit's stormy throbbings cease,
The veil is swept from sinful eyes,
And on my soul the holy peace
Which passeth understanding lies.

Then lo! the mountain shadows break,
The soft light steals from height to height,
And far across the sleeping lake
The moonbeams quiver silver-white.

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WHEN WE WERE GIRLS TOGETHER.

A STORY OF SCHOOL-GIRL LIFE.

By SARAH DOUDNEY.

CHAPTER XIV.

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

MRS. MAYFIELD, coming out of her own room after an interval of quiet repose, was met by Miss Sand and the still bewildered Jennet.

"What is the matter now?" asked the mistress of the college, with a touch of irritation. "Are we not to have even a peaceful Sunday?"

"I am very sorry to give trouble," said Miss Sand, with grim politeness, "but I must ask you to come at once to Miss Fowler's room. I found her sitting on the floor, reading one of the most atrocious novels ever written. It will be best to search her box without delay; she has, I daresay, quite a collection of wicked books."

"What was the name of the novel?" Mrs. Mayfield inquired.

Miss Sand told it, and the lady-principal was evidently startled and shocked.

"Did you bring that book from home?" she asked, turning sharply upon Jennet.

"No," the girl answered; "I found it this afternoon, in the drawer of my toilet-table; but I don't know how it came there."

Miss Sand tossed her head, and gave a little groan of incredulity. Mrs. Mayfield looked deeply pained; Jennet's manner was so strange and her story so improbable that most people, who did not know her well, would have doubted her.

"That is an unlikely tale, Miss Fowler," said the mistress, sternly. "Be good enough to give your keys to me."

The command was obeyed in silence; and then Mrs. Mayfield led the way to the culprit's room, while Miss Sand followed, holding Jennet firmly by the arm.

Three large dress-baskets, covered with black leather, and bearing the initials of their owners, were standing against the chamber wall. Mrs. Mayfield, still looking unusually stern, paused before the basket that was lettered J. F., selected the right key from the little bunch, and raised the lid.

The Fowlers had all been trained in habits of neatness, and clothes not in everyday use lay carefully folded with an orderliness that would have pleased the most fastidious eye. Mrs. Mayfield stooped and lifted a little pile of winter garments, disclosing at once the gay binding of a second two-shilling book.

"Just as I thought," said Miss Sand, complacently. "The same author, of course?"

"Yes," Mrs. Mayfield answered, after a glance at the covers. Then, facing Jennet with a steady gaze, she asked *in a very quiet voice*—

"Have you any more novels concealed in your box, or elsewhere?"

"I don't know," replied Jennet, helplessly.

"I am not to be trifled with, Miss Fowler." Mrs. Mayfield spoke with an ominous tightening of the lips. "You will find it wisest to give straightforward answers."

There was a moment's pause. The mistress's calm face betrayed unwonted signs of impatience and indignation. Miss Sand (who had a good deal of the detective in her nature) stood looking on in silent triumph.

"I don't know," repeated Jennet, this time in a tone of utter despair; "I don't know, that is all I can say!"

Mrs. Mayfield had had considerable experience of girls and their ways, but here was a case which fairly puzzled her.

If Jennet was not indeed hopelessly bewildered, then she was one of the most accomplished actresses ever seen. Her cheeks wore a hot flush, her eyes had a strange, half-awake look; she did not shrink from the mistress's gaze, but returned it unmeaningly. Her whole bearing was so extraordinary that Mrs. Mayfield stood speechless.

Not so Miss Sand. Finding that the mistress remained silent, she spoke with her usual acrimony.

"Do you expect us to believe that you don't know what is in your own box?"

"I don't know," reiterated Jennet. "It is all like witchcraft. That book which you are holding—I never saw it till you found it."

"This is a very serious affair," said Mrs. Mayfield; "I cannot stand here listening to any more untruths. Your keys will remain in my keeping, and your box will be thoroughly searched to-morrow. We cannot, of course, go any farther into the matter to-day; on Monday I must consider what is to be done."

"Is she to go downstairs and mingle with the others?" asked Miss Sand.

"No; let her stay in the library, and sleep in the spare bed in your room."

If Jennet had not already been so stupefied with astonishment and misery, those last words would have been more keenly felt. She was to be regarded as a prisoner, with Miss Sand for gaoler; and she was not even to sleep in the same room with any of her schoolfellows. The autumn sun was getting lower, yet the light still lay warm upon the floor, and there was no chilliness in the air. But she shivered, and her flushed cheeks grew cold and pale.

"You will have time for reflection," said the mistress, in a gentler tone. "To-morrow I hope you will be softened enough to speak the truth."

"I have spoken the truth." Jennet never raised her head, and uttered the words in a dull voice. Mrs. Mayfield turned angrily away, and Miss Sand gave a grim smile.

The library was a comfortable room enough, and a fire was burning in the grate. But Jennet shivered again when she heard the key turned upon her; and instead of choosing an easy chair (as a more hardened offender would probably have done), she took a seat by the window, and looked out vacantly into the garden.

What a change had gone over her little world since yesterday! Then she had found herself beginning to be contented with the college and its ways; Miss Thornhill seemed like a long-beloved friend; Charlotte Ashley was growing softer and pleasanter, and there were new thoughts and fresh interests crowding into her simple life. She had written a long letter to her mother saying that she was happier than she had ever expected to be. That was yesterday. This was to-day; a strange, bewildering, miserable to-day.

She knew that she ought not to have yielded to the spell of that book, which had been so mysteriously placed in her drawer. When she had opened it she had not meant to read it. The right course would have been to have carried it to one of the teachers, without trusting herself to turn over the leaves. But the first page had caught and held her attention, and she had not tried to resist its marvellous fascination. Even now, in the midst of her trouble, she could not help wondering how that lovely heroine got on?

And then, looking out on the fading London trees, she suddenly thought of a certain old cherry-tree at home. Its fruit was scanty and sour, but Mr. Fowler's father had planted it, and the family held it sacred. Moreover, it stood close to the back-door, and in spring it was a lovely sight to see the mass of silvery blossoms on its boughs, and hear the murmur of the bees around them. She knew just how that old tree was looking in its autumn dress. Less fruitful than the apple and pear trees, it was far more gorgeous in foliage, and glowed with *such mellow glories* of red and gold that one could have fancied it had borrowed the splendour of sunset.

She wished she had not thought of the cherry-tree. The simple remembrance thrilled her with sudden agony, and she began to sob aloud. Oh that she had never left her home to come to this place, where secret enemies set their snares!

The tears began to flow more quietly after a time; but she was still weeping when Miss Sand entered with a cup of tea and some bread-and-butter. Not a word was spoken. The teacher placed the tea upon the table, and went away, relocking the door behind her.

The sunshine had faded. Jennet moved languidly away from the window, and sat disconsolately cowering over the fire.

(*To be continued.*)

TOYDONIA; OR, THE LAND OF TOYS.

BY EMMA BREWER.

BIBERACH AND STUTTGART.

TIN AND METAL TOYS.

"He was a little tin soldier,
One little leg had he;
She was a little fairy dancer,
Bright as bright could be."

T. E. WEATHERLY.

IN this my last article on Toydonia I am able to give you a short account of our visits to Biberach and Stuttgart, which lay on our way home from St. Ulrich, and which possess features of interest as regards place, work, and workers.

There was some little difficulty in ascertaining the whereabouts of Biberach and the way to get to it, but this is how we managed.

On our way home from St. Ulrich, we came through the Tyrol to the Boden See, or, Lake of Constance. Over this we crossed and landed at Friedrichshafen, where we took train for a two hours' journey inland.

On arriving at Biberach, we found it, greatly to our surprise, to be one of the finest old towns in Germany, and, as artists express it, quite unrestored. It boasts a castle, church, gates, and streets scarcely to be surpassed in picturesqueness and ancient grandeur.

There are one or two little circumstances connected with these, which will give you an interest in them apart from their age and beauty.

When the town was long ago bombarded by the Swedes they concentrated their fire upon one of the towers of the castle,* but the only harm it did was to destroy the stone on which the arms of Wurtemberg were engraved. The inhabitants at the time regarded this as an evil omen; but, seeing that Biberach still belongs to Wurtemberg, there is but little faith to be placed in omens.

The church†, which is very beautiful, is used jointly by the Catholics and Protestants in perfect harmony. By the former, it is made great use of; by the latter, but little.

The next circumstance I have to relate is not to the credit of the people's appreciation of art, for they pulled down two of the magnificent gates of the town because the hay-carts could not pass through the arches, a deed which has raised the ire of artists greatly against them.

Biberach, like many another centre of Toydonia, is well worth a visit apart from the special work which drew us hither; and, beautiful as the town is, it is strange that so few people know anything of it. It is certainly difficult to reach, but so are very many places worth the seeing.

The attention and kindness shown to strangers, the way the inhabitants follow one about the streets, and the reasonableness of the hotel bills, all bear testimony to its being as yet unspoiled by visitors.

Toy-making here is by no means a house industry; on the contrary, the toys from beginning to end are made in the large factory of Rock and Graner, and are said to be the most perfect tin toys in the world.

* Built in 1474. † Built in 1119.

On presenting our letter of introduction to the manufacturers, they put aside their occupation, and went through their large establishment with us, explaining the peculiarity of the work.

This toy centre, which stands apart from any other, has been established within the century; and some of the work-people whom we saw and spoke with have been occupied in it for fifty years. These old servants of the firm took great pride in showing us the process through which every toy must pass ere it is considered sufficiently perfect and capable to be sent out on its civilising and educating mission.

I assure you the examinations for the Civil Service are nothing compared to those which these toys undergo ere they gladden and educate the hearts of the children of all lands.

As soon as I mention the toys peculiar to Biberach our boys and girls will know that Rock and Graner have been their friends from earliest childhood, although they knew them not by name. Let the girls look round their nurseries and they will find that the tin carriages, sledges, baths, and furniture expressly for the use of their dolls, as well as their model kitchens and stoves, they owe to Biberach; equally so do the boys owe their steam engines, armours, horses, pumps, water-cans, and hansom cabs to the same dear old friend. Above all is Biberach the home of the tin soldier. Just as dolls may be traced to Sonneberg and Hildburghausen, skin animals to Rodach, glass toys to Lauscha, and wooden toys to Grünhainichen and St. Ulrich, so the best tin toys belong specially to Biberach. You will think I have forgotten Nürnberg, with its capabilities of turning out whole armies at a day's notice, and its power of making everything follow the magnet. Not so, however; nothing can exceed these, because they are of the best. But the toys made at Biberach are upon another plan, and, as you see, include many which we should not have but for Biberach, as they are not made in any other part of Toydonia.

The peculiarity of the work done here is that the metal is not melted and poured into moulds, as we saw done in Nürnberg, but patterns of the parts of the toy to be made are drawn on the sheets of tin or other metal, and pressed out with the hand machine which was formerly used by coiners in this town. In the first room were many machines, all worked by the hand, each having a certain work to perform towards the completing of the toy in hand: one gave an edge to the tin, another gave it a shape, a third made circles and pierced holes in the centres, a fourth gave an ornamental pattern to the shape, another stamped out the carriage and cab windows, while another was employed in cutting little pieces of felt to go under the toy pumps and assist in drawing up the water—each machine, as you see, having its own special work, which it did with the utmost rapidity and cleanliness. The number of machines is always being added to as new wants demand increased working power.

The various parts of the toys are made in halves, and soldered together. The work in this first room was performed entirely by men, but you will be glad to hear that out of the eighty people employed in this factory more than half are women and girls.

As the work passes out of this floor it goes into the testing-room, where if the slightest fault be found it is sent back. If it pass the scrutiny, the toy, whatever it be, is sent to a room occupied by women and girls, whose work is to rub it with pumice-stone until no particle of grease be left on the surface, for if it were ever so little greasy it would not take the paint well.

All articles made are not of the same value; for, with all the help obtained from the machines, one toy will often take a man five days to complete, ere it is fit to pass into the pumice room, while there are others of which a man can turn out twenty in the same time. If you will look at some of the tin horses in your nursery you will perceive that there are twenty-five parts to them, and each must be perfectly accurate, or they will not go together.

The next process is the painting, mostly done by girls and women, and for which work they are educated from earliest infancy.

We saw the drying ovens, into which the hansom cabs, for example, have to go fifteen times, so careful have the artists to be that the paint does not crack.

The varnishing ovens are less hot than the drying ovens; the varnish could not bear it. Each colour put on is dried before another is added; and for this work of painting a special education is required, and it is mostly done by women and girls.

I think of all the toys made here the employers and employed are most proud of their English hansom cab, perfect in form and colour. All the paints used are non-poisonous, and are made principally in Stuttgart.

The tin, of which so large a quantity is consumed, is obtained from the Rhine Provinces—our English tin being too soft for the purpose. Indeed, nearly all the metal worked by the Biberach toy-makers is obtained from Germany itself. Of tin alone three hundred chests are annually worked up, each chest costing wholesale twenty-eight shillings, and other metals in like proportion.

The women and girls have none of the rough work to do, the polishing and painting being their chief occupation. They are well educated, and their homes are very clean and respectable.

The work here is not so fitful as in many of the toy centres; therefore the workpeople are better off. The occupation being continuous, and for eleven hours a day, the toy-makers have no time for amusement; at the same time, it leaves them but little opportunity for further education beyond that which was obtained in their school days. They seem content, and work happily under the supervision of their employers, Rock and Graner. The men earn from two shillings to three shillings and sixpence a day; girls and women from one shilling to one shilling and twopence.

We were able to take Stuttgart on our way from Biberach to England. I was glad of this—not only because Stuttgart supplies so many toys, but rather that one of the largest manufacturing firms has at its head a woman, whose management leaves nothing to be desired.

She gives out the material herself, looks through the stores, and her eye scans all the finished work. She knows the history of all her people, and is the friend of all. The toys which she and her son, Frau and Herr Blumhardt, send into the world are all of metal richly upholstered—among which are dolls' houses, with furniture complete, perambulators, carriages beautifully lined, warming pans, and cruet-stands. These toys are painted by girls. We saw one group polishing the brown metal chests of drawers, another putting on certain colours to the cruet stands, while others put on the gold edge as a finish. It is the work of some of the men to paper the inside of the dolls' houses, the rule being, as in other toy centres, an infinite division of labour. Wonderful order prevailed here. Every kind of toy had its own place and number, and was carefully inventoried by Frau Blumhardt. They use a good deal of glass, all of which they obtain from Lauscha. The packing of the goods is a very responsible office, as all may be spoiled and the name of the firm injured by carelessness. Both mother and son rule justly

and kindly, and work together for the good of their people. When the employed have been twenty-five years in the service of the firm they receive from the hands of the Frau a gold watch; and this is by no means an unusual circumstance.

There are still many toy centres, including those of cardboard and musical toys, which remain to be visited, but which we must postpone until another holiday gives us the opportunity.

I hope the little I have been able to tell you of this interesting country and people will give them a place in your heart and affections, and place their work on a higher pedestal than that of objects wherewith to amuse. The Toydonians are a simple, earnest, honest, industrious race, with a longing for progress which is daily becoming more attainable. The toys they make are not only pioneers of civilisation, supplying a universal want and distributing advantages far and wide, but the makers themselves imbibe a higher tone from the class of work they are engaged in, and their minds and ideas are enlarged as time goes on and they see all that their work is to themselves and the world in general. They, in common with ourselves, can see that the toy industry, out of the commonest materials on the earth's surface, can produce the most beautiful and delicate articles, and that by the aid of these toys, fashioned after articles in everyday use, children can learn in the nursery many a useful lesson for after-life such as formerly could only be learned after many years' experience.

Toys are teachers of the best kind, for they impart knowledge in the most amusing manner, and without fatiguing the children's brains. Toys are important agents in a child's bringing up; they give to its young life a cheerfulness, gladness, and healthfulness which would be difficult to attain without their aid. It has been well said that "it is often in the nursery, unconsciously perhaps, that an impetus is given to the impulses which make or mar a life."

Apart, too, from all this, the toy industry is making itself felt in the world of commerce.*

We have, as you know, only visited a portion of Toydonia, but the figures representing what is done in this portion are marvellous. They are in round numbers as follows:—

Cost of material annually worked up	£446,000
Value of toys annually exported ..	1,626,000
Wages of labour annually about	24,000
Giving an exchange of money annually of	£2,096,000

* I have just learned from the Victorian Year Book of 1884 that in that year the value of toys imported into the colony of Victoria alone was £12,204 and that the toys were free of duty.

FAMOUS LADY TRAVELLERS.

III.—MISS CONSTANCE F. GORDON-CUMMING.

By EDWARD WHYMPER, Author of "The Ascent of the Matterhorn."

MISS CONSTANCE F. GORDON-CUMMING is a great writer and a great traveller. Her published works amount to scarcely fewer than 3,000 pages, and she has travelled more or less over half the world. It is not easy to tell where to begin, or where to leave off, about a lady who flits from the Hebrides to the Himalayas, puts in an appearance shortly afterwards in the South Seas (where she makes a lengthened stay), turns up next in California, and not long afterwards is found in China, Japan, and the Hawaian Islands, and again in the United States, seeming equally at home there or anywhere, whether collecting cannibal forks, looking down a volcano, eating a cocoanut palm salad, or canoeing in a coral cave.

Miss Gordon-Cumming is the sixth daughter of the late Sir William G. Gordon-Cumming, chief of the clan of Cumming, whose wife, Lady Charlotte Campbell, was a noted Court beauty, and whose home, part of the ancestral lands inherited from that Red Comyn who was foully slain by the Bruce, was a Highland centre of hospitality for many of the brilliant spirits of the last generation. One distinguishing characteristic pervaded all the six sons of the house—they became noted sportsmen. One, especially, Roualeyn, made his mark as a pioneer of African travel. Who has not heard or read of the adventures of the famous lion hunter?

The subject of our notice lost her gifted mother early in life, and this was the immediate cause of her passing much of her youth on the bleak Northumbrian coast. Doubtless its wild, stormy seas tended to foster that deep-seated love of the ocean which had first begun on the cave-worn shores of Moray. Yet she, who has voyaged and travelled so much since, never even crossed the Channel, or made any lengthy sea-trip, till the eventful period when, after a spell of six months' wanderings in the Hebrides, she was invited to join a recently married sister in Northern India, where a year soon slipped by in delightful travel. Not long after her return thence, an old family friend was consecrated Bishop of Colombo, in Ceylon, and he invited Miss Gordon-Cumming to visit that earthly paradise, the result being that two years elapsed before she revisited England. Once there, the stereotyped inquiry, "Where next?" became so wearisome as to call forth the equally stereotyped reply, "To Fiji," that being one of the most unlikely places on the face of the globe for her ever to reach. Nevertheless, within a year, Fiji was annexed by Great Britain, and Miss Gordon-Cumming was on her way thither as a member of the new Governor's party, and touched at Australia by the way.

It would be impossible, then, in the limited space at command to follow this active lady's footsteps to the many lands she has visited. One of the furthest frontier points reached by her on her Indian journey gave just a peep at Chinese Tartary, a feat which very few ladies can boast, and it enabled her amongst other matters to give some curious details regarding the prayer-wheels and praying machines used in that country. It at first seemed strange to her to meet respectable-looking persons twirling little brass cylinders, about six inches long, which were incessantly spinning round and round as they walked along the road.

"If we think," says our traveller, "that the telling of beads is a somewhat mechanical piece of formalism, just imagine finding all the adoration of a whole village being ground by machinery like so much corn. The invocations to Buddha are all closely written on strips of cloth or paper, the same sentence repeated many thousands of times. These are placed inside a cylinder revolving on a long spindle, the end of which is the handle. From the middle of the cylinder hangs a small lump of metal, which whirls round and gives the necessary impetus to the little machine, so that it twirls with the slightest exertion, and goes on grinding any given number of meritorious acts of worship, while the owner, carrying this pretty little plaything in his hand, goes about his daily work."

In one of the temples visited was a colossal prayer-wheel, like a very large barrel-organ, turned by a great iron crank. It was about twelve feet high and six or eight feet in diameter. Each would-be worshipper, too poor to possess a little hand mill of his own, comes to the temple, *kotows* to the head Lama, who lays his hand on his head and blesses him; then squatting in front of the great wheel, he turns the crank for himself and those dear to him. The cylinders vary greatly in size, from little handmills the size of a policeman's rattle, to huge constructions, eight or ten feet in diameter, *sometimes worked by wind or water power*. The former are turned by wings, whereon are inscribed prayers, while the latter have horizontal water wheels under them, so that the running water shall turn them, for the general good of the village. Sometimes a rude temple is built over the latter form of cylinder.

They are so placed that the wheel must invariably turn from right to left, following the course of the sun, and to invert that course is not merely to involve ill luck, but is a positive crime. "Hence," says our authority, "the exceeding unwillingness of the people we met to let us touch their little wheels, knowing from sad experience that the English sahibs rather enjoy the fun of turning them the wrong way, and so undoing the efficacy of all their morning's work." Some of the small cylinders are beautifully wrought and inlaid with precious stones. The people have the greatest reluctance to part with even the ugliest old mills, and treasure them as sacred relics.

Among the offerings in these temples, many incongruous oddities are to be found. Mr. Simpson, the artist, told Miss Gordon-Cumming of one shrine where an English tailor's book of patterns, with all the prices of coats and trousers marked therein, had been deposited. He also mentioned the delight with which they had received and treasured an English gin bottle, adorned with the picture of an old cat, symbolical of "old Tom," and which they used as a vase for flowers and feathers.

From this remote region it is a long step to the South Sea Islands, where Miss Gordon-Cumming turns up next, and where she had especial advantages, including a delightful cruise in the *Seignelay*, a French man-of-war,

engaged in conveying Monseigneur Elloi, Roman Catholic Bishop of Samoa, on a round of his many-isled diocese. Her notes on native life will be found deeply interesting; some of them, indeed, are distinct contributions to ethnological science.

On the voyage from Sydney to Fiji, some Royal Engineers, in conversation with a missionary returning to the latter place, expressed their desire to aid in the work of civilisation by giving up a little of their time to teaching the natives. The missionary expressed himself gratified, but added, "I think you will find that some of them can read a little. We have already established some schools in Fiji—*about fourteen hundred schools and nine hundred churches!*" Miss Gordon-Cumming is distinctly of opinion that the missionaries have more to show for their labour in these islands than anywhere else in the world.

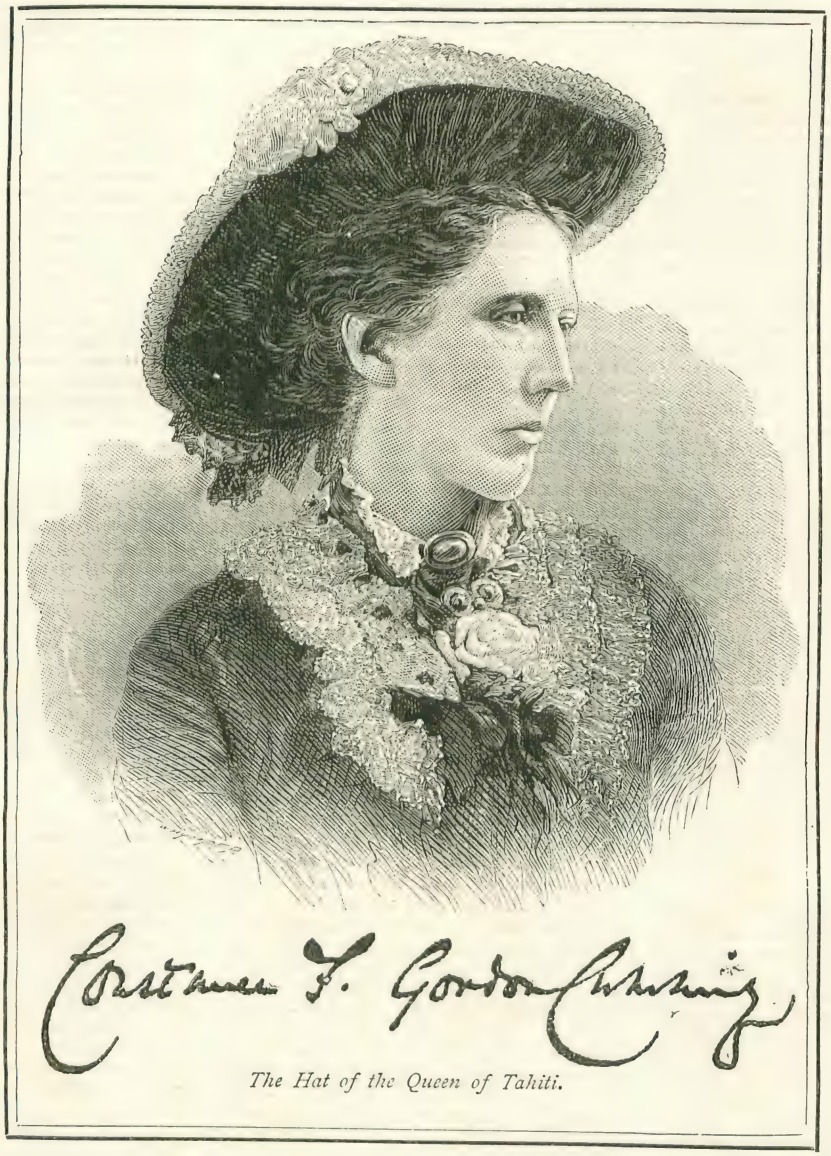
Twelve or fifteen years ago the sick were buried alive, and widows were strangled upon the death of any great man. Prisoners were deliberately fattened for the slaughter; limbs were cut off from living men and women, and eaten in their presence, after they had been compelled to dig the ovens and cut the firewood for cooking themselves. When a chief built a new house a living victim was buried beside each post, which he was made to grasp and keep upright while the earth was heaped upon him. Other victims were bound hand and foot and laid on the ground to act as rollers when a chief launched a new canoe. Yet nowadays one may travel almost everywhere in safety, sure of a cordial reception from kindly and apparently gentle natives. At the ceremony of annexation, in 1874, the old king Thakombaa desired his Prime Minister to present his great war-club to Queen Victoria. "Club-law" had been until then the only law of the land, and the present was intended to be symbolical of the fact that he laid by his old weapon for ever, and sincerely adopted civilisation. This relic of barbarism is now incorporated in the ethnological department of the British Museum.

What and how much all this meant may be gathered from the following facts. Miss Gordon-Cumming was taken "to inspect a row of smallish stones, extending about two hundred yards. These were to represent the number of *bokola* (*i.e.*, human bodies) actually eaten by two chiefs, Wanga Levu and Undri Undri—one stone for each body!" She continues a little further on: "These were some of the more inveterate cannibals, who allowed no man to share with them, and gloried in the multitude of men whom they had eaten, actually keeping a record of their number by erecting such lines of stones as these we saw here, which even now numbers 872, though at least 30 have been removed. Another member of the same family had registered 48, when his becoming a Christian compelled him to be satisfied with inferior meat!" Human shin-bones were greatly prized to make sail needles.

At every cannibal feast a special vegetable (*Solanum anthropophagorum*), precisely that used by the cannibal Maoris of New Zealand, was served; it was cultivated in every village, as it had been found to act as a corrective, human flesh being found to be highly indigestible. Horrible as all this seems, it was of common occurrence among a people always engaged in petty warfare.

Nowadays, we are told that however poor the individual native may be, kindness and generosity are prevailing characteristics of one and all. Each village supports its own teacher, and when there is a gathering, partly festival, and partly for church or benevolent purposes, all contribute to the best of their ability, often bringing their coin contributions *in their mouths*, and dropping them on the collection mats, their hands being engaged with fans or spears. "Those who have no money will walk miles across the hills, bringing some treasured bowl or spear for sale, and great is the anxiety to receive payment in numerous small coins, that no member of the family may appear empty-handed on the great feast day."

Of their honesty Miss Gordon-Cumming gives an enthusiastic account. Day after day her boxes and goods, and those of her companions, were exposed in the freest manner, and were untouched. She says that "it was some time before I could stifle all qualms of misgiving on seeing a crowd, of what some people might call savages, swoop down on our property, and carry it off piecemeal to the boat or village, as the case might be, but when day after day passed, and nothing was ever missing, I gradually acquired the implicit trust which has proved so well founded."



The Hat of the Queen of Tahiti.

With advancing civilisation, much of the picturesque element both in costume and manners and customs has died away among the natives of the Southern Archipelago. They no longer assemble on the sea-shore to practise writing-lessons on the smooth beach; nor do they, as they once did, take sand into the schoolrooms to spread on mats or tables to serve as slates, whereon to work out the puzzles of arithmetic. Nor are the large leaves of the plantain now used as *letter-paper* on which to send messages, the writing being executed with a blunt stick, which bruised the delicate leaf without cutting it, producing a kind of brown etching on a glossy green surface. The leaf, perhaps five or six feet long, by fifteen inches wide, allowed a long message, and was rolled up like a parchment and tied with a strip of bark. Now commonplace note paper is in use.

It is open to doubt whether all the changes in costume which are brought about by civilisation are for the better, either artistically or as regards comfort. The pot hat, a favourite in the South Seas and almost everywhere amongst semi-civilised male natives, and shabby black clothes—trousers sometimes displayed alternately on legs and *arms*—have displaced, amongst those who can afford them, headdresses of rare and beautiful feathers and the gay flowers which were worn by the poor. In Tahiti, where so many have adopted coats and other habiliments of European origin, the former dress for both sexes was a kind of kilt of native cloth made from the barks of the paper-mulberry, the bread-fruit, or banyan, and they had also handsome cloaks of flowing

drapery, beautifully ornamented; while their mat clothing was finely plaited and fringed. Now cheap shoddy goods and Brummagem ornaments are becoming too common among the South Sea women.

At one of the national or tribal dances visited by our traveller, she found the natives sitting in every available corner, generally spreading a piece of plaintain leaf on the ground to keep their dresses clean. These sometimes consisted of native cloth worn as a girdle, and hanging behind in large folds; wreaths of long hanging grass were worn round the arms and legs, as well as on the body. Some powdered their hair black, and others plastered their heads with lime; others again wore huge wigs of heathen days, and crowns of scarlet parrot feathers. Most of them had painted their faces in stripes, circles, or spots. Some were all scarlet. Many were entirely blackened down to the waist, or perhaps had one side of the face and one shoulder dyed dark red; but the commonest freak of all was to paint only the nose bright scarlet and the rest of the face dead black. Their paints are simple: red ochre, the seeds of the vermilion tree, charcoal, and a peculiar dark brown fungus found on the bark of certain trees. Blue and bright scarlet are recent additions acquired from traders.

Miss Gordon-Cumming speaks in many places of the ease and gracefulness of the Fijian and other native women of the Southern Archipelago. She witnessed at King Thakombaa's quarters a dance, in which a hundred and fifty of the ladies of Bau participated, each carrying a paddle of polished wood, which they waved and turned with simultaneous action, the general effect being most stately. The dances were led by the ex-queen and her daughter, both fine, tall, and stout women, and we are told that "no high-bred English duchess could carry herself more nobly than these born ladies leading their Tongan minuet." No one could fail to be struck with their true dignity. "It is just the same with the men—the fine old chief and his handsome sons. It is quite impossible to look at these people now and realise the appalling scenes in which at least the older ones have so often joined. Now the ladies were in full dress, consisting of a waist-cloth of very rare black *tappa* (a native material), tiny jackets of white silk edged with lace, and no ornament whatever save a small English locket, and a small tuft of scarlet flowers in their halo of hair—that of the old queen is quite grey. They both looked really handsome."

Wonderful hair-dressing can still occasionally be seen among the natives, though it is becoming rare. Formerly it was carried to such perfection as to rank as a high art. "Each great chief had his own hairdresser, who sometimes devoted several hours a day to his master's adornment, and displayed quite as much ingenuity in his designs as the potters or cloth-painters do in their work. The general aim was to produce a spherical mass about three feet in circumference, but a very successful hairdresser has been known to bring this up to five feet! This mass was composed of twists or curls or tufts, oftenest of thousands of spiral curls, seven or eight inches long, shaped like a cone, with the base turned to the outside, and each individual hair turned inward. Others encouraged a tuft to grow so stiffly as to resemble a plume of feathers. Many had a bunch of 'love locks,' small, long curls hanging on one side; others a few long very fine plaits hanging from behind the ear, or from one temple; or half the head was curled and half frizzled; it was also dyed according to taste, and some dandies liked to have their head partly coloured black, sienna, and red—in short, there was no limit to the strange varieties thus produced, far more diverse than the most fanciful devices of any fashionable lady in Europe." Now all this is a nearly-forgotten art.

In the island of Tonga, another of the South Sea groups, Miss Gordon-Cumming learned that the native authorities had become so strict at one time, that if a woman was found without a pinafore, even in her own house, no matter how ample her petticoats, she was fined two dollars, and still more heavily if she ventured beyond her threshold. They were also fined two dollars and a half if found smoking; while men detected without shirts of European style were fined ten dollars a-piece. These absurd laws were, however, altered a little later.

There are several accounts given of delightful picnics in the South Seas, where Europeans, half-breeds, and natives mingled in the most harmonious manner. The latter are musical in their tastes, and are always ready for a chorus, to which they add improvised passages, in a clever manner. In addition to music, dancing, and feasting, bathing and swimming are frequently among the enjoyments of these occasions. "I went off," says our authoress, "with a party of half-a-dozen handsome girls, of English and Tahitian birth, descendants of the early missionaries whose children settled in the group, and married half-whites. They led the way to a delicious stream, narrow, deep, and clear, and very still, edged with tall bulrushes. They supplied me with a bathing-dress like their own, namely, a *pareo* of crimson and white calico, which they wore very gracefully draped from the neck. They wove great wreaths of green fern to protect their heads from the sun, and, of course, did not neglect me in the distribution. I thought they formed a most picturesque group. The stream was so inviting that we determined to follow it for some distance. But the water, which at first only came to my shoulders, grew deeper and deeper, till I could not feel the ground, and I had to confess my inability to swim. So then these charming naiads clustered round me, and floated me smoothly along, as they swam a good half mile to the upper stream. It was quite charming. Then they floated me back again."

Four-legged creatures are scarce in Fiji, beef and mutton only having been introduced by white men for their own use. In the capital, Levuka, there were at the period of our traveller's visit only two and a half horses—that is to say, two horses and a pony, and the astonishment of the natives at these unknown monsters knew no bounds. They gathered round one of the horses, exclaiming, "Oh, the great pig!" and one rashly approaching to pull its tail, got severely kicked for his pains. But the pig was their only means of comparison, that animal having been imported at an early period, and now is very abundant in the islands. A feast of roast pork is to a Fijian the very crown of bliss, and the highest honour and greatest courtesy that can be shown to any guest is to present him with a pig, full-grown or suckling, but in any case roasted whole. This is accomplished by filling him with red-hot stones, and baking him in a hole in the ground lined with more hot stones and leaves. Wrapped in a leafy covering, he is then placed on a carved wooden tray and borne triumphantly to the house of the recipient. When the pig is cut up, the distribution of each part is a matter of careful etiquette, "and the most trifling mistake in such matters would cause as great dissatisfaction as a breach in the order of precedence at a European ceremonial. To apportion the pig's head to any save the principal person present would inevitably result in that person leaving the house in high dudgeon: and as chiefs of various villages may have arrived simultaneously to visit the new-comer, it is sometimes an embarrassing question how to satisfy the dignity of all." On Christmas-day Miss Gordon-Cumming enjoyed three pig-festivals.

On coming to Samoa she found a wonderful reverence for old mats, and when some stately Samoan chiefs came to Fiji to consult Sir Arthur Gordon on the question of British protection, they presented him with a very dirty, unfragrant, and ragged mat, which was, our traveller believes, intended for the Queen. Such things are treasured by these natives as would be the tattered colours of a brave regiment deposited in some honoured sanctuary in our own country. The old mat, which no ragman would pick off a dust-heap, sometimes represents a chieftain's patent of nobility, and is venerated through whole groups of islands. There is one known to be upwards of 200 years old, and it is said that £100 sterling might be offered in vain for one of these unsavoury treasures. In other cases mats were their idols, and the story is told of a tribe converted to Christianity, consulting on the fate of Papo, their venerable god of war, who, in this case, was typified by a strip of rotten matting, about three yards long and four inches wide, and whether it should be thrown into the fire or drowned in the sea. A burst of disapprobation silenced the first suggestion, but the second came very near accomplishment, although some intercession eventually preserved it from destruction, and it is now in a musuem in London.

Much that is interesting to lady readers will be found in Miss Gordon-Cumming's account of her subsequent visit to the Hawaian Islands. She says a good deal concerning the celebrated royal feather cloaks which have occasionallly run up to a value of £20,000 or so. One very rare and precious feather, that of a species of honeysucker, was especially reserved for the king, who alone had the privilege of wearing a cloak of these glossy, golden treasures; and as each bird only yields two feathers, the slaughter of these innocents involved in the production of one royal robe was something horrible to contemplate. About a thousand feathers are required to make one necklace of no great size; while the royal garment was eleven feet in width, and five in length, one sheet of lustrous gold. A royal edict now enjoins the bird-catchers to set the birds free when they have plucked the two coveted feathers.

Our traveller gives a considerable amount of information relative to the volcanic regions of these islands, which can be presented here only in a most abbreviated form. One of her best descriptions relates to a vanished lake of fire. She and her guide traversed a considerable space of lava, reaching at length the base of a series of crags, a great ring 600 feet in height, which had been thrown up round the central crater of the volcano within a few months. "It was a toilsome ascent, over very brittle lava, but the guide kept cheering me by telling me what a grand sight awaited me, and that he had never seen the lake in finer action than last week. So we climbed over coils of huge hollow vitreous lava-pipes, which constantly broke beneath our weight, and over ridges which looked to me like gigantic sugar-sticks, pulled out and twisted, and at last we gained the summit, and looked eagerly for the much described Lake of Fire.

"There was none! at least nothing worth speaking of. I turned to look at my guide, and he stood staring in stupefied, bewildered amazement. He could not believe his own eyes. Only a few days had elapsed since he had led a party of Americans to the very spot where he now stood beside me, in speechless wonder at the change. They had watched the blood-red waves dashing in scarlet spray

against the cliffs on the farther side of the lake of molten fire, then rushing back to form a mad whirlpool in its centre, and thence, as if with a new impulse, flinging themselves headlong into a great cavern which undermined the lava-terrace just below the spot where I was now standing."

Not only had the great lake utterly disappeared, but a mountainous crag, several hundred feet in height, had also vanished. For some three hours, while Miss Gordon-Cumming sketched the newly-created scene, there was little visible but a chaos of crags looming black and awful through the ever-shifting clouds of white vapour.

"Now and again, however, volumes of dense smoke came rolling up from the cavernous depths of the awful funnel down which the fire-waves had retreated; and though happily the crag on which we stood was well to windward, the fumes of sulphur and hydrogen were sometimes almost suffocating. When clearer moments came, we could see flickering flames of fire flashing from narrow fissures, as if fiery gases were at work within. These fiery tongues changed colour from one moment to the next, ever varying with the gases that gave them birth: but, for the most part, they were flickering flames of a pale weird blue, which appeared and disappeared like the Will-o'-the-wisp as it dances over a reedy marsh. Presently we perceived that the lake had not altogether vanished; for patches of the grey lava became incandescent, and we saw that what at first appeared to be a bed of cold hard lava was actually fluid, and crossed here and there by moving lines of crimson. Now and again some internal fire seemed to explode, and upheaved a dome-shaped mass of molten rock of a glowing rose-colour, which burst like a rocket, and continued to play for some moments."

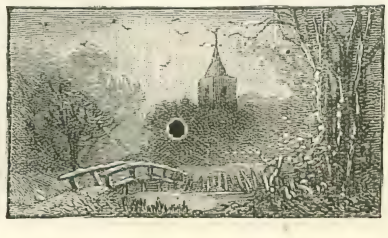
The river of fire, forty miles of molten lava, which, in 1881, threatened a large district of the island with absolute destruction, is now matter of history. On the night of November 5th, 1880, the people of Hilo observed that the cloud resting on the summit of the volcano of Mauna Loa reflected that fiery glow which they knew from sad experience told of renewed action within its mighty furnace. Soon the fire-flood forced an opening for itself on the side of the mountain facing Hilo, and shortly afterwards three huge cones, one of them 400 feet in height, were thrown up from the bowels of the earth in a spot where nought of the kind existed before, very perceptibly altering the form of the main mountain. Meanwhile the lava stream poured downwards till it reached a comparatively level plateau, where, after burning many hundreds of acres of forest, it formed a great lake of fire, fifteen miles in circumference, and varying from 10 to 300 feet in depth. In a letter quoted by our author, it states that when the moon set, it was still light enough to read: the liquid lava was brighter by far than fire, as they could see how pale a fire looked in comparison whenever it reached a bush, and set it ablaze. "There lay before us," says the writer of this letter (dated November 11th), "a stream at least thirty miles long, every inch of which was one bright rolling tide of liquid lava. . . . It divided about a mile from the top, and ran down, forming an island, joined again, and ran five miles below. The whole front edge, about three-fourths of a mile wide, glowed with a most intensely brilliant light; and as it slowly advanced and rolled over the small trees and scrub, bright flames would flash up and die out along its whole edge." Its advance was marked by explosions as of canonnading, occasioned by the heating of air under the new lava in the olden lava caverns. It bore on its surface huge rocks and immense boulders of tons weight, as water would carry a toy boat. Indeed, the whole front edge, so to speak, was one bright red mass of solid rock, a wall sometimes thirty feet in height, constantly being driven forward, buried, and again advancing. The island was at times so enveloped in dense clouds of smoke that vessels nearing it could not make out the land, and submarine eruptions also occurred off the coast.

Six months glided on, and still the fiery streams continued to flow, getting nearer and nearer to the town of Hilo, sometimes running at the rate of half a mile a day, and destroying much cultivated land. On July 4, 1881, the fate of the town still trembled in the balance; the flow had then divided into several streams, and one of them was advancing directly upon it. Many of the inhabitants had already forsaken their homes, and all were prepared for flight at a moment's notice. How people may become familiarised with danger is shown by the fact that the end of the stream was constantly surrounded by a crowd of men, women, and children, the boys picking out specimens of soft lava, which they made into vases and other curiosities, when the stream was within two miles and a half of the town.

The poor distracted people of Hilo had almost given up hope, and appointed a solemn day of humiliation, in which even the Chinamen, who had previously burned their joss-sticks, and made offerings to their fire-demon, joined, coming in a body to attend the Christian service. From that very hour, we are assured, the fire-flood was stayed. It had terrified the islanders for nine long months! It had reached a point only fifteen minutes' walk from the town, having travelled full forty miles from the summit of Mauna Loa!

Miss Gordon-Cumming had seen the curiosities of many and far-distant lands, but it was not until she reached sunny California that she came to be regarded as one herself. While halting for luncheon at a pretty cottage covered with trailing hops, she took out her sketch-book to make a drawing of a great fallen tree. "Why," said the good woman of the house, "you must be the lady I hear them talk of *who makes pictures, just like a man!* And—why, dear me! you wear a man's hat! Why, I do believe you *are* a man! Come, now, do tell me—aren't you a man, really?" Our traveller tried hard to make her believe that it was quite correct for English ladies to wear wide-brimmed, soft felt hats; and was rather glad when, as she herself says, an essentially feminine and golden-haired countrywoman arrived there, wearing a similar one. Possibly the narrator of the story may have become somewhat sturdy in appearance, thanks to her constant travel and adventure, and open air life. Though she does not seem to understand why her little water-colour paint-box should be deemed masculine, the explanation is very simple. Few American ladies ever sketch in the open air, though their number is slowly increasing. Miss Gordon-Cumming is an accomplished sketcher, and to this we owe the number of graphic illustrations that adorn her works,* which have been produced in excellent style by her spirited publishers.

* "A Lady's Cruise in a French Man-of-War;" "At Home in Fiji;" "Fire Fountains;" and "Granite Crags;" all published by W. Blackwood and Sons.



NEW MUSIC.

C. B. Tree.

Sunbeams. Words and music by G. Hubi Newcombe.—A tuneful and singable ditty, melody and words harmonising well together.

Evening Thoughts. Written by J. Wilmott Page. Music by Arthur Briscoe.—A pathetic and agreeable song, written in two keys; compass easy.

March in F. By Arthur H. Harvey.—A bright and spirited composition; will be welcomed by our young aspirants.

Technical Exercises. Consisting of finger exercises, the scales, and a concise explanation of intervals and chords, illustrated by practical examples, by Alfred Gilbert.—We strongly recommend thisb ook to the notice of our young friends; it will be found extremely useful, and, indeed, necessary to those who are desirous of becoming good performers. All the examples and explanations are thoroughly satisfactory. We would call attention to the concluding remarks and general directions for practice.

Patey and Willis.

Morceaux Lyriques. Pour la violin avec accompagnement de piano. Par Guido Papini.—We have before us Nos. 3, 4, and 6; these compositions are especially adapted for young violin students; they are pleasing and melodious.

Also by the same publishers No. 26 of "The Lute":

Lord Ullin's Daughter. Descriptive choral song. By Alfred Gaul.—Most effective and descriptive.

Under the Snow. Song, with violoncello accompaniment, *ad lib.* Words by Lady C. Elliott. Music by R. B. Addison.—A refined and highly effective song, free from the conventional style; the addition of the violoncello will be found a great improvement.

Robert Cox and Co.

No Cross, no Crown. Sacred song. Words by Mrs. Hernaman. Music by Alfred Redhead.—An agreeable setting of interesting words, which we have no doubt will find favour with many.

Also by the same composer, No. 1 of six school songs:

The Holiday. A solo and chorus.—Bright and pleasing.

S. Dacre, Clarke, and Co.

Our Watchword. Words by H. Leonard Cleere. Music by W. C. Levey.—A spirited song, highly effective.

J. Curwen and Sons.

First Series of German Two-part Songs set to English. Words by A. J. Foxwell. Symphonies and accompaniments by John Kinross.—We cannot speak too highly of the volume before us; the selection is well chosen, the poetry charmingly adapted, and the accompaniments highly musician-like. We would recommend to our young vocalists this collection of fifty duets at the small cost of 2s. 6d.

Phillips and Page.

My true love waits for me. Words by Rosa Carlyle. Music by Walter Brooks.—A meritorious composition, wedded to genuine poetry; would suit mezzo-soprano.

Gavotte in D. By Lynton Martel.—A spirited and fairly well written piece; will suit little fingers.

A. Cox.

At Sunset. Words by Rosa. Music by Arthur W. Marchant.—Smooth music, and agreeably written.

DRESS: IN SEASON AND IN REASON.

By A LADY DRESSMAKER.

SHORT MANTLE OF SILK OR BOUCLÉ CLOTH.

AMONG the most popular materials for summer wear are the printed Delaines, which have been revived from the fashionable materials of long ago, and very warmly received. They have small designs of flowers on a cream or white ground, and, for afternoon wear and smart occasions, are made very pretty with lace and ribbon and gathered plastrons of lace in front. With nearly all are worn collar, cuffs, and belt of velvet, of black, dark blue, or red. White muslin, either embroidered or plain, is another revival. But now it is always made up over a coloured silk or satin skirt, or with very youthful costumes batiste and sateen are used instead. Then there are printed muslins, which are very lovely in colour and design; and these have the bonnet made of the same, just as bonnets have been made of canvas to match canvas dresses.

Striped flannels and woollens are being much worn by young ladies, the skirt being of plain woollen, and the overskirt and bodice of the striped stuff. Sometimes this order is reversed. What is called the "milkmaid" overskirt is used for them; it is made thus: The underpetticoat is a plain one without kiltings of the striped fabric; the overdress and bodice are of the plain woollen. The overdress is plain also, and hangs in straight folds to within a few inches of the edge of the skirt, and it is faced up to the depth of a quarter of a yard, with the stripe at the left side. It is caught up carelessly to the waist to show the striped lining, the right side also drawn up in a few folds at the side of the back breadth, just to give a full effect. The bodice has a waistcoat, or a very full front of the stripe, as well as cuffs and collar; and the other day I saw the sleeves made of the stripe also.

Tunics are very long still, but I notice on tailor-made garments an inclination to shorten them. All back drapery is decidedly plain, the newest hanging quite straight from the waist at the back, and the fulness arranged in three kiltings, which hang well-defined to the lower edge. There is nothing new in the shape, nor cutting out of the underpetticoat.

Of dresses to be worn by day few appear to be flounced; the style preferred being long, wide, single box-pleats, which may be of a figured material, or quite plain, and only kilted on one side, with a breadth or panel of flouncings, or kilts, let in, to show in the space left by the separation of the long overskirt. In case of evening dress, when the material is lace or something of the sort, tiers of flounces are used in the manner shown in our illustration, which also gives an excellent idea of the new peasant belt, which seems likely to be so popular amongst the young as well as the middle-aged. The chief variation in this bodice that I have seen is to make the band over the shoulder more of a strap, and tie it with ribbon, or perhaps to dismiss it altogether. I saw quite lately that a yellow silk of Liberty's had been used, instead of the lace under-bodice, the overdress being of a darker canvas. The effect was very good.

There is little change in the making of bodices this month. Waistcoats and bodices with straps across the front, double-breasted bodices, bodices to open diagonally, or on the cross; the great requisite being that they should all be short enough on the hips. There is immense variety in the "Zouave jackets." They sometimes hang with square corners to the waist, and just fasten at the neck; or they are fastened just in the centre, and not at the top nor bottom. They are often used with the bib tunic, which falls loosely in front, a style unsuitable save to the slightest of figures. I hear that several of the dresses prepared for H.R.H. the Princess Beatrice are made with these cross or diagonal fronts, and that she has patronised short tunics for her thicker dresses.

As far as materials are concerned, the liking for stripes still continues. They may be of three or four colours, and are very much worn in all wool materials. I have shown two methods of making them up in the two figures on the extreme right and left of the illustration of "Summer Gowns." The dresses of the other figures show the new "milkmaid skirt" and large collar, and two very pretty models of children's frocks, which may be useful.

The mantle shown is a simple form with a sling sleeve, and the lace dress shows the peasant belt, which promises to be very popular for young girls. It is made of velvet, satin, or silk and sometimes of sateen, and is laced up the front, as many people are having bodices made at present. This is a revival of a fashion which dates back to Saxon times, when our ancestors knew no other method of fastening their dresses, nor even, in the case of men, their jackets and doublets. The other gown in this illustration shows one of those for sale in boxes or in dress pieces, the embroidery being included. This same method might be employed for lace as well, or to make up those embroidered cashmeres which are to be found in most shops—to be sold as bargains, being out of favour with the public. The dress represented is of washing materials, and the embroidery is what was called English or *broderie Anglaise* by the French.

PLEATED JACKET BODICE FOR WALKING OR TRAVELLING GOWNS

Hats are rarely seen in London this year, and all the girls belonging to the higher classes adopt bonnets of quiet and unpretending style. Nearly all bonnets are transparent, the gilded wires of the frames showing quite clearly through the puffings of gauze, tulle, or canvas. Straw bonnets are trimmed with gauze ribbon arranged in high bows or canvas scarves. The strings are of watered silk or gauze ribbon. They are dyed in every colour, but are fine in the plait, and the crowns generally semi-transparent. The "Byzantine scarves" and kerchiefs, with their queer bright colours, are universally applied; and if a girl will give herself the trouble to study the shop-windows, she may soon get up a bonnet for herself at a very small expense. Black lace bonnets are of Chantilly, and are generally drawn. Gold ornaments are in universal use; gold gauze, gold beaded and powdered net, gold grass, and gold threads in net and gauze.

Hats are very high in the crown, and the extreme height of the front trimmings makes them look still higher. The brim is turned up at the edge in various places, as a coronet at one side and at the back. "Sailor hats" have also made a reappearance, and will be used in the country and at the sea.

Braid still remains a most fashionable trimming, and is used very largely on homespun, tweeds, serges, vigognes, and cashmeres, but braided designs of any kind are not popular, many rows of braid being the form liked. These are sewn on in plain lines, not more than their own width apart, and in many rows. Sometimes a braided or kind of basket-work is attempted, which style, however, needs the accuracy and skill of a trained hand.

Fringe is not at all used, except in the shape of *grélots*, or "drops" of beads, chenille, and silk, which are used to edge tunics, bodices, and mantles, and to mix with lace ruchings. Gold and silver tinsel threads are often mixed with them, and from what I hear this idea will grow larger in the autumn, when we shall have nuts and acorns in silk crochet to use in the same manner.

Very wide sashes are much worn by young ladies. They are of Indian and watered silk, and moiré, as well as satin. For washing-dresses, soft silks, and muslins, the new gauze ribbons are used that our grandmothers used to call "love ribbons." These are seen in bright and lively contrast to the dress; not to match. They have very bad wearing qualities, however pretty: and those of our girls who have to consider expense must avoid them, and choose something equally pretty and more reliable.

I forget whether I mentioned the parasols covered with two large handkerchiefs, or not; but they are new and look novel, and these may be useful to some of my country girls. The two handkerchiefs are laid over each other in such a manner that the corners of one come between the corners of the other. Turkish and other Eastern embroideries are now used as parasol covers, arranged in some such way as the handkerchiefs I have mentioned. Small bows of coloured velvet, on black lace parasols, are also a pretty novelty; and also rows of

SUMMER GOWNS.

inch-and-a-half velvet ribbon, laid between the frills of lace. In short, never was there a better time for decorating old parasols or new at home.

I must devote a few words here to colours. Blue—from the palest shade of sky, or *ciel*, as the French call it, to the deepest shade of navy—is more popular than I have seen it for years; while, curiously enough, green is also in high favour, though generally only in shades of moss. Mauve also has been restored to us, while red and yellow are very popular indeed. Cream is still more liked than white; and all shades of grey are much worn, especially at night. Neutral tints, such as smoke and slate grey, lead, cinnamon, and lavender, are most popular. These are used with a contrasting colour, such as red roses, poppies, red pompons, yellow poppies, and blue cornflowers.

The paper pattern we give for this month has been selected with a view to the making up of the slightly thicker dresses that will be needed for the seaside, and the autumn outing. It may be used in two ways—viz., for an over-bodice or out-of-door jacket; or, for the bodice of a dress of any description, save very thin materials, which I need hardly say do not answer for this kind of bodice. But galateas (which have returned to favour for country and seaside wear), homespuns, navy serge, flannel, some of the coarser canvases, and beige, are both suitable and becoming.

The pattern is in six pieces—front, back, collar, and belt, and two parts of the sleeve, the upper and the lower. The back must be cut double, as there should be no seam down the centre. The back of the collar is straight, the front bias. If made of thick material, line it; but with a washing one, it will require facing with a bias hem of the material. A deep hem must be allowed on each side of the front, where the buttons are placed. The pleats turn forward, and the notches made in the pattern must be carefully observed. The edges may be finished by a row of machine stitching, which should be even and good. No lining is needed, as a general rule, to this bodice; and it is so simple in construction, that either with cloth or washing material no one need fear to undertake its manufacture. The pleats are run down like the breast of a shirt, or stitched with a machine.

The quantity of material required, being one yard (36 inches) in width, is three yards; and twenty buttons; three for each sleeve, and fourteen for the front. One yard and a-half of silk-twist cut in half, for the button-holes, and machine thread for stitching. No seams are allowed. This bodice can be worn with a skirt of any material if made of serge or canvas, and will be found a stylish and useful addition to the wardrobe, and a "friend in need" in a great many circumstances of life. It is an excellent pattern for the jacket of a tricyiing dress; and, in fact, is the one usually recommended by all authorities on the subject.

DRESS OF YAK OR FRENCH LACE WITH A PEASANT BODICE. LINEN OR BATISTE DRESS WITH EMBROIDERY.

COOKERY CLASSES.

By Alice King.

THERE are some sorts of wool, all our girls well know, in the skeins of which different colours are so beautifully blended together that it is quite impossible to separate the varied hues without spoiling the whole fabric. This is exactly the case with body and mind; the two depend so completely on each other that if we entirely neglect either, the consequence must be that both will suffer irremediably. Therefore, in our model village we shall not be able to call our work among our people a model success unless we care for bodies as well as minds.

The world in general probably does not sufficiently realise how much all the best mental work depends on the state of the physical health for strength and brightness, and our many evil qualities have their first origin in some bodily weakness or disease. Intemperance, for instance, often begins merely with the habit of taking stimulants to help in the conflict with physical languor and weariness. Thus it is that when we are doing anything to improve the health of the body we are performing no low and menial task, for we are at the same time working for the well-being of mind and spirit.

Now, wholesome and nutritious food is one of the chief and most needful helps towards bodily health; it will do more in the long run than the art of all the medical colleges put together. This is why it is that the study of cookery is no matter to be despised by thoughtful and clever women, but a thing to which they may and should consecrate some of their best powers.

Nowhere is the art of cookery at so low an ebb as in the cottage home of the English labourer in rural districts. Money is scarce and means are scanty there, it is true, but all knowledge of cookery is more scarce and scanty still. The English labourer's wife knows nothing of the skill with which a French peasant woman can create a savoury meal out of her garden, and she resigns herself and her family stolidly up to following, in her domestic culinary arrangements, one dull dry round, which is utterly devoid of any consideration for either what is pleasant or what is wholesome. It may fairly be said that bad cookery is at the root of many of the evils, both bodily and spiritual, that haunt a country village; it engenders disease in the constitutions of the children at an early age; it helps to fill the public-houses by rendering their homes uncomfortable and unattractive to the men; it causes families to run into debt, for the mother launches out into expenses to

provide food for her household which would be quite needless if she knew how to make good use of the means that lie easily within her reach.

These are some of the reasons why the establishment of a cookery class in a country village is one of the most substantial blessings that can be conferred on a rural population. It must be remembered, however, that there are cookery classes and cookery classes, and only a cookery class of the right kind, instructed by the right sort of teacher, will do any lasting, practical good. A village cookery class is an entirely different thing from a town cookery class, and requires an entirely different treatment, and an entirely different mode of instruction. This is not in general properly and fully realised by those who undertake the direction of these classes, and from hence arises the ridicule which is often attached to them in country regions, and the thoroughly barren results in which they often terminate.

In the first place, the teacher of a village cookery class must be someone who knows thoroughly the habits and modes of thought, and prejudices and limited means of our village poor. The teacher who comes straight from London, or from some other large town, with her mind well stored with all kinds of various theoretical notions on the subject, with long scientific words about the formation of bone and muscle, and the component parts of animal and vegetable food crowding glibly on the tip of her tongue, is as certain of failure in a village cookery class as if she were deliberately to take up all her pots and pans and pour their contents into the fire. Our village dames and damsels are supremely ignorant of everything of which the teacher is speaking so fluently; they could not understand her, even if they were to try; but they do not try, they simply either sit yawning or giggling according as the fancy takes them. When she has finished speaking they are not one atom wiser than they were when she begun. A little languid interest is certainly aroused when the proofs of the lady's skill are handed round in the shape of some soup or dish to be tasted; but this feeling quickly dies away, as they murmur, with a sigh or a shrug, that such may be very nice eating for the quality, who have good things to make them with.

The class over, the teacher hurries off to catch the express train which is to bear her to the next scene of her labours, and is, no doubt, very well pleased with herself as she goes. Meanwhile, her pupils have returned to their cottage homes, and to their every-day lives there. One amuses her husband with an exact and correct imitation of the lady's voice and manner; a second makes up her mind, and expresses it pretty roundly to a neighbour, that such new-fangled doings are the rarest trash she ever came across, and she will have nothing more to do with them; a third gives a pathetic little sob as she leans over her sick child, and wishes she could let it have a taste of some of those delicacies which the lady prepared with such a lavish hand; then, as she sees how the little one smiles over the cup of soaked bread with which she is feeding it, is condoled, and goes to bed, and sleeps the heavy sleep of the toil-worn. Next morning the cookery class has completely passed out of the minds of all those who attended it, for what has it to do with the hard reality of small but crowding daily cares which wrap round their lives?

Another great point in making a cookery class of real use to village people is that it should only deal with such dishes as lie within the scope of a cottage kitchen. Few of the gentlemen and ladies who talk and write about improving the cookery of the rural labouring classes have probably any notion how scanty and circumscribed the means really are which are at the cottage cook's disposal in retired country districts. The visits of the butcher are few and far between, and when he comes, he brings with him none of those smaller and cheaper bits of meat and parts of the animals which make their way so conveniently into the housekeeping of the tradesman's wife in cities. Butter is too dear to be indulged in except as a Sunday luxury; milk is not so plentiful as might be fancied, because the farmers are slow to sell it, and prefer turning their dairy produce into butter for the market of the country town. The bill of fare in the average labourer's cottage is confined to a little bacon, a little dripping, a moderate quantity of bread, a pinch of brown sugar, a few eggs, and garden produce. In making cookery experiments, then, before a village audience to exemplify the lessons given at a village cookery class, the lecturer should restrict herself completely to such materials as we have just enumerated, or her instructions will fall entirely dead and flat, and will prove utterly fruitless.

Another thing to be remembered and considered by the teacher of a village cookery class is, that our rural population are fuller, perhaps, than any people in the world of whims, and prejudices, and fancies about their food. If the teacher of the class begins by outraging and offending these, she will lose the confidence of her pupils at once, and not a word that she speaks will be heard by them without a grain of doubt and suspicion. For instance, every man and woman in retired country villages look upon all kinds of potted or tinned meat as simply so much poison, and many of them will rather breakfast on dry bread than supplement it with American bacon. Such prejudices are extremely foolish and unfortunate, as they exclude the labouring man and his family from wholesome and nutritious and varied food at a moderate expense; but still, the greatest caution and delicacy are needed in those of superior education who would try to root out these notions from among our country folk.

One great point in the teaching of a village cookery class must be to endeavour to give our rural population a more enlightened conception of the use that their garden produce may be made of in yielding them wholesome and pleasant food. What does not the French and Italian woman make out of her garden in her kitchen? It furnishes the salad which gives such a relish to the black bread at breakfast; it supplies at least three-quarters of the savoury stew cooked in the *pot-au-feu*, round which the dark-eyed children gather at noon with such an eager, willing appetite; it forms the foundation of the steaming bowl of soup which awaits the father of the family when he comes back weary of an evening with the sun and dust. Take away her garden from the French labourer's wife, and she would sit down, overcome with dreary despair, and see nothing but starvation awaiting her and hers; leave her her garden, and she would not thank you much if you were to bring a whole sirloin of prime English beef into her little larder.

How different the case is with one of the matrons in our English country village. To her, her garden suggests no idea beyond a cabbage and a dish of badly boiled peas; she is thoroughly entangled in the essentially British article of belief that there is no nourishment in any sort of food except meat and bread, and she would begin to weep piteously, and call you cruel and unfeeling, if you were to propose to her that her husband and children should sup on a soup extracted from vegetables alone; she would say that it would be sending them all famished to bed. This is one of the errors from which the village cookery class should boldly and perseveringly aim to release the mothers and daughters of the working rural population of England.

The cookery class in the village should also try to teach the English workman's wife to take a leaf out of the cookery book of her French sister, with regard to the use that may be made of bones and scraps if carefully gathered up and preserved. Our poor village mothers of families will often, unwittingly, be guilty of real acts of extravagance, that would make a French housekeeper shudder with horror, in the way of flinging on to the refuse heap a bone that, boiled, would produce a strong gravy, or fragments of bread that a little skill would create into an excellent pudding. It will be no easy matter to teach our village women a fresh and more liberal creed on these subjects, but this is one of the things which the village cookery class has to struggle to do.

Now, for example is always better than precept, let us visit, for a few minutes, the model cookery class in our model village. It is held in a large kitchen, belonging to one of the most roomy cottages in the village; the hour is an evening hour, when the women have finished their day's work, and made their cottage neat and bright, and the men are gone to the reading-room or the workman's club. In the centre of the room sit some ten or twelve tidily-dressed women of various ages, all with earnest, inquiring faces, that look as if they had come here to remain wide awake, and notice everything. By the hearth stands the class teacher, not arrayed in any newly-invented cooking costume, but in the ordinary dress of an English lady. Around her are arranged no elaborate regiment of enamelled saucepans, and curiously contrived vessels and machines, that are credited to do the cook's work for her while she stands by and looks on, but just the commonplace cooking utensils which are to be found in every cottage kitchen. On a table at her side are displayed some crisp-leaved, green vegetables, a few eggs, a loaf of bread, and in the rear a few modest condiments, such as pepper, salt, etc. The lady's face is bright and genial, her hands, though delicate, look as if they knew what they were about, as they move among her properties. She and her whole surroundings give the idea of really meaning downright work, which is a thing satisfactory and reassuring to the eyes of working women, and gives them confidence, at the very beginning, in their teacher.

And now the class begins in earnest. First of all the lady delivers a short address, which, in truth, is no address at all, but a little familiar talk with the women; that is to say, she speaks as if she were sitting by their firesides talking to them. She attacks some of their strongholds of prejudice in a clear, sensible, matter-of-fact way, using the simplest language; but she wards off all offence with a few telling, well-timed jests, and by the sympathy shining in her eyes—a sympathy that seems to feel with all their small, everyday troubles, and enter into all their small, every-day cares. The women listen with faces all more or less sparkling with intelligence, for no woman comes to our class who has not the wish, at least, to improve her knowledge in such matters. Here and there a countenance that is more strongly marked than the rest assumes a slightly incredulous expression at some of the facts stated by the teacher, and this look is accompanied by a resolute little shake of the head. On the whole, however, there seems to be a friendly affinity between teacher and pupils, and she has evidently introduced the thin end of the wedge, if she has not driven it home.

There is a short pause when the little talkative lecture is finished; then the second part of the class-teaching begins. She (the teacher) turns first to the table, then to the fire, and

shows, very slowly, the way to make some simple dish that is within the compass of even the smallest cottage means. This is followed by the manufacture, in the same deliberate fashion, of some inexpensive little dainty for an invalid. All the while the teacher is at work she describes minutely all that she is doing, so that there may not be the smallest possibility of her proceedings being misunderstood.

The next thing the teacher does is to invite any of the class that will come, to move forward to the fireplace and try to do what they have just seen done by her. The women are a little shy about it at first, but at length one bolder than the rest leaves her place, and then two or three quickly follow her example. They were evidently only waiting for the ice to be broken. One or two are clumsy in their attempts, and one or two are handy; but the teacher shows equal patience with and kindness to all. The class ends with a few minutes' friendly chat on indifferent subjects between teacher and pupils, and then the women disperse and pass to their homes along the quiet village street, their way lit by the full, round silver moon. Such a village cookery class as this, with entry fees so small as not to go beyond the capabilities of the shallowest purse, is sure in the long run to be a source of real, solid usefulness in a parish, if the teacher is a woman of refinement and good breeding, highly endowed with sterling common sense, a heart, and sympathy. The results of such a class will gradually reach beyond the mere physical well-being of the people, and will bring a blessing to bodies and minds and souls in one full sweet harmony.

THE DUTCH ORPHANS; OR, THE DOCTOR'S FEE.

By Mrs. G. LINNÆUS BANKS, Author of "God's Providence House," "The Manchester Man," "More than Coronets," etc.

CHAPTER IV.

THE OLD PICTURE.

It was a long while before Nancy Vloed recovered, she had been so severely scalded, and Dr. Zacharias told the fisherman and his wife that it was doubtful whether all his skill and that of his son together could have saved the child's life but for the prompt application of the cool flour and consequent exclusion of the air, seeing that no more potent agent was available at the time.

"I leave the little one confidently in your charge, Meisje Westerholt," Dr. Herman had said, when, after instruction from himself, she had voluntarily undertaken the dressing of the poor neck and foot; "the moeder is too rough, too hasty, has no delicacy of touch; these cases require both gentleness and patience. Besides, I observe, the child clings to you, and is more obedient in your hands. My only fear is that you are giving time you can ill spare."

"You have much to thank Meisje Westerholt for," said he to Jan Vloed's wife, when he pronounced Nancy restored. "But for her frequent and careful dressing, the child might have been a cripple for life."

"Aye, mynheer, and she may be said to have given her own bread to Nancy when she gave her time. Me and Jan won't forget it. But it's not the first time she's saved the child for us." And then the woman told how Bertha had found the lost child and carried her home, and but for someone who had met them they would never have known, as they could not understand Nancy's imperfect speech. "We thought the Westerholts proud when they came to live in Katwyk first. We know better now, mynheer," she said.

Herman Van Voorst's heart had been a well-defended citadel, but one by one the outworks were falling before an unconscious conqueror. He, the impenetrable, began to feel the weakness of his armour. In the glow with which he listened to Bertha's praise he recognised the fact that the unobtrusive little seamstress with the sad grey eyes had charms he had not found in beauty, wit, or wealth. He had pitied her and her sisters in his good nature; but when he found the pity concentrated on one, and warming into something else, he resolved to be upon his guard, and avoid the danger.

It was not the easiest of tasks; for, though he threw all his energies into his profession, so as to leave his father more leisure for his garden, he saw the girls in their faded mourning at the kerk Sunday by Sunday, when even his inexperienced eye could detect traces of damage done by flour and tears, which no sponging had been wholly able to remove. The poverty that could not afford new dress was a painful fact, and would obtrude unpleasantly.

At home the dingy picture was perked up before him as a reminder. Now and then he encountered Bertha in the streets, and could not bring himself to pass her by without a kind word if she did carry a basket or a parcel. By-and-by he fancied that she flushed when thus they met, and he wondered whether the flush arose from weakness, or from what?

It might be weakness, he thought. He had heard his father say that Lena was not fit to sit stitching all day, and that Bertha and Joanna were overtaxing their own strength to relieve her. It must be weakness. He had not the vanity to suppose she would flush otherwise at a mere word of greeting from him. That he could not keep his own colour down he knew, but—she was different.

Ay, very different. He had many friends—many to exchange kind greetings with. Hers were few indeed, and any words kindly spoken, out of the way of absolute business, were something to think over and treasure—as she thought of his—gratefully.

There was one matter perplexing both whenever they chanced to meet, but of which neither could frame words to speak. Delicacy tied the tongues of both.

There had been no fear of starvation of late; for though the hotel-keeper at Scheveningen had little work for them when his seaside visitors had gone, Dr. Van Voorst's recommendation had found them work nearer home, and they could live without luxuries. Then Jan Vloed had never a good take of fish but one of the finest found its way, "with compliments," to the Westerholts. But Lena was not allowed to sit constantly at her needle, and plain sewing is not so remunerative as to leave a margin for extras, when rent and food and fuel are paid for. So the three had a somewhat hard struggle to get over the winter, and by no means could they contrive to renew their mourning.

There had been a sad lament over the spoiled frock of Bertha, when she came home streaked with white and spangled with fish-scales, and neither brushing nor sponging would altogether restore it. There was no use turning over their mother's old stores: everything was coloured and mostly unfit for them.

Joanna and Lena looked very rueful; but Bertha did her best to seem and be indifferent—though indifference to appearance was no part of her nature, and she felt more than she would own, especially at the kerk or when she met Herman Van Voorst.

Strangely enough, New Year's Day, the great Dutch festival, brought to the Westerholts a mysterious parcel for Meisje Bertha Westerholt, with nothing to indicate the sender. It contained fine black merino for a dress, and all fittings complete.

Joanna and Lena clasped their hands, and almost danced with delight.

Bertha looked at it with dazed astonishment. From whom could it have come?

"Dr. Van Voorst will have sent it," ventured Lena.

"Nay;" corrected Joanna, "he cares nothing about his own clothes; he would not think of ours."

"Perhaps Anna," was Lena's second guess.

"Nay, Anna would have brought it, to enjoy our pleasure," said Joanna, with a wise shake of the head.

But Bertha said never a word, though the blood surged upward to her brow. She had a memory of a younger doctor's keen scrutiny of her whitened gown, and of a casual remark one after day. Her eyes were moist, her breath came short and quick. Who but he could have sent it? Who but he had observed the stains upon her gown? Surely, if the father was good and kind, so was the son. So very good to think of her.

Joanna's voice broke in on her reverie.

"We can get it made by Sunday, if we try, and then, Bertha, you will look nice!"

"I shall not have it made."

"Not have it made?—and your own so shabby!" cried the others in a breath.

"Not until we can buy two others. Besides, I do not know who sent it. I might not like to keep it if I did."

It was not without some sacrifice of personal vanity that she came to this determination, but having made it, no sisterly persuasion could change it.

"If my dress looks worse than yours now, yours would look far worse beside a new one," she said, quietly. "We must endeavour to save cent by cent, if we go short of something else, to make a more respectable appearance. I will see what can be done, my dears."

Seeing what could be done meant getting up earlier, sitting up later, and knitting in the dark when the others were in bed. She could do that when the frost did not benumb her fingers—and she did it.

But she continued to wear her old black dress.

It was a source of perplexity and discomfiture to Herman Van Voorst, who had meant at once to relieve his own mind and do the maiden a service. Could it be that she guessed whence came the merino, and declined to honour his gift? It was a question he could not put, though it rose to his lips whenever they chanced to meet.

Equally embarrassed was she, since it was impossible to accredit him openly with being the anonymous donor, however self-convinced she might be. She had, moreover, the double disadvantage of feeling that he had observed

her shabbiness, and might misinterpret its continuance. No wonder she coloured when they met, if he did but raise his hat, and kept him in mind long after he was out of sight.

It was easier for him to find a way out of the maze than for her.

He had only to remark the shabbiness of Bertha Westerholt in the presence of Anna, and to lament that a girl of such evident respectability should be so careless about her dress, than he was enlightened—at least in part.

"Nay, Mynheer Herman, it's not carelessness. I know her spoiled gown has been a trouble to them all. It's a clear slighting of Providence. Joanna showed me as good a piece of black merino as ever my fingers felt, that, for all they knew, might have dropped from the clouds on New Year's Day, and they cannot persuade their sister to make it up for herself, because she cannot buy them new frocks too. The foolish meisje! as if she had not a right to the best, and working her fingers off for them as she does!"

That was on a Monday in February. On the Thursday Dr. Zacharias reported to his son that he had called to see if Lena Westerholt was any stronger, and had come to the conclusion that something was wrong with Meisje Bertha. It was his opinion she was killing herself to save her younger sisters, and he (Zacharias) could not look on calmly and see the sacrifice. He wished he knew if their Batavian uncle was alive.

"I wish so too, if that would be of service," appended the son, beating the ashes out of his pipe impatiently, as if he too was troubled about the friendless girls; then, after striding about the room, puffing at the refilled pipe with unusual energy, he said, abruptly, "Surely we might devise some means to help that"—he corrected himself—"those noble girls, without wounding their susceptibility. Tonics will be of little service if they chafe under obligation to the doctor, and are overworked for bare sustenance."

"Ach, Herman, it is a difficult subject to deal with. It troubled thy father Zacharias long ere thou came upon the scene with thy compassionate heart. It is hard to help when pride stands in front of poverty. Zacharias had to convince Meisje Bertha that her sisters would suffer if her health failed, before she would accept advice or physic without a fee. A fee! The gulden would have scorched the fingers of Doctor Zacharias had he taken a fee."

"Ah, that reminds me!" cried Herman; "I have business in Leyden to-morrow. I might as well take that old picture for a frame. And I might chance to hear of some employment for one or other of the Westerholts, better suited for educated girls."

"No use, Herman, no use," interrupted the father, with a shake of his white head. "Nothing would induce those orphaned girls to separate."

"Not even a husband?" put in the son suggestively.

"The man who sought to part them would not be good enough for Meisje Bertha, and husbands for poor seamstresses are not to be picked up like shells on the shore. Besides, the child is only just turned eighteen."

And Dr. Zacharias thought that settled the question.

Whether Herman Van Voorst thought so when he buckled on his skates the next morning, and went spinning along the icy way with the picture under his arm, is another matter. He was not given to think aloud if his father was.

His first business was the purchase and secret despatch of a second parcel of black merino, for which in his ignorance he paid heavily.

His next concerned the picture, for which he had conceived an affection not due to his love of art.

"Could that picture be cleaned to make it worth a new frame?" he asked the dealer, adding, "If not, we will have the old frame regilt."

The man took the painting in his hand with a careless, "Oh, certainly mynheer," glanced at it, opened his eyes, carried it to the door for more minute inspection, turned it this way and that, as if to catch the light, rubbed a corner with his thumb, then brought it close to his eye as if to count the infinitesimal cracks on the surface.

"Ye-es, mynheer, I think we might make it worth a new frame," he said at last, with a peculiar look askance at the fine, well-dressed young fellow who stood waiting his decision so composedly, his skates dangling from one hand; "but I will consult my partner."

Away he went with the picture to a grimy individual busy at the extreme end of the shop. There was a whispered conversation and other curious looks cast towards the broad shoulders of seemingly unobservant Herman.

"Yes, mynheer, we could restore the painting, if you so desire; but these things are always uncertain, and it would have to be at your own risk. Perhaps, mynheer, you would not care to take the chance? Perhaps you would prefer to sell the picture? If so, we would give 500 gulden* for the little thing. It is a very liberal offer, considering the danger to old pictures of injury in the cleaning—very liberal."

So liberal that it nearly took Dr. Herman's breath away. He had not appraised the painting at more than 25 gulden; 50 would have seemed a fabulous value. Only for Bertha's sake would he have troubled to frame it afresh. But no movement of the dealer's had been lost to his keen eyes, and he knew at once that if they would offer so much it must be worth much more.

"It is not for sale," he said, as coolly as he could; "and if there be any risk in the cleaning, I will merely select a frame, which you can send to Professor V——'s. I will trouble you for the picture as it is.

The partner came forward; his grimy fingers seemed loth to let the picture go. He made an advance of another five hundred gulden, and in so doing overshot his mark.

"Not for one thousand! not for two thousand!" was Herman's reply.

"Two thousand! Ach, that is too much." Herman was going. Perhaps if mynheer would leave the picture, they might venture even the two thousand.

"The painting is not mine. I have no authority to dispose of it. I must consult the owner," was the final answer of Herman as he laid hands upon it, and bore it away from the discomfited dealers.

Home he went with the picture and his news.

Anna threw up her withered arms in consternation. "Two thousand gulden! And I would have lit the stove with it!"

"Two thousand gulden!" exclaimed Zacharias. "Ach, Herman, thou shouldst have taken the good offer for the orphans' sake. It would be a fortune for them."

"Then the doctor does not propose to retain his fee?" slyly insinuated the son.

"Retain it! Dost thou think thy old father Zacharias an extortioner and a rogue? Why didst thou not take the gold, I ask?"

"Well, for the orphans' sake," was the reply. "The dealers' eagerness betrayed them. It is worth more than they offered, or I am no judge of faces. I shall carry the unknown treasure to the Hague on Monday, and see what is to be done there."

To the Hague he went, not for a frame, but to sell "a valued heirloom."

First he took the opinion of an expert. He rubbed it gently with his finger-tips, as the dealers had done. This brought out the colours. A party of boers seated drinking outside a solitary herberg, a couple of huntsmen riding up with dogs and attendants, were clearly visible. "A Wouverman," pronounced the expert, and made a valuation.

Acting on his advice, Dr. Herman secured a room at a fashionable hotel, and invited inspection from dealers and connoisseurs. They came, bid one against another, and finally twelve thousand gulden were laid down for its possession. The carved frame proved as strong a bait as the picture.

Home went the young surgeon, well pleased with the result. It was not for himself he had bargained thus. It was for the sake of one far dearer, to whom the money would mean so much. A few hundred gulden would supply all immediate necessities, and give rest and ease to much-overtried Bertha. He would have to look out a safe investment for the bulk; but he must talk that over with his father. Then he wondered if his second gift would be accepted, and if Bertha had any suspicion who was the sender. It mattered little now. They had ample means to wear what they liked and buy their own dresses—or, at least, they would have when he got back to Katwyk—and his poor gift might be despised.

He found it otherwise. When he got back to the red house with the green doors and shutters, the sick list was a long one, and Doctor Zacharias was pretty well worn out. His first duty was to their patients.

There had been as much amazement over the receipt of the second parcel of merino as over the first. This time there was within a folded paper, inscribed in a firm hand, "Accept without scruple. A friend's gift should have a friend's welcome;" but no name or other clue to the donor.

Bertha looked from the parcel to the paper blank and dumb. Joanna and Lena threw their arms around her with a cry of delight.

"Thou wilt make thy new dress now, Bertha."

But Bertha was not quite sure about it.

Then ensued an argument, and Bertha got the worst of it. Joanna fell back on Anna's opinion that it was a haughty slighting of Providence, and hit upon the idea that as the parcels both came from Leyden they must have been sent by some friend of their old moeder, but that, whoever did send them, they had not so many friends that they could afford to give offence to so good a one.

And as Bertha, who had kept her own conjectures in the background, could not produce them now, or confute their argument, it chanced that when Doctor Zacharias and his son bent their tall heads in the low doorway of the Westerholts' cottage, the three girls were stitching away, and two at least were singing cheerily as their needles flew, though the work was black, and other earnings would be sacrificed.

Can you imagine what were the emotions of these three girls when the old man, seated in their mother's chair, broke his marvellous news to them.

"Doctor Zacharias has some good tidings for you," said he. "He has brought you the interest on the fee you paid him half a year ago. It comes to just twelve thousand gulden!"

Bertha looked hurt. She fancied he was jesting. "I only gave you an old picture in a dirty frame. That could not be worth much."

"It sold for twelve thousand gulden, as here you may see," and he spread before her opening eyes a banker's order.

* About £41 13s. 4d. A guilder is equal to 20 pence English.

"But it is yours, doctor, not mine," she said, with a gasp, as the reality dawned on her. "The picture was yours, not ours. I paid your fee with it."

"Do you think old Zacharias would rob the fatherless and the motherless. Nay. You shall pay the old doctor's fee with kisses, and thank Herman as you can, for you owe it all to him."

What did they not owe to him? Before the excitement had well subsided, before they had decided how the large sum should be invested, before the new dresses had been well aired at kerk and elsewhere, but not before Herman had given Bertha to understand he should expect more than thanks for his fee, there was another convulsion.

From the Hague the picture had travelled to Amsterdam. It had there been exhibited. A wealthy merchant fresh from the East Indies stopped before it like a petrifaction.

"What got you that painting? I do want to know," he asked, more with oriental heat than Dutch phlegm, of the owner when he had found him.

"I bought it and paid for it," was the stiff answer, "and I mean to keep it."

"Ach," said the other. "It was my grandfather's. My sister did have it. She would never part with it as long——" He stopped. "Pray tell me from whom it was bought, and the price you gave for it. I would double it to have the picture back."

It was a rash promise; but the Indian merchant kept his word. Two days later he nearly sent old Anna into fits with the imperative tune he played on the brass knocker, and the heedless way he set his sandy boots down on her white tiles as he followed the card of "Mynheer Van der Aken" into the presence of Doctor Van Voorst, and laid the recovered picture on the table, along with Herman's receipt for the twelve thousand gulden.

"May I ask, mynheer, where you obtained the picture you disposed of for that sum? It has cost me double to regain."

"I received it as a fee—a doctor's fee," answered Zacharias, deliberately, then adding slowly, as his keen eyes scanned the bronzed face of the intruder, "from a Meisje Westerholt—for attendance on her sick mother—who died."

Conflicting emotions seemed to turn the bronzed face yellow. The dead woman had been very dear to this man. "And you took from the orphaned girls of my poor sister a picture worth——"

"Mynheer Van der Aken," interposed the white-headed doctor, gravely. "I did take what I thought a worthless old picture as a fee—to spare a most honourable girl's feelings. Who had the gulden you can ask Meisje Bertha herself. She is with my son Herman in my garden, watching the storks rebuild their nest."

The two were discussing with burning cheeks a knotty problem, which seemed incapable of solution.

The coming of the absentee uncle from Batavia solved it for them.

Even for a husband, though she had learned to love and honour Herman Van Voorst above all the world, Bertha would not bear of leaving her younger sisters. Nor would she burden him with their charge. But when Mynheer Van der Aken, who had been searching vainly for their mother, proposed that Joanna and Lena should keep house for him in Amsterdam, Bertha proudly consented to keep Dr. Van Voorst's house at Katwyk. And there, where she reigned even to old Anna's satisfaction, "The Doctor's Fee," which had providentially brought light out of darkness, and proved that the Father of the fatherless never forsook those who put their whole faith and trust in Him, had the place of honour on its whitest wall.

THE END.

THE JUBILEE SINGERS AT GROSVENOR HOUSE.

By Anne Beale.

Like a wail of ocean at sunset, or a plaint of the breezes at eve, is the strange, wild, melancholy music of the Fisk University Jubilee Singers. It would be as impossible to describe it as the souls of the poor negro slaves that gave birth to it. To see eleven men and women of colour on the platform of the fine music hall of Grosvenor House, surrounded by paintings and faced by their European brothers and sisters, and to hear them pour forth the pitiful strains that they or their parents sang in manacles and chains, is so affecting that hard, indeed, must be the heart untouched by sight and sound. The first plaintive wailing yet heart-stirring chorus seems the key-note and explanation of all that follows. "Steal away to Jesus" sounds strange to us who know that the Saviour is ever near; but to the poor slaves, labouring under cruel taskmasters, it was a singular reality. Those who first sang it lived on the bank of a river which they must cross to reach a missionary, working among the Indians on the opposite side. By stealth, and at night, they therefore "stole away to Jesus," worshipped, and recrossed the river, evading, as best they might, their driver and his whip. Like the early Christians, they risked all to find Christ. They chaunt the Lord's Prayer as they "steal away," and the cadence is sweet and low at first, then exultant, as if they realised their Father in heaven.

The listeners seem to realise what was the condition of the slave in America before their emancipation, by these pathetic melodies, the names of which, even, would tell of hopeless despair but for the "King Emanuel," and the "Massa Jesus," to whom their subjects fly for spiritual power to bear their bodily degradation. We fancy that we see them groping along in bondage when they tell us that their "way is cloudy;" or when they pour forth their complaint in the oft-repeated "Nobody knows the trouble I see," and "I'm rolling through an unfriendly world." Their voices literally "roll" as they sing, and the sound follows the sense. As in all national music, the common estate produces the melody. War, pastoral avocations, or religious enthusiasm have given rise to patriotic songs—here, slavery has bred the melancholy refrain. Yet, such is the consolation of the Gospel, that they can tell us how they "stand on the walls of Zion," and urge their friends not to be too late for "The Gospel Train."

Some of the songs are exultant, and when they "Long to be baptised by faith in the dying Lamb;" or ask whether God "didn't deliver Daniel, Jonah, and the Hebrew children," therefore, "Why not ev'ry man?" we rejoice with them at the hope kindled in their souls by the Divine Word. What else could have brought light to their darkness? What but a Saviour could have called forth a whole chorus on the blissful words, "I've been redeemed, been washed in the blood of the Lamb?"

Redeemed! Bought from the slavery of sin! How apt the similitude! Like the Israelites in Egypt, they groaned under cruel taskmasters, but felt that redemption was at hand, and like them they were enfranchised by the miraculous power of God. For their freedom, though brought about by war, was little short of a miracle. And when free, what was their cry? It was for teachers, schools, books—universities, even—to civilise, Christianise, and elevate the black man to a level with the white. It was then that the Fisk University for men of colour was first thought of, and then that the emancipated themselves bestirred themselves to found and build it. A song of jubilee sounded from broad Atlantic to vast Pacific, the song of the ransomed slave; and among the singers were the members of the choir now before us. "What can we do to help to found a university for our brethren?" they asked one another. This was the problem propounded by numbers, and it was answered in various ways. First, the manacles and chains by which they had been kept in slavery were brought to the foundry where, perhaps, they had been fashioned; were sold and melted down for the purchase of Bibles. Note this, oh white-faced sceptic! They accepted the "liberty whereby Christ has made us free," not desiring again to be "entangled in a yoke of bondage." Then some of the young, gifted with powerful voices, said they would sing through the length and breadth of the land the songs of their captivity, to stir the hearts of Christian men and women to aid in procuring for the negro race the advantages of education. Thus a choir of youths and maidens under a trained master, like themselves "a darkie," started from Nashville armed only with the hymns they and their parents had wearily chanted in their hours of labour and, too often, of despair.

Few are "prophets in their own country," and for a long time they roamed from town to town almost in vain. Here and there they met with some success, but more frequently with rebuffs. Why? Because they were black. They were turned out of hotels, or refused admission into them, and excluded from train or steamer on account of their colour, and this in a commonwealth, such as America professed to be. They endured contumely and derision, yet they sang on. At last they were received by ministers of the Gospel, and allowed to sing in their churches.

The recognition of their powers as exponents of slave minstrelsy began, and gradually the combination of pathos, sweetness, vigour, and originality discoverable in their strange songs was acknowledged. After having found it almost impossible to pay their way, they began to reap in success the harvest they had sown in tears and prayer. It was recognised that the ransomed slave had a voice as capable of reaching the heart as had the man for centuries free; why not, also, a spirit, a soul, to be refined, cultured, civilised, Christianised? Thus encouraged, the Jubilee Singers sang on till they finally returned to Nashville, having added forty thousand dollars to the fund gathered for the building of the Fisk University, the site of which was purchased.

People of all nations and all creeds flock to London; why not the enfranchised slave? This was their next question, and to London they came. Neither caste, colour, nor nationality prejudices the true-born Briton, albeit he has a queen and an aristocracy. Merit alone is a passport to public favour, and the genius of the Jubilee Singers was speedily acknowledged. They sang before the Queen and her ministers, on public platforms and at private receptions, in secular concerts and at religious gatherings, everywhere they were enthusiastically welcomed. In this land of the free, which was the pioneer in the liberation of the slave, rich and poor heard with emotion the rhythmic cry of the representatives of their class, and aided them to obtain the education they sought.

They visited the provinces, being everywhere well received, and when they finally recrossed the Atlantic they carried with them some ten thousand pounds. The Fisk University and its Jubilee Hall prospered, and thousands of coloured people were prepared in them to go forth and teach their brethren. Encouraged by previous successes, the choir again visited Great Britain, and on this second occasion went through Scotland and Wales,

and so identified themselves with the religious and philanthropic works in progress amongst us, that by singing for them gratuitously they proved their own gratitude and awakened ours. Wherever they appeared they attracted audiences, and we are not surprised that the history of their progress as told in a book called "The Story of the Jubilee Singers with their Songs," should have reached its hundred and fifth edition.

Success emboldens, and their tours through our island induced them to try "the grand tour" of the continent of Europe. France, Switzerland, Holland, Germany welcomed them, and people forgot diversities of creeds and race in the plaintive appeal for learning and Christian teaching. Emperors, kings, and princes, as well as the "general public," testified their love for liberty by speeding them on their way and swelling their funds.

And now they are with us again, and at the moment helping the Princess Louise Home to keep its year of jubilee. The kind Princess, who has given her name to the Home, is seated in front of them listening to their slave songs. But they, the enfranchised children of the slaves of a score of years ago, are now the educated and civilised members of university and school, like ourselves in all save shades of colour. The director tells us that "they have sung thirty thousand pounds out of the pockets of their hearers." May they, and others like them, sing and plead on until the curse of slavery is wiped from the face of the earth, and may we, fulfilling the life-long hopes of a Livingstone and a Gordon, be God's instruments in effacing it. Already at Zanzibar, where Livingstone watched, waited, and prayed, a Christian church stands where the slave market once stood, and where thirty thousand human beings were but a few years ago annually bought and sold, men and women sing the praise of the Lord. It remains for us to work on until the Soudan and the rest of the African continent be also enfranchised. All who wish to do honour to the memory of our national hero, General Gordon, will put their shoulders to the wheel of liberty, and roll it through the world till not only his dear Soudanese, "but all the dwellers on the dark continent, and the still darker island of New Guinea, be ransomed for the Saviour's kingdom," like these our Fisk University Jubilee Singers.*

We feel sure that the readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER will give a willing hand. We have again to thank them for their efforts in aid of the Home for whose jubilee year the Duke of Westminster generously lends his house, and the "singers" their voices. Several good friends have sent and promised work for the next bazaar, and our indefatigable "Veronica" has been foremost in the field. That blue-eyed flower seldom quits our hedgerows, and its name-sake must be bright and cheery as the wee blossom. And what shall we say of a whole "garden of girls," belonging to the High School of South Hampstead? Why, they have undertaken to make garments for our Woodhouse "garden of girls," and have already sent the first instalment, fashioned during their holidays! May their "labour of love" be equally blessed to "those who give, and those who take." We cannot better end this lengthy sketch than by acknowledging a donation of a pound from Lancaster "In the name of the great and gracious God."

* Since this was written, the Church Missionary Society have resolved to establish a mission in the Soudan as the best and surest means of keeping Gordon in the memory of the Christian world.

GIRL'S OWN HOME.

SUBSCRIPTION LIST.

Collected by Miss Hilda Thorold, £4 4s. 6d.; Miss A. E. Owen, 2s. 6d.; Ella Jeanie W., 1s.; collected by Miss A. E. Kaye, 8s. 6d.; collected by Miss A. F. Wright, 18s. 2d.; A Spring Offering, 1s.; F. L. T., 2s.; F. R. B., 1s.; In Memory of R. D. M., £1; Ida, 2s. 6d.; M. C. S., 2s. 6d.; Ochone, 2s. 6d.; Mona and Mila, £2; Joconda, 1s. 6d.; Miss Mary E. Biorkland, 10s.; M., 5s.; Mignon, 10d. Total amount received to April 30th, 1885, £994 16s. 8d.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

MISS GIVEMETHINEHEART (Germany).—1. We could not give an average of the relative amount of happiness enjoyed in youth and in old age. The former is credited with much more than the latter, when all things are seen *couleur de rose*. The spirits, from the mere strength of animal life, are greater; the health at its best. But some have unhappy homes in early life, who make better ones afterwards. In old age—if infirmities do not come with it, and loneliness, without any further hope of change—you may enjoy a quiet happiness. With the physical inability for exertion, the taste for fatiguing effort in pursuit of recreation ceases to exist, and trifling things will bring sufficient variety and food for thought for each day's life. Those who can then anticipate through faith in Christ the joy of the approaching change to a more blessed state of existence, are happy indeed in their declining age. 2. Learn recitations to strengthen memory.

ISABEL PEARCE.—Advertise for a situation. If one under Government, apply at the office of the Civil Service, Cannon-row, S.W.

MUSIC.

MIDSUMMER CHILD.—We are much pleased with the letter and the article, and are thankful to learn that you derive so much benefit from our paper. We trust you will improve in health; but even in the body's suffering the spirit may make good progress in holiness and peace. "Those also serve who only stand and wait."

AMATEUR.—Consult some of your former masters. We should think an advertisement would answer.

MUSICAL STUDENT.—We can only hope you live in the country, or with deaf people, as "seven hours a day of practising" should not be inflicted on any other unhappy being! If you consult "Work for All," page 347, vol. v., you will find full information about all the musical colleges.

S. C.—Many persons play the piano very well by ear only. Any instruction-book would answer from which to teach yourself.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC.—The bands of British regiments do not accompany them to the front, but only the drums and fifes. The latter, however, remain at the "base" with the luggage and stores. You must have mistaken the name.

WOULD-BE MUSICIAN.—The music you have sent us is correctly written, so far as we can see, and is a creditable exercise; but there is a vast difference between that and the original compositions that would be of value to others.

WORK.

MAY DEW.—You can have the accordion pleats redone. There are many places in London, such as sewing-machine shops, where plaiting is also done. The dress would probably wear better than if you made it up and ironed out the plaitings.

MAGGIE will find full instructions about bazaar articles at page 627, vol. ii.

AN ANXIOUS SISTER will find all the new information given on plain needlework in the articles now going on. See pages 280 and 395, vol. vi.

BERTHA ST. ORME.—You will find the article on book-binding at page 343, vol. ii.

FRANCES BEAUFORT.—Braided dresses are very much worn. We do not know that the book in question is good for very young girls, unless they had an older and wiser person to discuss it with them.

ONE WHO IS TIRED OF SERVICE.—The question of learning tailoring or mantle-making is really one of health. After being used to domestic service, which, under good conditions, is the most comfortable and healthy of all ways of earning a living, you will find the long hours of sitting or standing very fatiguing, and the close air and confinement trying.

A. E. T.—The coral may be washed in soap and water and dried carefully at a short distance from the fire. Do not allow it to become so again, but wipe it each time you take it off.

TOTTIE.—You should refer to our articles on "Dress in Season and in Reason." Jetted trimmings are most worn. Your "dear Aunt Mary" is a young woman, and should be suitably dressed as such. One would suppose her to be a hundred from your way of speaking. You write very nicely.

W. H. T.—The heel of a stocking may be thickened while knitting it by working in a second thread with the wool or cotton, or else by darning the heel when finished. Coloured knitting cottons may be obtained, blues and reds being the best.

MISCELLANEOUS.

CHERRY RIPE.—The lines you send, beginning—

"If thou shouldst never see my face again,"

are from Tennyson's "Idyls of the King"—The Passing of Arthur, line 247.

CLARRIE.—To wear a mackintosh to shelter you from the rain, taking it off immediately after would not be unhealthy. If worn too long, it becomes a kind of vapour bath.

DEJECTED PHILOMENA.—You are very young, and your general health is probably weak. You need good food, plenty of fresh air, and some kind of tonic. Perhaps a doctor would recommend cod-liver oil.

ROSA EVANS must consult a doctor.

MATTY must first write her story, and then there will be time enough to dispose of it. Did she ever hear of "counting one's chickens before they were hatched?"

AUSTRALIAN LILY.—We sympathise with you in your loss, and are glad you should write to us at any time you feel comfort in doing so. Many thanks for all your kind words and wishes.

AN ORPHAN PERPLEXED.—We *should not advise you* to leave service unless you saw your way very clearly to something better, which you do not appear to do.

CECILIA may take any name she likes, in addition to her Christian name.

A DOGARESSA.—The trouble between England and Russia arise from the fact that England considers Russia's aggressions in Afghanistan bring her too close to the empire of India. We are very glad to hear you like our paper so much.

E. M. O.—You ask whether the harvest moon nearest the equinox means the one before or after the 22nd of September. There is nothing in the least degree scientific in the name "harvest moon," as it defines nothing. But Sir John Herschel defines the harvest moon to be the full moon which happens on or nearest the 21st of September. It is the practice when full moons fall at nearly equal distances on each side of the autumnal equinox to call the one before the harvest moon, and that following the hunters' moon.

ROWAN TREE.—In a question so serious, it is better to consult a solicitor. As far as we know, a woman married before the 1st of January, 1883, has no power over property that was hers at that time.

MARTHA.—The stones of old Temple Bar are in the keeping of a contractor, and will shortly be set up in King's Bench-walk, Temple, E.C.

MARTHA.—Turpentine would clean the wax fruit, but would remove colour.

DAISY.—Delicate people should be cautious in the use of cold water, as we have so often before said.

J. BURREL.—The fungus on goldfish comes from decaying matter being left in the aquarium. Keep a long narrow wooden spoon close at hand. Goldfish feed on plants.

Y.—You must mean crocodiles, not alligators. The story is that the animal moans and sighs like a person in deep distress, and so attracts travellers to the spot, and even sheds tears when devouring them.

GRACELESS DOROTHY.—If you use the dumb-bells and not abuse them they will be a help to you; but remember that a girl's strength cannot bear any great strain upon it. St. Martin's, Canterbury, was built in the twelfth or thirteenth century. The abbey of St. Albans dates from the tenth century.

PUSSIE.—To keep a favourite cat from returning to its old home, shut it up for some days in the new house. Be kind to it, and butter its feet constantly.

REINHOLD.—There is a society now formed for supplying comforts to the soldiers in the Soudan. Apply to Lady Rosebery about it. You can make many things that soldiers require, or send the money you have collected to the society.

M. S.—See articles upon "How to Form a Small Library," October 2nd and November 20th, 1880.

MUSIDORA. — Musidora, Celadon, and Amelia are characters in Thomson's "Seasons." They are introduced in the "summer" section.

MIRIAM.—Washing soda is a strong alkali, and if you take it internally you *stand a chance of burning* your inside.

MUGGINS.—No woman should consent to marry a man whom she does not love, and no right-minded guardians or parents would try to induce her to do so, and to perjure herself so dreadfully before Almighty God as to vow to love a man whom she does not love. Never consent to taking a false oath; never do so cruel a thing as to deceive or raise false hopes in any man; never sell yourself for position, fortune, or anything else. It is not only degrading, but wicked.

INQUIRER.—The Canary Islands belong to Spain. Ptolemy fixed his first meridian there. They consist of a group of seven islands, the chief among which are Teneriffe, Grand-Canary, and Palma.

SWEET WILLIAM (Australia).—We have ceased to repeat answers to queries about the complexion, and must refer you to our indexes. Freckles are natural and permanent in some skins. We are glad you enjoy our paper, and send you our good wishes.

A KITCHENMAID.—The passage to which you refer is to be found in St. John xx. 23. When people are buried the feet are turned towards the east, as we are told in Zechariah xiv. 4, that at the Lord's second coming "His feet shall stand in that day upon Mount Olivet," and they are supposed to be waiting and facing that way at their rising. Daniel also prayed in his captivity with his face turned towards Jerusalem. See Daniel vi. 10, having a reference to 1 Kings viii. 48.

AULD LANG SYNE.—You have overlooked the fact that our blessed Lord made one exception to the rule He laid down. See St. Matt. v. 32.

PATIENCE.—The volunteers are only required to serve in England and protect the country from foreign invasion or rebellion at home, so do not feel anxious. Every eligible man should be a volunteer in such times as the present. Never could a day pass without time for prayer. Much could be said in five minutes, and you could pray while at your manual work or walking out-of-doors. Your time is God's; you have no right to defraud Him of a portion devoted to prayer, confession, and thanksgiving. *Tell your husband how* anxious you feel that you should so live here as to be reunited and happy hereafter.

WALTER E.—1. We do not see how any girl could imagine herself engaged, not having either received or accepted any proposal of marriage. A man "showing that he is fond of her" does not constitute an offer of his hand. 2. Any article of clothing would be both suitable and acceptable as a present for an infant. A piece of plate likewise.

IVY will spoil her teeth and her breath by the unsuitable practice of smoking. Under circumstances of long exposure to cold and damp, soldiers, sailors, and others find benefit from an occasional and moderate use of tobacco; but Dr. B. W. Richardson, in his work on "The Diseases of Modern Life," says, 'Smoking produces disturbances in the blood, the stomach, mucous membrane of the mouth, the heart, bronchial surface of the lungs, organs of sense, brain, and the volitional and the sympathetic or organic nerves."

NELLIE DASHWOOD.—Do not imagine that you are "of no use at all" when busily occupied in home work assisting your mother. It is sanctified when conscientiously performed as a duty laid upon you by God's providence. Besides, you have a cross, likewise, to bear. Try to bear it patiently and ever cheerfully. You are going through a course of moral training, if not a scholastic one. We do not see why you should not pass an examination in music, and advise you to prepare for one. Your letter is well expressed. Take heart. You have our best wishes.

SCOTIE.—We have ceased to repeat our advice given so often in reference to the complexion. Freckles are natural to some, and are permanent, while in others they fade in the winter. Your handwriting is not formed. Write copies.

ROSALIND, CELIA.—Both handwritings unformed, but promise well. We never had any king of the names Alphonso or Eustace. Stephen, King of England, had a son called Eustace, who predeceased his father by two years (1152), and in 1153 Henry, Matilda's son, was recognised as his heir to the throne. There were kings of Spain, Portugal, Naples, and Sicily of the name Alphonso, but none of England.

Z. Y. X.—The best cure for nervousness is to go to bed early, take plenty of out-door air, play healthful games with other young people, work in a garden (if you have one), think much of the comfort and assistance of others, and to forget yourself, and the possible opinions, averse or otherwise, formed about you. Your handwriting is too upright and still unformed.

FEUIT (near Tralee).—We decline to answer any more silly letters on the subject of piercing the ears for the benefit of the eyes. If healthy, the ears heal at once, and there is no discharge worth naming. If diseased, better not to trifle with an unhealthy skin or state of the blood. Running wounds are decidedly objectionable. Take this for our final answer, and occupy yourself with your lessons.

WEE MITE.—Your kind letter of thanks deserves ours. We are glad that our paper has been of so much service to you. If you wish to know more of home nursing, we recommend a small manual by one of our own staff, "Sick Nursing at Home" (1s. 3d., Gill, 170, Strand, W.C.).

LONE MEENIE will find a good selection of manuals at the nearest bookseller's, and probably will make a better choice than she could, without knowing her circumstances and feelings.

M. DENNET.—We are much obliged to you, but the enclosure is not suitable for our magazine.

SUNBEAM is a very young inexperienced little girl, and knows nothing of the difficulties, dangers, and disappointments connected with the course of life she has a fancy for trying. Quite apart from all this and the dutiful submission and respect which she owes her parents and to God, who placed them in authority, we have to warn her of a piece of great impropriety of which she has been guilty. What business had she to make a confident of her father's manservant? He is not her guardian, nor should he presume to converse with her, much less counsel his master's young daughter to act in opposition to her parents' wishes.

LIZZIE PERKS.—You have given us a very kind letter to acknowledge, and we are much gratified by all you tell us. To restore the gold frame of your looking-glass, use a bottle of Judson's gold paint. We wish you all happiness in your approaching marriage.

A LOVER OF THE G. O. P. ought to know better than to write such an ill-bred and ill-spelt letter before venturing to pronounce an opinion on whether anyone else is "no lady." Without pronouncing any opinion on our contributor, we can easily see what the writer of this present letter is—an uneducated and incompetent judge of any such matter. When the Jews had to wear a distinctive dress, it was a long cassock coat called a "gabardine."

CONSTANCE.—See our long series of articles on "Good Breeding," in giving and receiving hospitality, in walking, driving, travelling, dinners in society, and in general converse. Eighteen is the age at which girls are supposed to leave the schoolroom, and are regarded till then as children not old enough to be introduced into what is understood as "society." But her position in life, and her special circumstances in any position—such as having an invalid mother—sometimes permit of a relaxation of general rules.

LENORE.—1. Of course, you are perfectly at liberty to become a member of the English Established Church if you desire to do so. 2. There is much difference in character, as well as in style, between the writings of the Misses Braddon, Ouida, and those of Mrs. Henry Wood, Mrs. Craik, and Wilkie Collins. As to the character of the recreations in which a religious woman may indulge herself, and the amount of time to be devoted to wholesome relaxation of the brain, and rest or exercise of the body, and the health in general, your own individual conscience and good sense must be your guide. We could not dogmatise in a matter on which God-fearing people differ so much in opinion. So long, however, as you are under your parents' rule and roof, consult their wishes.

ETHEL WRIGHT.—Do not expect to understand more than the doctrines of Christianity, and the divine plan of salvation through a living fruit, producing faith in the merits and atonement of Christ—God incarnate. There are mysterious prophecies, strong expressions, scarcely to be understood in their true sense by Westerns. There are dealings of Providence, and commands given to the Jews of which God has vouchsafed no explanation. Besides this, there are passages on which no attendant circumstances are recorded which might have served to throw light upon them. Be content with understanding what God has clearly revealed, and be sure that all His commands and dealings are wise and merciful, just and true. The lord who commanded the steward denounced by Christ as unjust was his master, not the Lord Christ. The former admired his clever craftiness, not his conduct. The "beloved" named in "Solomon's Song" is stated (in the heading of the first chapter) to represent the Church, and the whole song is a dialogue.

ELSIE must write to Mr. Tarn, 56, Paternoster-row, E.C., for the numbers, enclosing the price and the postage.

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

VOL. VI.—NO. 292. AUGUST 1, 1885. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

WHEN WE WERE GIRLS TOGETHER.

A STORY OF SCHOOL-GIRL LIFE.

By SARAH DOUDNEY.

CHAPTER XV.

IN DISGRACE.

WHILE Jennet Fowler was getting into trouble, Charlotte Ashley was sleeping soundly on the soft couch in the sanctum, and Miss Thornhill was shut up in her own room. The sound of the tea-bell woke the former, and roused the latter from a fit of musing. Gently opening the sanctum door, Miss Thornhill looked in to see how the invalid fared.

"THE TEACHER LAUGHED, AND MOVED TOWARDS THE DOOR."

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"What a long nap I have had!" said Charlotte, lifting her head from the cushions. "I am very thirsty, Miss Thornhill; will you please send up tea soon?"

"Yes; shall Pamela Rye bring it to you?"

"Oh, no; Pamela isn't amusing. When I am in a talking mood I like her well enough; she makes a good listener; but I'm not talkative to-day."

"Shall I send Minnie Wood?"

"She is so stupid."

"My dear Charlotte, you are hard to please."

"But I think you know that Minnie is stupid, don't you, Miss Thornhill? Of course you will not answer," added Charlotte, with the old twinkle of amusement in her eyes. "You won't say anything nasty of one girl to another."

"I wish you would imitate me in that respect," Miss Thornhill said, smiling.

"My school-life would be very flat if I did," Charlotte replied, with perfect candour. "To talk about each other is one of our chief amusements. I can't promise to give it up."

"But can't you promise to give up saying nasty things?"

Charlotte shook her head.

"Indeed, Miss Thornhill, I should like to please you, but I don't see how it is to be done. It isn't possible to talk of one's schoolfellows without saying nasty things; they are not a set of angels."

"Neither are you an angel, my dear!"

"Oh, no; I am sure I get my full share of quiet backbiting, and I don't mind it in the least."

"I think you do mind it, Charlotte; love of approbation is pretty strongly developed in your nature."

"Love of some people's approbation, perhaps. But surely, Miss Thornhill, you don't believe that I covet the devotion and admiration of all those girls downstairs?"

"I do honestly believe that you would be annoyed if you thought they admired someone else more. You like to queen it everywhere, Charlotte."

Charlotte smiled. It was a pretty little smile of self-conviction that became her face very well.

"How you do delight in digging into people's characters, Miss Thornhill!" she remarked.

The teacher laughed, and moved away towards the door.

"Shall Jennet Fowler bring your tea?" she asked, looking back over her shoulder.

"Well—yes, please—if you like."

Miss Thornhill went down to the refectory, smiling to herself. She had achieved one of her heart's desires; Charlotte had evidently taken a liking to Jennet, and the pair were in a fair way to become friends.

The girls were seating themselves at the long table when she entered the room. Mrs. Mayfield always took her tea alone, and Miss Sand was sitting in her place behind the large urn. Madame de Bèze, with another urn in front of her, presided at the bottom of the board, with the younger pupils under her charge; Miss Thornhill looked for Jennet in vain.

"Where is Jennet Fowler?" she asked.

"In the library," Miss Sand replied.

"Is she not well?"

"She is in disgrace," said Miss Sand, shortly. She suspected Miss Thornhill of a partiality for Jennet, and always set her face steadfastly against favourites. Moreover she secretly thought that Miss Thornhill herself would be all the better for a little more discipline.

The eyes of the two teachers met, and Madame de Bèze, at her end of the table, fancied that she detected a mutual defiance in their glances. Miss Thornhill, however, asked no more questions; she merely turned to one of the youngest pupils, and desired her to carry a cup of tea to Charlotte Ashley. When a girl was on the sick-list it was generally esteemed a pleasant office to wait upon her; the little ones, especially, were glad to perform any small service, and liked running upstairs to the sanctum.

Little Kate Russell rose with alacrity, and went off in triumph with a small tray, bearing cup and plate. Miss Thornhill, looking graver than usual, seated herself in her accustomed place, which chanced to be facing Pamela Rye.

A close observer might have noticed that Pamela's delicate cheeks were deeply flushed. She kept her eyes fixed on her plate, and began to stir her tea in a nervous way. But Miss Thornhill, pained and preoccupied, did not even glance at her opposite neighbour.

Miss Sand had once openly said to Mrs. Mayfield that Miss Thornhill was too young to be a teacher; but the mistress had decidedly disagreed with this opinion. Una Thornhill was in her twenty-fifth year, and had been teaching in a school in Brussels before she came to the college. True, the other governesses were older; Fraülein Braun, the stout, good-natured German, was forty; and Madame de Bèze was forty-five; but nobody could call four-and-twenty extreme youth.

Miss Sand had admitted, rather reluctantly, that Miss Thornhill was, perhaps, old enough to work well; and had allowed that she was highly cultivated.

"But," she had added, "there is too decided a style about her. She does not look as if the school-room were her proper place. She has the air of one who has always lived in society."

Mrs. Mayfield had said, rather curtly, that it was a good thing for the girls to have a perfectly-bred woman always with them. She was often secretly weary of Miss Sand's perpetual fault-findings, although she was not blind to her valuable qualities. And Miss Sand, finding that her remarks were not very well received, became discreetly silent; but she continued to cherish the belief that Miss Thornhill had mistaken her vocation.

Looking at her quite dispassionately as she sat in her place among the girls, many people might have agreed with Miss Sand.

Everything about Una Thornhill was dainty and refined, her plain gown seemed to adapt itself perfectly to the graceful, easy lines of her tall figure; her rich golden-brown hair was coiled simply at the back of a classically-shaped head. Her face was milk-white, with dark-blue eyes, a delicate nose (not purely Grecian), and a soft, smiling mouth. That mouth always seemed to Jennet the loveliest that she had ever seen; the smile that haunted the full, red lips was indescribably dreamy and sweet. To her, Una Thornhill, with her deep blue eyes and creamy skin, had the look of an enchantress; and "The enchantress" was the name by which she called her in thought, little guessing that by this very name Miss Thornhill had been really known in other days.

Other days! No wonder if the teacher recalled them sometimes, and wondered whether the present were a dream and the past a reality? Certain it is that it seemed easier to believe herself Una Thornhill, the beauty — the supposed heiress, at whose shrine so many had worshipped—than the humble governess at St. Anne's College.

Yet, being of a resolute nature, Una had set herself to make the best of a changed existence, and had succeeded very well. She is a wise woman who will use her gifts in a lowly sphere, when she has descended from a higher. Instead of suffering her witcheries to fall into disuse, Una now made a better use of them than ever. She had learnt to turn—

"The earthly gift to an end divine."

The peculiar charm of eyes and smile, which had "enchanted" many world-worn men and women, now won the hearts of the most unimpressionable school-girls, and achieved more conquests over stubborn wills than Miss Sand could ever boast of having gained. It was not marvellous, perhaps, that Miss Sand, perceiving Una's marked success in dealing with difficult pupils, declared that her victories were obtained by unlawful means.

"She is pretty, and she knows it, and fascinates the girls with her beauty and winning ways; but they ought to be ruled, not fascinated," said Miss Sand to herself. And then, glancing down the tea-table at Una's saddened face, she felt a secret triumph in having discovered Jennet Fowler's sins.

CHAPTER XVI.

CHARLOTTE'S REQUEST.

WHEN the pupils had risen from the tea-table, Miss Thornhill hastened upstairs at once to Mrs. Mayfield's room.

"Come in," said the principal, in answer to her knock, and Miss Thornhill could detect a touch of weariness in the tone. She entered, and was greeted with rather a weary smile. It was evident that her presence was not quite as welcome as usual. Mrs. Mayfield was tired and thoroughly depressed.

"I want to speak to you about Jennet Fowler," the teacher began.

"Yes, I thought so, my dear. But I have had quite enough of her for the present," the principal replied. "Miss Sand said that she was sent to the library in disgrace."

"Dear Mrs. Mayfield, is there anything very serious? You know I am interested in that girl."

"I do know it, Una, and I know, too, that you have been deceived in her. This afternoon Miss Sand found her sitting on the floor of her bedroom reading a most undesirable book. We opened her box, and discovered another book by the same author concealed under some linen. She steadily assured us that she did not know how the novel got into the box."

Miss Thornhill looked pained and hopelessly puzzled.

"She always seemed to me perfectly truthful," she said, sadly. "Is it possible that someone did put the book into her box?"

"How could that be done? The box was locked, and her keys were in her pocket. And there was another falsehood about the book she was reading when Miss Sand surprised her."

"Miss Sand is always surprising people."

"My dear Una, be just; we ought to be grateful to her for the discovery she has made. Do you think that the girls' parents and guardians would like them to read such books as Jennet was reading to-day?"

"I am sure they would not, Mrs. Mayfield; it is quite right to make an example of an offender."

"You know I am never harsh, Una, but I will own that I was angry this afternoon. It seems that when Jennet was surprised with the novel, in which she was entirely absorbed, she declared that she had found it placed in the drawer of her dressing-table. We shall never get the truth out of her, I am afraid; there was a dogged determination in her manner."

"Will you let me talk to her?" Miss Thornhill asked.

"No, it will be best to leave her to herself till to-morrow. To-night she will sleep in Miss Sand's room."

Miss Thornhill said no more, but went away sadly to her own room. There was still an hour and a half before church time, and she wanted to think and be quiet, but Charlotte Ashley's voice, calling to her from the sanctum, broke in upon her musings.

"Miss Thornhill," Charlotte began, "what has happened to Jennet Fowler? The child who brought up my tea told me she was in disgrace."

"We must not talk about the matter till to-morrow," Miss Thornhill replied. "It is true that she is in disgrace, but the girls are quite ignorant of the cause."

Charlotte sat upright on the sofa, and looked at the teacher with earnest eyes.

"I don't believe Jennet has done anything very wrong," she said, in a tone of conviction; "and I should like to know who her accuser is."

"Miss Sand."

"Oh, the pouncer. She is the very person to misunderstand Jennet."

Miss Thornhill conquered an inclination to smile, and spoke in a reproving tone.

"My dear Charlotte, you must not speak disrespectfully of Miss Sand. That name is really very——"

"Very appropriate! I won't use it again in your presence, Miss Thornhill; you are bound to uphold Miss Sand's dignity, of course, although there is little enough to uphold."

"Charlotte!"

"Well, you must admit that pouncing is an undignified occupation. But do tell me everything, Miss Thornhill; I am sure that Jennet is misjudged. She is a girl not quite like other girls, you know."

"You will be discreet, Charlotte? If you see any of the girls before bedtime you must say nothing."

"I promise on my honour to say nothing," rejoined Charlotte, proudly.

Quickly, and in a low voice, Miss Thornhill described the scene that had been enacted in Jennet's bedroom, exactly as Mrs. Mayfield had described it to her, and, as Charlotte listened, her brown cheeks flushed and paled, and her dark eyes shone with a feverish lustre.

"Miss Thornhill, did you hear the titles of those books?"

"No."

"Then will you find out what they were? Or, better still, will you bring the books to me?"

"Why do you want to see them?" Miss Thornhill asked.

"I can't tell you now; but—but do bring them to me before I sleep to-night."

"Not to-night, Charlotte."

"Then I shan't be able to sleep. Miss Thornhill, just think; it will do no harm to grant my request."

"It is a very odd request, and you are a strange girl. But I see you are in earnest."

"Terribly in earnest," said Charlotte, promptly.

"I will try to do as you wish." Miss Thornhill gave the promise after a brief silence; and then added sadly—

"If I am deceived in Jennet Fowler it will be a great blow to me. I never met any girl who seemed so utterly guileless. And yet she has really done a most deceitful thing in stealing upstairs to gloat over those forbidden books in solitude. It was a mad thing, too; she must have known that she was likely to be discovered."

"Supposing you are not deceived in her?" Charlotte said, in a trembling voice. "Supposing that someone put the book in the drawer on purpose to tempt her?"

"Charlotte, I can't suppose anything of the kind."

"Miss Thornhill, I don't think you know how wicked some people can be. Every girl in the college is aware of Jennet's passion for reading; already she has devoured every book that we are allowed to read. I am very fond of stories myself, but I don't feast on them as she does. And I am sure—perfectly sure—that she only read books of the simplest kind before she came here."

"How can you be sure of that?" Miss Thornhill asked, with deep interest in her tone.

Charlotte coloured, but she answered with her usual candour and good sense.

"Because she knows nothing of the things that novels teach us; and she is quite unlike the girls who are always reading them. Indeed, Miss Thornhill, if you could hear some of us talking about the books we have read you would be greatly astonished. We are not all so strictly guarded in our homes as we are here."

Miss Thornhill was silent, feeling that Charlotte, as a pupil, could get deeper insight into girl-life than she, herself, could ever obtain as a teacher. Moreover, she knew that directness was one of Charlotte's best points; there was often an honesty even in her wrong-doing; it was the salt of her character. This girl, haughty and self-willed as she was, could respect and defend a schoolfellow who had not at first pleased her in the least. Miss Thornhill felt secretly convinced that her judgment of Jennet was right; but there was a mystery to be cleared up, and how was it to be done?

"You won't forget your promise?" said Charlotte, as the teacher prepared to leave her. "You will let me see those books before I sleep to-night?"

"If I can possibly obtain them, I will;" was the reply. And then Miss Thornhill went back to her own room, and got ready for the walk to church.

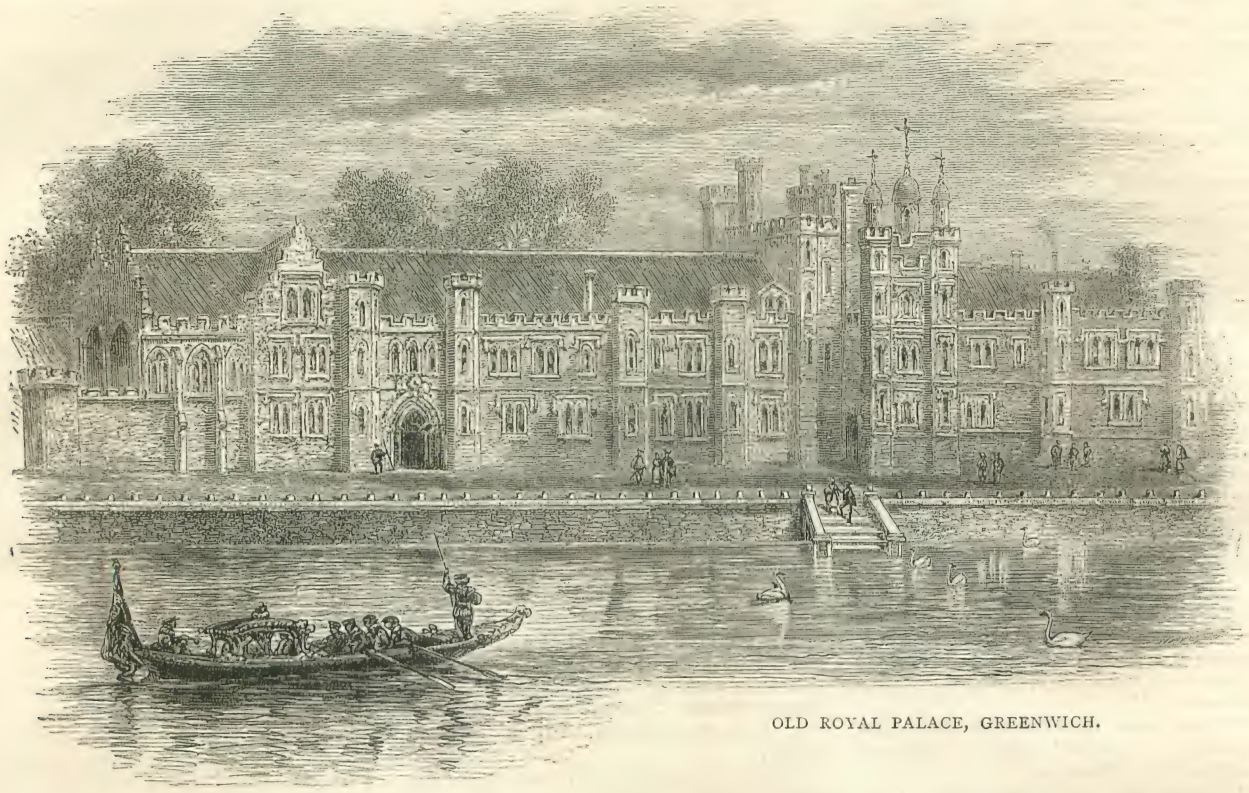
Miss Sand was her companion, and the walk was a silent one. Una Thornhill knew that her fellow teacher did not like her, and disapproved of her influence with the girls; but she was careful to keep this knowledge to herself. It was not until the service was over, and teachers and pupils had returned to the college, that Miss Thornhill made a request.

"Miss Sand," she said in her gentlest tone, "I was sorry to hear of your discovery in Jennet Fowler's room. Mrs. Mayfield says that the books found were most objectionable. Have you taken charge of them?"

"Yes," Miss Sand replied.

"Then will you be kind enough to let me see them?"

(To be continued.)



OLD ROYAL PALACE, GREENWICH.

THE PRINCESSES OF WALES.

VI.—AUGUSTA, THE MAID OF SAXE-GOTHA.

"No; 'tis that gentleness of mind, that love
So kindly answering my desire,
That grace with which you speak and look and move,
That thus has set my soul on fire."
—*Frederick, Prince of Wales.*

KING GEORGE THE SECOND, in deference to his clever wife, Caroline, and to the loud murmurs of the country about the Prince of Wales not being yet married at the ripe age of twenty-eight, made a trip to the Continent, and having seen the maid of Saxe-Gotha, thought she would make a tolerable wife for his son.

She was a mere child in nature, and was taken off the hand of her brother, the Duke of Saxe-Gotha, with about as much respect as a father purchases a doll for his child in the Burlington Arcade. And she seems to have had no more objection to become the bride of Frederick than the lifeless effigy of the arcade would have to being transplanted to a West-end nursery.

Not a word of English did she know, and scarcely a word of French even, when, at the tender age of seventeen, she arrived at Greenwich in the royal yacht William and Mary, on Sunday, the 25th of April, 1736. She had not been permitted to bring even a single female friend with her from Germany. When the English nobleman who had brought her across from her quiet life at Saxe-Gotha handed her ashore, and took her up to the Queen's house in the noble park, there was no expectant bridegroom there to welcome her. A crowd of people, naturally enough, had assembled to greet the young bride who would in course of nature become their queen; and as they caught sight of her seated at a window that overlooked the park, and saw that she had a fresh face, with plenty of good-humour in it, and was dressed with excellent taste, they made amends for the bridegroom's neglect by shouting till they were hoarse.

It has been said that Frederick's heart, if he possessed such an honest thing, lay rather towards his cousin Frederica of Prussia, sister of Frederick the Great. The marriage into which he was about to enter was a matter of complete indifference to him. When his royal father—with whom he was on the very worst of terms—had sent some members of the Privy Council to propose his acceptance of Augusta's hand, he nonchalantly replied that he would be satisfied with any lady His Majesty thought a proper match for him. There had been no passage of pleasant wooing between them, and when he arrived late at Greenwich he gave her but a cold and formal greeting, with the compliments of the King, Queen, and Royal Family. The young princess, on her part, could not well resist admiring the handsome Adonis, for he was tall, fair, with long, curly hair, and had a dignified appearance.

Augusta had none of the striking beauty, dashing manner, and aristocratic charms that demand the immediate surrender of the proudest man; indeed, the description given by a courtier in his private memoirs represents her as having an awry figure, arms disproportionately long, and an "ordinary air, which no trappings could cover or exalt." But there was that in her looks and in her nature which gained upon acquaintance; she was fresh as the fairest morning in May, and sweet as the evening among the new-mown hay; tall, girlish, rosy, with an irresistible expression of modesty and good humour. King George had been attracted by her after he had seen her but once in her German home; and the handsome "Fred," who had parted coldly from her with a distant kiss of the hand at Greenwich, threw away his indifference when he met her for the third time on Tuesday. He received her gallantly at St. James's, imprinting a kiss upon her lips. Nor was that her only conquest; for when the heir-apparent introduced her at the palace to his parents, and the untutored girl threw herself down at their feet in presence of a brilliant and numerous Court, both of them were softened by her humble, artless, yet easy manner; and Queen Caroline, who despised her own son as a "poor, mean, mendacious, and unprincipled creature," extended to his bride all the warmth of a possible affection. Augusta left on everyone present the impression that she was a sensible young lady.

On that day, after a State dinner, she was attired in a white robe, over which hung a mantle of crimson velvet bordered with row on row of ermine; on the summit of her fair tresses rested the crown of Princess of Wales; and four bridesmaids, also dressed in "virgin habits of silver," stood round her at the altar of the Chapel Royal, where she was married by the Bishop of London. The bridal party then returned to the drawing-room, and the young couple on bended knees received the blessing of the King and Queen.

Augusta was far from being brilliant, and her domestic tastes and simple conversation were apt to make her learned and vivacious mother-in-law look upon her as dull company. Her chief delight was to sit half the day at the windows of Kensington Palace nursing a great doll, much to the amusement and amazement of servants and sentinels. Her sister-in-law, the gentle Princess Caroline, suggested to her, with just a touch of irony, that she should not stand at the window during these operations on her baby! In the course of time the child-wife grew out of these frivolities.

It would serve no good purpose if I were to tell you about the wretched political intrigues into which the foolish prince was drawn, or the silly family quarrel that led to his expulsion from St. James's in the autumn

of 1737 along with the inoffensive Augusta and her infant child. Indeed, as Frederick had remained in Germany till he was twenty-one, he could not be expected to know or care very much about the politics of England; and, although he was led to *pose* as the champion of the people, he had more taste for the composition of madrigals. His poetical aspirations were by no means stamped with genius, and their merit may be guessed at from the equivocal remark made to the prince himself by a noble lord—

"They are worthy of your Royal Highness!"

As the prince aimed at popularity, he was fond of driving about in public with the princess; and the people, not in London only, but in fashionable resorts like Bath and Bristol, were charmed with their "gracious and obliging behaviour." Their rival Court, as that of Caroline had been when she was Princess of Wales, was the haunt of painters, wits, poets, and philanthropists. The brilliant statesmen, Bolingbroke, Chesterfield, and Pitt, were to be seen there; Pope and Swift and Thomson were the giants of its literary coterie; and the atmosphere was hallowed by the presence of the pious and benevolent Countess of Huntingdon.

Behind that outer courtly ring of strife and jest there lay a happy domestic circle; for Augusta was a good, true mother, and the prince was an affectionate parent, happy in the bosom of his family, and always greeting them with smiles and kisses. They joined in the children's innocent and cheerful romps, and in the winter played with them at base-ball in a large room.

Blind to the follies of her good-natured husband, his sudden death after a married life of fifteen years was a terrible blow to the simple-hearted wife. On the last day of March, 1751, between nine and ten at night, the prince, who had been suffering for a week from a distressing cough, but seemed to be recovering, clapped his hand upon his breast, and exclaimed in French that he was dying. The poor wife rushed forward with a light and looked upon his face. In that brief instant the spirit had fled. For hours she sat beside him, unwilling to believe that he was gone from her; and when, long after dawn, she was persuaded to retire to rest, scarcely two hours had passed before the anxious widow had returned to gaze upon the pallid countenance. She was already the mother of seven children, and after Frederick's death a little girl was born — a child of misfortune — Caroline Matilda, the unhappy Queen of Denmark.

At the end of a month a touching scene took place in the bosom of the orphaned family. The gruff old king paid a visit to his daughter-in-law, and sat down beside her on a sofa, mingling his tears with hers. When Augusta, her mother's namesake, and the eldest of his grandchildren, came forward reverently to kiss the plump hand of her grandpapa, he linked her hand with those of her brothers. "Be brave boys," said the old king. "Be obedient to your mother, and deserve the fortune to which you are born." The princess was a favourite with the king; she was nominated to the regency, and was awarded the same public honours as had been paid to Queen Caroline.

The severe and seclusive strictness in which her children, especially the eldest son (afterwards King George III.), were nurtured, was highly creditable to her heart. Her family loved her. The Duke of Gloucester, George's younger brother, liked to recall in after years those innocent days of childhood, and he once said to Hannah More with pride, "No boys were ever brought up in a greater ignorance of evil than the king and myself." The old king, however, grumbled about the neglect of their education, and said of the young Prince of Wales, "The boy is good for nothing but to read a Bible to his mother."

The Princess Dowager had the delight of standing as sponsor to her grandson (George IV.) and of being present at the coronation of her son (George III.). On this occasion it was remarked that she was the most tastefully dressed lady present. During the early years of her son's reign, this mild, hearth-loving woman became unpopular on the mistaken supposition that she directed the government of the country. A bold alderman declared in the House of Commons that the nation was being ruined by a woman. "It isn't the sex I object to," said the furious demagogue, "but the woman." Yes, at the time when the Princess Augusta was spending perhaps £10,000 a year in secret acts of charity, the hand that did them only becoming known when it was closed in death, her mansion was attacked by a furious mob, her life was placed in danger, her effigy was beheaded and burned on Tower Hill.

Her last days were doubly embittered by the terrible misfortune of her daughter Caroline, and for more than a week after the news reached her she was only kept alive by cordials. Every evening she was visited punctually by her adoring son, King George, and his wife Charlotte. She manifested an invincible spirit throughout her protracted illness.

Shortly before she expired, on the morning of the 5th of February, 1772, as the physician hesitated to answer her question as to how long she might live, she remarked, "It is no matter. I have nothing to say, nothing to do, and nothing to leave." *And that* was true. Besides her silent deeds of charity, she had paid off her husband's debts and established a retreat at Kew Green for her old and faithful servants.

She died as she had lived, says Bishop Newton, beloved and lamented most by those who knew her best.

PRINCESS AUGUSTA OF SAXE-GOTHA.
From a portrait by Zincke.

VARIETIES.

THE USE AND ABUSE OF WATER.—Use water abundantly. A deficiency of water means personal cleanliness not attended to, clothes not properly washed, rooms not thoroughly scrubbed out, and cooking and dishes not the most cleanly. The abuse of water does not lie in the large or liberal use of it, but in rendering what we do use uncleanly or unfit for healthy use.

A CURE FOR A LYING TONGUE AND A BAD MEMORY.

An old man, Phil Ladds by name, who had a great reputation as a quack doctor, used to travel week by week through the rural districts of Sussex. One day a servant girl came to him and said—

"I'm troubled with two bad complaints, Mus. Ladds, and I want you to cure 'em. I've got a lyin' tongue and a bad memory, and I jus' should be glad if you could get rid on 'em for me."

"Ah, well," said the doctor, "I haven't got the right stuff with me for these complaints to-day; but you come again when I'm round this way next week, and I'll set you all right."

In the meantime the doctor made up a couple of pills of asafœtida, or some such nauseous compound, and when the girl in due course presented herself, he gave them to her, telling her to take one there and then, in the shop, and to chew it well, or it would not do her the least atom of good. As soon as the girl began to chew she began to splutter, and cried out:

"Oh, Mus. Ladds, this is just horrid stuff you've given me. I can't swallow it nohows in de wurrild."

"Ah, there," said the doctor, "you've spoken the truth, that's certain, so I've cured your lying tongue; and I'm sure you won't forget that pill, so I've cured your bad memory. I shan't charge you nothing; good morning."—*Sussex Folk.*

FIRM FRIENDSHIPS.—The firmest friendships have been formed in mutual adversity, as iron is most strongly united by the fiercest flame.

AUNT DIANA.

By ROSA NOUCHETTE CAREY, Author of "Nellie's Memories," "Not Like Other Girls," "Esther," etc.

CHAPTER XVIII.

"DON'T BE FRIGHTENED, AILIE."

ALISON passed an anxious and solitary afternoon, and as she sat alone at her needlework, she could not divest her mind of all sorts of gloomy anticipations. She knew her father to be a man of strong passions; she dreaded the effects of his displeasure on Mabel. His severity would be tempered with justice; but still the weight of his anger would be crushing. Alison's tender heart was full of compunction and pity for poor Missie. She was deprived of the solace of Roger's company, for he had gone back to the yard before Mr. Merle had left the house, and later on he had some business in the town. It would have been a relief to talk to Miss Leigh, but the worry had brought on one of the governess's nervous headaches, and she was lying down in her room. Rudel was spending the afternoon at a schoolfellow's house, and Poppie's society was about as comforting as a kitten's, so Alison sent her out with one of the maids, and tried to interest herself in her work.

It was a lovely afternoon; the soft September sunshine lay on the lawn, and on the beds of scarlet geraniums and dark red verbenas. All the doors and windows were open, a faint sweet smell of clematis stole into the room, mingled with the scent of late blooming roses. In spite of her heavy thoughts, the coolness and silence, and the busy twittering of the sparrows in the ivy, brought a sense of refreshment to Alison. A verse she had read that morning came into her mind—

"Let us gather up the sunbeams
Lying all around our path;
Let us keep the wheat and roses,
Casting out the thorns and chaff;
Let us find our sweetest comforts
In the blessings of to-day,
With a patient hand removing
All the briars from the way."

"The briars are in poor Mabel's way," she thought, "but perhaps I may help her to put them aside. There is always something for one to do or bear, as Aunt Di once said; the daily sacrifice is still for us, if not, perhaps, a whole burnt sacrifice, yet there is still the need of a peace offering, so many little offices to do for others; even pulling up a briar or two out of their way may do something to lighten their daily journey." Alison was cheering herself up bravely, and when the tea-things were brought in, she carried Miss Leigh a cup, and sat down by her bedside and talked to her a little.

"What a comfort you are to us all, Alison, my dear," said the governess, gratefully, as the girl turned her pillow and bathed her throbbing head, and lowered the blind, that the evening sunshine should not obtrude too strongly. "No one has ever waited on me so nicely; really, my head is rather better, and I think I shall be able to sleep a little until your father and Mabel come in."

"They cannot be long now," returned Alison, "but you must not trouble yourself about anything more to-night. I will come in again by-and-by and see if you have rested." And then she softly closed the door. It was impossible to go back to her needlework, so she took her book and seated herself under the lime trees within view of the gate. Poppie had come home from her walk, and was playing about the lawn with Otter and Sulky. The jackdaw's solemn gait, as he stalked down the garden path, amused Alison, and she laid down her book to watch him. Now and then Poppie claimed her attention, or Otter flew to her side to hide his ball in her gown. She soon grew so interested in their play that the time passed unheeded, and she woke up with a start to the conviction that it was nearly eight, and the early autumn twilight was creeping over the garden.

So late and they had not arrived; and what could have become of Roger? She called to Poppie hurriedly to put Sulky in the yard and run into the house, as it was bedtime, and her supper was waiting in the schoolroom; and the little girl had hardly left her before the latch of the gate was raised, and in another moment Roger came rapidly towards her.

He looked heated, as though he had been walking fast; but it was a white heat, and it struck Alison suddenly that he was ill, or that he had heard something.

"Don't be frightened, Ailie," he said, in a quick, nervous voice, that certainly did not reassure her, neither did the touch of his cold damp hand. "I have come first to prepare you; be as brave as you can, for your help is wanted."

"Something dreadful has happened! Oh, Roger be quick."

"I have no time to tell you much," he returned, still more hurriedly. "They came back by train—oh, why did he not send me?—there was an accident. I was down at the station and saw them come in. They are both hurt; at least, I am afraid Missie is, only she will not say so, but father is the worst."

"Oh, Roger!" and Alison's figure swayed for a moment on his arm until he made her sit down, for the sudden shock had turned her lips white. She could not say more at that moment.

"We do not know yet," he half whispered; "there are two doctors with him, and they are bringing him home. He had a blow and was insensible, but they cannot tell yet; there is no wound. There, I hear them coming, Ailie; pull yourself together; we must not think of anything but him."

"No no," and she gave a quick gulp, and the colour came back to her lips. The sparrows were twittering sleepily in the ivy. "And one of them shall not fall on the ground, without your Father," seemed to come into her mind, like the sudden flash of a sunbeam out of a passing cloud. He was in the Divine hands; she must remember that. As Roger went down to open the gates, she compelled herself to return to the house.

"Sarah, there has been an accident," she heard herself say, only her voice did not seem to belong to her. "Send Eliza to the schoolroom to keep Miss Poppie out of the way, and you and Nanny be in readiness for what is wanted. Hot water, I suppose they will want that, and I don't know what besides." And here her voice suddenly failed, for wheels were evidently coming up the gravelled sweep. The next few minutes were simply horrible to Alison. The two doctors and Roger, and some man from the railway, were all helping in removing her father's inanimate figure from the vehicle. Alison recognised the family practitioner, Dr. Greenwood, but the other was a stranger. There was nothing to do; her father's room was in readiness, and Roger was there to show them the way. She could only lean against the wall as they passed, with a fleeting consciousness that her father's eyes were still closed, and that there was something terrible in the inert heavy droop of the limbs. "Very gently," she heard Dr. Greenwood say. "Yes, I know the room; that is the door, Cameron." And then it closed after them, and she felt someone grip her arm.

"Help me upstairs, Alison," said Missie, hoarsely. She had crept out of the fly unaided, and now stood by Alison's side in the dark hall. Alison had almost forgotten her in that moment's agony; but then Roger had said surely she was not much hurt, yet there she was clinging to her sister with a white stony face.

"Lean on me, dear," exclaimed Alison, passing her arm tenderly round her; but to her alarm Missie uttered a sharp cry of pain.

"No, don't touch me, not that side; I will hold your arm. I want to be in my own room if I can only get there." And leaning heavily on Alison's shoulder she toiled slowly up the staircase, her faintness and difficulty evidently increasing at every step, but her strong will

supporting her until they reached the threshold, and then she suddenly tottered, and if Alison had not caught her in her arms, she would have fallen. Alison dared not call loudly for assistance, for they were close to her father's room; but she was young and strong, and she just managed to drag Missie to a chair, and summon one of the frightened servants, when Missie revived. Alison mixed a little sal volatile and water and gave it to her. Missie tasted it, and put it down, shuddering.

"It was the pain; you touched it, and I am so bruised all over," she said, with a sort of sob. "I did not want them to know; they had to look after papa; but I am afraid my arm is broken."

"Oh, Mabel, my poor dear!" And Alison knelt down by her. She had not noticed how helplessly the left arm hung down, and now Missie would not let her touch it.

"It is all bruised and cut," she said, her forehead contracting heavily with pain. "The doctor must see it presently, when he has finished in the other room; not now. Oh, Alison, where are you going? You shall not disturb them. What does it matter? If only——" but here her fast whitening lips refused to utter her fear.

"Let me go, darling," returned Alison, anxiously; "I will not disturb them, you may quite trust me." And without waiting for Mabel's answer, she slipped away.

As she entered the dressing-room, the stranger, a dark, grave looking young man, came out of her father's room. He listened to Alison's account, and promised to attend to her sister as soon as possible.

"We must finish the examination," he said, dismissing her, "but I will come as soon as I can. I thought there was something wrong, but she deceived us by hiding her arm under her mantle. She was bruised, that was all, she told us. Keep her quiet, and I will be with you directly."

Missie was leaning back in her chair, with her eyes closed, but as Alison entered she opened them full on her sister, and the blank miserable look in them convinced Alison that she was dreading the worst.

"Do not look so, Mabel, darling," she said, kissing her softly. "Indeed we do not know; they have told me nothing. Dear papa is in God's hands; we must leave him there, and hope for the best."

A low groan broke from Mabel's lips.

"Oh, it is easy for you; even if the worst comes, you can bear it; you have nothing with which to reproach yourself. If he dies, I shall have killed him. How am I to go on living and know that?" And here she burst out into hoarse sobs.

"Mabel, my poor dear, oh! how am I to comfort you?" exclaimed Alison, unable to restrain her own tears at the sight of her sister's anguish.

"You cannot comfort me," returned the unhappy girl. "What is the pain of my broken arm and my bruises, compared to what I shall feel if he dies, and I am not able even to tell him that I am sorry for my deceit and disobedience; and I would not say so, because he was angry. Oh, papa, papa, and I loved you so!" And the poor child hid her face on Alison's shoulder. It seemed a relief to her to pour out her feelings. He had been so angry, and she would not own herself in the wrong, and then the horrible accident had happened, and she thought at first her father was killed. "When they said he was alive, and they must bring him home, and see what could be done, I thought I would not add to the trouble, and so I managed to hide my broken arm." But here she broke off, as Mr. Cameron entered the room.

"Papa?" she said, faintly, as he came up to her.

"His consciousness is returning; we shall know more to-morrow. It is not the head, as we feared," he said, evasively; "but now I must look at your arm, please. Your friend Mr. Greenwood will be here directly, and we will soon put it right." But in spite of his cheerful words, "Poor child!" came pityingly from his lips as the blackened shoulder was revealed to his view. Missie must have suffered exquisite pain during the drive home. The arm was broken, and the shoulder dislocated, and the bruised condition of the limb filled Alison with horror.

It was a painful ordeal for Alison, but she bore it as bravely as she could. Roger had remained with his father; Miss Leigh was not in a condition to render any assistance; the sudden confusion had brought on accession of pain, and she could only lay her throbbing head back on the pillow, and lie there in utter helplessness. There was no one but herself to wait upon the doctors and receive their directions; the very exigency of the case made her helpful. Her one thought was that she must not hinder their work; there was little for her to do. At the first touch of her wounded arm Mabel had fainted again. Alison could not have borne to witness the poor child's sufferings. Perhaps Dr. Greenwood knew this, for he contrived some errand that detained her for a few minutes out of the room. When she returned the worst seemed over, but the faintness continued, and it was only slowly and by degrees that Alison, with Sarah's help, could assist her to undress and lie down, after which a sedative was to be administered, as the pain of the bruises and the misery of her mind would effectually hinder sleep.

As soon as she could leave her in Sarah's charge, Alison stole into her father's dressing-room. Dr. Greenwood came to her at once.

"My dear," he said, taking her hand, for he had known her from an infant, "this is a sad business, but thank God things are not so bad as they seemed at first. Your father must have received a blow; he was stunned, but consciousness has returned, and he has spoken. What we fear now is something different. He seems unable to move; but this may be due to the shock and temporary exhaustion. There are symptoms that make us hopeful that the full extent of mischief may not be realised. We shall know more in a few days; but he will require the greatest care. To-morrow I shall send in a nurse from the infirmary. Do you think you and your brother can manage to-night?"

"Oh, yes," returned Alison, with a painful catch of her breath; it seemed to her as though she were passing through some hideous nightmare; the very horror seemed to numb her sensibilities. She understood that night how people could live through terrible scenes; the very intensity of pain deadened the anguish.

Dr. Greenwood thought her a very brave girl. She listened quietly to his directions, but he took her hand once, and felt her pulse, and then he kindly bade her take some food and wine before she went into her father's room, and as Roger came out that moment he repeated the charge to him.

"Come, Ailie," said Roger, taking her arm. "Dr. Greenwood will stay with father until we come back." And he led her away.

Alison noticed with some surprise that there was a sort of meal laid in the dining-room; she had forgotten the early supper had been placed there a couple of hours ago in preparation for her father. Roger carved some chicken and brought it to her.

"You must try and eat, Ailie, and I will do the same," he said, with some attempt at cheerfulness. "We have a long night before us, and we must husband our strength."

Alison felt the force of this argument; nevertheless the food remained on her plate.

"Roger, how bad you look," she said, suddenly; "but I do not wonder at it. Oh! what a dreadful evening we have had; and I cannot imagine how it happened."

"Dr. Cameron was there, and he told me," returned Roger, shading his face from the light as though it hurt him. "It was not a collision; something must have given way, the coupling chain they think, and they were going down a steep incline at express speed. Dr. Cameron says some of the carriages went over the embankment, and were completely wrecked; one or two were turned entirely over. He was in the same compartment with father and Mabel. They felt a jolting sensation, and the next moment they were thrown from their seats, the carriage side was completely smashed, and they were all flung in a heap. Dr. Cameron was on the top, and was happily unhurt, with the exception of a few bruises; father was underneath him; Mabel struggled up somehow unaided, and came to father, and no one knew she was much hurt."

"Oh, Roger, how terrible!"

"Yes, it does not do to talk of it, and hardly to think of it. Now, Ailie, if you have finished we will go upstairs. By the bye, where is Miss Leigh?"

"Oh, I ought to have gone to her," exclaimed Alison. "How dreadful for her to lie there, and not be able to help us. She has been suffering from one of her sick headaches, and, of course, all this will make it worse. Wait for me a moment, dear, I will just speak to her."

"Is that you, Alison?" asked the governess, feebly, as the girl came to her bedside. "I know all about it, dear, Eliza has told me. Poor children, poor children! and I cannot help you."

"Roger is good and thoughtful; we shall manage nicely to-night, and Sarah will watch Mabel. You must not trouble, dear Miss Leigh; to-morrow you will be better, and then we shall be sure of your help."

"You must not stay now. Thank you for coming, my dear; but you must go to your father." And Alison was thankful to be dismissed.

In another moment she was leaning over her father. He unclosed his eyes as he heard her light footstep, and a faint smile came to his lips.

"How is your sister?" he whispered.

"Dear papa," she returned, tenderly, "how happy Mabel will be to know you asked after her. She is lying quite quietly; the sedative is lulling her, but she is not asleep."

"Poor child!" was all his reply, and then he closed his eyes again; but as Alison withdrew into the shadow of the curtain, tears of thankfulness came to her eyes; there was no bitterness in her father's heart against poor Mabel. "As a father pitieth his children," the words came to her mind, ah! "so might their heavenly Father have pity on them."

(To be continued.)

ON TASTE IN THE CHOICE OF SONGS.

By C. A. MACIRONE.

FOURTH AND CONCLUDING LETTER.

"The renowned Erasmus, among others, speaking of them [*i.e.* the English], said, 'They challenge the prerogative of having the most handsome women, of keeping the best tables, and of being most accomplished in the skill of music of any people.'"

William Byrd (A.D. 1539), pupil of Tallis and organist to Queen Elizabeth, says:—

Why Everyone Should Learn to Sing.

1. It is a knowledge easily taught and quickly learned where there is a good master and apt scholar.
2. The exercise of singing is delightful to Nature and good to preserve the health of man.
3. It doth strengthen all parts of the breast and open the pipes.
4. It is a singular good remedie for a stuttering and a stammering in the speech.
5. It is the best means to procure a perfect pronunciation and to make a good orator.
6. It is the only way to know where Nature has bestowed a good voyce, which gift is so rare as that there is not one among a thousand that hath it, and in so many that excellent gift is lost because they want art to express nature.
7. There is not any musicke of instruments whatever comparable to that is made of the voyces of men, where the voyces are good, and the same well sorted and ordered.
8. The better the voyce is, the meeter it is to honour and serve God therewith, and the voyce of man is chiefly to be employed to that ende.

Omnis spiritus laudet Dominum.

"Since singing is so good a thing,
I would all men would learn to sing."
—*Byrd.*

I left off my last paper with an anecdote of a song in Paris: I will begin this one with a little story of a song in England; only, as the great singer of whom it is told is still living, I must warn you it is only a story heard and remembered of one act of gentle kindness out of a million; and for its accuracy I cannot in any way vouch—it is simple hearsay; only, as it was told and believed, and most like her of whom it was told, so I tell it you again. This lady was staying down in the country, and, wandering one day alone, over the fields came trooping towards her a little army of children—school-children, strolling home over the daisies in the sunshine. The elder children at once knew her (for the country round rang with her name), and the words ran along that it was "Her." Oh, what an opportunity! So the children rushed in where angels might fear to tread, and, coming timidly round her, nearer and nearer, at last an elder girl ventured to say, "If, oh! if only she would sing to us!" No sooner said than done. They made a circle round her, and there, sitting on the fresh, green grass, came her lovely voice, as pure and sweet as the nature around them—song after song, while the children listened and listened, and, listening, laid up that remembrance in their hearts, to tell their children long years after how the bonnie lady from the north country had sung to them that afternoon in the sunshine amongst the flowers.

Do you sing with the same pure, unselfish object as she did, to give pleasure and happiness? Do you sing with all your heart, as this dear lady did? For singing from the heart will go to the heart, and no other; and this is the secret of whatever power you may have—your one advantage—you are in the glorious dawn of life, unclouded as yet by the cares and disappointments which must come in the happiest lives; so use your youth and hope to gladden and brighten others, as the gracious singer on that summer afternoon did those poor children. The young are (or should be) full of the cheerful hopefulness of the morning, which wakes the woods and flowers into beauty and the whole world of song beneath their leaves. And to sing of radiant and beautiful things is a joy of itself, and brings the sunshine down into many a dark and chilly valley of life. And not only beauty and happiness, but hope and glory are to be sung of, and bring fresh energy into the older hearts so often wearied out and troubled in the hard work of life. Therefore, I pray you, abandon sermonising and moralising and philosophising songs, for your power lies elsewhere.

You may say, "But if I am not to choose this or that or the other, where am I likely to find songs really suited to my own best and most durable enjoyment and that of others?" Let me see if I can help you.

I have already quoted for your guidance opinions on which you can entirely rely, and I can further suggest to you a few names of authors and their works, some of which may be of use in guiding you to the sources where fresh fountains of song may be found—much as, in old times, the hazel wand was said to point to the hidden water springs. My list is utterly inadequate to do more than attempt to show you in which direction to look; your own exertions will then be on the highway to many pleasant palaces of delight in music, and you will have the luxury of finding for yourself gems, which will be the more precious just because you will choose them yourself and make them your own.

I will begin with English operatic music, which does not entail the disadvantage of a foreign language or the different feeling of music abroad, which you might be unable to translate effectively. There are some charming operas by—

Henry Purcell, namely, *Boadicea the Prophetess; or, the History of Diocletian;* and *King Arthur.*

Matthew Lock—the music from *Macbeth.*

Sir Henry Bishop—*The Maniac, The Slave, The Miller and his Men, Clari,* and *Maid Marian.*

John Barnett—*The Mountain Sylph, Fair Rosamond,* and *Farinelli.*

Edward Loder—*Nourjahad* and *The Night Dancers.*

Michael Balfe—*The Siege of Rochelle, The Maid of Artois, The Four Sons of Aymon* (full of dainty, charming music), *Falstaff,* and *Satanella, The Bohemian Girl, The Talisman, Keolanthe,* and *Geraldine,* and many others.

Vincent Wallace—*Maritana* and *Loreley.*

John Hullah—*The Village Coquettes* (words by Charles Dickens).

Any songs or concerted pieces from the above would be likely to interest and please you, besides operas of the greatest interest by those happily still living authors of whom it would be here unbecoming of me to speak. Before I leave the subject of operas I should like to tell you a slight anecdote of what happened one very grand night at the Opera here in London long years ago. It was a Court night; the Queen and Prince Consort were there, and the place was crowded, tier on tier, with lovers of music, for Grisi was to appear in *Norma.* In the army of the orchestra, watching Costa's bâton, sat, in his old place, Dragonetti, the great master of that very great instrument the double-bass, and at his feet, crouching very quietly, his dearly-beloved dog, Carlo, who used to slink in under the shadow of his master and lie close to his feet all the evening—the one creature who was very dear to the stern old Italian, and who never left him, night or day. But on this unlucky evening, after years of perfectly irreproachable conduct in public as well as private life, something in Grisi's voice so touched his feelings that with the first long note of "Casta Diva" his low whine swelled into a howl of perfectly irrepressible excitement. One must imagine how the *prima donna* muttered imprecations to Costa, who bit his lip and said nothing, the Queen hiding her amusement behind her fan, and the Prince's look of blank surprise, while Carlo's master in tears saw him, "in his mind's eye," "hanged and quartered." I draw a veil over the capture and exit of the creature who had extemporised an accompaniment to that beautiful voice; but the chroniclers of that event say that it was Carlo's last appearance in public.

Now for separate songs, of which you may

THE HARVEST MOON.

care to have a few names, for yourself or for your home circle, although it is difficult to give such a list as I should wish to do and yet keep within tolerable limits. Let me begin at once with Haydn's canzonets and Beethoven's songs set to English words; then to fine old English songs, beginning from Queen Elizabeth's time: "Green Sleeves," "The Bailiff's Daughter of Islington," "The Friar of Orders Grey," "Since first I saw your face," "O, come ye from Newcastle," "Here's a Health unto His Majesty," "Barbara Allen." "Over the Mountains; or, Love will find out the way," "Under the greenwood tree," "Dolce Domum," "Golden Slumbers," and many more of that olden time. See the songs by—

Humphreys.—"I pass all my hours in a shady old grove."

Blow.—"It is not that I love you less."

Matthew Lock.—"The Delights of the Battle."

Henry Purcell.—"Full fathom five," "Come unto these yellow sands," "From rosy bowers," "I attempt from Love's sickness to fly," "When I am laid in earth" ("Dido's Lament"), "Mad Bess," "Fairest isle, all isles excelling."

Henry Carey.—"Sally in our Alley," "Death and the Lady."

Boyce.—"Come, cheer up, my lads" ("Hearts of Oak") and the beautiful duet, "There shall soft Charity repair."

Arne.—"Rule, Britannia," "Where the bee sucks," "In infancy our hopes," "Under the greenwood tree," "Blow, blow, thou winter wind."

John Percy.—"Wapping Old Stairs."

James Hook.—"The Lass of Richmond Hill," "'Twas within a mile of Edinbro' Town."

Carter.—"O, Nanny, wilt thou gang with me?"

Shield.—"The Wolf," "The Heaving of the Lead," "Old Towler," "The Arethusa," "The Ploughboy," and "The Post Captain."

Storace.—"The Lullaby," and the beautiful trio, "O happy fair."

John Davy of Exeter.—"The Bay of Biscay."

Horn.—"The deep, deep sea," "I've been roaming," "Cherry Ripe."

Sir Henry Bishop.—"By the simplicity," "Bid me discourse," "Should he upbraid," "Home, sweet Home," "My pretty Jane," and many beautiful duets and trios.

S. Wesley.—"There be none of beauty's daughters."

Walmisley.—"When nightly my wild harp" (Chatelar to Queen Mary).

John Barnett.—"Deep in a forest dell," "Farewell to the mountain," "Canst thou love, yet coldly fly me?" and many more.

Rooke.—"My Boyhood's Home," "Under the tree."

E. Loder.—"There's a light in her laughing eye," "The brave old oak," and "Invocation to the Deep."

L. W. Hobbs.—"Phyllis is my only joy," "When Delia sleeps," "My ancestors were Englishmen," and "The Captive Greek Girl."

Mrs. Jordan.—"The Blue Bells of Scotland."

Mrs. Millard.—"Alice Grey."

G. N. Rodwell.—"They mourn me dead in my father's halls" and "The Banks of the Blue Moselle."

Lee.—"Away to the mountain's brow," "The Soldier's Tear," and "Come, dwell with me."

Samuel Lover.—"O, come to the west," "The Dart of Love," "Rory O'More," "The Four-leaved Shamrock," "Paddy Carey," "Angels whisper."

Sir William Sterndale Bennett.—1st set of six songs, Op. 23, and 2nd set, Op. 35, "The Better Land," "In radiant loveliness."

Vincent Wallace.—"Flow on, thou silver Rhine," "Alas, those chimes," "Bellringer."

M. Balfe.—"Come into the garden, Maud," "The light of other days" (from *Maid of Artois*), "The power of love" (from *Satanella*), "Once a young and high-born maid," from *The Four Sons of Aymon*, and a whole library of elegant and pleasing songs from his many other operas.

John Hullah.—"The Storm," "The Three Fishers," "I arise from," "O, that we two were maying."

Edward Bache.—Six songs, Op. 16.

J. Knight.—"Rock'd in the cradle of the deep," "Old Times," "Go, forget me," "Of what is the old man thinking?" "The Grecian Daughter," "The Veteran," "She wore a wreath of roses," "Why chime the bells so merrily," "The Dream," "Peace, it is I," "The Last Rose," "The Watchman," &c.

Henry Smart.—"Lady of the Lea," "Estelle."

It is unnecessary to do more than touch on the music of the present day. "Touch," as the proverb says, "and go." For if you form your taste on the fine music of the past, your feeling will soon learn to discriminate between the false and the real. But as you may care for some guidance in foreign music, as some of my young readers may know foreign languages well enough to sing them easily, I may suggest that you will find excellence and beauty in—the music of Sweden, in the songs of Lindblad; of Norway, in those of Kjerulf; Denmark, in the songs of Hartmann, Gade, P. Heise, &c.; Hungary, those of Bela, M. Vögvöllggi; Russia, those of Glinka; Poland, the songs of Moniuszko and Chopin; Bohemia, the songs of Tomaschek, Knive, &c.; and in Germany, Haydn's canzonets. I have already mentioned Mozart's songs—how many and how beautiful!—from the little song, "Das veilchen," to those in *Don Giovanni;* all are radiant with eternal grace, as fresh and exquisite now as if just written. Mozart's operas can be had now, thanks to Messrs. Novello and others, in cheap editions, and I should advise your buying one after another and cultivating an intimacy with that wonderfully beautiful music, choosing what you are most capable of expressing. Mozart's songs are in themselves a musical education. For the names of a few I would mention "Non temer amato bene," "Parto, ma tu ben mio," "Bella mia fiamma," "Per pietà," "Mentre ti lascio," "Per questa bella mano"; and if you have musical help and sympathy in your home circle, and can attempt duets and trios and concerted music, how many happy, refreshing evenings you could pass with the music in *Cosi fan Tutte, La Clemenza di Tito, Figaro*, and others, and, last and greatest, *Don Giovanni*.

I have mentioned Beethoven's great and only opera, *Fidelio*, a treasury of beauty from first to last; then the songs, "Adelaide," "Der Wachtel Schlag," "Kennst du das Land?" sixty-six songs with piano accompaniment, published in one book. Then Mendelssohn, whose songs also are published in one book by Breitkopf and Härtel, and are all suggestive and beautiful. If a few must be named, see, "Venetian Gondolied" (Op. 57), "Wartend" (Op. 9), "Herbst-lied," "Scheiden," "Auf flügeln das Gesanges" (Op. 34), "Wer hat dich du schöner Wald" (Op. 47), "Est ist bestimmt in Gottes Rath," "Lieblings plätzchen," &c.

Schubert, whose songs are described in Grove's "Dictionary of Music and Musicians"—a truly invaluable work—as "of the greatest possible novelty, originality, and mastery." Such masterpieces as "Gretchen am Spinnrade," "The Erl King," "The Ossian Songs," "Gretchen im Dom," "Der Taucher," "Die Bürgshaft," were written before he was nineteen, and by 1822 he had produced in addition such ballads as "Ritter Toggenburg," "Einsamkeit," such classical songs as "Memnon," "Antigone," and Œdip," "Iphigènie," "Ganymede," "Fahrt zum Hades," "Prometheus," "Gruppe aus dem Tartarus," Goethe's "Wilhelm Meister" songs, "An Schwager Kronos," "Grenzen der Menscheit;" Suleika's two songs, "Geheimes;" as well as "The Wanderer," "The Erl King," "Ser mir gegrüsst," "Waldesnacht," "Greisengesang," and many more of his very greatest and most immortal songs; the Mütterlieder, the Wintereise, the Walter Scott and Shakespeare songs, and the splendid single songs of "Im Walde," and "Auf der Brücke," "Todtengräbers Heimweh," "Der Zwerg," "Die Junge Nonne," the Barcarolle, "Du bist die Ruh," and the lovely "Dass sie hier gewesen," the "Schiffers Scheidlied," belong to a later period, as do "Die Post," "Das Wirthhaus," "Die Nebensonnen," "Der Döppelganger."

I must quote a few more lines of criticism of Schubert's songs from the same author, as they are so suggestive and yet may not have reached you before:—"Schubert's songs, regarded as a department of music, are absolutely and entirely his own. Songs there were before him . . . touching, beautiful expressions of simple thought and feeling. But the song as we know it in his hands, full of dramatic fire, poetry, and pathos, set to no simple Volkslieder, but long, complex poems, the best poetry of the greatest poets, and an absolute reflection of every change and breath of sentiment in that poetry, with an accompaniment of the utmost force, fitness, and variety—are his, and his alone. It is touching to read—recalling what has been remarked before as to the personal religion which forms the groundwork of all truly great art—the little poem by Schubert, preserved by Robert Schumann, in which he calls upon 'his mighty Father to look upon His son lying in the dust, and implores Him to pour upon him the everlasting beams of His love; and even though He kill him, to preserve him for a purer and more vigorous existence.'"

Spohr has written some lovely songs, somewhat cloying in their sweetness if not studied among other and more vigorous works; but such songs as "The Maiden and the Bird," "Rose, softly blooming," and the beautiful songs and duets in *Jessonda* and *Faust* must not be omitted from any selection of German songs; a few, also, with obbligato accompaniments, such as "O, sing, fond shepherd," "O, bird that singest," with pianoforte duet accompaniment, should have a place in any collection of exquisitely vocal and beautiful songs.

Here we come to Schumann, whose accompaniments need a practised musician, but whose songs amply repay the labour of love expended on them. I would draw your attention to a few: "Widmung," "Die Myrthen" (Op. 25, No. 1); "Lied der Braut" (Op. 25, No. 12); "Liebes Botschaft" (Op. 36, No. 6); "Stille Thränen," "O, Sonnenschein" (Op. 36, No. 4); "Lieder Kreis" (Op. 24), and the Heine songs; "Hör ich das Liedchen Klingen," "Allnächtlich im Traume," "Aus Alten Mährchen" (Op. 48, Nos. 10, 14, 15), and the "Wanderlied" (Op. 35, No. 3); "Der Nuss Bäume" (Op. 25, No. 3); "Im Walder" (Op. 39, No. 11).

There are also charming and lighter songs—"Der Südlander's Nachtlied," "Mein Engel," &c.,—by Esser, and some interesting songs by Kücken, Lindpaintner, and others, especially by J. C. G. Löwe, who is considered to be the true founder of the *ballade* in German music, such as "Der Wirthin Töchterlein," "Goldschmieds Töchterlein," "Heinrich der Vogler," "Die Glocken zu Speier."

In the preceding list of musical works, I

have naturally omitted many which will be found easily by all searchers after what is beautiful; but it may be some help to intelligent and loving students of music to have the above list.

I have left to the last the greatest and the noblest of all musical work, the mass of religious music, which is the leaven in the world of harmony. St. Augustine says:—"Hymns are praises of God, accompanied with singing; hymns are songs containing the praise of God. If there be praise, and it be not of God, it is no hymn. If there be praise, and God's praise, and it be not sung, it is no hymn. It must needs, then, if it be a hymn, have these three things: both praise, and that of God, and singing. . . For he that singeth praise, not only praiseth, but also praiseth with gladness." [Note the joyfulness of true singing; see the Bible: "The fruit of the spirit is love, joy, peace." (Gal. v. 22).] "He that singeth praise, not only singeth but also loveth Him of whom he singeth in praise; there is the speaking forth of one confessing in singing, the affection of one loving."

And to this complexion all comes at last. All lines in art, as in nature, are seen to tend to one point of sight, the Divine source from which all beauty, all love and joy, flow on. As, in the old legend, the sunflower turns to him whom she adores, so music rises to heaven, as the lark does, higher still and higher, as it pours its strains of joy and melody far out of sight. As the poet says in "Claudian"—

"Sweet heart of music,
Who sing'st thy matin hymns at heaven's gate,
To teach us how to worship."

"Now, to young singers I would observe that oratorio music requires a voice under firm control," as the able authoress of "Artistic Singing" remarks, "capable of sustaining long phrases and of commanding a dignified *timbre* even in passages of coloration. A respect for the religious sentiment will lead the singer to avoid all extravagant dramatic rendering of such music. The main features of style are, however, the same in this as in other music; so that in religious subjects, such as constitute the oratorio and the sacred cantata, there should always be the more reserved expression which becomes the solemn and mysterious nature of religion."

You may search through Handel's oratorios and find strength and nourishment for the highest development of your musical nature: and they may be had now for such a trifle; great thoughts and high imaginings for years would cost you the same little sum which is asked often to see a single picture. Indeed, you will not study any of Handel's oratorios without being the better for them; nor Mendelssohn's (also to be obtained at a small cost) "Elijah" and "St. Paul," and the Psalms he set to undying music, the 42nd, the 119 h, and others; not to speak of Bach's glorious Passion music, and his motetts and Psalms, for they need thorough practice and hard study; nor even to mention the great Italian writers of the old school of Palestrina Festa, Felice Anerio, Porta, Orlando di Lasso, &c. —musicians worthy of every research and patience, whose works, like all great works, remind one of the Apostolic sentence, "As helpers in your joy."

I have mentioned above artists composed of all schools; for the more you learn the more you will find to love and sympathise with in various forms of art. Ignorance is very dogmatic, and the lowest place in a funnel is the very smallest, which will only contain one small drop: so are people of one name in art —in any art. Through the hole of the old-fashioned rushlight-stand glimmers a little light, and the space over which it can spread its little light is very small, while the illumination is but dim at best; but the sun can awaken one world into radiance and harmony and have light and glory left for a whole universe besides. So, the higher you rise, in art as in other things, the larger your sympathies, the deeper your enjoyment of all good and noble things.

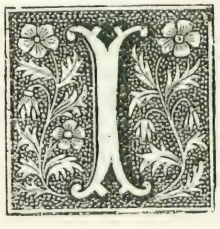
Here is a beautiful description of a Christian girl, written, I believe, by an old minister as a reminiscence of the impression made upon him by the girl he loved, and afterwards married. Will you be like her?

"They say," it ran, "that there is a young lady who is beloved of the great Being who made and rules the world, and that there are certain seasons in which this great Being, in some way or other invisible, comes to her, and fills her mind with such exceeding sweet delight that she hardly cares for anything except to meditate on Him; that she expects after a while to be received up where He is, to be raised up out of the world and caught up into heaven, being assured that He loves her too well to let her remain at a distance from Him always. Therefore, if you present all the world before her, with the richest of its treasures, she disregards it. She has a strange sweetness in her mind, and singular purity in her affections, and you could not persuade her to do anything wrong or sinful if you should give her all the world. She is of a wonderful sweetness, calmness, and benevolence of mind, especially after this great God has manifested Himself to her mind. She will sometimes go from place to place singing sweetly, and seems to be always full of joy and pleasure, and no one knows for what. She loves to be alone, walking in fields and groves, and seems to have some Invisible One always conversing with her."

There are such young Christian girls and women now. God grant their numbers may increase as the stars in heaven, to lighten the bleak night of this lower world, till the true day dawns and the great King comes to receive His own in the peace and joy which will never end!

HOW I KEEP HOUSE ON £250 A YEAR.

My Storeroom.—Pickles and Preserves for Winter Use.



PURPOSE this month to give the various recipes I use for my home-made stores. It cannot, however, be supposed that everything could be prepared at the same season, for though most preserves and pickles are made during the summer, there are some that must be attended to much earlier in the year.

I shall commence with pickles, the successful manufacture of which is, I suppose, one of the simplest and easiest things in cookery; but it is necessary to have very good vinegar, whether brown or white is immaterial. The vinegar should be boiled in earthenware or in an enamelled saucepan (not in brass or copper, as so often recommended). Pickles must be kept in a very dry place and well tied down; if with skins, it is a good plan to put two bladders one over the other, tying each down separately. The vinegar in the jars must always cover the vegetables.

Good Mixed Pickle.—As it is impossible to procure all the ingredients for this pickle at the same time, it is best to begin to make it in May and add the different vegetables as they come in season. Care must be taken that vegetables are wiped clean and dry before they are used; if it is necessary to wash them, they must be cleaned with salt in cold vinegar, not in water. The following vegetables can all be used: slices of hard white cabbage, cauliflower broken into small branches, small pickling onions, French beans, chillies, capsicums, gherkins, nasturtiums, celery, slices of cucumber, lettuce stalks, &c. Make the pickle thus:—Boil one gallon of best vinegar for twenty minutes with half a pound of salt, two cloves of garlic, half a pound of shalots, one stick of grated horseradish, two ounces of whole black pepper, one ounce of long pepper, half an ounce of allspice, half an ounce of mace, and a quarter of a pound of bruised ginger; then turn it into a jar that has been thoroughly dried by the fire. When the vinegar is cold, throw in the vegetables and cover the jar with a bladder. When all the ingredients are in, the vinegar must be drained off, a quarter of a pound of best mustard and one ounce of turmeric must be mixed with it, and then the vinegar must be boiled again, and poured over vegetables boiling hot. Care must be taken that there is enough boiled vinegar to cover the vegetables, which should be well mixed. As soon as cold, cover with a bladder and tie down. If the pickle is not hot enough, more chillies can be added. It should be kept for six months before it is used; it will keep for years.

Spanish Onion Pickle—(*hot*).—Cut a large Spanish onion in slices, then into little squares, mix a tablespoonful of chillies with it, put it in a pickle bottle; boil a pint of vinegar with a teaspoonful of salt, the same of whole pepper, twelve allspice, and a blade of mace; pour it while hot over the onion and chillies, press the onion down a little, and cork the bottle as soon as cold. This pickle may be used a few days after it is made, though it improves by keeping.

Pickled Walnuts.—Procure one hundred walnuts (young enough that they can be easily pricked; if the shell is felt at all they are not fit for pickling), prick them all over with a fork, make a strong brine by boiling four pounds of salt in a gallon of water, skim it, and pour it over the walnuts; let them remain in the brine nine days, stir them every day, then take them out, drain them, and put them on dishes in the sun; let them remain until they are quite black, which will be in about three days, then put them in a jar with four small onions (stuck with six cloves each) and twenty-four bay leaves. Take five pints of vinegar (rather less, if the walnuts are very small), boil it for ten minutes, with one ounce of allspice, two ounces of bruised ginger, and a quarter of a pound of whole black pepper, pour it boiling hot over the walnuts, let them stand near the stove all night, and tie down the next day.

Pickled Lemons.—Take six large fresh lemons, wipe them clean, then with a sharp knife make four cuts in each lemon from the stalk end downwards, cutting nearly to the middle of the lemons, then put as much salt as you can in each incision and place the lemons on a dish by a sunny window, turn them often and let them remain eight days, then put them in a jar with their liquor, twelve pickling onions, and a teaspoonful of chillies. Boil three pints of white vinegar with a quarter of a pound of bruised ginger, two ounces of whole black pepper, twelve cloves, and a quarter of a pound of mustard seed; pour this over the lemons boiling hot, cover with a plate, and the following day tie down. This pickle is not fit for use until it has been kept six months; it will keep for years; it is, like pickled gherkins, a great improvement to hashed mutton and some other dishes. A small piece of lemon should be

chopped up and added to the gravy just before serving the hash.

Pickled Gherkin.—Wipe some gherkins, put them in a jar, cover them with boiling brine, made with six ounces of salt to each quart of water, cover the jar, let it stand for twenty-four hours. Take out the gherkins, dry them one by one, and put them in a dry jar, with a few bay leaves; then put in a saucepan half a pint more vinegar than it took brine to cover them. For each quart of vinegar add one and a quarter ounces of salt, one ounce whole black pepper, and one ounce bruised ginger. Boil five minutes, and pour at once over the gherkins. Cover the jar with a saucer, and let it remain three days; then pour off the vinegar. Boil it up again; when it boils turn the gherkins into it, and simmer them for two minutes; then put back into the jar, cover with a saucer until the next day, then tie down. Other things may be pickled in the same way as gherkins.

To Keep Mushrooms in Brine.—Take small button mushrooms, cut off the stalks, but do not skin them, cover them with salt, leave them half-an-hour, then throw them with the salt into cold water, dry them with a cloth, and let all the moisture drain from them. For each quart of mushrooms boil three and a half pints of water, half a pound of salt, and a tablespoonful of white peppercorns. When the brine has boiled ten minutes, throw in the mushrooms, simmer them for five minutes, and then put the whole into warm bottles (small wide-necked ones are best). When cold, pour a little oil into each, then cork and tie over. Before using, the mushrooms should be soaked a little while in warm water, to draw out some of the salt.

Sauces.—Sauce to eat with steak or cold meat.—Put in a jar half a pint of mushroom ketchup, half a pint of walnut pickle liquor, half a pint of water, a little cayenne, half an ounce of grated horseradish, half an ounce of salt; pound in a mortar one ounce of black pepper, half an ounce of allspice, half an ounce of shalots, and four bay leaves; then add to the other ingredients; next brown four lumps of sugar in an iron spoon and add. Cover the jar well, put it in the oven, and let it simmer until there is only about a pint in it; put it away for a week, then strain it through linen, bottle, and cork it. It is ready for use.

Tomato Sauce.—Take fifty good ripe tomatoes, cut them in slices, salt them a little, put them in a jar, and bake in a cool oven until tender. Boil one quart of vinegar with half an ounce of mace, twelve cloves, one ounce of bruised ginger, one ounce of bruised black pepper, twenty-five capsicums, one clove of garlic, and a quarter pound of chopped shalots until the capsicums and shalots are tender; then add the tomatoes and their liquor; boil all together for half an hour, and then rub through a sieve with a wooden spoon. The sauce should be the consistency of cream. If too thin after the pulp is rubbed through, put it back in the saucepan and stir over the fire until it is thick enough. When cold, bottle, cork, and seal over. To be made in September or October.

Vinegars.—Tarragon Vinegar.—Procure fresh tarragon; pick and wipe the leaves, and fill bottles with them; then pour in vinegar just to cover them, cork the bottles, seal over, and lay down. Pour the vinegar off when it is required for use. Chervil and chilli vinegar are made in the same way. Either of these vinegars is an improvement to salads; also to some soups and gravies.

To keep Walnuts.—Wipe them and put them in jars; fill the jars up with well-dried salt, cover securely, and put in a cool cellar.

To keep Green Peas (French recipe).—Choose fresh young peas. To have them about the same size, pass them through a coarse sieve. Put them in small champagne bottles, add to each a teaspoonful of white sugar, and then cover them with cold brine—that is to say, with boiled salt and water strong enough to float a raw egg; cork the bottles, and tie them over. There should be half an inch of space between the cork and the peas. Stand the bottles in a saucepan with a plate at the bottom of it; half fill it with cold water; let the water boil, and then keep it simmering for two hours; do not remove the bottles until the water is cold.

Orange Marmalade.—Ingredients: Forty Seville oranges, ten lemons, twenty-four pints of water, and thirty pounds of sugar. Wash the oranges and lemons, and rub them well with a cloth, then cut them in quarters and remove the pips, put the pips in two quarts of cold water and leave them. Then cut the quarters of the oranges and lemons in thin slices. I find a cucumber slice answers well for this purpose; but whatever is used requires sharpening every now and then, as the oranges soon turn the edge of a knife, and the peel and pulp must be cut very thin; when it is all cut, put it in an earthenware pan and pour ten quarts of cold water over it; let it stand twenty-four hours, then boil until the peel is quite tender, put it back in the pan, leave it another twenty-four hours, add the thirty pounds of sugar, and boil for about an hour. When done, the peel will look quite clear, and the syrup will set easily if tried on a cold plate. Put in pots, and when cold cover with papers dipped in brandy or whiskey. I have made marmalade many times, and have always found that when finished it costs a little less than the price of sugar (whatever that may be) per pound.

Strawberry Preserve.—Pick the stalks from the strawberries, weigh them, and put their weight of loaf sugar into the preserving pan with a teacupful of cold water. As soon as the sugar boils put in the strawberries; boil them half an hour or until the syrup sets quickly on a plate. Do not cover the preserve until the next day. Plums, raspberries, or any other fruit preserved in this way will remain whole. I prefer it to jam.

Red or Black Currant Jelly.—Pick and string the fruit, put it in a piece of muslin, and squeeze out the juice. For each pint of juice add a pound of loaf sugar, boil for twenty minutes, remove the scum as it rises. Try the jelly; as soon as it sets quickly it is done.

Gooseberry Jelly.—Take gooseberries that are only just ripe, equal weight of red and green, bruise them in a mortar, then put them in a cloth and squeeze out all the juice. To each pint of juice add one pound of sugar, boil until it will set, then put in glasses. If sufficiently boiled it will be set half an hour after it is put in the glasses; cover with brandy papers when cold. This jelly is very nice as a dessert dish if turned out of the glasses. The following is also a pretty dessert dish.

Preserved Orange Peels.—Procure twelve Seville oranges, make a small hole at the stalk end, and carefully scoop out all the inside, then boil the peels in two waters, using cold water each time. The second time let the peels boil until they are tender, then measure how much water it will take to cover them; put the quantity of water with the scooped-out pulp into a stewpan, boil half an hour, then strain, pressing the juice out of the pulp; put the water back in the stewpan, and add a pound and a quarter of loaf sugar for each pint of liquor; let it boil ten minutes, then put in the orange rinds, which must be well drained on a cloth before the fire after being boiled in the second water; boil the rinds until they are quite clear; they will take about an hour. They must be very carefully done, so that they retain the appearance of whole oranges. When done, put them in jars and cover them. Look at them in a few days, and if the syrup seems thin pour it off and boil it down again; put it over the oranges boiling hot.

Preserved Melon.—Cut the melon in slices, take out the seeds, and remove the rind; then cut the slices into small square dice; weigh the fruit, and for each pound allow three-quarters of a pound of sugar broken small; put the melon in a pan, placing a layer of melon then a layer of sugar alternately; let it stand three hours, then turn the fruit and juice into a preserving pan, add the grated rind of a lemon for each pound of fruit, boil over a good fire, stirring gently all the time, until the syrup is thick—that is to say, until it will set on a plate; put it into pots and cover when cold. Not more than two pounds of melon should be preserved at a time. Either water or other melons may be used.

Apple Jelly.—Take any quantity of sound apples, those with red skins are the best. Wash, but do not peel them, put them in a preserving pan, and just cover them with water. Boil them to a pulp, then strain them through a hair sieve. To every pint of juice add one pound of loaf sugar, and a dessertspoonful of lemon juice. Boil until perfectly clear, and when it will set on a plate, put it in glasses.

To Preserve Cherries or Cerises Confites Misucre.—Choose large cherries (Kentish are the best for the purpose), remove the stalks, and take out the stones without splitting the cherries. For each pound of stoned cherries melt half a pound of loaf sugar. When the sugar boils throw in the cherries, boil them until the syrup is thick again, then turn them into a basin; let them remain six hours, drain the syrup from them by pouring them into a tammy, add a quarter the quantity of sugar you used at first to the syrup, and boil it; then throw in the cherries; boil for a few minutes. Leave them in a pan again for six hours, and repeat the last process with more sugar. Leave them in the syrup until cold, drain them again, and then sprinkle them with a little vegetable carmine; stir them from time to time, then put them on a sieve near the stove to dry. When dry and cold, pack them in a box in layers with a sheet of paper between each layer. The syrup from them can either be bottled as it is, or if boiled a little more, and poured on to an oiled baking tin, it will make delicious cherry caramels. To know when sufficiently boiled, drop a little in water, and if done it will be crisp immediately. When preserving the cherries it does not matter if they are left twelve hours instead of six. Sometimes if there is not much juice out of the cherries it is necessary to add a little water with the extra sugar.

The recipe given for preserving strawberries, etc., is not suitable for making jams for cooking purposes, such as roly-poly pudding, jam sandwiches, etc., though superior for tartlets and table use. Cooking jam I make by putting three quarters of a pound of sugar to one pound of fruit, letting the fruit simmer before I add the sugar, then boiling it for three-quarters of an hour. For rhubarb jam I add the finely chopped rind and juice of one lemon for every two pounds of rhubarb, and boil the rhubarb and lemon for half an hour before I add the sugar. This is to prevent its shrinking as much as it usually does after it is put in the pots.

THE GLEANER.

[See page 701.

A GLEANER.

By Mrs. G. LINNÆUS BANKS.

"Why do you stand by the stile, lassie?
Why do you wait by the stile?
Is your bundle of ears so heavy
'Tis needful to rest awhile?"

"Nay, I've carried heavier burdens,
And found them lighter loads;
But I'm weary of stooping and gleaning
Fields nigh as bare as the roads.

"I've followed the sickle-armed reapers—
Picked up rare bundles of corn.
Yon new machine leaves nothing to glean,
Though one toils from early morn.

"So I've left the labour to others
Who care to pick scattered ears;
I've no patience to linger for nothing
'Mong stubble as sharp as spears."

"My lass, if you've patience to loiter
Idle and cross by the stile,
Whilst leaving your chances to others,
Who meet their toil with a smile,

"You will find a burden to carry
That grows with the growing years—
A sheaf of ill-habits and tempers,
A harvest gathered with tears."

ANSWERING LETTERS.

Of all the minor social civilities, not one, perhaps, is so much neglected as the simple courtesy of answering letters, and it is a remarkable fact that, although other less important matters are punctiliously attended to in society—or if disregarded the delinquent would be made to feel the penalty by the proverbial "cold shoulder" or the "cut direct"—yet careless correspondents escape without reproof; for, excepting in the case of a relative or very intimate friend, it would be considered an affront to be reminded that a letter had remained unanswered, or to hint that any inconvenience had been caused by undue delay. Formal calls must be returned, "thanks for kind inquiries" must be sent, and all such little attentions are scrupulously observed; but the forgetful or idle correspondent may fail to answer letters, and no notice must be taken of the omission without the risk of giving dire offence. Thus, the real delinquents in such a case, as in most other cases, escape blame; but the sufferers, who are put to much inconvenience, dare not complain.

It is worth remark, as throwing some little light on this subject, that, while some persons have very great facility in the use of the pen, and can readily express their thoughts on paper, yet others, though fluent in conversation, find great difficulty in constructing a few sentences in writing; they will take any amount of trouble of another kind to avoid the task of penning a few words. People have been known to walk a long distance in order to accept in person a friendly invitation, rather than write a brief note in reply.

But setting aside such extreme cases—of positive repugnance to the use of the pen—there are individuals in whom mere indolence is often a cause for neglect of letter-writing; a habit of procrastination is thus formed, so that from day to day the duty is put off, till at length the convenient excuse occurs that it is then "too late" to reply. People who are thus habitually indifferent to the convenience of others, are wanting in that most valuable quality, sympathetic imagination, which would enable them to fancy, and almost realise, the feelings of their correspondents. How little such indifferent people think of the daily, hourly waiting and watching for the answer that never comes. The anxious mind fancies that illness may be a cause of silence, or the thought may arise that some unintentional offence may have been conveyed in an unanswered letter; and all such annoying doubts might be avoided by a few lines, if only to acknowledge the receipt of a letter, which acknowledgment is undoubtedly required, not only as a mere act of courtesy, but as a duty.

I do not wish to make an apparently trivial matter too serious by carrying the question into the domain of social ethics, but I think it may reasonably be asked whether thoughtless and indolent individuals do not commit a wrong by causing needless inconvenience and anxiety to those with whom they associate; and in the matter of letter-writing a small expenditure of time and trouble would suffice to avoid the evils described.

Postcards ought to be a great boon to lazy correspondents, but, strange to say, it is the most tardy and unwilling letter-writers who seem to have the strongest prejudice against the use of postcards; it is true they are sometimes misused, but that is not a good argument against their proper use; everything is liable to abuse. Some of the devices that are adopted for the purpose of baffling curiosity are questionable; the best plan is to write a plain message straight off, as brief as possible, and so worded that no unnecessary information can be afforded to servants and others not concerned. For instance, a lazy or a busy writer might say, "Your letter received, will attend to your request;" or, "Will write more fully in a day or two." Such a message on a postcard would be a very good substitute for a letter *pro tem.*

Correspondents, of course, always arrange between themselves the method, whether secret or open, most convenient to them to carry on. The object of the suggestion is to put in a plea for the postcard as a very convenient institution, and to show that the prejudice which is entertained against the system may be chiefly due to the objectionable way in which messages are sometimes written, and such objections could be removed by the exercise of a little thought and care on the part of the senders.

Of course, numbers of letters are received that do not require any notice or acknowledgment—not even by postcard. Such are applications for votes, charitable appeals for money, etc., etc., and, unless when a stamped envelope is enclosed, those may be ignored. There are, however, letters which do require some answer and yet remain unnoticed. In pity for the writers of unanswered letters, these remarks have been penned.

It is said that "consideration for the feelings of others is the essence of true politeness." So, testing the subject by that rule, it may be insisted on that the courtesy of answering letters should be made a point of etiquette of as much importance as some other social civilities which are punctiliously observed by those who claim to belong to "polite society."

M. A. Baines.

BITS ABOUT BIRDS.

By Ruth Lamb.

FEW of those who keep pets in cages have any idea of the sensitiveness of the little creatures that depend on their care and bounty. Many, indeed, look upon a canary in a handsome cage as a pretty window ornament, and never ask themselves if more be needful than a supply of food and water and a sufficiently warm temperature. This last is sometimes overlooked, food and fair cleanliness being deemed sufficient.

But birds are extremely sensitive, and appreciate little attentions from their owners almost as much as children do. The little canary likes his morning greeting, and answers it with a musical "tweet." He fluffs himself out into a ball at the sound of endearing words and expressions of praise, and at a sharp tone he flattens his feathers and becomes slender again.

He mopes at the absence of a human friend, and instantly recognises his voice amongst many others on his return. An instance of this occurred in the case of a gentleman visitor who would not accept an invitation to spend a few days with friends, unless his canary might be included in it. So the bird was invited, and cheerful quarters assigned him in the nursery window, amid a troop of kind-hearted, bird-loving youngsters. There he was visited by his master many times in the day, and the sight of him always put the bird in a flutter of delight.

Some of the visitors ridiculed the young man's tenderness for his pet, and even wagered that "Dick" would not distinguish his master's voice from that of any other person who might call him, without being seen.

The challenge was accepted, and all the grown-up people went in a body to the nursery door, which was left ajar, the bird being within hearing, but out of sight of all the visitors. Each in turn called "Dick" by name, and used all the bird blandishments they could think of to induce a reply, but not a sound indicated that the canary heard them.

Last of all came the owner, and in his deep, jovial voice, called "Dick, old boy." Quite enough. Dick replied, first with a shower of "tweets," then a burst of song, thus triumphantly indicating his owner's assertion that the bird would know his voice and answer to his call in any place and when out of sight, whilst he would make no reply to any number of would-be acquaintances.

Effects of Solitude on a Canary.

I was rendered quite sorry by an account of what happened to another pet canary through its being left alone. It belonged to a family of bird-lovers, and when they were at home the little thing was talked to, praised, and often allowed to fly about the room for an hour or two. It happened, however, that the mother and children were going to the sea-side, and fearing that there might be a lodging-house cat, they thought they should best consult Bob's safety by leaving him at home.

The servants accompanied the family, only the master of the house remaining behind. He merely slept under the roof, his dog bearing him company, and a thoroughly reliable person having been engaged to come in and make things tidy, and attend to Bob, the canary.

The weather was warm, the cage fittingly placed, the water was of the freshest, the seed box well supplied. Surely Bob lacked nothing, thought his attendant; but she was mistaken. The master came in at bed-time and went out early, his week ends being spent at the sea-side with his family. He thought nothing about poor Bob's loneliness.

The woman in charge would have taken him home, but her cat was not used to birds, and could reach any part of the only window in which a cage could be hung, so she durst not place Bob there.

With everything around him that it is generally thought a bird could want, the canary began to mope and soon ceased to sing. When his owners came back they found their pet outwardly the same, healthy looking and in fine feather, but silent.

At first they were inclined to suspect that something had happened to Bob, and the present bird was only a substitute. But he convinced them to the contrary by little ways of his own, which no new-comer could have imitated, though in one respect he did not recover the effects of that lonely time—Bob never sang again.

Death of a Parrot from Fright.

Twice I have lost pet canaries from the effects of fright alone. A cat's aspect will often suffice to terrify a bird to death, and our special darling, Dick, if he sees a feline foe pass the window, calls our attention to her whereabouts by a perfect bird shout. The note is so peculiar, that it instantly conveys the idea of alarm.

The parrot above alluded to lost its life from fright under very peculiar circumstances.

A lady and gentleman were guests in the house of its owner, and during the night, the gentleman was taken ill. His wife being unwilling to alarm the household, determined to go down to the kitchen, and obtain materials for a mustard poultice.

After lighting the gas in her room, she discovered that there were only two more matches, and no candle available, but she struck one, and, carefully shading it with her hand, found the way to the kitchen. After opening the door she heard such a peculiar fluttering and rushing sound within, that she dropped her tiny torch and for the moment retreated.

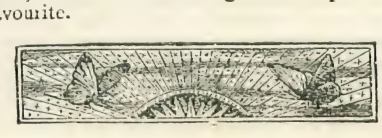
Anxiety for her husband, however, overpowered the first feeling of fear, and she again opened the door, struck her last match, lighted the gas, and secured the pot of mustard, then retreated to her room without having found out the cause of the noise which had startled her.

On the following morning the guests came down as usual, the husband's pain and the wife's anxiety having been relieved by applying the contents of the mustard pot. But their entertainers were in great distress, their favourite parrot having been found dead at the bottom of its cage.

The bird slept in the kitchen, and when the lady visitor heard this, she felt bound to tell of her visit to Polly's dormitory, and of the noise which had so terrified her when she first opened the door.

A subsequent examination of the bird proved that death had neither resulted from disease nor injury of any kind. The owners and their guests were driven to the conclusion that it had been caused by terror. The sudden appearance of the stranger in her long white dressing gown had been seen for an instant in the open doorway by the startled parrot, just roused from sleep. Then the faint light of the match was extinguished, and before the lady obtained one from the second, the poor bird lay dead of terror, having made in its fall the rustling sound which frightened the visitor for the moment, though she little guessed what had caused it.

It need hardly be said that poor Polly's untimely end caused no little grief in the household, where she had long been a pet and favourite.



ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WORK.

Spring.—You should not conclude your letter by saying, "I remain, Spring." We should all prefer remaining in a condition of health and youth that might be symbolised by "spring" rather than winter. But in taking leave of the person you have addressed, you should say, "I remain, yours respectfully," "sincerely," or "affectionately," as the case may be. Your quilt should be lined with unbleached, coarse calico. Measure the size of your own quilts for a single bed. At the New Hospital for Women, 222, Marylebone-road, N.W., they would be glad to receive one. Address Miss Frances Hunt, secretary.

Nancy.—1. You should make the patchwork mat of the same size as an eider-down quilt. 2. If very rheumatic, it is desirable to sleep in woollen sheets, such as may now be easily obtained. Linen sheets are the most agreeable to healthy people; but a cotton under-sheet and a linen upper one is approved of by many as a good compromise.

Fly.—You will find directions for making crazy, Canadian, and appliqué patchwork at page 58 of the last winter number of the G. O. P., entitled *Snowdrifts*. Always make it on a foundation. Provided it be clean, any material will do—even old calico, that is, at least, sound.

K. L. W.—You can revive your black straw hat by brushing it all over with a good kid reviver, such as sold by shoemakers.

Vere.—We can scarcely pronounce an opinion *ex-cathedrâ*, some people preferring the one method, and as many perhaps the other. Get a good paper pattern, and we think you will find the plan satisfactory, as well as very simple, and needing no teaching.

Susy.—You might manufacture a gipsies' camp, with the characteristic kettle in the centre, full of bon-bons and small things, to be drawn out unseen; and instead of ordinary stalls, the work and other articles might be sold in the tents, and the peep-shows held in the caravan, which might be hung all over with things for sale. This would make a pretty bazaar.

Wood Violet.—In washing soiled linen, always boil it.

Emily.—We think you will only learn the macramé knots by seeing someone do them. Two or three lessons and some practice will teach you.

ART.

Gretchen.—Oil-colour painting is considered far easier than painting in water-colours. Young girls have no visiting cards. As a rule, their names are placed on their mother's, or, if they have no mother, on their father's card.

H. G. M.—You should procure some games such as chess or dominoes for your sick brother, and teach him to knit and crochet, as well as to do Berlin wool work. All the dresses illustrated are for young girls.

Orient.—The tracing or drawing in lithography is made on a slab of limestone, having a sufficiently hard, smooth, absorbent surface to fit it for the purpose. A chalk pencil or specially-prepared ink is used. We are quite in the dark as to how you would proceed to obtain instruction in Queensland, but we think you might find out by inquiry for yourself.

J. Temple (Germany).—We are much obliged by your offer, but such drawings would be quite useless to us.

Lilian.—We think you should try to obtain lessons in drawing, either at a school of art or from a master in private.

Marian Wood.—Ormolu ornaments are cleaned with whiting moistened with gin, and rubbed on with an old tooth-brush. Rub it off with a plate-brush, and polish with a leather. The picture by Gainsborough of the Duchess of Devonshire has not been found.

Wild Rose.—1. You do not mention in what vehicle you paint, so we cannot give an opinion. 2. Your handwriting is very bad.

Janas.—1 Large quantities of dry colours are ground by machinery, but for the small amount required by an amateur a slab and a glass muller or grinder will be sufficient. The paint must be ground to the finest powder, and be free from all grit. It is then mixed in small quantities with the oil, and stirred with a large knife. 2. The linseed oil is mixed cold. Boiled linseed oil is used for some kinds of painting, but always mixed when it has cooled.

The Brat.—The process of removing the spotted crystoleum, if it has been done with wax, is so tedious, and the glasses are so cheap, that it is hardly worth while to undertake it. Boil the picture and glass in the wax, and when that has melted, scrape it off; immerse the glass in hot water, and scrape off the photograph.

A Learner.—Varnish with copal varnish

E. A. H. S.—You cannot buy a mirror with a design on it traced for painting, unless you apply to an artist The paints used are oils mixed with Gullick's medium.

Chloris.—You should paint them with oil colours.

A Dye.—1. Boil seven pounds of glue in seven and a half pints of water, melt three pounds of white resin in three pints of raw linseed oil, and when well boiled let it simmer for half an hour, and then mix

into it very finely-sifted whiting, until the liquid become as thick as dough. 2. Mix shellac varnish with ivory black, and polish with seed lac varnish.

FREDA.—Size the parts you wish to paint with megilp before commencing the actual painting.

MISCELLANEOUS.

M. L. LITTLEDALE is thanked for her pretty card and her kind Easter greetings, which are cordially reciprocated.

ELLEN A. M.—There appear to be no currents in the greater depths of the ocean, as would be demonstrated, we think, by the experiments made with Brooke's sounding-rod. This appliance has brought up from a depth of upwards of two thousand fathoms under the Gulf Stream the remains of organisms so perfect that they could not possibly have been subjected to the rolling along the bottom of the sea. The amount of pressure on all sides at that depth is no less than 6,000 lbs. upon a square inch. The currents of the Gulf Stream far above these great depths run in some places at a rate of four knots an hour.

F. M. S. B.—We thank you for your kind and grateful letter. In a town where there is much traffic a "tandem" tricycle is the most convenient, as it occupies less space in width; but in a country place or village this would be no object, and we should think that a "sociable" would be the most agreeable and less likely to turn over. Borax and water is good for cleaning the hair.

FIDELIO.—Persons may be essentially well-bred in almost every grade of life, and this without any acquaintance with those rules of etiquette which distinctively belong to its highest ranks. Although these conventionalities owe their origin to gracious sentiments, yet they need not be known in any other class. Amongst these usages may be included the leaving of a card with inquiries after the family by all guests, if possible, the day after a dinner or large evening entertainment, or at least within the week. An ill-bred little girl, who has not learnt how to write a letter, informs us that none of the young men who go to dinner parties at her mother's ever call on her after these occasions. But this only shows that they do not belong to that particular circle in society in which etiquette obtains, which would imperatively exact it of them. She ought at least to learn that politeness is expected in every rank of society.

CINQUE RIGOLETTE.—1. The term "guffaw" is a Scotch word, and means a loud burst of coarse laughter. 2. Your question on bathing is one entirely to be decided by the advice of a doctor, combined with your own personal feelings.

AYIOLO.—The root of the word "albany" is found in "alp" or "alb," the Celtic for a craggy rock, so that the word means "the land of the hills." Other authorities consider that it comes from "albus" ("white"), and that "Albion" is the oldest name of Britain, because its white cliffs were visible to the Gauls. The title was first used by the brother of Robert III. of Scotland.

LILY OF THE VALLEY.—1. The Tabernacle built by Moses was forty-five feet long, fifteen feet wide, and fifteen feet high, and was enclosed in a courtyard of one hundred and fifty feet by seventy-five. 2. You can improve your writing by writing copies.

J. J. D.—"John Bull," the national nickname for an Englishman, is a character taken from a satire written by Dr. Arbuthnot.

AUDER.—A sewing-maid, or domestic needlewoman, or useful maid, is expected to be able to make common dresses (not best ones), to work well with a machine, to mend and turn clothes, and make underlinen.

SARAH B.—The Odd Minutes Society was mentioned at page 367, in the monthly part for April of this year. Address Miss Janette Powell, hon. secretary, Luctons, Buckhurst Hill, Essex. The articles of clothing made for the poor are sent to the clergy for distribution in the East End parishes.

AUNTIE NELLIE.—Your letter does you very great credit, as well as your poem, and we much approve of the sentiments they express; but we fear we shall not be able to insert the verses. Water stains on the back of a book could not be removed, as they have probably destroyed the colour.

ELLA JANIE C.—We thank you much for your gratifying letter. The occasional use of sulphur in brushing the teeth is said to be beneficial.

AN ONLY DAUGHTER.—We thank you for your pretty card, and refer you to the table of forbidden degrees in reference to marriages with relatives and connections, in the Book of Common Prayer, and you will see no prohibition of a union between cousins of any degree whatever, nor will you find it in either the Old or New Testaments. The only possible objection that could be raised would be found in the existence of any hereditary disease. Such complaints are reproduced in an aggravated degree in the next generation, when both parents transmit the same taint in the blood to their children. The 12th of March, 1866, was a Monday.

ALICE HILSON.—The meaning of the phrase, "Burke Sir Walter," is to be traced to the murders committed by two men, Burke and Hare, who, in order to prevent their victims from calling out, stuck pitch plasters over their mouths. The people who did not agree with Sir Walter Scott's views at the Anti-Reform meeting expressed their wish to stop his speaking by the same means.

MARGARET MURRAY.—1. Write to several of the leading London house furnishers for their price-lists, and always purchase new beds and bedding, and then, guided by the prices asked for a new article, purchase secondhand at sales, &c., your more expensive articles of furniture. 2. You cannot do with less than two pair of sheets to each bed if they be all in use.

MARKET DRAYTON.—1. To cure a sheep skin, remove all particles of flesh, dry the skin, and lay it flat on a slab. Scrub the inside with hot water, soft soap, and a hard brush. Mix two ounces of salts of tartar with one ounce of ammonia, and scatter this over the skin to remove the grease. Scrub it well, rub it with dry sawdust, and immerse in the following solution for two days:—Take one pound of fine oatmeal, eight ounces of corrosive sublimate, four ounces of saltpetre, and one gallon of vinegar. Boil the vinegar, pour it over the solid ingredients, and stir and mix up. Put the skin into it, and, when the mixture has cooled, take it out, strain it tightly until dry, and comb the hairy side. It will be ready in a week for making up. 2. Line it with coarse sacking.

H. E. Js. (Plymouth).—We are greatly gratified and encouraged by your kind, grateful letter, and your verses are superior to more than half we receive. We should like to know how you manage to spend so much in charity and presents to your family and yet dress yourself so neatly and respectably on such small wages as £8 per annum. If you could make out and send us your calculation of the year's expenses, or near it, we might give a hint to others. We thank you for the pretty card, and send you our sincere good wishes, and should be glad to hear from you again whenever you like to write.

CLARA PEGGOTTY.—Of course, we could not pronounce upon the nature of the swelling, not having seen it, nor having any acquaintance with you generally. But we think you require nourishing food and change of air; a sea place, not exposed to sharp cold winds, being the best for you, as we imagine. Do not meddle with the swelling; it is your general health that should be attended to.

HON. SEC. BIBLE LEARNERS' UNION.—We thank you for your kind letter and newly-issued circular and card of your excellent society. We repeat your address for the benefit of our readers. Miss Brine, 131, Malpas-road, Brockley, S.E.

TRYPHENA.—Write to the secretary of the Reading Society for a list of the books you will be required to read.

LOTTIE and LOVER OF FOREIGN MISSIONS.—You had better write to Miss Webb, 267, Vauxhall Bridge-road, London, S.W., stating your case as you have to us. If you cannot be taken free of charge there, by the Society for Promoting Female Education in the East, you might apply to Mrs. Allan Gilmore, Heron Court, Richmond, S.W., secretary of the Indian Female Normal School Society. A small shilling manual, "Sick Nursing at Home," by one of our own staff (Gill, 170, Strand, W.C.) you will find very useful.

CURIOSITY.—The inexhaustible store of Indian shawls of which Her Majesty the Queen has the disposal is derived as follows. When, in the year 1846, a considerable tract of territory was ceded to Ghoab Singh, the Maharajah of Jumnoo, the latter bound himself to pay his Suzerain seventy-five lacs of rupees, and an annual tribute of three pairs of cashmere shawls and twelve perfect shawl goats, in consideration of the land conferred upon him.

DODDO (Dodo?)—Would it be intrusive to inquire whether you belong to that ancient race supposed to be extinct? Your query is queerly expressed. You "want a remedy for removing hairs from over the mouth," as you have "tried treacle on brown paper and found that no good." We recommend you to change the method of treatment a little. Put the treacle inside the mouth, adding a small quantity of crumb of bread and butter, and roll the brown paper into a long spiral shape, large enough at one end to be fixed on the head, so as to fit well down over the ears. It should be either pasted in this form or else sewn. Of course, it signified nothing in any other mode of application. Your friends must have been hoaxing you.

EVADNE.—Your cat has been over-fed. It should not have meat more than once a day, but should have milk-and-water and sop. The cough may proceed from a disordered stomach. Beware of taking its breath. Cats' colds and complaints are exceedingly infectious to human subjects.

GIUSEPPINA.—See "Work for All," pages 23, 119, 179, 347, 518, and 662, vol. v. There has been an exhibition of various descriptions of women's work at Bristol very recently, and law-copying amongst them. Perhaps you might obtain information on the subject at the Woman's Law-Copying Office, in Lincoln's Inn, although we do not think you will find a vacancy there.

HYPATIA L.—Your friends have spoken of the climate of Stuttgart as they severally experienced it at different seasons. Probably those who were there in summer found it very hot, and those in winter proportionably cold, as there are greater extremes of heat and cold in Germany, as a rule, than in England. Be prepared for them. The town is finely situated on the Nesenbach, near its junction with the Neckar, and doubtless this would make it colder in winter, as rivers bring cold draughts of wind.

HERMIA.—If almost a stranger to him, you might address him as "Rev. and dear sir," or else "Dear sir." When introducing him to a lady or a younger man to him, you simply say, "Mr. ——"—you do not say "The Rev. John Robinson," and it would be quite vulgar to say "The Rev. Mr." There are three "n's" in the word "beginning."

VENETIA.—We are sorry for you, but young girls of seventeen have no business with lovers at all, much less with anyone "objectionable" to their parents. Apart from any desire on your part to please them, they have the right to forbid further acquaintance between you. We are glad to hear that you have "a most devoted affectionate for them." This sounds like something nice, though you do not say what? Perhaps, if you show dutiful submission, they may form a better opinion of your friend by the time you are of age, and his affection and your own have been tested.

MARGUERITE.—We do not ask our readers to answer questions for our correspondents, but are happy to give any information, so far as we can, ourselves. See our series of articles on "Girls' Own Pets," in vol. iv.

ANXIOUS ONE has both our sympathy and our prayers. But the mere fact of her desiring the latter, combined with her own prayers and an effort to do better, and to overcome the most besetting, as well as all other sin, is a proof that the Holy Spirit is "striving" in her heart, that she is a soldier of Christ, since the battle with evil is going on, and this "work of righteousness shall be peace, and the effect of righteousness, quietness and assurance for ever."—Isaiah xxxii. 17. See also Hebrew vii. 25.

AN ANXIOUS ONE.—We do not know of any societies of the kind, unless for special classes of people; but we should think that by inquiries in your own neighbourhood you could hear of a friendly or building society, or else avail yourself of the Post Office Savings' Bank.

PATIENCE.—Your nervous system is out of order. Consult a doctor. Give up all study for a time, be out a good deal, but avoid fatigue, live well, and get change of air if you can.

PARIS.—We advise you to write to Miss Leigh, 44, Avenue Wagram, Paris, for all information on the subject.

A CUMBERLAND LASS.—Buy some starch gloss and add it to the common starch when made. This will give a good polish. If you get the monthly part of the G. O. P. for November, 1880, you will find articles entitled "How to Wash and Iron." If you have the volumes, you may refer to vol. ii., page 107.

POOR SUMPY.—A good development in "the upper story" is what we advise you to cultivate. If well grown, there is no need to walk upon stilts. A few turns of the rack would add to the length when lying down; but even if a permanent stretching, we do not think it would elevate anyone in the opinion of their friends, and *le jeu ne vaut pas la chandelle*, we should think. Be thankful that your friends "pet" you. "Respect" you they could not when showing yourself so silly and miserable about nothing.

HETTY.—Crucifixion was regarded by the world in Our Lord's time as we regard hanging—the disgraceful death of a felon of the worst type, equivalent to nailing a reptile or bird of prey to a barn door as a spectacle for the warning of its fellows. Thus, salvation through the shameful death of a condemned "malefactor" on the cross was repugnant to public feeling in those days. While to us, on the contrary, it is associated with nothing but infinite condescension, goodness, and greatness, with all that is most lovable in the incarnate divinity, and with all our dearest hopes for the future. Were a gallows to be substituted for a cross, as the emblem of our redemption, you would realise what the Jews and heathen then felt.

FORMICA.—We recommend you to have your will, however brief, seen and revised by a lawyer, as advantage will be taken of any flaw in it. We are very glad that you so much approve of our magazine, and that it is so popular in your "book club." You are very young still, and were you older, all our correspondents are privileged to be regarded as "our girls."

A. G. O. G.—Thank your little friend for her sketch. If very young, it may give some promise for the future. We have given information already on the subject of "the man in the iron mask." The general opinion is that he was Count Ercolo Antonio Matthioli, a senator of Mantua, and private agent of Ferdinand Charles, Duke of Mantua, and that Louis XIV. imprisoned him thus for having deceived him in reference to a secret treaty for the purchase of the Fortress of Casale. The Abbé Soulavie maintained that he was a twin brother of the king, the Marechal Richelieu. He went by the name of Lestang, and who he really was remains a mystery.

ANXIOUS NELLIE.—As your landlord signed the agreement, we imagine that you have nothing to fear. It is too late now to affix a stamp. This should have been done in the first instance, if necessary. If any difficulty should arise, let your mother place the agreement in the hands of a respectable lawyer.

ALMA RHINA.—Wash blue or red flannel in cold soft water.

SCENTED VIOLET.—We have ceased to give directions for complexions and the care of the hands, feet, and hair, and must refer you to the guidance of our indexes.

HOLLYHOCKS.

WEE BRITISH SUBJECT.—Paper money has been issued by banking houses in England since the end of the seventeenth century. The Bank of England has long been the greatest circulator of such money in the world, and was incorporated by royal charter July 27th, 1694. Five-pound notes were first issued in 1795.

AN OLD READER.—Obtain a postal order for double the amount, which will not require any signature, or as much in postage stamps, and write inside, "for church expenses, from one who owes it," if you like so to do. You may then feel at peace.

WEDDING PRESENT.—You had better send the present by a messenger, with a note, about a week before the wedding.

ENGAW.—The chief difference between the tenets of the Swedenborgians and orthodox Christians, whether Churchmen or Dissenters, exists in their views respecting the Holy Trinity. Your writing has no "lines of beauty and grace" about it. The long straight upright "tops and tails" are inartistic, and one would fancy that a fly, fresh from the inkbottle, had been skating over it. Excuse us! We ought to apologise to one who has so kindly commended our paper.

GILMOUR.—Beware of that most objectionable mode of demonstrating "sincerity," described as "always speaking your mind." Sincerity is best described as being the reverse of duplicity. It is truth as opposed to falsehood, in word, deed, and appearances. But remember that you are not required to give your opinion on all occasions. It would be mischievous, as well as intrusive, to do so. And also that you, being an erring creature, not always possessing good judgment nor good feeling, should not give vent or outward expression to personal dislikes, to unkind sentiments, to cruel and satirical ideas, nor make such revelations of facts or personal impressions as would tend to injure others, or make discord between them.

RARA AVIS.—The word "meerschaum" is German, and signifies "sea foam." It is a mineral, a soft compact substance, composed of hydrated silicate of magnesia, found in Anatolia, France, Greece, Hungary, Moravia, Morocco, and Spain. It absorbs grease, and when first excavated will make a lather like soap. The Turks employ it as a detergent, but its chief use is in the formation of pipes.

INVICTA.—In the year 823 A.D. the shire of Kent was conquered by Egbert, King of Wessex, and Baldred, the king, was killed on this occasion. We regret to blight your hopes of any confirmation of your theory.

DOROTHY DAVENANT.—1. Consult an oculist or a good optician, as we think you need the aid of spectacles. Your length of sight should be tested to determine the power of the glasses. Besides this, the focus of one eye frequently differs from that of the other, which fact might produce the temporary squinting when looking closely at letterpress or other small objects, of which you complain. 2. You should treat your former friend as she desires. Do not force an intimacy upon her from which she has so far withdrawn. Be gentle and kindly, but not familiar, and remember that, out of your own immediate family, only great friendship or mutual friendliness of long standing and unimpaired regard could render kissing a natural and sincere demonstration. If it does not imply an intimate affection, it is out of place, and repugnant to good feeling and self-respect.

SWEET SEVENTEEN (?).—There is no opening for governesses in Australia at present, although for domestic servants there is a good prospect. Consult the secretary of the Women's Emigration Society, Carteret-street, Queen Anne's-gate, S.W.

DAISY.—On no account tell your husband of your inability to do more than feel a regard and respect for him. It is indeed a grievous mistake to marry without love to please your family. But, being married, do not make him miserable also by confiding to him so painful a secret when too late. In any case, a love growing gradually out of esteem and gratitude may be productive of more happiness in the end than a romantic enthusiastic affection springing out of the fancy of the time, and leading to a course of undue spoiling, that may end in making him a selfish man and a blight on your after life.

BELLE.—The longest stories in the third volume of the G. O. P., 1882, are "A Daughter Named Damaris" and "Her Object in Life," and in the fourth volume, also in 1882, "Bound to Earth," "A Long Lane with a Turning," and "Robina Crusoe."

SOCIABLE CAT.—Your "dear man" editor is deeply sensible of all your very affectionate greetings, good wishes, and thanks. He only deplores the hard fate of the verses which came "certified" as her very own effort of genius. But it is unsuited to the "angelic paper" which you "adore." Your "dearest darling man" is so very sorry to disappoint so kind a friend, whom he fully appreciates, she may feel assured. Her handwriting is not quite formed as yet.

J. A. S.—We only wonder that you can ask us such a question as to whether you should give up your God, your Christian faith, your duty and service to Him, to whom you owe everything in this world, and all your hopes for a blessed eternity, for the sake of any young man under the sun! And an ignorant, or if not ignorant, a wicked young man, who declines to marry you unless you give up your religion. Read St. Luke ix. 62, and Heb. x. 23rd verse to the end of the chapter very carefully, especially the 38th verse. Of course, you were right in refusing the proposal. At the same time, we warn you of making a great talk about your conversion.

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

VOL. VI.—NO. 293. AUGUST 8, 1885. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

AUNT DIANA.

By ROSA NOUCHETTE CAREY, Author of "Nellie's Memories," "Not Like Other Girls," "Esther," etc.

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"ONCE HE ASKED WHAT THE DOCTORS HAD SAID."

CHAPTER XIX.

"I WOULD NOT SAY I WAS SORRY."

THE dreary night watching was a new experience in Alison's life, for she had been too young at the time of her mother's last illness to share in the long and tedious nursing; the silence and inaction made the hours drag heavily. Roger, fatigued with his day's work, was sleeping heavily with his head against the wall. Alison pitied his weary position, and fetched a pillow from the other room and put it gently behind his head. "You may sleep," she whispered, as he rubbed his eyes and looked at her, half ashamed of his drowsiness; "there is no need for two of us to watch. I will wake you if I see any need." And then she went back to her seat.

Once or twice she went across the passage to look at Missie. She was glad to find her sleeping. Sarah was at her post, sitting bolt upright and nodding. Now and then her father spoke a few words; once he asked what the doctors had said.

Alison was thankful that they had not informed her of their fears.

"They do not seem to know, papa," she returned, gently; "they think you have had a great shock, and you are suffering from nervous exhaustion. They will tell better by-and by."

"There seems something wrong with my limbs," he muttered, uneasily; "you are sure you do not know what they think."

"Quite sure, dear papa," she replied, so earnestly that he could not disbelieve her; "but I hope and trust," her lips quivering a little, "that you may soon be better."

He moved his head restlessly on the pillow, as though her emotion disturbed him.

"I have not been a good father to you, Alison," he returned, a little bitterly. "I do not think my children need regret me."

"Oh, papa, papa, please do not speak so," she implored, and the tears came now; "your children love you, and would do anything to help you."

"You are a good girl, Alison; your mother always said so, and if I am spared——" he sighed heavily, and turned his face away, and Alison, remembering the doctor's injunction, dared not say any more, lest it should increase his agitation; she only took his hand and softly laid her cheek against it, as though she would show by this action a child's love and devotion. Her touch seemed to quiet him, and by-and-by he dozed a little.

Morning came at last, and Roger roused himself with difficulty.

"I shall take my bath, and dress, and have some coffee, and then I must go to the mill," he whispered. "You must stop at your post, I suppose, until the nurse comes." And Alison nodded as she moved to the window and put aside the heavy curtains. How cool and fresh the garden looked! The dew glittered on the turf; a family of blackbirds were breakfasting on the lawn, and a little brown wren was twittering in the ivy. It was all so still and calm; in another hour the crane would be working, and there would be the whirr of machinery, but at present the birds had it all their own way.

Alison felt weak and jaded; the strain was beginning to tell even on her vigorous vitality. She was glad the night's inaction was over, but she felt too weary for the day's work. But Roger had not forgotten her; he came back presently with a refreshed look on his face, and told her that breakfast was all ready in the dressing-room.

"A strong cup of coffee has made me a different man," he said, cheerfully; "you must try my recipe, Ailie." And Alison found the good in his prescription.

Her hands were soon full of business. Dr. Greenwood came early, bringing the new nurse with him, and Alison had to make arrangements for the stranger's comfort. She seemed a pleasant, capable woman, with a neat figure, and a bright face that prepossessed Alison in her favour. She took possession at once of her patient, after a feeble protest on his part that he objected to nurses, but after the first few minutes he ceased to grumble. Dr. Greenwood soon convinced him that Roger was too busy, and Alison too young for such a responsibility; besides, the chief care of her sister must devolve on her.

Missie's sleep had not refreshed her as they hoped; the pain of her bruises was making her feverish. She could not turn in her bed without suffering, and her anxiety for her father added to her discomfort. Alison tried to console her, and Miss Leigh, who was sufficiently recovered to sit in her room, spoke reassuring words to her; but it was evident that Missie could take no comfort; when only Alison was alone with her, miserable self-accusing words came to her lips.

"Indeed, dearest, there is no need for you to speak so," Alison said to her once, with a strong yearning to console her. "Dear papa asked after you the first moment he saw me. You should have heard how tenderly he said 'Poor child.'"

"That is because my arm is broken, and he knows I am suffering such pain. If anyone hated me they would pity me now," returned Missie, in a stifled voice.

"No, no; you must not take it in that way," exclaimed Alison, quite shocked, as she smoothed Missie's fair hair. She looked so pale and pretty, and the blue eyes had such a pathetic look in them. Alison had parted the soft fringe, and the short curly ends lay quite smooth and showed the broad smooth forehead. A different Mabel lay there, with the poor wounded arm folded on her breast, and all the little vanities laid aside. As Alison stood looking at her, Missie raised her uninjured arm with a sudden movement towards Alison, and in another moment the sisters were clasping each other close.

"Oh, my poor dear, my poor dear," whispered Alison, in the softest, most pitying voice. Missie kissed her hastily, and then seemed as though she would push her away, only Alison held her still.

"No, I don't deserve it; please don't be so good to me. I have been altogether horrid ever since you came home."

"Never mind all that now, dear."

"Yes, but I must mind it," turning restlessly away and then uttering a low groan. "Oh, this pain, Alison! Shall I ever be able to move again without it. I did not want you to come home; I thought you would be in my way, and that made me cross. I was jealous of you, and I did not want the others to care for you. Roger was never fond of me as he was of you, and I wanted him to be fond of me. And oh! how horrid and small it all seems now," finished poor Missie, reading her past conduct under a new light. In the dark hours when one's strength is low, conscience sometimes flings a vivid touch into the recesses of one's being, bringing hidden faults to light.

"Dear Mabel, we will forget all that now," returned Alison, gently; "we will try and love each other more."

"Oh, it is easy for you to love people," retorted Missie, almost pettishly; "everyone is so fond of you, and you are never cross and disagreeable as I am. Roger makes you his companion, and Rudel is less rude when you are in the room, and now papa will love you best."

"Hush, dear; what nonsense!"

"It is not nonsense," she returned, in a despairing tone. "I have forfeited his love. He will never forgive me now. He told me that he hated deceit; that he should never be able to think the same of me. He said I should never see Eva again if he could help it. Oh, he was so angry, so unlike himself. I suppose my obstinacy vexed him, for I would not say I was sorry. He took hold of my arm and almost shook me to make me speak, but I think I was like that man who had a dumb spirit.'

Dr. Greenwood had given Alison strict injunctions that she was to keep her sister as quiet as possible, but it seemed impossible to check the storm of excited talk. Mabel's only relief was to accuse herself, and put all her conduct in its blackest light. A weight of intolerable misery lay on her mind; she felt her own pains were richly deserved, but the thought that she had risked her father's life by her disobedience was more than she could bear. Every hour she questioned Alison about his state. Would he recover? Was he in any danger? What did the doctor fear? Alison at last called Roger to her aid.

"What shall we do?" she exclaimed, half crying. "Missie will not get any sleep to-night; she is working herself into a fever, and Dr. Greenwood does not wish us to give her an opiate. It breaks my heart to hear her going on about papa. I think if she could only see him she would be more contented."

"Shall I go to her?" he asked, hesitating a little, for Missie had expressed no wish to see him.

"Oh, yes, perhaps that will be best," she said, brightening a little. "I am so tired and harassed that I probably do not say the right thing."

"I will come presently; but, Ailie, I am so sorry you are so tired. Miss Hardwick is downstairs, and she says she must see you; she seems very much upset. Do you think you could speak to her for a moment?"

Alison made a gesture of repugnance. It was plain that she did not wish to see Miss Hardwick, but Roger was bent on carrying his point.

"I have to go to my father now," he said, quietly, "but in about a quarter of an hour I shall be ready to see Missie. I will wait for you here. Miss Hardwick will not detain you many minutes; go, dear Ailie." And Alison reluctantly obeyed him.

Eva was pacing up and down the long drawing-room, and came up to Alison quickly, holding out both her hands.

"Oh, Alison," she said, and the tears were running down her face unchecked. "I know you do not want to see me, but I begged so hard of Mr. Roger to send you. Of course, you hate the sight of me. You think I am the cause of this; but, indeed, indeed, I never knew Mr. Merle would be so angry!"

"You tempted Mabel to deceive and disobey her father," returned Alison, severely, for her heart was hard against the girl. "You knew that he disapproved of Captain Harper, and then you encouraged and planned this scheme. How could any father fail to be angry when his commands are so entirely set aside?"

"You must not speak against Anthony, Alison," returned Eva, in a subdued voice. "I am engaged to him; he is only my half cousin. Mabel knew this, and she thought it would not matter coming with us. Mamma would have told you, only I did not wish it to be made public. All this has quite spoiled my happiness. Poor, dear Mabel! if I could only see her, and help you to nurse her. But Mr. Roger says it is quite impossible." And she wiped away some fresh tears.

There was so much feeling in Eva's words and manner that Alison's coldness relaxed a little.

"You must not see her," she said, gravely; "I believe papa has forbidden that for the present, but I can give her your love, and tell her you asked after her."

"Tell her I shall come every evening to inquire; tell her, too, that I shall not have a moment's peace, thinking that I am partly to blame for this. It was wrong of us, Alison; I see that now. I deserve to have something to bear as well as her, poor darling. You and Mr. Roger must not be too hard on me, for, indeed, I am as unhappy as possible; Anna will tell you so."

"I will try to forgive you," returned Alison, with a warm kiss, that evidently surprised and gratified her. "It does not make things better to be hard and bitter against people. We need not add to our own unhappiness in that way. Now I must go, please. Give my dear love to Anna; I know she will be fretting about us." And with a quick nod Alison ran upstairs.

"Well?" observed Roger, interrogatively, as she came to his side.

"I am glad you told me to go down," was her reply; "there is good in everyone, and Eva certainly appeared to advantage this evening. She is really fond of Missie, and she cried so about it all. She is not a bad-hearted girl."

"No, and all this will do her a great deal of good. 'Evil is wrought by want of thought, as well as want of heart,' Ailie. Now let us go to poor Missie."

Missie flushed up very much when she saw Roger, but the next moment her face grew wan and pale.

"Well," he said, cheerfully, taking her hot little hand, "this is a sad affair; but at least we may be thankful it is not worse. I almost think father looks a little better to-night; Mrs. Meyrick thought so too. There was certainly a slight concussion of the brain last night, but this evening he seems more like himself."

"Oh, Roger," and Missie's eyes grew filling in a moment, "do you really think so?" But the last word became a sob.

"Yes, dear, and Nurse Meyrick said the same; he spoke more clearly and articulately. Now," kissing her forehead, "you will be easy about him, and will try to sleep?"

"There is no sleep in my eyes," she returned, with a little of her old excitement. "Oh, Roger, you don't know what it is to be bruised and battered all over, and not to be able to turn without pain. If it were not for that I would go to him."

"Perhaps you will be able to go to-morrow," he returned, humouring her, for her flushed face and excited look made him anxious. "You will try to lie patiently until the morning, Mabel dear, will you not? Alison is so worn out, she must sleep to-night, and, indeed, we are all over-tired and harassed."

"Yes, and I am the cause," she returned, restlessly. "Oh, Roger, I will not ask you to forgive me; Alison has, but then she is different. But you, of course, you can never care for me again!"

"Indeed, you are wrong, my dear little sister," he said, soothingly; "I do care for you very much, all the more that you are so unhappy. When you get well again, you shall see how proud I shall be of my two sisters, and what nice times we shall have."

"Oh, no," she returned, bursting into tears, "I never expect anyone to be fond of me again. I have made your life miserable, Roger; I have tormented you just for love of teasing. If I were not so wicked I should like to die, and then perhaps you would be sorry for me. If anything happens to papa, I could not live. Oh, if I could only see him, and ask him to forgive me."

"My dear, he has forgiven you over and over again," returned Roger, in rather a husky voice, for he found all this very trying; "that is the best of it. One need never be afraid of losing a father's love; it is not to be lost, Mabel; the thing is against nature. If I sinned against father ever so, I know he must forgive me, just because I am his son."

"I will arise and go to my Father," murmured Alison, half to herself, but Missie heard it.

"Yes, read that to me; I have been repeating fragments of the verses all day; that is, if you are not too tired, Alison," with renewed thoughtfulness.

"Roger will read it," returned Alison, feeling the task would be good for her brother, and distrusting her own voice, and though Roger looked a little shy over it, he did not refuse.

Missie lay with closed eyes and listened, and the harassed expression passed from her face.

"Thank you; that was beautiful," she said, when he had finished. "How nicely you read, Roger. Now, I will try to be good and not wake Alison. Perhaps, when the light is shaded, I may drop off to sleep."

Alison was in sore need of rest by this time; her head ached as well as her limbs; but she had one more duty to perform before she laid down in the little bed that had been prepared for her in Missie's room, and that was to bid her father good-night.

He welcomed her with a smile.

"I feel easier to-night," he said, and his voice was stronger. "My good nurse has made me very comfortable, and I daresay we shall both be able to sleep a little. How is Pussie?" the old name escaping from him unawares.

"I do not think she is any worse," she replied, cautiously; "but she still suffers a great deal, and she is making herself so unhappy about you."

"Tell her not to do that," he replied, with a little effort; "she need not take the blame of the accident on herself; she has enough to bear without that."

"May I give her your love, papa?"

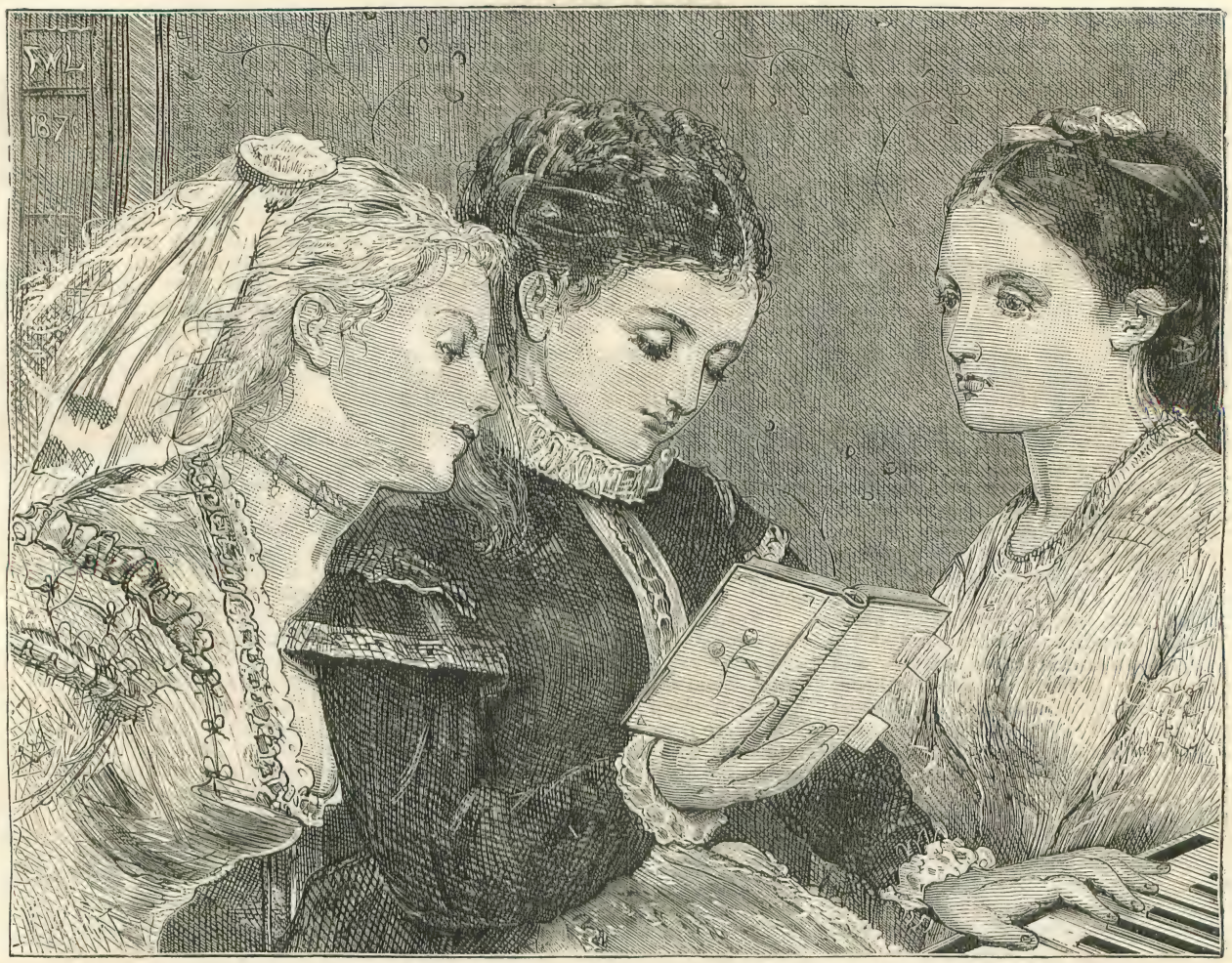
"Oh, yes," he said, as though surprised by the question, for he knew nothing of the child's misery. "Tell her I hope she will have a good night." And then, as he seemed weary, she left him.

Missie received the message in silence, and as the light was dim, Alison could not see her face. She fancied that just as she was dropping off to sleep there was a sound as though someone was crying; but her senses were too drowsy to take in the fact that it might be Missie sobbing in the darkness. Her last recollected thought was about Aunt Diana. Roger had promised to write a few lines from the office, and she had wondered if he had done it.

"How shocked Aunt Di will be," she thought, "and how sorry for us all." The half-finished sentence was completed in her dream, for she dreamt that Greville was rowing them both among the water-lilies, and Aunt Di was gathering roses and throwing them into her lap.

"Do not cry, child, it will all come right in time," Alison heard her say; "there is a silver lining behind every cloud, you may be sure of that." And then she woke with a start. Something, she did not know what, had disturbed her; she sat up and looked round in bewilderment. The moon was shining full into the room, and Missie's bed was empty.

(To be continued.)



OLD SONGS.

Words by ANNE BEALE. *Music by* SUCHET CHAMPION.

Slowly, and with great expression.

VOICE.

1. I love old songs! less for the mirth they bring me, Than for the
2. I love old songs just as we love the e - ven, When all the

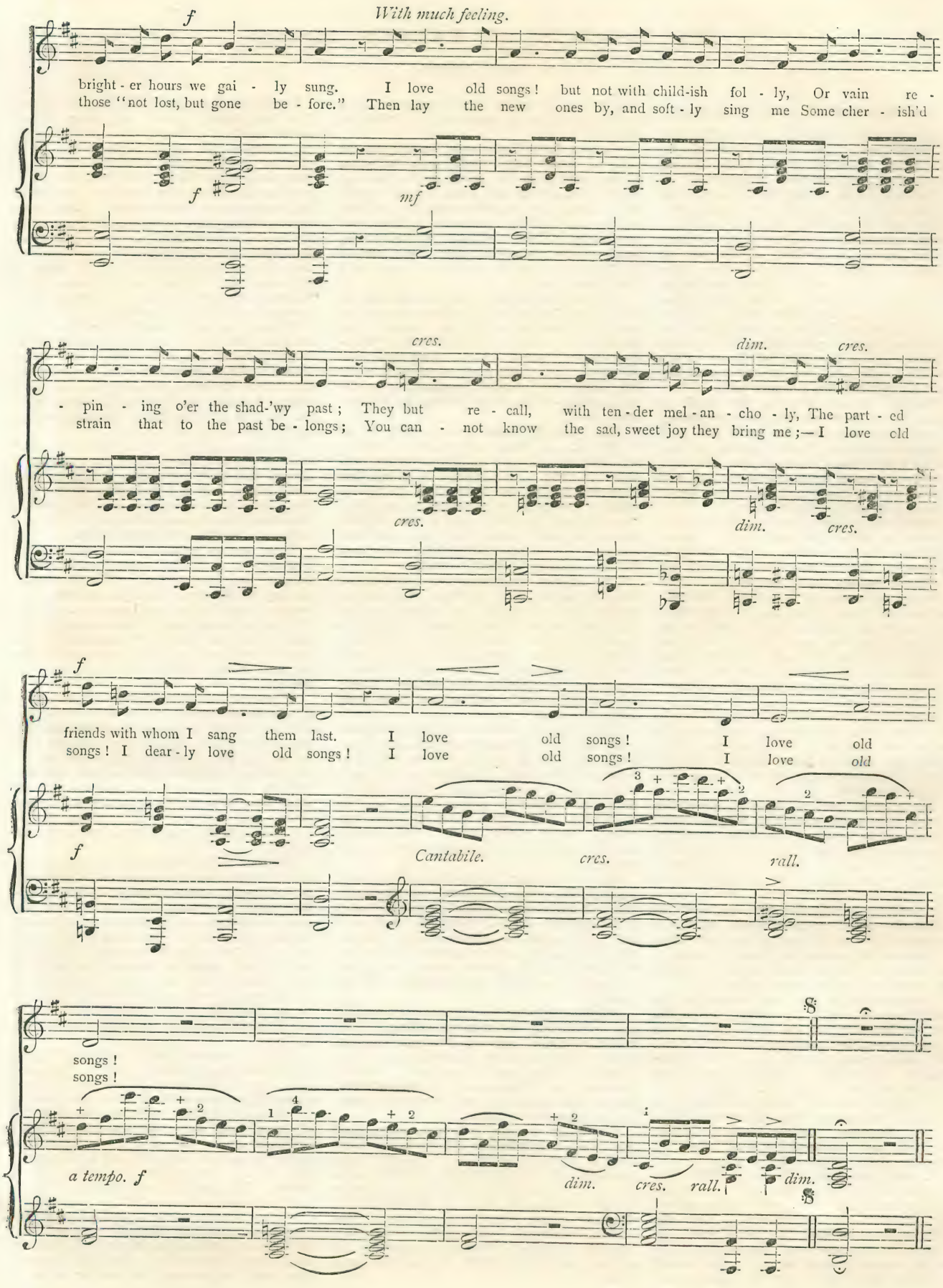
PIANO.

p cres. *f dim.* *p* *cres.*

f *mf* *cres.*

mem-'ries with each ca - dence strung; Then lay the new ones by, and soft - ly sing me Those which in
day - light, toil, and heat are o'er; They soothe the soul, and draw her near - er hea - ven, With thoughts of

f *mf* *cres.*


With much feeling.
f
bright - er hours we gai - ly sung. I love old songs! but not with child-ish fol - ly, Or vain re -
those "not lost, but gone be - fore." Then lay the new ones by, and soft - ly sing me Some cher - ish'd
mf
cres.
dim.
cres.
- pin - ing o'er the shad-'wy past; They but re - call, with ten - der mel - an - cho - ly, The part - ed
strain that to the past be - longs; You can - not know the sad, sweet joy they bring me;—I love old
friends with whom I sang them last. I love old songs! I love old
songs! I dear - ly love old songs! I love old songs! I love old
Cantabile.
rall.
songs!
songs!
a tempo. f
dim.
cres.
rall.
dim.

THE ESSENCE OF FAMOUS BOOKS.

By JAMES MASON.

VI.—Eugénie de Guérin's "Journal."

A great deal may be said against calling this a famous book. There would be no difficulty in naming a thousand or two better known, more widely read, and more often quoted.

The fact is, girls, we are apt to magnify the importance of that for which we have a strong liking, and from which we feel we have gained more than we had any right to expect. I use famous in speaking of Eugénie de Guérin's "Journal," much on the same principle that a London cabman touches his hat and says "My lord," when anyone gives him three times his proper fare. For the trouble of reading I seem, on looking back, to have been repaid beyond telling by acquaintance with gentle thoughts, familiarity with a beautiful style, and insight into one of the most lovely characters ever met with.

Famous or not famous, the book is charming. It is a work, too, for your reading, if ever there was one. Its sweet and pure influence has, during the last twenty years or so, been felt in many a girl's life, and not a few young hearts have drawn comfort and instruction from its pages, full as they are of earnest piety and sisterly affection.

Eugénie de Guérin was born in 1805, and came of a noble but poor family, whose residence was the château of Le Cayla, in Languedoc, not far from Toulouse. It was a château standing in a solitary spot overlooking a valley shaded by woods, and with broad cornfields to the north. The surrounding country is described by Eugénie in her "Journal" as "a great empty desert, or peopled almost as the earth was before man appeared in it, where one passes whole days without seeing anything but sheep, or hearing anything but birds."

Her father and mother had four children in all. The eldest was a son, Erembert; the second was Eugénie; the other two were Marie and Maurice. The mother died at a comparatively early age, when Eugénie was thirteen years old.

The younger brother, Maurice, forms the central figure in Eugénie's life; indeed, it may be said that to him she devoted the chief part of her existence. Their tastes and sympathies had a marked resemblance. "The Almighty," she says, "has made a part of the soul very much alike in us two."

According to Maurice the sentiment in which they most resembled each other was melancholy—"an affection of the soul which had been often turned into ridicule, owing to its abuse, but which, when natural, ennobles the heart, and becomes even sublime."

Maurice was the link that connected the lonely Le Cayla with the world. From the time of his being eleven years old he was always absent, first pursuing his studies, and afterwards trying to find occupation for his talents. His dreamy meditative temper, and his delight in intercourse with nature, seemed poor qualifications with which to encounter the bustle of the metropolis and the stern realities of life. He went, however, to try his fortune in Paris, and maintained himself there by teaching and writing for the press.

It was during his residence in Paris that Eugénie started her "Journal." It was intended for his eye alone. "In it she entered her thoughts as they occurred, and the little events of her daily life, in the pious hope that, as he from time to time perused it, he might, though absent, be as it were present amongst them, and might find himself surrounded in the midst of the dangers of Paris and the world by the sweet and holy influences of home."

"I note down," she says, writing on the 28th of April, 1835, "what goes on either in my mind or in the house, and in this way we shall be able to find again day by day the whole past. For me what passes is of little worth, and I should not write it down, but that I say, 'Maurice will be very glad to see what we are doing while he is away, and to re-enter thus into the family life'; and so I note it for thee."

That her confidential talk would end in being circulated far and wide, never entered her mind. "This is not for the public," she writes on the 24th of August, 1835, "it belongs to my inmost feelings, to my soul; *it is for one.*" It is a nice point to decide how far her family was justified in consenting to the publication—there is something to be said both ways.

The "Journal," under the editorship of M. Trebutien, was given to the world in 1861, a well-executed English translation being published in 1865. Its reception in France has been remarkable, no fewer than thirty-two editions having been published up to 1877. The French Academy paid it the highest honour in their power, and the style was compared by many of Eugénie's countrymen to that of the great Pascal himself.

The original manuscript was written on separate paper books, as these could conveniently be sent by post. On one occasion an instalment seems to have gone to Maurice in a case with a pie. Unhappily the "Journal" is not complete, three of the paper books having disappeared. So have all the letters addressed by Eugénie to her brother. Likely enough "Journal" and letters have gone astray together.

The "Journal" was not written by Eugénie every day, but only when the spirit moved her. She took pen in hand in the morning, at night, at any time. It might be late on a winter night, when the wind blew, and the doors and windows groaned, and all the household, having risen early to bake, was asleep. Or it might be on a fine summer morning with the birds singing merrily in the garden.

She wrote almost always in her little room at Le Cayla, a favourite haunt, with which, she says, "I am as much pleased as with the most beautiful place in the world, all lonely as it is." Her paper was placed on the window-sill. "It makes a charming desk," she writes, "overlooking this garden-mound, so green, so pretty, so fresh; all perfumed with its acacias."

Eugénie had a fit of doubt once lest she might not be wasting her time in writing. "We owe an account," she says, "of our moments to God; and is it not spending them ill to trace down here days that go by?" But she got over that difficulty, and the thought that her brother valued what she wrote was a great encouragement to proceed.

She tells of her pleasures, pains, and emotions—we read all that passes in her mind. It is a personal revelation. "I observe," she says (28th April, 1835), "that I hardly make any mention of others, and that my egotism always occupies the stage. I keep saying, 'I do this; I have seen that, have thought so-and-so,' leaving the public in the background, after the manner of self-love; but mine is that of the heart which knows only how to speak of itself."

Everything that came before her, no matter how insignificant, proved suggestive to her active intellect. "Here," she says—to give an example (7th April, 1836)—"is a little creature travelling on under my pen, not bigger than the dot over an i. Who knows where it is going to, what it lives upon, and whether it has not some anxiety on its mind? Who knows whether it may not be looking for some Paris where it has a brother? . . . . A good journey to thee, little creature; may God conduct thee whither thou wouldst go! Have I frightened thee? I am, no doubt, so large in thy eyes; but, perhaps, for that very reason, I escape thee like an immensity."

We see how much bound up she was in her brother. He was her hope, her sole ambition. Maurice had been educated with a view to the church, but had grown unsettled in faith, and this caused his sister great distress. It was a source of anxiety which lasted till the close of his life, when, to Eugénie's inexpressible joy, he returned to his early beliefs.

The days of Eugénie were as like each other as drops of water, which makes her intellectual life all the more surprising. "I have read some pages, written a little, thought a great deal, and made a charming spindleful, and all this is called a day—one of my days." So she writes on the 15th of February, 1838.

There was no neglect of household duties. She laid the "Journal" aside that she might pursue "useful avocations." "To write in it," she says to Maurice, "is only a pastime; to a woman a pen is but the heart's plaything." "I hear a young hen of ours cackling," we read in another place; "I must away and look for her nest." Or she goes down to the kitchen, finding it often necessary to overlook the cook.

Whatever her work, she tried to draw from it a profitable lesson. "As I was taking down a large cauldron from the fire," she says (on the 10th of May, 1837), "papa told me that he did not like to see me doing such things; but I thought of Saint Bonaventure, who was washing the pots and pans of his convent when they went to offer him, I think, a cardinal's hat. In this world, nothing that is low, sin excepted, can degrade us in the eye of God."

She took a lively interest in the poor people of the parish, and, in company with her sister, made frequent rounds among them, speaking words of comfort and advice, and discussing medicines and infusions. On her way out she would stop at the stable door to look at a little white lamb, and when she came home would spend a pleasant quarter of an hour sitting on the terrace steps by the side of an old woman who sang ballads of far-back times. Then she would read aloud to her father, or watch the passers-by, and take note of their manners.

A friend once said to her, "You are happily constituted for a country life." "I feel," says Eugénie, "that this is true, and that my nature harmonises with flowers, birds, woods, the open air, the sky; with all that lives out of doors, great and graceful works of God." A life of repose just suited her. Her sphere might be narrow, but she had no desire to leave it, and plunge into the excitements of society. No place in the world pleased her so much as home.

When in company she kept thinking of the greensward and the chestnut tree, and the rabbit warren, where she felt she would be so much more comfortable. She did not even care much for news of the outside world—

unless in connection with her friends—and nothing made her yawn so soon as a newspaper.

All who were in distress knew they could rely on her kind words and still kinder deeds. "To do good," she says, "is so sweet." We find her always trying to show most attention to the neglected, and no doubt, girls, that is most in accordance with humanity and charity.

Like her brother Maurice, she had an intense love for nature. She took pleasure in every sound: the buzz of a fly, the cackling of a hen, the songs of birds, the falling of boughs in the forest. Many an evening was spent in listening to the nightingale singing near the walnut tree in the garden, and to the church bell whose vibrations fell on her ear "melodious as a harp." The sighing of the wind went to her heart; and joy was found in everything that came down from heaven—sunshine, rain, and snow.

In the winter of 1834 we have her writing, "I delight in snow; there is something heavenly about this white expanse. Mud and bare earth displease and depress me; to-day I see nothing but the tracks on the road, and the footprints of little birds. However lightly they settle they leave their small traces, which make all sorts of patterns in the snow. It is pretty to watch those tiny red feet, like pencils of coral, that make the drawings. Thus winter has its charms and prettinesses. Everywhere God sheds grace and beauty."

She had a habit of opening her window before going to bed, to see what sort of weather it was, and to enjoy it. Then she lay in bed watching the countless stars of heaven, and sometimes the moonlight streamed into her room. "I had a delightful waking this morning," she says on the 20th of March, 1835. "As I opened my eyes a lovely moon faced my window, and shone into my bed so brightly, that at first I thought it was a lamp suspended to my shutter. It was very sweet and pretty to look at this white light, and so I observed, admired, watched it, till it hid itself behind the shutter to peep out again, and then conceal itself, like a child playing at hide-and-seek."

We read in the "Journal" of her pet birds: the pigeons, linnets, and goldfinches, of which she took tender care. "18th of November, 1834. I am furious with the grey cat. The wicked creature has just robbed me of a young pigeon that I was warming by the fire. The poor little thing was beginning to revive, and I had intended to tame it; it would have grown fond of me, and now all this ends in getting crunched up by a cat."

The cat was in similar mischief a few months later. "28th of March, 1835. I have just escaped a sorrow; my little linnet was actually in the cat's claws when I entered my room. I saved it by giving a great cuff to the cat, who let go. The bird was only frightened; then it felt so delighted at its deliverance, that it began singing with all its might, as if to thank me, and assure me that terror had not made it lose its voice."

Her turtle-dove died in the same year. "1st August. This evening my turtle-dove has died. I have no idea of what, for it was cooing away quite lately. Poor little thing, how I regret it. I loved it; it was pure white, and every morning its was the first voice I heard under my window in winter, as well as in summer. Was it mourning or joy? I know not, but it gave me pleasure to hear it. Now I have a pleasure the less."

On every page of the "Journal" we see how sensitive Eugénie was to every impression—too sensitive for her own comfort. "I pass," she says (13th April, 1835), "so suddenly from sadness to joy; when I say joy, I mean that sweet, calm happiness of the soul, which only shows externally as serenity. A letter, a thought of God, or of those I love, will have this effect upon me, and yet sometimes, too, a quite contrary one." Even a tone of voice and an expression of face often disturbed the calmness of her spirit.

Whilst the least thing brought happiness or sorrow, it must be confessed that her nature was to look rather on the sad side of human life, and to cherish many regrets that were quite useless. "What is this world," she says, "in which everything disappears? Small and great affections, everything in turn leaves us and dies. The heart is like a tree hung round with dead leaves." Even when she had cause for joy, we find her saying, "I feel sad! what wouldst thou have, thou poor heart?"

In all her troubles and difficulties she found comfort and consolation in religion. "Oh, my friend," she says to her brother, "did you but know how sweetly the soul in affliction consoles itself in God! what strength it derives from Divine power! . . . . How happy we are, we who are Christians. We have no sorrows that God does not soothe."

Heaven, she took delight in thinking, is very near at hand. "Those who die," she says (30th March, 1835), "do not go so far away after all, for heaven is quite close to everyone of us. We have but to lift our eyes and see their dwelling. Let us console ourselves by that sweet prospect, let us grow resigned on earth, which is but a step to the gate of Paradise."

Religion, indeed, formed the essence of her life, and her "Journal" on that account possesses a rare charm. The Romanism in which she was brought up does not destroy the value of the book for the Protestant reader, for it has been well said, "there is in it a depth of piety which transcends mere difference of creed, and swallows up, as it were, that difference in the intensity of Christian faith, and a large-hearted love of God."

She had formed a small library, and Maurice was told of the additions made to it and of the progress of her reading. She read by fits and starts, as anyone with household duties to attend to can readily understand. Now and again she felt as if she were losing her taste for books. "I say to myself," she remarks, "'What can they teach me but what I shall one day know in heaven?'" But that view passes away, and, as a rule, she never opens a volume without finding something good: "There is a gold dust," she believes, "thrown everywhere."

Her musical education had been neglected. True, there was a guitar hanging up on the wall of her little room, but to own a guitar and to play upon it are two things. She lamented her ignorance of the divine art occasionally. "Oh, if I but knew music!" she says. "They say it is so good, so soothing for disorders of the soul."

For the music of nature she had a keen ear, and that supplied to her the place of art. When a thrush sang all day long under her window she compared him with "eighty musicians and some of Beethoven" she had heard at Paris, and gave her vote in favour of the bird. "I have often caught myself," she says, "listening to it, enjoying its whistlings, chirpings, and salutations to the spring. These sweet, glad songs under a juniper tree, rising on the breeze to my little room, have an effect which I cannot describe."

In another place she says, "In my profound ignorance, I should take as much pleasure in listening to a cricket as a violin. Instruments have no effect on me, or very little."

During his residence in Paris, Maurice met a Creole lady, Mlle. Caroline de Gervais, who had only recently come to France. An attachment sprang up between the two, and they were married in November, 1838.

For the marriage Eugénie went to Paris—a great event in her quiet life. She stayed there five months, and during all that time, to please her brother, she kept a "Journal," but this record, which would have proved so interesting, has unfortunately been lost.

Paris for her dissipated many illusions, and she had the unhappiness of seeing that the seeds of consumption were already sown in the delicate frame of Maurice. She returned to the country despondent, and began the eighth book of her "Journal" on the 10th of April, 1839, with this quotation from Thomas à Kempis—"You are my witness, Lord, that I find consolation nowhere, rest in no creature."

Maurice, with his young wife—the "charming Eve come from the Orient for a Paradise of a few days," as Eugénie describes her—arrived at the Cayla on the 8th of July. It was hoped that his native air would have a good effect, but it was too late. He died on the 19th of the month.

Brokenhearted, Eugénie continued her "Journal," addressing it still to her brother, with the touching inscription:—

"Still to him. To Maurice dead, to Maurice in heaven! He was the pride and the joy of my heart. Oh! how sweet a name and how full of tenderness is that of brother! Friday, 19th July, at half-past eleven o'clock. Eternal date!"

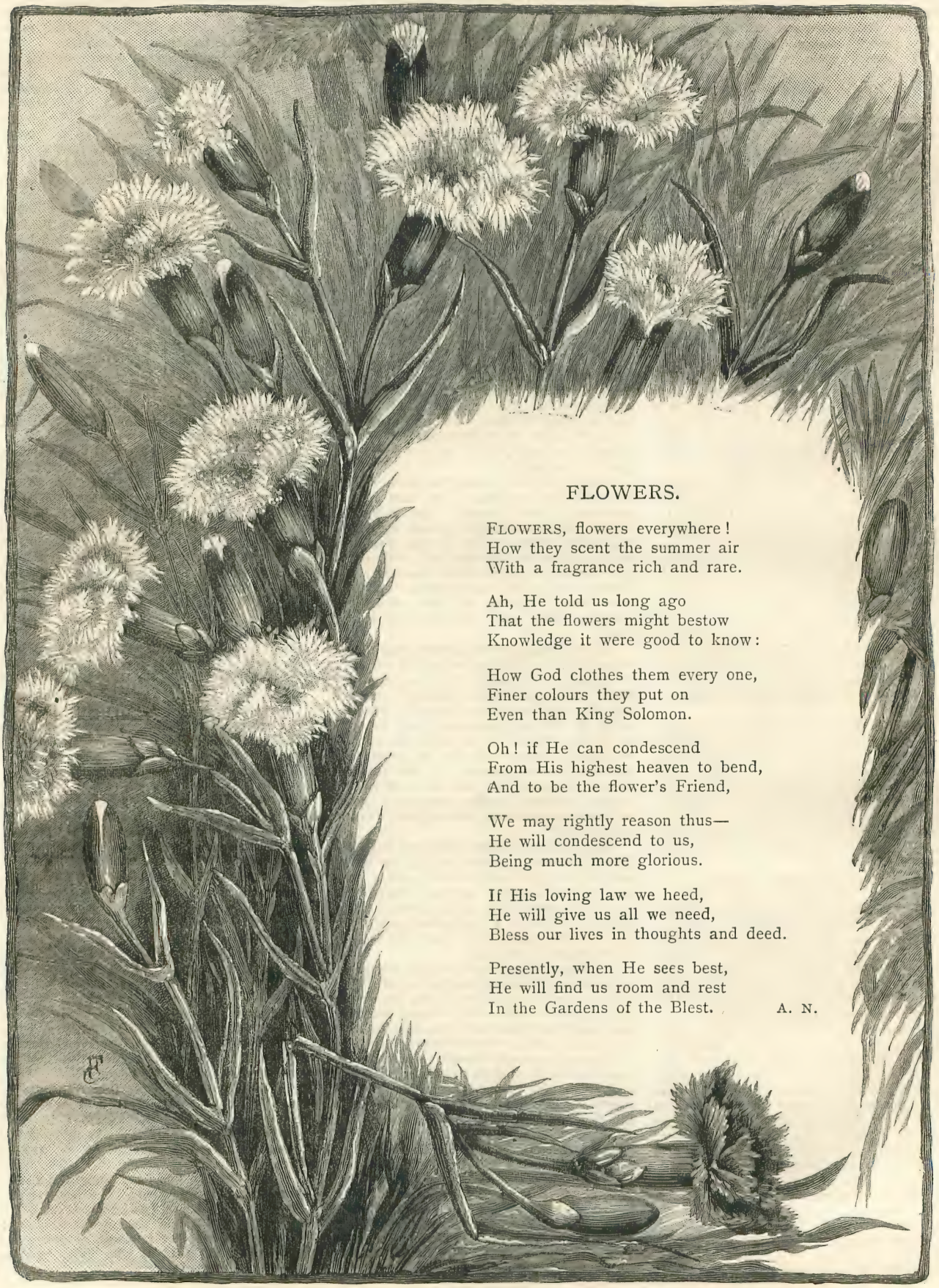
On the 21st July she writes in passionate accents:—"No, my friend, death will not separate us, will not take thee out of my thoughts; death only separates from the body; the soul, in place of being there, is in heaven, and this change of dwelling in no way impairs its affections. Far otherwise, I hope; one must love better in heaven, where everything becomes divine. Oh, my friend, Maurice, Maurice, are you far from me? Do you hear me? What are they, those abodes that hold thee now? What is God, so glorious, mighty, and good, who makes you happy by His ineffable presence, whilst He unveils to you eternity? You see what I expect, you possess what I hope for, you know what I believe."

For about a year and a half her "Journal" was continued at different intervals, and was sometimes addressed to a surviving friend of Maurice's, M. d'Aurevilly, whom she had met in Paris, and whom she calls her "brother by adoption." Her thoughts, her style, are beautiful as ever, but the tone of her writing is inexpressibly sad. Discouragement took hold of her in regard to everything in life, and her soul was overwhelmed by floods of melancholy.

"When I reflect," she says (16th November, 1839), "on all of happiness that I had staked on a being who no longer exists, save in memory, I feel an inexpressible sadness. I learn hence not to build on any life, or anything whatever. A coffin stands between the world and me; it is all over with the little that had power to please me. I have heart-ties still; no longer any bright or happy ones. Maurice and I were internally linked by rose-coloured ribands. In him everything seemed smiling to me, everything gave me pleasure, even anxieties. My God! my God! to have lost this! What wouldst thou have me love now?"

All she lived for from this time was to rescue the name of her brother from oblivion by the collection and publication of his scattered writings, but this task she did not live to see completed. She died on the 31st of May, 1848.

Her "Journal" had been brought to a close several years before that. The last entry is dated the last day of December, 1840, and it runs, "My God! how time has a something sad about it, whether it comes or goes! and how right the saint is who says, 'Let us anchor our hearts in eternity!'"



FLOWERS.

FLOWERS, flowers everywhere!
How they scent the summer air
With a fragrance rich and rare.

Ah, He told us long ago
That the flowers might bestow
Knowledge it were good to know:

How God clothes them every one,
Finer colours they put on
Even than King Solomon.

Oh! if He can condescend
From His highest heaven to bend,
And to be the flower's Friend,

We may rightly reason thus—
He will condescend to us,
Being much more glorious.

If His loving law we heed,
He will give us all we need,
Bless our lives in thoughts and deed.

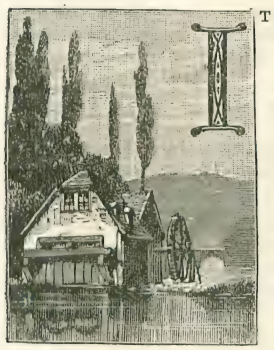
Presently, when He sees best,
He will find us room and rest
In the Gardens of the Blest.

A. N.

LAMPO AND CARMELA.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF ENRICO CASTELNUOVO.

CHAPTER I.



IT was about two o'clock in the morning, and the village of Isoletta lay in the profound silence of sleep, a silence occasionally broken by the sharp crowing of a cock calling to some far off and imprisoned brother, who would reply in similar tones to his salute.

Then all again was still.

Carmela, a pretty little girl of eight years, listened to assure herself that all the family were sound asleep, then cautiously getting out of bed she dressed herself, and carrying her wooden shoes in her hand so as not to make a noise, went downstairs into the kitchen. There, with no other light than the rays of the moon which penetrated through the wooden shutters, she got up on to a chair, and, taking a key from off a nail in the wall, carefully descended a few steps which led to the cellar. A dog, who was shut up in this cellar, no sooner heard the approaching footsteps of the child than he began to bark and scratch against the door of his prison. It was a bark full of hope and enthusiasm, but it might have endangered the success of the bold enterprise attempted by Carmela.

"Hush, Lampo, hush!" she said, as she groped in the dark to find the keyhole.

Lampo endeavoured to suppress his joy, nevertheless his excitement was too intense to allow of his keeping absolute silence, for he began to understand that he was about to be set at liberty, and his delight was redoubled by the fact that it was his little mistress, the one of all others he most loved, who was come to restore it to him.

At last the child succeeded in introducing the key into the lock, and opening the door. Lampo sprang up to her, she felt his soft paws on her neck and his wet tongue on her hands and face. "Down, Lampo, down!" she repeated, as she patted his slim, flexible body, and tried to quiet him.

Followed by the dog, she re-ascended the stairs and returned to the kitchen, and taking from a cupboard a large slice of *polenta*, put it into her pocket, after which she went out into the passage and tried to open the door which led out into the kitchen garden, but she could not manage to remove the bolts, and so had to give it up. However, she did not lose heart, and as the door resisted her efforts, slowly opened the window. Lampo, suddenly understanding what was intended, with one spring was on the ledge; Carmela, too, climbed up by help of a chair. The distance to the ground beneath was at most six feet, the soil soft and damp. She jumped, falling face forwards, and saving herself with her hands, but she did not hurt herself, and rose quickly to her feet. The dog had preceded her, scarcely touching the ground with his paws. "Down, Lampo!" said the child for the twentieth time as the beast could not recover from the wild joy of his restored liberty; and having put on her shoes, and rubbed the dirt off her hands, she managed to squeeze her little body through an opening in the hedge, made by the village boys a few days previously in order to steal the early strawberries, and found herself in the road. Behind her was her snug, quiet, comfortable home, which seemed to invite her to return; behind her, her father, grandmother, and little sister. They were, maybe, dreaming about her, and a few hours later would be searching for her all over the house. Before her lay the open country, and further on the dark wood through which she would have to go, and then the steep hill she would have to climb in order to reach her goal.

The child hesitated for one moment, and the tears started to her eyes as she felt an irrepressible desire to retrace her steps and return to her little room and those who loved her so dearly; but a low whine from Lampo put an end to her uncertainty. At any cost, it was her duty to save her friend, her protector. Oh, her father and her grandmother were wicked! They had resolved to kill Lampo! Lampo, without whose defence two days before she would have been bitten by a mad dog. Carmela could never have believed such an enormity had she not heard it with her own ears. She had already had her suspicions when, soon after dinner, an ugly man, who said he was a messenger from the municipal authorities, had begged to speak a word in private to her father, Signor Ambrozio Moreni, Sindaco (mayor) of the Commune of Isoletta, after which her father's face had clouded over, and he had called Lampo and shut him up in the cellar. "Why, father?" she had asked, and had only received a broken and unsatisfactory answer to her inquiry. Her grandmother, to whom she then applied, had tried to put her off with good words and caresses, assuring her that Lampo would be set at liberty in the morning, and dried her poor little tears with kisses. Oh, but she was not a child to whom one could easily "sell glow-worms for lanterns!" She had pretended to be satisfied with these explanations, she had gone down into the kitchen garden and fed the poultry, after which she had quietly walked back and listened at the door of the room where her father and grandmother were talking together.

Now it is very naughty to listen at doors. The Signor Curato said so, and the schoolmistress said so, and Carmela was quite convinced of it. But Carmela felt certain her father and grandmother were talking about Lampo, and her suspicions were justified.

"Poor beast!" sighed the grandmother. "I am very sorry."

"And I, too; but there is no help for it."

"Alas, no! Take care, at any rate, that he does not suffer."

"Oh, no fear of that; I have a steady aim and a sure eye; he will have no time."

"When is it to be done?"

"To-morrow morning, when Carmela is at school. Think what a blow it will be to her! We must tell her that it was a fit—that he died suddenly—that already yesterday he began to show symptoms of illness."

"She won't believe it; you can't impose on that child. At any rate, when it is once over she will be pacified. She will get attached to some other dog."

"To find another dog as good as Lampo will be no easy matter."

Carmela did not stop to hear more, for what she had heard was sufficient to make her hair stand on end, and there was no reason to hope that her father might change his mind. When once he took a thing into his head no power on earth could move him; and as to applying to grandmother, why, that would be pure waste of breath, for she never opposed her son.

In spite of all this, Carmela never once entertained the idea of abandoning Lampo to his fate; and since begging for his life would be of no avail, in a moment she had conceived and matured her plan, which was to escape by night with Lampo to the district of Riviera, where lived her Aunt Norina, her poor mother's sister. Zia Norina knew Lampo and loved him, and last time she came to Isoletta she had wanted to take him home with her, so, as she had likewise a great tenderness for her niece, they might count upon a warm reception.

It was, however, no easy matter to get to Riviera, and Carmela had never been there. One day, together with her father and the faithful dog, she had accompanied her aunt as far as the wood, and up a good bit of the hill, about a quarter of the road, and her aunt had said—

"After this hill comes a valley, and after the valley another hill rather steeper than the first, and after that you come to Riviera. When you are a bigger girl, you shall come and stop with me a week."

"Does it take a very long time to get to Riviera?" the child had asked. "It takes me five hours, but thou with thy little feet would want longer than that," was her aunt's reply. With such slight indication and poor encouragement, Carmela set out on her journey. The road? She could find it. The fatigue? She would bear it. She would be satisfied to do the first half before nightfall, and morning had not yet dawned, and the days were so long. No longer hesitating, Carmela turned into a narrow lane between two fields of corn, and Lampo, finding himself once more unexpectedly master of his actions, ran beside her, leaping and capering about her feet. Now he would run on before for a while; then, with a sudden rush, make a circuit, as if in pursuit of some imaginary bird, throwing himself right and left, and making the corn rustle as he whisked along. Then he would appear from another side, and, returning, trot contentedly along by his young mistress.

From time to time, from a distant hut or hay stack, the bark of a dog or the lowing of a cow would be heard, or the sharp and petulant crowing of a cock pierce the air, and then the child would hasten her steps, anxious to be far from the habitations of men. From the open fields she emerged close under the wall of the Campo Santo (cemetery), making the sign of the cross, as she remembered her poor dead mother; then she began to descend a steep path leading down to the torrent. It was but a thread of water which she might have crossed without danger, but in order more particularly to carry out her aunt's directions she preferred walking between the willows and the alder trees as far as the bridge, after which commenced the ascent of the hill she had partly ascended with Zia Norina. The moon, which shone cloudless in the heavens, whitened the pebbles in the torrent, making the thin vein of winding water shine like steel, and drawing with sharp line the contours of the distant mountains, and the shadow of Carmela's slight figure on the ground.

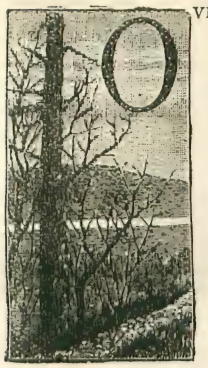
After the bridge was passed the scene changed. Vegetation, at first scarce, became gradually softer. Solitary firs raised their branches towards the sky, and over the heads of the fugitives was heard the solemn and mysterious murmur of the forest and the occasional chirp of some wakeful bird. Carmela felt frightened, but the companionship of Lampo reassured her. As to the dog, after nearly ten hours of imprisonment, to find himself once more free was enough for him; and he never questioned his little mistress's actions, but, raising his sagacious eyes to her face, looked at her with such tenderness and gratitude, that she felt more than rewarded for the risk she was incurring for his sake.

(To be continued.)

OUR TOUR IN NORWAY.

THE DIARY OF TWO LONDON GIRLS.

Hölmen, Friday, August 8.



OVERSLEPT ourselves at Storklevstad this morning, and did not awake till seven. Our old lady put on a bright red kerchief and accompanied us in our stolkjœrre to Byhre, after we had taken a little coffee and some stale buns. Kate did not feel very well, so I decided to drive with her.

Byhre is very lovely, and here we breakfasted, but my poor little friend had not any appetite. Another stolkjœrre conveyed us to Listad, also in a lovely situation. Here we enjoyed delightful views, and refreshed ourselves with biscuits and milk. We were warned against beggars on the road to Listad, but did not see any. The authorities of the district particularly request that money shall not be given to them, which will be the only way of preventing the annoyance. At Byhre and Listad we wished to linger, but were compelled to hasten in another stolkjœrre to Skjœggestad. Here we dined sumptuously at 3.30 (at least, I did), and our attentive hostess, with her daughter, sat down with us and partook of the tea we gave them to make.

All the way we have been charmed with the delightful prospects of a rich harvest. The corn is first tied in tiny sheaves and spread on the ground to dry, then stacked to the height of five or six feet, sheaf on sheaf, with the golden ears drooping towards the sun. On our left they resembled golden cascades falling gracefully in gentle ripples; on our right only the stems faced us, and the stacks presented a peculiar appearance, representing in form monkeys and bears.

From Skjœggestad to Kirkestuen, about eleven or twelve miles, we indulged in two carrioles. Winding along the green river Laugen, I saw a wretched-looking man lying by the roadside whose appearance was anything but assuring. Being first, I waited for Kate to overtake me, who also had experienced a tremulous thrill while passing him, and the skydsgut who was on my carriole showed signs of apprehension. We drove quickly on, and both determined that in future we would always keep together—that on any other occasion one should not walk and the other drive. It may be perfectly safe, but while there is companionship needless fears do not arise, or do not impress in the same manner as if one is alone. Kate and I have enjoyed a walking tour at the English lakes and in North Wales with pleasure and safety, and our experience suggests to us to advise two ladies travelling without escort always to keep together. As far as we can judge, Norway is a most suitable country for ladies without chaperonage.

By the side of the river Laugen, and being borne on its bosom, were numberless logs and trunks of trees. Wood is the chief commodity of the country; it is used for fuel, the building of houses, churches, boats, stolkjœrres, carrioles, masts, bridges, ships, &c.; it is an universal substitute for ropes, rowlocks of boats, tethers for animals, springs for closing gates, and when reduced to pulp it is brought to England for the making of paper. I have a piece before me now. Felled in the primeval forests, the trunk is dragged over the hardened snow in the following winter to the nearest stream, in readiness to be floated down as soon as returning spring unbinds the waters from their frozen sleep. Then down many a foaming cataract, across many a torpid lake, along many a tributary river, must it be conveyed into the Götha or the Glommen, to be finally floated into the timber yards of Christiania, Drammen, or Gothenburg. Men with long hooked poles direct the timber over the fosses and along the tortuous channels. It is floated on a rude raft, with a still ruder sail—or, not unfrequently, with a leafy birch tree as its substitute. Besides the home consumption, so much is exported that sometimes such piles of it are seen in the ports that one would imagine it must require a long time to remove; yet the embarcations for England, Holland, France, or Spain in a few days sweep them all away, and a few weeks cover the quays again. The red fir will stand several hundred years, and from the root the peasants extract tar, even a hundred years after the trunk has been cut down.

At Kirkestuen, which is a very clean station, we engaged a stolkjœrre for Hölmen, and were fortunate in securing a splendid little black horse, which rattled through the delicious twilight at a spanking pace. Quickly making arrangements to stay the night in this red house, we hastened to the eminence behind, where we stood for some time in silent ecstasy. A lovely after-glow of gold and crimson, fading to pale rose, suffused the undulating hills clad in deep velvety softness of dense dark forests. On the right the far-distant snow-tipped mountains were almost lost in Tyrian haze, receding in ulterior wastes to pale blue and grey. It was beautiful, and we almost regretted the necessity to eat. One German gentleman supped with us. We had just finished when three young ladies (one was about twelve) and two boys came in. They were inhabitants of Lillehammer. They have been staying at Gausdal Sanatorium, and to-day have walked twenty-one miles. They persist in saying they will walk all night. It is very beautiful, but I have tried to dissuade them, thinking they have done enough.

The skydsguts, young and old, have a nasty habit of chewing tobacco. They never carry a whip from the station, but jump from the vehicle and cut a twig from a tree on the road.

	Kr.	Ore.
Stolkjœrre to Byhre . .	2	16
Frokost at Byhre . .	1	20
Stolkjœrre to Listad . .	2	90
Milk and biscuits at Listad	0	25
Stolkjœrre to Skjœggestad	3	50
Middag at Skjœggestad .	1	80
Two carrioles to Kirkestuen	4	10
Stolkjœrre to Hölmen . .	4	5

Fossegarden (House of the Fos).

Saturday, August 9.

Breakfast at Hölmen at 6.30. Stolkjœrre, 7.15. Most lovely drive through dense forests to Fossegarden, stopping on the road to pick ferns and wild strawberries. The young ladies had shamed us by leaving Hölmen at five o'clock. We were so charmed with the appearance of this station that immediately on entering, about half-past ten, we ran upstairs and secured the tiny bedroom opening into this pretty balcony which overlooks the green river Laugen, winding for miles right and left, calm and peaceful—then close in front here, dashing, roaring, bubbling, tumbling, the beautiful, white, foaming Hunderfos, likened to the Falls of Schaffhausen. Its deep melodious roar pervades everything. Dense forests of pine and fir, sombre and black, sweep away over hills remote, and in mitigated hues of blue-grey, deep brown, sage-green, and dying red tinge, repose on the water's edge, kissing softly undulating fields, bright green, dark brown and ruddy, or glistening and gleaming, laden with golden grain. Over all smiles a cloudless blue sky, and as "Sol" gets higher on the hills he sheds a deep blue glow over far, far forests, where wreathes and curls a faint suspicion of pale blue smoke from some solitary sœter. Delicious odours are wafted on gentle zephyrs, and one feels that every sense is satisfied. Well in the glorious and magnificent scenes which compose Norway may we feel with Milton—

"These are Thy glorious works, Parent of good,
Almighty! Thine this universal frame,
Thus wondrous fair: Thyself how wondrous then!

One Norwegian lady is staying here for a fortnight. She speaks English in the same sing-song manner as her own language is generally expressed. "There are in Norwegian and Swedish two accents or tones, equal in stress but differing in intonation. The simple tone belongs properly to monosyllables, as *ja*, yes; *dag*, day. It is regarded as one tone, although the voice really rises a few tones, at the same time decreasing in force. The compound tone belongs to dissyllables, and is really a kind of melody, of which the first part is felt as incomplete, and the last as the first necessary complement or finishing keynote. The voice begins in the first (accented) syllable about one tone below the keynote, sinks one or two tones, and winds up in the last (unaccented) syllable with the keynote. It is this tone especially that gives to Norwegian and Swedish their peculiar sing-song or singing character. It is difficult to imitate, but essential to the understanding. Musical accents are peculiar to the Scandinavian languages and some Slavonian dialects. The Danish substitute for the simple accent is a kind of jerk or stop in the voice, 'glottal catch,' and for the compound accent the absence of the jerk."

Soon after our arrival here we missed our picnic basket, and concluded we had left it at Hölmen. This not being a telegraph station, I was communicating my perplexities to the good-humoured young hostess, when a boy drove into the yard with a carriole containing the basket, the honest folks at Hölmen having dispatched him immediately on finding it. He shook my hand on receiving a slight gratuity, as they all do when pleased. Kate is not quite her usual self; she does not always appreciate the fare, and on her account I am longing to reach Christiania, where I hope the style of living will be more English.

The Danish ladies (the daughters of the late Professor Rafn, of Copenhagen), with their brother, arrived here this afternoon, and about half-past seven we all went together to the banks of the Laugen to see the hunder-orret caught, just below the Hunderfos. Our host caught five, weighing between nine and twelve pounds, in baskets which had been left all day in the rushing fall. One enormous trout was in a large wooden tank, through which is a constant flow of fresh water. When one is caught alive it is put in the tank and reserved for future use. We then went to see the cows which I had promised to milk, but was too late. I am to be called for the purpose at five in the morning.

The cows are small, and give little milk; but fodder is cheap, and the farmers keep a great number. In the spring, when first turned out, the husbandmen make a large fire in the fields, to which the cattle in the farmyard run, particularly on cold nights, and lie round it.

Dogs are scarce in these parts; we have seen very few. They are remarkable for their sagacity, and are very peculiar in shape, their

necks being thick in comparison with the hinder part of their bodies. Their coats are about three inches deep, the underneath hairs of which are perfectly white. A lady in my home neighbourhood possesses a very handsome leash of Norwegian dogs. She is evidently very fond of them, but says they are not good-natured. Foreign dogs are not admitted in Norway for fear of hydrophobia.

There is nothing remarkable in the sheep but their standing together in the winter under the snow, and eating each other's wool, as in other snowy countries. The place where they collect is discovered by the warm damp that rises above the snow.

The country people keep so many goats that from Bergen alone are shipped annually 70,000 or 80,000 goat-skins, exclusive of several thousands dressed for Suffian, Cordnan, and Russia leather. These creatures climb the rocks and steeps inaccessible to man. Wherever grass is to be found they will get at it; but they often get into such dangerous situations as not to be able to stir. The cattle often fall down the precipices, and are destroyed; but a peasant will cheerfully venture his life for a sheep or goat, descending from the top of a mountain by a rope of some hundred fathoms in length, till he reaches the place where he finds the animal, which he fastens to the rope, and it is drawn up with him.

The form of the elk is between the horse and the stag, very long-legged, being an ash colour, and having horns on their head like deer, but not so long and round. They are harmless creatures, and keep about the houses in winter; their flesh is much of the taste of venison; and the hide sells for a good price, being converted into buff-leather.

The reindeer are abundant. They run wild, and are shot and sold like other game. The diminutive ermine is capable of destroying the elk or bear by creeping into their ears when they lie asleep, and laying fast hold with their teeth. When the larger animal finds himself thus attacked he begins to run about, roaring till he exhausts himself. Then he becomes faint, droops, languishes, and dies. In the same manner it will steal on a sleeping eagle, and let the bird fly away with him upon his back, where he continues gnawing, till, by the great effusion of blood, the bird drops dead on the ground.

Norwegian bears are strong and sagacious, being remarkable for not hurting children. The beaver, an amphibious animal, is shaped like a long-bodied dog, with short legs, a flat, small head, round ears and eyes, a large, thick, and smooth tail, which weighs several pounds, the skin of which is covered with fish scales, and is so much of the fishy kind as to taste like fish, and cannot bear to be long out of the water. The rest of his body is flesh. His hinder feet are webbed like those of a goose, and of the same fleshy nature. As his tail cannot be long out of the water, the beaver builds his house in such a manner that he can always have his hind part hanging in a place which is open from ice all the winter, that he may continually throw his tail forward and backward in free water. To secure this advantage, even where the water rises and falls, he builds always at the water's edge a wooden house, three stories high and regularly raised above one another, like a little tower, where he and his mate have each their separate lodging and bed. To fell the trees for building these houses the wise Creator has furnished this little animal with a tooth four or five inches long, and sharp at the end, not unlike a boar's tusk. With this, as with a small axe, he prepares the wood for the joists, fits all together, and lays them over one another, that they may not fall.

White and red foxes are found. They have a particular way of drawing crabs ashore by dipping their tails in the water, of which the crabs take hold.

The most pernicious vermin is a little animal called the loemus, or lemming, which is between the size of a rat and a mouse. The tail is short, and turned up at the end. The legs are very short. Once or twice in every twenty years they assemble from their secret abodes in prodigious numbers, and proceed from Kolen's Rock, which divides the Nordland manor from Sweden—held to be their peculiar and native place—marching in vast multitudes through Nordland and Finmark to the Western Ocean, and other bodies of them through Swedish Lapmark to the Sinus Bethnicus, devouring all the grass and vegetables in their way. They do this in a direct line, going straightforward into the rivers or the sea. If they meet with a boat in any river they run in at one end or side, and out again at the other, in order to keep their course, carrying their young with them on their backs or in their mouths; and if they meet with peasants who come to oppose them they will stand undaunted and bark at them like dogs. The evil is, however, of short duration; for, on entering the sea, they swim as long as their strength lasts, and then are drowned. If any are stopped in their course, and unable to reach the sea, they are killed by the frosts of winter; and if any of these escape most of them die as soon as they eat the new grass.

Toads and snakes are only met with in the southern parts of the country, and these are less poisonous than in warmer climates. The birds which are found in Norway are numerous. Eagles and falcons are seen of various descriptions, bustards and dodrels, most of the small birds common to the northern parts of Great Britain, and an astonishing quantity of wild fowl, moor game, and aquatic birds. On the rocks which surround the coast the eider duck is everywhere met with.

	Kr.	Ore.
Bill at Hölmen . . .	3	90
Stolkjœrre to Fossegarden .	4	20
Laundress	1	0

On Balcony, Fossegarden.
Sunday, August 10, 11 a.m.

They awoke me at five to milk the cows, but, I blush to own, I was so sleepy I did not arise till nearly eight. Deliciously calm and quiet is the morning. The cataract laughs and gleams in the sunshine, the far, far hill looks a deeper blue, more soft and velvety, and the golden corn bows with an oppression of wealth. We think with regret that we are leaving, perhaps for ever, the lovely and wonderful scenes of which we have become so enamoured. The beautiful hush of the Sabbath is scarcely more conspicuous than the gentle sounds which pervade every day, and impress one almost with the feeling that every day is Sunday. There are not any loud voices nor distressing noises—only the glorious roar and rush of many waters, or the exquisite trickle of a single fall, the tinkling bell of a browsing herd, a bleating sheep, the fluttering wing of a ryper, magpie or crow, and the low chant of a kindly peasant. We have bade a fond farewell to giant mountains, with their warm snow covering, and soon we must forsake the gorgeously-coloured hills of dense dark forests, and smiling undulations of red, gold, and green. Farewell to bright-hued heather, sweet-scented clover and honeysuckle, exquisite wild roses, grasses, mosses, ferns, harebells, pansies, foxgloves, dandelions, Marguerites, and many other delightful additions to our pleasure. Then these agreeable stations—how spotlessly clean they generally are, with ivy twined across the ceiling or walls, and perfumed with oleanders, pelargoniums, scented geraniums, and heliotropes. We have often admired the handsome case clocks, carved oak, and Chippendale furniture, antique silver spoons, and other articles of vertu possessed by the owners of these stations.

A tray, with plates, a large bowl of strawberries, and a jug of cream, have just been placed on the bench beside me—a hint that it is time for us to regale ourselves before our walk to Lillehammer. We sent our luggage on last night.

Johansen's Hotel, Lillehammer, 10 p.m.

We had a delightful walk here, and then went to see the Mesna Fos. The day lost some of its brightness and became oppressive, in consequence of which we felt less energetically disposed than usual. We visited the churchyard—

"Where many a holy text around is strewn
To teach the rustic moralist to die."

Here the flowers were beautiful, and many bowls of fresh roses and forget-me-nots have been placed on the graves this morning. Not a vault was to be seen. There were small gardens containing the graves of a family, and a bench or small chair where the relatives and mourners could sit apart and think on the loved ones who have "gone before." The church is the first brick building we have seen. The town was very quiet, its inhabitants mostly standing about in groups, talking. At half-past five we returned to dinner. We were served first with anchovies, which we did not like, but soon obtained both ox and veal with potatoes and peas—cooked, as usual, with their pods. Afterwards we found the Misses Rafn and their brother at the Victoria Hotel, and accepted their polite invitation to sit with them on the slates and admire the very extensive view. We expressed our surprise that one gentleman should travel with five ladies, when "brother" told us that once in Paris he took thirty ladies for a walk, and added that he thoroughly appreciated the society of ladies, for then he was blessed with more of Heaven than of earth.

	Kr.	Ore.
Bill at Fossegarden . . .	6	20
Stolkjœrre, with luggage, to Lillehammer	3	45

Grand Hotel, Christiania,
Monday, August 11.

The folks at Johansen's were very punctual, and brought to our dormitory coffee and cakes at six a.m. The captain received us at eight on board the "Skidlabner," and, to our surprise, the two young ladies whom we met at Hölmen came to say "Adieu," and brought with them two charming bouquets, composed of stock, mignonette, pelargonium, forget-me-nots, and lobelia, as a parting gift. We took through tickets across Lake Mjosen from Lillehammer to Eidsvold, thence by train to Christiania; and after our luggage was weighed and labelled, we were told that all responsibility was removed from our shoulders till we should reach Christiania.

A good breakfast, chatting with our Danish friends, and a little Norwegian girl, who was very bright and merry, passed the time pleasantly till we sighted Hamar, about twelve, where our Danish friends disembarked. Before reaching there we called at Gjovik and several other ports. We had few passengers. Our lively little companion was quite disgusted that we had taken first-class through tickets, because she, and the ladies with her, had only taken first-class for steamer and third for train, and they felt sure that was the better and more economical plan. We reached Eidsvold at three, and there, while entering our train, another locomotive arrived from Hamar with the Danish contingent, whereupon ensued another affectionate leave-taking, with a distribution of our flowers, excepting

those we pressed and have still "in memoriam." Our first experience of Norwegian train travelling was rather dreary work. The journey was short, but stopping at every station prolonged the time, and we did not reach Christiania till a little after five.

Our intention had been to stay at the far-famed Victoria Hotel, but on our route some people advised us to go to the Scandinavie, as they thought the Victoria very expensive. Accordingly we went to the Scandinavie, which was so full that there was only one bedroom to spare, connected with a sitting-room, for which they demanded ten kroner per night. This rejecting, we were advised to try the Grand. And here we are, having, with almost insatiable appetites, enjoyed thoroughly, roast chicken, potatoes, cucumber and salad, and excellent tea. Evidently the fare here is good, and I hope Kate will reap the benefit of it, and feel better before we tempt the ocean wave. We procured our letters from the Victoria, and required no other amusement but the perusal of home news, for which we have been longing.

	Kr.	Ore.
Bill at Lillehammer . .	4	40
Stolkjœrre to steamer . .	0	80
Breakfast on board . . .	3	0
Tickets to Christiania . .	20	75

Apartment 72, The Grand, Christiania,
Tuesday, August 12.

Respectable breakfast of mutton chops. We then called at Herr Heitmann's office, and ascertaining the number of our berths to be 3 and 4, we went to the "Rollo" to inspect the same. We found them in the general cabin for ladies, with several other berths, and on interrogating the stewardess, she informed us that on her last passage to Norway the ladies' cabin was so full that she and her friend were compelled to sleep on the floor. We asked if all the other berths were engaged. She replied "No; but some were always kept vacant for gentlemen. There was a general sleeping-room for ladies, but not for gentlemen, although there was another saloon below provided with cabins for gentlemen." We returned to Herr Heitmann's office, and asked the young man with whom we had previously spoken to allow us to secure berths 34 and 35, as they were in a cabin for two. He replied that he could not do so: supposing gentlemen should come at the last moment for a berth, and there was not one left vacant? We saw from his list that 34 and 35 were disengaged, and explained that we paid quite as much as gentlemen, first-class fare, and also that Messrs. Wilson, at Hull, had told us that if we wrote in advance we should ensure a cabin to ourselves. We had written a fortnight in advance, and yet we were to be located with eight or twelve other ladies, as the case might be. Still the lad was inexorable. So we gained admission to Herr Heitmann's private office, and plainly stated the facts of the case. He fully sympathised with us, and said that ladies were not sufficiently considered, but added that we should have allotted to us the berths we requested—Nos. 34 and 35. We then went to Mr. Bennett's repository, and bought knives, photos, &c., but found afterwards we could purchase similar articles much cheaper elsewhere. While there, an American lady told us she had written to Hull for a berth on the "Rollo," and had received a reply that one was reserved for her. She did not see the ship previously to the day of departure for Norway, and then she was introduced to her berth in the general sleeping cabin for ladies. Several ladies were very ill, and altogether the voyage was a most unpleasant one. She drew many comparisons between that and her voyage from America. Henceforth I shall recommend people to see the berth they engage, not to depend upon a written application. Our next visitation was to David Andersen, where we negotiated for silver spoons, bowie knives, and carriole brooches. Then we surveyed the fort and barracks, with the badly-equipped soldiers.

Table d'hôte at the Grand was at two, to which we did full justice, and after resting for a short time on the balcony of the cosy drawing-room, we turned out again to parade the streets, and rub our noses against the shop windows, wishing we had plenty of money, so that we might take home presents for our numerous brothers, sisters, nephews, and nieces. About six o'clock we refreshed ourselves with milk and cake at Molmessen's, and at eight entered the Tivoli Gardens. Here we were much edified by an orchestra consisting of eight ladies and one gentleman. The ladies wore white muslin dresses, with pink silk scarves.

First violin, og Direktrice, Fröken Helene Hofman.
First violin, Fröken Mathilde Hütter.
First violin, Fröken Auguste Bonhaus.
Obligate violin, Fröken Elise Heller.
Obligate violin, Fröken Therese Pauhaus.
Floite, Fröken Hedvig Kosnapfel.
Harmonium, Fröken Mina Leger.
Grand cassa, liden tromme og triangel, Fru Caroline Richter.
Konsertmester, Herr G. Richter.

Returning to the Grand, about half-past nine, we saw our bill for the day on the table in our bedroom. To avoid mistakes, a list of charges is handed to the guests every day, which we think a very good plan.

Christiania, the capital of Norway, having a population of about 112,000, is situated in a picturesque valley at the northern extremity of the Christiania Fjord, a magnificent sheet of water running up a distance of about seventy English miles from the sea. It owes its foundation to King Harold (contemporary with Sweno, King of Denmark, surnamed Estritius, because he was the son of Margaret, named Estrita, daughter to Sweno II., and sister to Canute the Great), who called it Obselo. Harold kept his court here in the middle of the eleventh century. When the Swedes were besieging the fort of Aggerhuus, in the year 1567, the Danes, in order to take from them all pretences for staying in the country, burnt the town of Obselo. A peace was concluded between them three years after; and Frederick II. of Denmark, under whose reign this town was burnt, dying in 1588, his successor, Christian IV., rebuilt it in 1614, and called it Christiania, by which name it has been generally known ever since. It is built principally of white stone, and possesses, besides numerous public buildings, three first-rate hotels—the Victoria, the Grand, the Scandinavie, and other smaller ones, besides many private pensions. The old town of Christiania, now called "Oslo," was a bishopric in the mediæval age, and there are still a few remains of the Bishop's Palace ("Ladegaarden") and the main street. In this palace King James the Sixth of Scotland was espoused to the Princess Anna, sister to Christian IV. In the graveyard of the ancient church of "Oslo," W. Bradshaw, the compiler of the "Railway Guide," was buried, and a gravestone was erected to his memory. The shortest day at Christiania is five hours long, the longest of nineteen hours duration.

We have obtained "Bennett's Guide Book to Christiania," and the "Telegrafen," which is published daily, and gives much information.

	Kr.	Ore.
Admission to Tivoli . . .	1	0
Cakes and milk	1	0
Bill at the Grand, August 11th .	10	80
Bill at the Grand, August 12th .	15	50

(To be concluded.)

HOME-MADE WEDDING AND BIRTHDAY CAKES: HOW TO MAKE AND ICE THEM.

By PHILLIS BROWNE Author of "The Girls' Own Cookery Book."

All girl cooks have an idea that their *chef d'œuvre* shall be a wedding cake. I have again and again heard girls say, "I should like above all things to know how to ice a wedding cake, and to make some of that delicious almond paste which lies underneath the white sugar." I sympathise with girls who consider this almond paste delicious, and as it is exceedingly easy to prepare it when once you know how, I propose that to-day we learn what we can about this very interesting subject.

The wedding cake is a very ancient institution; indeed, it is said to have come down to us from the time of the Romans, when it was a rule that the marriages of exalted personages should be performed before no fewer than ten witnesses, and that the contracting parties should mutually partake of a cake made of salt, water, and flour. Our modern wedding cakes are made of something more than this. They are usually so rich that prudent folks avoid them; and they are very expensive also. Even a very small wedding cake, such as would be considered by the majority of brides quite a makeshift, would cost from thirty shillings to two pounds; while at very grand weddings, when expense is no object, the cake is sometimes very large, and is most elaborately ornamented. I heard of one the other day which was several feet high, and which was said to have cost eighty pounds. It is said, too, that the cake which is to be used at the marriage of the Princess Beatrice is to weigh 4 cwt., and is to consist of three cakes placed one on the top of the other. Cakes of this description would, of course, be baked in separate pieces, in tin moulds which had been carefully measured and calculated to turn out portions which when fitted together would make a circle.

With cakes of this sort I have nothing to do. I propose, however, to speak of a cake which would be quite sufficiently large for a reasonable bride, and which could be satisfactorily baked in an ordinary oven. And it must be remembered that if we were to examine what wou'd be called a handsome good-sized cake, we should find that the actual cake—that is, the butter, almond, and

plain coating of sugar-icing—did not occupy the chief portion of the arrangement, but that a good deal of this gorgeous whole was made up of stand, floral decorations, sugar ornaments, drum, etc. These extras may be hired for a moderate sum, and they may be varied to any extent. Even a small cake looks almost imposing when it is thus made the most of. I have made very careful calculation, and I believe that by making a wedding cake, a Twelfth Night cake, or a birthday cake at home, we might get it for just one-third of the price we should have to pay if we bought it at the confectioner's. Not only would this saving be effected, but to my mind the home-made cake would taste the better of the two. It might not have that finished, spick-and-span look which a bought cake would present, but it might be made to look exceedingly pretty; and there is no question but that all friends and relatives of the manufacturer would infinitely prefer it to the most magnificent cake ever produced by an expert. Professional cooks and confectioners too often seem to me to sacrifice everything to appearance; they make things look most inviting, but they do not sufficiently consider either wholesomeness or taste. Girl cooks have no occasion to fall into this error, and their productions may be made to look everything one could desire, and yet may taste deliciously at the same time.

It is well known that cakes of good quality improve with keeping, although very plain cakes soon grow dry and uneatable. A little while ago I tasted at a wedding breakfast a piece of the cake which had been made twenty-two years ago for the wedding of the bride's mother; and I cannot say that the old cake was as much inferior to the new one as might have been expected. If a cake is to cut firm, as it is called, it is necessary that it should be made some time before it is wanted, for if freshly made it would crumble when cut. Confectioners know this so well that they are accustomed to make their cakes months before they are wanted, and then to ice them as required. If, therefore, girls are inclined to experiment in making a cake of this sort for a special occasion, I advise them to set to work in good time, and then to keep the cake covered up in a tin box until two or three days before it is to be used, when they may undertake the pleasant business of icing it.

When making a cake it is best to collect and prepare all the ingredients and all the utensils in the first instance, and not to begin to mix until everything is ready. The oven, too, should be looked after. It must be of a moderate, steady heat; and it must be remembered that this heat must be maintained for a considerable time (about three hours for a cake of this size), until the cake is baked through. If the oven is very fierce, or, if the heat is increased during the baking, the cake will probably be burnt on the outside and will be doughy inside; and this would be a misfortune. If, on the other hand, the oven is too cool to begin with, the cake will be heavy. In order to assist the thorough baking, and to prevent the edges of the cake from being harder than the outside, the tin baking hoop which is to contain the mixture should not only be greased inside, but should be lined with a double fold of buttered paper, three or four folds of buttered paper should be laid on the baking sheet underneath the cake, and paper should be laid over it. The baking hoops should not be more than three parts filled with the batter, so as to give the cake room to rise.

I will now give a list of the ingredients required, all of which should be thoroughly dry, and then describe the process of mixing. The quantities given here will make a cake about the size of a large dinner-plate. If, however, it is considered desirable to increase the size of the cake, this may easily be done by increasing the quantities all in the same proportion. I think, however, that girls would be wise not to attempt a very large cake before they have tried a small one. "Discretion is the better part of valour," so far as it requires valour, or, its equivalent, courage, to make a wedding or birthday cake. The recipe given is M. Francatelli's:—

Ingredients.— Two-and-a-half pounds of flour, one-and-a-half pound of butter, one-and-a-half pound of sifted sugar, one pound of chopped dried cherries, one pound of cleaned currants, half a pound each of candied lemon, orange, and citron peel, all cut into small thin shreds, one ounce of salt, eight ounces of almonds blanched and well pounded, the zest of four oranges, one ounce of pounded cinnamon, cloves, nutmegs, and coriander seeds, all in equal proportions, twelve eggs, half a pint of brandy, and half a gill of caramel or burnt sugar colouring. (The latter I should feel inclined to omit). If preferred, one-and-a-half pound of flour may be taken and eight eggs may be used.

Process.—Put the butter into a large white pan and beat it with a wooden spoon till it is like a cream, but thicker. Gradually throw in the sugar and keep up the beating; next add the frothed whites of the eggs, and after a time the yolks; now add, slowly and gradually, the spices, the flour, the currants, cherries, peels, and salt, and keep on working the spoon all the time. When all the ingredients are thoroughly mingled, introduce the brandy, put the batter into the baking hoop, and bake as already directed. It is probable that by the time the cake is properly mixed, the maker's arm will ache badly; but she must not mind this at all. It is quite a minor detail, and not worth considering.

In making a cake like this it is very important that the ingredients should be properly mixed, well beaten, and added gradually, and that care should be given to the baking. The cake is rich, but that is no reason why it should not be light also, and it is very annoying, when one has taken a great deal of trouble and gone to a considerable expense, to find that we have given our time and money and trouble and covered with delicious icing a cake that is only a solid, heavy, and indigestible mass. If a cake of this description is not a brilliant success, it is a melancholy failure. Moderate praise bestowed upon it is really blank condemnation.

If we grant that it is desirable that experiments should be made in mixing small cakes before large cakes are attempted, much more is it advisable that a girl should try three or four times to ice a small cake before she tries a large one. To ice a cake properly, and especially to ornament the icing, one must have practice. It is worth while to think of this, because icing is one of those operations in which we seem to be so very awkward at first, and then by following the well-known advice to "try, try, try again," all at once we get to a point when things feel quite easy, and we advance to skill by leaps and bounds. There is no need to make these preliminary trials on very rich cakes; plain ordinary recently baked cakes will answer our purpose just as well. The cakes must be cold and firm, however; that must not be forgotten; and for the sake of making matters simpler, we should do well to lay our icing not on the rounded top of the cake, but on the bottom part—that is, the part which has been near the baking sheet, turning the cake upside down for the purpose. This part will be smooth and straight, and we can spread our icing evenly, but the top part will be knobby and rough. And if the outside of our cake is greasy, we should dredge flour over it, and then take it off at once with a soft white cloth, in order that this greasiness may be got rid of.

When the cake has been made and kept for awhile and the time draws near for it to be used, the almond icing has first to be considered. For this there will be required a pound of sweet almonds, a pound of the finest white sifted sugar (icing sugar), the whites of two eggs, and a little orange-flower water, rose water, or any similar preparation. If nothing else is to be had, plain water may be used. Scald the almonds by throwing them into a pan over the fire containing boiling water. Let them remain until on taking an almond between the finger and thumb the skin can be easily pushed off. Drain away the hot water, put the almonds into cold water to cool them, drain them again, then put them into a cloth a few at a time and rub them between the hands, or, if preferred, slip off the skins with the fingers. As the skins are taken off, put the almonds into cold water, and let them lie for an hour. This will to some extent prevent their becoming oily whilst being pounded.

When the almonds are soaked, put them into a mortar and pound them to a smooth paste, adding occasionally a few drops of water as required. Almonds are of a hard nature; therefore, for this part of the business patience and strength of arm are needed. If the almond paste is to be superlatively good, the almonds may, after being pounded to a soft pulp, be rubbed through a sieve, and that which will not go through may be pounded again. I confess, however, that I think this is a rather unnecessary expenditure of energy. Indeed, I will go further, and, as I believe that there are girls in the world who would like to make almond paste who do not possess a pestle and mortar, I will confess that I have known the delicacy to be made without pounding the almonds at all, but simply chopping them as finely as possible before mixing them with the sugar. Mind, I by no means say that finely chopped almonds are equal to well pounded almonds; I would not commit such an indiscretion, for I am aware that it is a chief point that the almonds should be pounded till perfectly smooth. I merely state that if girls have not a pestle and mortar, and choose to dispense with the pounding—well, the house will not come down over their heads in consequence, and the almond paste will not lack appreciative admirers.

When the almonds are well pounded or chopped, they may be mixed with their weight in icing sugar, and then laid over the cake, making it smooth and even, by means of the hand dipped frequently in cold water and also with the flat side of a knife dipped in cold water. This almond paste may be from half-an-inch to an inch-and-a-half in thickness, according to the quantity of the mixture which has been made. It will be put on quite easily by using the wet hand; only it must be remembered that too much moisture must not be used, otherwise the paste will be so long in drying. The almond paste should be dried thoroughly and slowly before the sugar-icing is put on the top. On this account it is well to coat the cake with almond two days before the concluding business is commenced.

The white sugar-icing which is put over almond paste in rich cakes is known as royal icing. To make it properly, girls should have what is called icing sugar, which may be bought of any good grocer, and which costs about fivepence per pound. This icing sugar is not the same thing as ordinary fine sugar: it is specially made for the special purpose, and is passed through silken sieves, and moreover is mixed with a little fine starch, which helps to bind it together. It is a mistake to try and make royal icing of crushed loaf sugar, because the icing sugar is exceedingly smooth, and to use it saves much trouble. It is half the battle in cookery to be able to get proper materials and utensils. Clever cooks can in-

vent substitutes, and make use of whatever happens to lie close to the hand; but the more inexperienced the cook the more she needs to have things made easy for her, and it certainly is easier to work when one has the right tools. I recommend girls, therefore, to take a little pains to procure proper icing sugar before beginning to make royal icing. This will give their work a much better chance of being successful.

As even with icing sugar it is quite possible that lumps will have been formed through the preparation having been closely packed at the grocer's, it may save time if before beginning to mix the ingredients the sugar be passed through a wire sieve. The business will not occupy more than a minute, and is worth while. Put the sugar (say two pounds) into a bowl and throw in, one at a time, the whites of the eggs. The whites should not be whisked, but simply beaten for a second just to break them; the speck should be removed, and care should be taken not to leave a particle of yolk with the white. It is impossible to say exactly how many whites should be used, because this depends upon their size. They should, however, be put in very sparingly, and the sugar should be well beaten and worked with a wooden spoon, a few drops of lemon juice being added now and then. When a girl has beaten in one egg white until she feels she cannot get on any longer, she may add another, but I warn her that she is in greater danger of putting in too many whites than too few. What she has to do is to produce a paste which is quite smooth but not at all liquid. The sugar should be entirely worked in, there should not be any dry portions left unmixed with the white of egg, but it should form a compact mass. The sign that it is right is that a little piece put upon dry bread will not run. As a sort of guide, I may say that for two pounds of icing sugar the whites of three large eggs or of four small ones will probably be required. I advise girls, however, not to consider these quantities arbitrary, but to put the sugar into the bowl first, and to add as many egg whites as they find necessary.

When the icing is ready, the first thing to be done is to set aside a large spoonful for purposes of decoration, and then to spread the rest over the almond paste. I believe it is the correct thing to put the almond icing thickly on the top of the cake, only taking care to keep it from going over the edge, and to spread the sugar-icing all over the cake, making it from a quarter to half-an-inch thick. When, however, girls are so fond of the almond paste that they prefer to have it on the sides as well as the top, I know of no law to forbid their doing so. I suppose the reason of the above-mentioned rule is that it is thought almond paste put on the sides is more likely to fall off than when put on the top only. So it is. But if the paste is made stiffly enough, and if the cake is not very large, this mischance need not occur. Whichever plan is preferred, the chief thing is to try and get the coating of sugar as smooth and even as possible, and also to be very careful not to disturb the almond paste. The best way of doing it is to put little knobs of sugar icing here and there upon the cake, and then to spread it with the flat side of the blade of a knife dipped frequently in cold water. The business will take a long time, much longer than might be expected; but pains should be bestowed upon it, because the appearance of the cake depends upon it. If the sugar is left rough and uneven, the cake will stand confessed the work of a bungler. The knife used in smoothing it should be dipped frequently in cold water, but it should not be made very wet, because this would moisten the icing overmuch. It will be found that by making the knife wet, the sugar acquires a shiny look.

When the sugar is evenly spread it should be allowed to harden before the decorations are put on. It may be put in a very cool oven with the door open, or placed in a warm kitchen. It will not take very long. If thinly spread it will probably be ready in half an hour or so. Meantime the forcers should be made ready, and the spoonful of sugar set aside for ornamentation should be beaten up again with a little more white of egg to make it thin enough to be workable. If it is left as stiff as the portion spread over the cake was, it cannot be manipulated properly. For a birthday cake a few drops of cochineal may, if liked, be stirred into the icing to give it colour, but the pink should be of a pale tint; if deep red it will not be pretty. For a wedding cake the ornamentation should be entirely white.

In order to decorate a cake properly, it is necessary, first, to have icing forcers, and secondly, dexterity gained by practice. The forcers are small funnel-like cones about threequarters of an inch deep, which are fastened firmly by means of a screw into a sort of sugar bag, six inches deep and three inches in diameter at the top, made of strong cotton satteen, jean, or any similar closely-made material strong enough to keep the icing from oozing through. The set of a dozen forcers, with screw and bag complete, costs about six shillings or seven shillings per dozen, although a single forcer with screw can sometimes be bought for one shilling and sixpence, the bag being made at home. The small tin cones are open at the ends, and are cut into different shapes at the point which enables the operator to make different patterns of ornamentation. Thus when we see an elegant waved line round a wedding cake, or are called upon to admire an elaborately moulded piping, we must understand that the maker thereof had a prettily designed forcer to work with.

It would not be impossible to make one of these forcers at home of strong cardboard, cut into a quarter of a circle, then folded into the shape of a small cone with the sides overlapping and fastened securely. The point of the cone might be cut off either straight or in some fancy design, and the cone itself might be sewn into a cornet with the end protruding about half an inch. I say it would not be impossible to manage with home-made forcers; the feat has been accomplished again and again; for there are clever people who are always astonishing their neighbours and acquaintances with their performances. Nevertheless, where properly made instruments can be procured it is safer to use them, because the screw keeps everything secure. Forcers made at home of cardboard and paper are apt to burst at critical moments and allow the sugar to escape, and when one is in the midst of working out an original and elaborate design, this is annoying.

When about to use the forcers we screw the funnel-shaped cone into the narrow end of the bag, half fill the latter with the thinned icing, fold the top of the bag over to enclose the preparation, and, then holding the bag firmly in both hands, we press upon the top with the thumb in order to squeeze out the sugar from the point upon the cake. It has already been said that only practice will give skill in work of this sort. Nothing but practice teaches us how to regulate the pressure, so as to make the little stream of sugar which comes from the open end of the cone take the shape we desire, and, most difficult of all, stop just when we want it. Of course, the character of the ornamentation must depend upon individual taste and knowledge of drawing. In making birthday cakes it is very usual to write the name of the individual for whose honour the cake is intended upon the top, with a suitable motto below. Adventurers and experimenters should, however, be advised that it is much more difficult to write clearly and distinctly than it is to make knobs, circles, or pipings. It is only prudent, therefore, to try the last before attempting the first. Sometimes a little pyramid of fluted piping is put in the middle of the cake; smaller knobs of the same description are put round, and festoons of sugar connect these together. Whatever be the design chosen, the work is very interesting, and with care, industry, and perseverance, success is almost certain.

As it is obviously undesirable that a cake of this description should be touched after either the almond paste or the sugar icing is laid upon it, it is wise to put our treasure on a plate turned upside down before commencing operations, in order that it may be carried backward and forward or turned about without injury.

It will be found that the sugar decorations having more white of egg in them, harden much more quickly than did the first coating of sugar icing; indeed, it is probable that by the time the last ornamentation is finished, the first one will be quite set. In any case, a sheet of tissue paper should be laid over the cake as soon as possible, in order to keep the dust from settling upon it. After all our care, we do not want the cake to be dirty. If when the all important hour arrives, and the cake is to be set before our friends, we discover to our dismay that there is a flaw where we least expected to find one, we must not forget that dainty fingers can often hide imperfections by means of a neatly cut paper frill, or a wreath of natural or artificial flowers, so skilfully that even the initiated might be excused for thinking that what was meant to conceal a defect was really an additional ornament.

And now having done my best to describe most particularly the details connected with the making and icing of cakes, and also to anticipate and provide for every difficulty likely to arise, I must leave my friends to make experiments on their own account; and I sincerely hope that the hints given may prove of value.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

HOUSEKEEPING.

PEM.—You might try a bottle of the liquid gold paint, but we cannot say whether it would answer. We should say that the spectacles are too strong if the eyes be constantly watering.

DOROTHY.—Decanters may be cleaned with tea-leaves and the chips of raw potatoes shaken up with a little water, and left to stand over night.

LITTLE POLL has seen our answer to "Martha" about her troublesome rusty iron boiler, and very kindly writes to say that the difficulty may be got over by white-washing the boiler with lime. Wipe the boiler dry after using it, and then whitewash it well with the lime whitewash. By the time it is next wanted it will be thoroughly dry and set, and will only cause a little hardness to the water. It must be whitewashed occasionally. We thank "Little Poll" for her ready help and kindly letter.

ART.

M. M. S.—You could have the pieces fired separately, but we recommend your commencing another plaque.

KATHLEEN F. W. — Ivorine cards will doubtless command a sale, if really well painted. 2. Use gum or Florentine medium with your colours. Your writing is clear and well formed.

CORINNA.—The Chinese-white should be put on first as a wash. 2. Fasten the card down securely before attempting to work upon it.

A. S.—Paintings on canvas should be varnished with copal varnish.

LEYSPRING.—Poonah painting is not taught at the present time. It is an old-fashioned style, and the art would take too long to describe in our very limited space. 2. You can obtain what you want at any place where American patterns are sold.

H. E. G.—The oil-paint should be mixed with a small quantity of gold size.

COQUELICOT.—Dip the glass for a second into warm water while squeezing out the adhesive. This will soften the spots of which you complain.

BLANCHE'S KITTEN.—Mix a small quantity of fresh plaister of Paris with strong gum; and paint it on with a brush. Your letter is untidily written, although your hand is not bad.

TO-TOO-TWO.—We are much obliged to you for your kindness in sending a contribution on the art of scrap-book making.

R. A. RAMSBOTTOM.—For "muffing" a window, cover the glass with a thick coating of liquid gum or gelatine, and then sprinkle over it granulated Epsom salts or powdered alum. But on no account should the alum or Epsom salts be dissolved before they are used.

VALENTINE.—Spread a wash of isinglass over the parts to be frosted, and sprinkle a fine dust of ground glass over it.

DUKE.—All you can do is to wash a thin coating of gum over it.

CRUSHED STRAWBERRY.—Megilp is used to mix with oil-colour paints, for the purpose of softening and making them adhere. You can employ either oil or water colours; only, if you select the latter, each colour must be mixed with Chinese white.

BROTHER'S SUNBEAM.—You made two mistakes; you used your paints too dry, and you did not secure the cards well in position before commencing to paint them.

E. A. CARTER.—You must either use the cream-coloured carbonised cloth, or prick holes in your pattern, dust white chalk through them, and secure the outline thus procured by painting it with Chinese white, mixed with gum.

WEDGEWOOD.—We do not understand what other medium you could suggest for moistening water-colours than water.

EXCELSIOR.—Mix the veloutine with the paint; it is a great help in satin painting.

AN AMATEUR PRINTER.—You cannot glaze your visiting cards for yourself. You can purchase them hot-pressed to any degree of polish you like at small cost. 2. You can take off impressions by rubbing printer's ink sparingly over the plate, laying India paper over that, then thin cardboard, and pressing and rubbing the cardboard with an agate burnisher. The ink will then be printed on the paper.

YOUNG ARTIST.—Oil-colours are generally employed for leather painting; water-colours are most unsatisfactory for such a purpose; but water gold-size will help the paint to adhere, if a coating of it were given to the leather, before being painted; a little also should be mixed with the paints before they are used.

MINERVA and IRENE.—The picture called "The Christian Martyr" is by Paul de la Roche.

PICTOR.—You had better make inquiries at the School of Art, as their rules are continually amended.

EUGENIA CRIPPS.—The clay for modelling should be purchased without any grit or hard lumps about it, and in a moist state. It should be malleable and of equal consistency throughout. When about to use it, first moisten the modelling board with a little water, take small pieces of clay, and begin to construct the required form by pressing them firmly together on the board, until a rough copy of the model be made. Smoothe down the clay with a large tool, and work it with vigour. When the piece of work is put away, lay a damp cloth over it, wetting and wringing it out as soon as it dries. The reserved clay should be placed in a pail with a damp cloth over it. If of the right kind, clay needs no other tempering. When hard, it must be steeped in warm water. In your case, it seems that you have allowed your clay to become hardened before the modelling was finished, and you will have to make another attempt, keeping it always moist.

LILIAN.—To make a pitch ground for *Repoussé* work take an old flat pan of shallow form, and melt over the fire 2lbs. of British pitch, quarter of a pound of Russian tallow, and half a pound of plaister of Paris, in a saucepan. Pour the mixture into the pan, and when nearly set take the thin brass, turn down all its corners, and press it on the pitch. Remove the brass by warming the pitch in the front of a fire, and then put on fresh brass plates by melting the top of the pitch.

MISCELLANEOUS.

B. REYNOLDS.—We read your letter and verses with much interest. The struggle to resist evil, and to perform active good "for love of what is just" and beautiful, would be very hard, when so doing would cross one's own individual inclinations and natural faults of disposition. But the struggle is rendered less difficult if undertaken from a feeling of gratitude to One to whose unfailing forbearance, bounty, and love we owe so much in this world and the next. Philosophical reasonings, however correct, leave the heart untouched and cold. "We love Him because He first loved us," etc., 1 St. John iv. 19. "If ye love Me, keep My commandments." See St. John xiv., 1 Cor. ii. 9, and Rev. iii. 4, 5. We have indeed a powerful stimulant in the hopes held out to us in the Gospel, yet were they but half as glorious as they are, the love that springs from gratitude would impel us to "fight the good fight of faith," by the aid of the Holy Spirit, obtained through prayer. We are always pleased to hear from gentlemen correspondents.

FANNY SPRIGGE.—We make no charge for answering our correspondents. 2. The *Boy's Own Paper* is published at our office under another editor. Have you not seen it?

TOMMY TRADDLES, PRINCESS, R. O. M., ARIADNE, and HYGEIA.—We have given the fullest instructions of how to proceed in our articles of last year, entitled "Work for All." If our readers would only read for themselves, how much trouble they would save us!

S. S. S.—Many thanks for the leaflets.

WILMOT.—We suppose you mean the *Leisure Hour*. Address to the office at 56, Paternoster Row, E.C.

ONE WHO DOES NOT KNOW will find all the information she requires in the various articles written by S. F. A. Caulfeild on good manners and deportment.

DEVONSHIRE DUMPLING.—Tea is considered to excite the nerves if taken strong. One cup is considered by a recent authority to be "unmixed good," but more is injurious. The 4th May, 1868, was a Monday.

ESTHER.—We are much obliged to you for your nice, kind letter and card.

EARNESTINE.—The Young Pretender's Rebellion was called the "forty-five" from the year (1745) in which it happened. 2. The French word *sous-préfet* means under or assistant *préfet*.

A SCOTCH GIRL'S muffler arrived the day after the prizes were examined.

IGNORANT ANGLO-INDIAN GIRL.—We should have seen no harm in your acceptance of the invitation; your aunt, as a married woman, was a proper chaperon; and if her husband were satisfied had no one else to consult.

DELTA and RINGDOVE.—See article on "Girls' Own Pets," for the management of doves, page 715, vol. iii.

TOPSY.—We do not think that an amateur and unknown writer would be likely to get any publisher to take an account of her life, even gratis. Attempts of this sort would probably end in disappointment.

MAUD DEWAR, UNA M. M. HAIGH, and MAGGIE BENNET are thanked for their pretty Easter cards and good wishes. The latter are cordially reciprocated.

ELLEN DOUGLAS.—1. The emphasis is placed on the first syllable of the word Milan—thus, "Mil-an." 2. We have given various recipes for toffee, and the last (for Everton toffee) quite recently.

APRIL 2ND.—If the invitation were fully understood in the first instance to be on the same footing as one to dinner, or any such entertainment, you need not feel scruples in accepting the payment of your ticket to the concert. Doubtless there was an understanding between the brother and sister respecting it. You might propose to pay, and if firmly resisted on their part you might take an apportunity of "treating" your friend in return some other time. You ought to practise writing copies. Your handwriting is too irregular and improperly sloped.

RANDA.—The name Elizabeth, which is *Elishama* in the Hebrew, means an oath. The names of Zacharias, his wife, Elizabeth, and their son, St. John the Baptist, are curiously introduced into the song of the Blessed Virgin Mary by their significations, making a description of acrostic. "To perform the *mercy*" (St. John the Baptist), "and to *remember*" (Zacharias), "To perform the *oath*" (Elizabeth), "Through the tender *mercy*" (St. John the Baptist). The Holy Scriptures are full of these curious double meanings and names given containing prophecies, as, for example, that in the first nine names from Adam inclusive.

LADY V. STANLEY.—We have ceased to repeat our answers to correspondents on the subject of the complexion, and must refer you to our indexes.

BELLE.—See "The Fairy of the Family" for directions in reference to the removal of spots and stains. The series appeared in the volume for 1883. Writing fairly good.

CARISSIMA.—The idea contained in the verse you quote is derived from a proverb of the ancients, from "Plautus:" "Whom the god's love die young."

> . . . . . "Quem Di diligunt
> Adolescens moritur."

(Bacch, act iv. scene 6.) This is utterly fallacious, taken as a rule, for though some are "taken away from the evil to come," yet "the hoary head is a crown of glory when found in the way of righteousness," and "long life" has been held out as a reward to those who honour their parents. The quotation—

> . . . . . "The good die first,
> And they whose hearts are dry as summer dust
> Burn to the socket,"

is from Wordsworth's "Excursion."

BIRDIE C.—Your letter deserves our best acknowledgments. We are glad to hear of your improved health. The lines you have sent are not blank verse, although they have no rhymes. They must each be of ten feet, and where a short line occurs the lacking feet must be made up in another short line immediately following. Full stops must occur at brief intervals in the middle of the lines, and these breaks must be irregular. Beautiful or striking similes should be introduced, and are especially desirable to wind up the last line.

A MONKEY.—Damp and dust united will bring moths into the house. Shake or brush every article well, and every day if in use; put by nothing unshaken. Take out winter clothing in the course of the summer and shake or brush it, and when furs are laid by sprinkle turpentine on the sheets of brown paper laid over them, and pepper underneath them.

LADY E. WOODFORD.—1. The act is simply one of reverence. 2. We do not know what you mean by "higher in position." A lieutenant does not hold one so high as an admiral or general, in one sense; but he may be his equal, or even superior in birth. If one man be a gentleman and the other be not, one is higher than the other; and the case is the same amongst women. Supposing you to be a domestic servant, you could not accept attentions from a gentleman with propriety. Beware of accepting them, or presents.

CLARATION.—Your sceptical friend should be more careful in making statements and drawing inferences from untenable premises. It is not said of Cain that "he took a woman to wife who dwelt in the land of Nod." Of course, the first men born into the world, and the first women, were designed for each other, and Cain took his wife there with him. The verbal inspiration of a translation from the original of divinely-inspired statements of doctrine is not what Christians are required to believe. It is the meaning and sense of those statements, as explained by the context, or by other passages bearing more fully and clearly on the same point.

ALONE IN ENGLAND.—You seem to have forgotten that the exact meaning of the promises of answers to prayer is explained in 1 St. John v. 14, "If we shall ask anything according to His will, He heareth us." Supposing a sick child in its pain asked you to give it poison to put an end to suffering, would you be acting as a true friend to give it? Or, if it begged to be spared an operation necessary to save its life, would it be a breach of any promise you had made to serve and befriend it in every way if you refused to grant such a request? In the present case, you have set your heart on marrying a man quite unsuitable—a heartless flirt, not likely to make a good husband. God is more careful over you than you are of yourself.

FAG.—You appear to forget the great mystery of the Holy Trinity. Our blessed Lord says, "I and My Father are one." The Almighty God was incarnate, or united with human nature, in the divine Second Person of that trinity, who is revealed to us as "the Son." Pray for grace to be delivered from thoughts that are of a blasphemous character.

G. E. M.—1. Ours is not an advertising paper. 2. Different shades of green, or of blue, would suit you if fair with a bright colour. Green of various descriptions will be much worn this year.

L. REEL.—Too much of anything must necessarily be objectionable. The question is, how much is "too much?" Some find that a slight disorderment of the liver may be relieved by drinking the juice of a lemon, but we should not recommend you to take as much at one time. The trouble from which most people suffer is poverty, not richness of blood. Do nothing to make it thin or poor, or you will endure a variety of diseases. A squeeze of lemon-juice over a pancake will do you no harm.

LITTLE TIE is much thanked for her kind gift of flowers, and her good wishes are returned.

DIANA.—We do not see what objection could be raised to your rowing. Your writing promises well.

ASPIRING IRENE.—We regret to say that we have no recollection of the poem to which you allude. We receive bushels of them, or what are supposed erroneously to be such. Yours, we are quite prepared to believe, was an exception to the rule, for your letter was both kindly and well expressed.

NELLIE.—*Treu und fest* is a German motto, and means "true and fast." It gratifies us to hear of the good work effected by our paper, within your own experience. Your writing is good.

HERALDRY.—The crest you send is a lion's head erased. In heraldry, the word "erased" means torn off with a ragged edge. The shield is "argent" silver, with a "sable" or black "bend."

DAUGHTER DAMARIS (South Africa).—We fear our answer will arrive too late to be of service to you, which we regret. The clergyman of your parish must be informed of your wish that the bishop should christen the baby, and he would probably speak to the bishop or else deliver your note. We do not quite understand what kind of an entertainment you wish to give. A luncheon is a very ordinary informal entertainment for such things, and you could, if you wished, have everything cold except potatoes, and do without the servants, having all prepared beforehand. Certainly, ask all you have named. The bottles could be opened by any of the gentlemen.

A DAUGHTER OF CANADA.—We do not know that earrings have any history, apart from other ornaments of womankind in all ages. The Biblical references are easily looked up with the aid of a concordance.

AN ANXIOUS MOTHER.—We sympathise much with your anxieties regarding your daughter. Home employments are most difficult to obtain. Read our articles on "Work for All," in last year's G. O. P.

AUNT MARGIE.—We cannot promise, but we think we may some day give an article such as you desire. We have already given many detached articles with recipes in them.

ROSE.—We regret to say that the lines you sent us are not poetry. They are full of wrong words, bad grammar, and bad spelling, and there is neither beauty nor originality in them; but you may be a very good and most respectable girl, and evidently an industrious one, and we wish you success in your work.

JAWCUMS and JOYLEGS.—We should not think mustard seed at all needful for turkeys, unless, indeed, they had got very wet and chilled. If you sent 2s. 6d. to the Girl's Own Home, it was acknowledged in one of our lists, where you might have found it.

ALMA.—We do not pretend to give an answer to riddles of the kind.

JOHN HARCOURT.—The sign you speak of is one of the original signs, which were the vase or cup, money, sword, and bâton, and represented respectively, priest, merchant, warrior, husbandman. The Royal Asiatic Society possesses a pack which dates from the ninth century, of Hindustani origin. When introduced into France in 1393, or thereabouts, the original plan was entirely transformed, and from seventy-eight cards was reduced to fifty-two. There

is no doubt that the first use of cards was for divination in India. "Pouring oil on troubled waters" is not a quotation, but a fact, which has been recently proved.

E. W.—We should advise you to put the £20 into the savings bank, and wait until something offers. You would require more to begin a business.

FRAULEIN.—Look out the references to kissing in your Bible.

W. G. A.—The Nicene Creed was drawn up by the first general council assembled at Nicœa, June 19th to August 25th, A.D. 325. It is a confession of faith in which the consubstantiality of the Divine Father and Son are asserted. At the second general council, held at Constantinople from May to July 30th, A.D. 381, the words, "and the Son," after "who proceedeth from the Father," were interpolated, and as such rejected by the orthodox Eastern Church. This clause is called the "Filioque," and has occasioned great controversy. It was accepted by the Spanish bishops in the year A.D. 447 by the Church of Rome, at Rome, in 883. It has been retained by the Reformed Church of England and the Transatlantic churches of Canada and the United States, and of all our colonies; off-shoots of the English Church have done the same.

DOMESTIQUE.—We think your inquiries might be answered on application to the General Domestic Servants' Benevolent Institution, 32, Sackville-street, W. Also, there is a convalescent home for female servants and needlewomen at Hope Cottage, Hampton Court, where they pay a small weekly fee.

CONTENTED ONE.—It is well that you should feel so well satisfied with all your comforts and general position and surroundings; but certainly you should not be so with yourself—a poor imperfect creature at best. We think that you must have fallen very grievously into the error of talking a great deal too much of yourself, your "frames and feelings," and great contentment, or your mother would not have pronounced so severe a judgment upon you as to say you were a "hypocrite."

A SERVANT.—1. All persons who powder their faces soon ruin their skin, and that without cure. 2. There are some half-dozen recipes for making "lenitive electuary." One is as follows:—Senna eight ounces, coriander seed four ounces, liquorice three ounces, figs one pound, pulp of tamarinds, cassia fistula, and pulp of prunes, of each half a pound; double-refined sugar two and a half pounds. Powder the senna with the coriander seeds, and sift out ten ounces of the mixed powder; boil the remainder with the figs and liquorice in four pounds of water to one-half; then express and strain the liquor, which is then to be evaporated to the weight of about one and a half pounds. Dissolve the sugar in it, add this syrup by degrees to the pulps, and lastly mix in the powder.

LAURA LEESON.—It is your mother's opinion and wishes that your conduct should be guided, rather than by either that of a brother or sister. Any opinion expressed to influence a daughter's actions in opposition to their mother's is not only intrusive, but presumptuous, although they may not have been trained to see it, and do not mean to show themselves either one or the other. You make a "d" like an "a;" you omit to cross the "t." Your letters are frequently not joined one to another to complete each word, and you slope the letters the wrong way. Nevertheless, your letter is kind and gratifying. Accept our thanks for it.

JACOBITE, MARLY, F. R. S., GIPSY.—Any act tending to lessen the dignity of the Crown was formerly held to be high treason; but since the days of Edward III. till those of Victoria, various statutes and acts have been passed to define the crime. The definitions of treason are as follows by these acts:—"To intend any bodily harm to the king or his heirs, the intention being only capable of proof by an *overt* act, as by providing a weapon, or by sending a letter to incite someone to join, to levy war against the king in his realm; to force the repeal of a law by violence; to adhere to or assist the king's enemies within the realm; to counterfeit the great seal, privy seal, sign manual, or royal sign manual; to stay a judge under certain circumstances; to try and subvert the Act of settlement; and, lastly, by the 3 and 4 Vic., to marry or be concerned in promoting the marriage of any child of her present majesty, being under eighteen years of age, should the crown have descended to him or her without the written consent of the Regent or both Houses of Parliament: this is capital treason." The Act of 1870 abolished forfeitures for treason, but conviction of this crime disqualifies for certain civil and ecclesiastical offices. The last case of execution for high treason was the Cato Street Conspirators, May 1st, 1820. They were a gang of desperate men, headed by Arthur Thistlewood, who assembled in Cato-street, Edgware-road, and proposed the assassination of the Ministers of the Crown at a Cabinet dinner. They were betrayed, and five men executed. We have answered this question fully, as many are interested in it.

A COPYIST.—We never deceive our readers by pretending that home work can be easily obtained, or otherwise than by their own personal exertions.

VERA NORTH and MINNIE GREY.—The skin troubles of which you complain seem to require constitutional treatment from a qualified medical man. Meanwhile, you may find that oatmeal-water, used to wash the face instead of water and soap, may do good and prove less irritating.

ROLY-POLY.—1. Many of our correspondents have inquired as to any method by which rowan berries may be preserved for purposes of decoration on special occasions. Place the berries in a jar containing a strong solution of salt sufficient to cover them. Exclude the air well by fastening a piece of bladder over the cork or top of the jar; or else enclose in a box and cover them well with sand. Possibly holly berries might be preserved for the same purpose in a similar way. 2. The 8th of June, 1869, was a Tuesday.

NURSE.—No, we do not at all approve of the admission of night air, any more than damp, foggy air by day, into a nursery, excepting during the time that the room is being cleaned and aired in the morning and the children are absent. Be content with an open chimney and a ventilator, rather than air that may produce croup. The temperature of a night nursery should be about 63 degrees of Fahrenheit.

EMMY.—The term "Low" is the local name for the general one of Barrow, to designate the sepulchral "tumuli" in Derbyshire and Staffordshire and elsewhere; "Tump" is the distinctive designation employed in Gloucestershire, and "Hone" in Yorkshire. These grave mounds belong respectively to three great periods—*i.e.*, Celtic, Romano-British, and Anglo-Saxon.

A SUBSCRIBER FROM THE FIRST.—We could not answer your question unless we saw the written agreement with your tenants. We should imagine, however, that you could not interfere in such a case so long as your rent is paid regularly.

MURIEL DOUGLAS DARRELL.—A girl of fifteen is entitled to just what her father or mother gives her for dress, but £20 would be a fair sum at present, under the circumstances named. Violins differ in price, and you could satisfy your wish to know what you require at the shop of the nearest seller of musical instruments.

A LOVER OF DOLLS.—No one is ever "too old" to play with dolls nor to ride on wooden horses, provided they find amusement in doing so, although we acknowledge it might look somewhat eccentric and odd in a person of thirty or forty. At the age of twelve we should think you a wretched little unnatural child if you did not like dolls and wooden horses, nor play with them as becomes your age.

FRANCES.—"Menthol" is, we believe, a patented article, and we know no more than others do of the method of its manufacture. Oil of peppermint was recommended for outward use some time ago to point the course of the nerves in case of neuralgia. Iodine acts as a skin irritant and absorbent. You should consult a doctor.

SOME DAY.—One of the great secrets of keeping maidenhair fern healthy is to protect it from draughts and keep the plant well watered.

A SUFFERER.—As a rule, a residence at the seaside would be bracing if you chose the Norfolk coast or that of Kent; but it might be too cold. Try Margate or Ramsgate.

AVIS.—We have made inquiries about the mysterious death of your birds, but we cannot explain it, and advise you, in case the bird you mention should die, that you should send it to be examined to *The Bazaar* office, 170, Strand. Mr. Harrison, we believe, gives opinions on British birds, and canaries likewise.

M. H. M.—"Zereba" is probably an Arabic word of the locality where it is used.

NO. 17.—We think a book entitled "The Master's Service," a practical guide for girls (in Sunday-schools, etc.), would be of use to you; price 2s. 6d. Apply at 56, Paternoster-row, E.C.

A. T. N.—We are much obliged for the verses, and regret that they will not suit us.

F. E. D.—You had better leave your friend's beliefs alone; you will only make trouble for a young girl with her father and mother, who are the guardians God Himself has given her. He will lead her into all truth in His own time.

A READER OF THE G. O. P.—We should think you had better leave your soldier where he is, as a few years of the life will probably do him no harm. The climate of Malta is not considered unhealthy.

MARIANNE REINHALD will see in the daily and weekly papers accounts of what is being done by all kinds of societies for the soldiers. 2. The best way to improve her spelling is to purchase a spelling-book and a dictionary, and to make good use of both, and look out every word about which she has a doubt.

A COUNTY OF DURHAM GIRL will do better to take the monthly numbers, we think, as the indexes and pictures are all in them. Sent separately, they cost a shilling. She should consult a doctor.

GERTRUDE.—Many thanks for your letter and the details of the diet employed.

HARRIE must write to the secretary of the Woman's Emigration Society, Carteret-street, Queen Anne's-gate, S.W. 2. There is no difficulty in obtaining the G. O. P. in any colony.

A BAD WRITER.—There is no difficulty in teaching cats to live with birds, if you be willing to take that trouble. That would be better than looking out for anyone else to take your burden off your own shoulders. We do hope you are striving to improve both writing and spelling. Whitsun Monday, 1880, was May 17th.

OPAL.—We know of no other way than going to a secondhand bookseller or advertising.

VOL. VI.—No. 294.] AUGUST 15, 1885. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

DOWN THE RIVER.

By the Rev. SAMUEL K. COWAN, M.A.

ADOWN the River of Years
We are floating, I and you;
And Truth is the hand that steers,
And Hopes are the joyous crew!

There lies a haven afar,
Which our vessel daily nears;
As we sail under sun and star,
Adown the River of Years!

All rights reserved.] "BY BANKS OF BORDERING FLOWERS."

What matter though skies be dimmed,
And against us blows the gale?
When the sails are rightly trimmed,
Ahead we can always sail!

We shall reach the haven at last,
However the winds may rage;
And sweeter, for dangers past,
Shall be our anchorage!

The glory of sun and star
In the river is mirrored clear,
For Heaven, though seeming far,
Is always, in love-light, near!

By banks of bordering flowers,
By banks of bordering weeds,
Floats on this shallop of ours,
And still to its haven speeds!

Whether we smile or weep,
We can hear the tread of Time,
As havenward on we sweep,
By the song of the sweet church-chime!

By the chime of the glad church-bells,
To which sweet Heaven the while
With answering echo swells—
Whether we weep or smile!

But the chimes shall end at last,
And the river shall gain the sea,
And the voyage is nearly past
To the haven, where we would be!

On the river we sail no more!
In glory sinks the night;
No haven we see before,
But only the evening light!

Only the light that gleams
Where the sky and the ocean meet!
O crew of Hopes! what dreams
Of yours were ever so sweet?

And the hand of Truth that steers
May hold the helm no more,
For past is the River of Years,
And we *drift* to the golden shore—

Into the golden West—
Into the radiant skies—
For the haven of longed-for rest
Beyond, in the glory, lies!

WHEN WE WERE GIRLS TOGETHER.

A STORY OF SCHOOL-GIRL LIFE.

By SARAH DOUDNEY.

CHAPTER XVII.

A FULL CONFESSION.

SOMETHING in Miss Thornhill's manner, and in the tone of her voice, led Miss Sand to suppose that she had received a humbling lesson. This discovery of Jennet Fowler's deceit would teach her the absurdity of trusting to appearances. The elder teacher was not ill pleased by the request.

"Here are the books," she said, taking them out of a drawer in her room. "Of course, Jennet Fowler will have to be severely punished. It is a bad case—a very bad case indeed."

Miss Thornhill replied that it was a very bad case indeed, and then carried the two yellow-covered volumes to her chamber and locked them up. She went early to rest that night, taking her candlestick and following the girls; and Mrs. Mayfield remarked that she looked tired.

Charlotte Ashley still occupied the little bed in a recess in Miss Thornhill's room, and was anxiously awaiting her coming. The teacher did not keep her long in suspense. Without a word she brought the books to Charlotte's bedside, and waited quietly to hear what the girl had to say.

There was a moment's silence. Charlotte examined the books by the light of the candle, and then looked up with cheeks brightly flushed.

"Miss Thornhill," she said, steadily, "these two novels are mine. It was I who bought them, and brought them here against the rules."

There was another brief pause; the teacher looked shocked and grave.

"If this is true," she began, "it will be my duty to make the facts known. But, Charlotte, think; are you sure that these books are really yours?"

"Look here." Charlotte pointed to a red stain on the cover of one volume, and a similar mark on the title-page of the other. "Those stains were made by damson jam. About a month ago Pamela Rye and I were reading these novels in the garden. We sat hidden at the back of the summer house, with a pot of jam between us."

"But how did they come into Jennet's possession?" Miss Thornhill asked.

"I cannot say positively that Pamela put one book into Jennet's drawer, and the other into her box. I didn't see her do it, and yet I am quite sure that she did it. When we had read the books we wanted to get rid of them; and we hid them first in one place, then in another, and were always in fear of the Pouncer."

Charlotte used the forbidden name this time without reproof. Her listener was far too much astonished and troubled to notice it.

"At last," she continued, "we resolved to take them with us when we went for the excursion, and leave them at the railway station or in the fields. This might have been very easily managed, but unluckily they were forgotten at the last moment. You know how our holiday ended; I have been laid up with my sprain ever since that day, and Pamela has been at her wits' end."

"But Pamela could not have opened Jennet's box without her knowledge, Charlotte."

"Wait a second, Miss Thornhill. Yesterday Pamela came to borrow my keys, and she has not yet returned them. The key of my box will fit the lock of Jennet Fowler's box. One day when I had mislaid my own key, Jennet lent hers to me; and it was proved that the locks were alike. Afterwards," added Charlotte, with evident shame, "I remember that I mentioned the matter to Pamela, and said something nasty about getting my lock altered. Poor Jennet, how badly we have used her!"

"You had no idea of Pamela's intention when she borrowed your keys?" said Miss Thornhill.

"How can you ask me?" cried Charlotte, her eyes flashing with indignation. "And yet I can't wonder at your want of trust; I was deceitful enough in smuggling the books into the college. But indeed, Miss Thornhill, I hate the trick which Pamela has played. I always thought her sly, but I did not believe she was as bad as she really is."

"Poor Jennet," said the teacher, sadly; "I cannot bear to think of her unmerited sufferings. If she had but left that detestable book unopened!"

"But even if she had left it unopened, the other book might have been found in her box any day! You know Miss Sand's way of suddenly demanding keys, and rummaging in boxes? Pamela's conduct has been really fiendish, Miss Thornhill."

The girl trembled with anger as she spoke; and the teacher began to see the necessity of quieting her.

"We will talk no more to-night," she said, moving away from the bed-side. "And, Charlotte, you had better try to get some sleep."

"Sleep!" echoed Charlotte, bitterly. "Do you think I am the sort of person who can enjoy a night's rest? Sleep is for innocent people who have no misdeeds to answer for. No; I shan't sleep, Miss Thornhill; I shall lie awake and long for morning, that I may tell Mrs. Mayfield and Miss Sand all that I have told you. I suppose I shall be expelled," she continued, throwing herself back on the pillows. "I suppose I shall be driven out of this dear old stupid place as Eve was driven out of paradise. I am a true daughter of Eve, and my liking for forbidden fruit has brought all this trouble to pass. Oh, Miss Thornhill, I think I see you standing to guard the gates, like the angel with the flaming sword!"

"Hush, Charlotte." Miss Thornhill laid her soft hand on the hot forehead with a soothing touch. "You will not be expelled, my child, but you must promise to sin no more. I wish you could see that these rules, which seem so tiresome, are the very best things for natures like yours. Try to submit now, in your youth, to wholesome restraint, and by-and-by you will gratefully acknowledge how good it was."

The words, so quietly spoken, found an echo in Charlotte's haughty, restless heart, and lingered there for many a long day. With all its slowness and dulness, the college was the only true home that she had ever known, and she loved it even while she set its laws at defiance, and laughed at the ways of its inmates. It was her habit to scoff at things she loved; but with Charlotte there were tears behind the mockings, and with some people there are mockings behind the tears.

She nestled down silently in her little white bed, and watched Miss Thornhill's graceful figure moving gently about the room. How beautiful the teacher looked, with her pale face, and bright, unbound hair! Charlotte felt that she did not deserve so good a friend as Una Thornhill; and yet, if that friend had been one whit less kind, the girl would have grown hard and bitter after her confession.

But there was no bitterness in the tears that wet her pillow before she fell asleep. She was sorry, really sorry, for all the wrong that she had done; and her mind was full of sorrowful, yet hopeful thoughts. She meant to make amends for the pain that Jennet had endured; in future she would be Jennet's champion and faithful friend. She was trying to find out a suitable gift for Jennet, and had almost decided on a ruby ring, when her eyes closed, and she drifted away into a tranquil dreamland.

But to Jennet herself, lying open-eyed in a spare bed in Miss Sand's room, the night seemed longer and drearier than any night she had ever known.

Miss Sand had preserved a grim silence, broken only by an occasional cough, which had a harsh, condemnatory sound, and worried Jennet in an indescribable way. It seemed to her that she was being coughed at, instead of spoken to; and she began at last to resent the treatment she had received, and to feel almost as reckless as Charlotte would have felt under similar circumstances. Knowing herself to be the victim of a base trick, she questioned the wisdom of staying any longer in the college. Miss Sand, she thought, was her inveterate enemy; most of the girls shunned her, she knew not why, and now it seemed that Mrs. Mayfield was ready to believe anything to her disadvantage.

"Oh!" she sighed, with restless tossings; "if only I had the courage to get up and run away in the middle of the night. I wonder what they will do to me to-morrow."

(To be continued.)

NATURE RE-NURTURED.

"No tears
Dim the sweet look that Nature wears."
—*Longfellow.*

"Isn't it foine!" He was only a little urchin of some nine or ten summers, poorly clad and poorly fed, but his heart was brimfull of joy. The garden had just been "opened," the ceremony was over, the grand folk had all dispersed, and the platform, flags, and bunting were fast disappearing. But the real work was on the eve of commencing. Those dingy railings no longer enclosed a waste of tumbling tombstones, dusty weeds and collections of old paper, broken crockery and remains of worn-out apparel; the gates were open now; there were bright flowers, wide paths, comfortable seats, and fresh, green grass. And the children had already taken full possession of their newly-received present.

He was running up and down the path, and I was walking and thinking. He looked up into my face, and, not meeting a reproving glance, his joy found vent in these words:

"Isn't it foine!"

"You like it?" said I. And the answer came at once—a deep, long, hearty "Yes."

"That's all right," was my reply, and the child was off again.

He little knew how much I cared about the opening of the garden; he enjoyed it for himself. I was thinking of the hundreds of boys and girls, men and women and little babies to whom it had come as a Godsend in a dreary district. For even the babies know how to enjoy the gardens and playgrounds. "Where are you going to?" said a girl to the poor, half-starved child in her arms. They were in Union-road, Newington Causeway, and those great, grim walls, which once surrounded the Horsemonger-lane gaol, were coming into sight. "Da," said the baby, and its face was almost babylike as it stretched out a little arm towards the narrow gateway. This girl, who lived at some distance, brought her little brother as often as she could to the great playground which now, on the site of the former prison, forms a sort of earthly paradise for boys and girls. And such ragged children they are, whose only playground used to be the crowded alleys and courts and the dangerous streets. I remember noticing one day a group of girls round a swing; there were twelve of them, and of that number only two had any covering for their heads. But nevertheless, the merriest peals of laughter came from the owners of these tattered garments, who, thanks to the Metropolitan Public Gardens Association, may now enjoy themselves to their hearts' content on that historical spot, free from the saddening influences of their wretched homes, and free from the dangers of the crowded streets. Thousands of children can use this beautiful playground in the south of London, and yet they are but a minute fraction of the great army of boys and girls who live in London, and who have no such privilege.

Public gardens for adults and public playgrounds for children—these are what are wanted everywhere. I do not wish to overstate matters; much gross exaggeration on this and similar subjects has been poured forth from platform and press. I have heard it affirmed by those who should know better, that there are many thousands of men, women, and children living in London who never see a tree. This I do not believe, unless there are many thousands of people in London who are blind, or bedridden in rooms from which no tree can be seen; and these are not the sort of people referred to by those who make such statements. In no part of London can one walk for long without seeing a tree. But the trees are shut away from those who pass by; they grow in the dingy graveyards and the deserted squares, where the people see them, but are not allowed to enjoy them. No doubt more trees are wanted in the thoroughfares, and the association has secured the planting of them in many neighbourhoods; but what is chiefly needed is that the trees which at present exist should be made the most of and put to the very best use. The Metropolitan Public Gardens Association is doing its utmost to satisfy this need. It has left its mark in all parts of London; it has, during the past fifteen months, laid out and opened seven gardens and two playgrounds; three more gardens and another playground are to be opened at once, while many others are in progress. It has assisted to lay out and has secured the opening of twenty-four gardens, gymnasiums, or playgrounds, and has placed one hundred and thirty seats in the open air. And now it has begun to light up some of these gardens after dark, to let the people wander about among the trees and flowers in the cool of a summer evening, instead of spending their time in the publichouses, or walking up and down the flaring highways.

Many, no doubt, of those who read these pages have very little idea of what it is to live in the midst of dreary, monotonous streets, to have miles of dwellings stretching in front and behind, to the right hand and to the left—a sea of houses and people, people and houses, a monotony broken only by the towers of the churches which are seldom entered, and the gay exteriors of the gin palaces which are frequented only too freely. There are now in London, besides the public parks which are so far from most of the poor homes, about a hundred public recreation grounds, averaging two or three acres in size, and there are four million people! It may well be said, "What are they among so many?" They are a great blessing to the people who live close to them, but this is such a very small proportion compared to the number who cannot use them.

More are sadly needed. There are still over two hundred burial-grounds and a large number of squares and other enclosures in

poor neighbourhoods closed, deserted, and useless. We want these, the people want them, and the want is increasing daily. Will you help us to get them? Will you who live amongst fields and hedges think of the poor children who never see the country, the men and women who have toiled year after year in the great city and have almost forgotten what it is to sit under the shade of a tree? The address of the association for providing public gardens and playgrounds is 83, Lancaster-gate, W., the chairman is Lord Brabazon, and any assistance that you can give will be most gratefully received. Ferns and flower-roots for planting in the gardens, a list of which will be forwarded on application to the honorary secretary, can be sent to any of the caretakers. We have given so much happiness already that we want to give more, and we want you to have a share in the giving, and to help to brighten the sad lives of those who dwell and toil in the greatest town the world has ever seen. Did you ever read the story of "Billy's Rose," in the "Dagonet Ballads"? Billy lay dying "in that vile and filthy alley," and his little sister was his only comforter:—

"Then she told some garbled story of a kind-eyed Saviour's love,
How He'd built for little children great big playgrounds up above,
Where they sang and played at hop-scotch and at horses all the day,
And where beadles and policemen never frightened them away.

"This was Nell's idea of Heaven—just a bit of what she'd heard,
With a little bit invented, and a little bit inferred.
But her brother lay and listened, and he seemed to understand,
For he closed his eyes and murmured he could see the Promised Land.

"'Yes,' he whispered, 'I can see it—I can see it, sister Nell;
Oh! the children look so happy, and they're all so strong and well;
I can see them there with Jesus—He is playing with them too!
Let us run away and join them, if there's room for me and you.'"

Is there no "room" for them here below? Are they to be always hunted by the beadles and policemen? No; if we are too late to give "Billy" and "his sister Nell" a taste of this delight, we can learn a lesson from their want, and do our best to give it to others of the vast army of city children of whom they are so faithful a representation.

ISABELLA M. GLADSTONE.

A LESSON IN DESIGN.

By FRED MILLER.

WE have referred in former articles in the pages of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER to the need of our readers making their own designs for the work they undertake, if that work is to be as interesting to them as it should be, and stamped with their individuality and made an original work. If you merely carry out other people's ideas, your labour will lack that spontaneity and freedom so essential to good work. You may take it for granted that you cannot interpret other people's ideas as well as you can your own. Every stroke you put down has its own particular meaning, but a good many touches that are intelligible to the author are difficult of interpretation

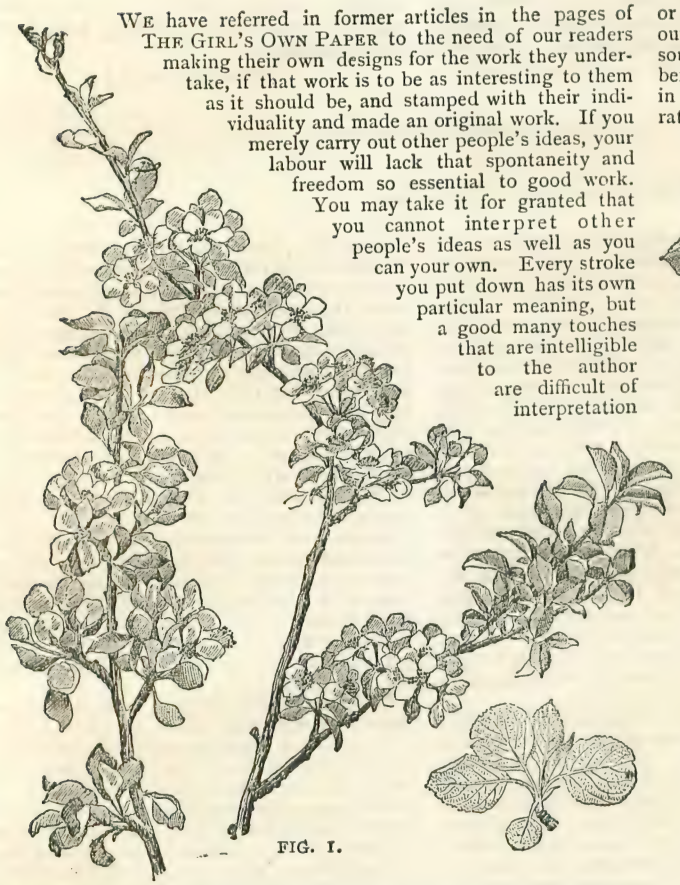


FIG. 1.

by anyone else. The chief excellence of art-work is the impress it should bear of the worker, and, as we are the best interpreters of our own ideas, our work will be stamped with our individuality in proportion as we are its author; and until we can originate as well as execute, we cannot take full rank as art-workers.

The principles of designing can be learnt as the grammar of a language can be learnt, for art as well as speech has its grammar, the rules of which we must become acquainted with before we can design. As grammar is the outcome of language, for language assuredly preceded grammar, so the principles of design are based upon a study of the works that have been produced at various times and by various people. But though design is governed by certain laws, we cannot learn these rules and expect to become designers forthwith. Design, from its very meaning, implies intention, and is the opposite of chance or accident, and therefore every line, curve, or form we introduce into our work should be the result of thought. All designs are based upon some distinct plan to which the details are subservient, and, therefore, before we put a line on paper, we should have a clear idea of what we, in our mind's eye, are endeavouring to produce, a scheme of the decoration, and not trust to our work coming right in the end.* Chance

FIG. 2

* Some people sit down with a clean piece of paper and pencil and trust to ideas coming to them in some occult way. Well and good if they come, but I generally find that that is the time they come not near one. An idea for a design may be suggested by some trivial thing—the accidental combination of flowers; the growth of certain leaves may assume a definite shape in the mind and suggest a design; and

FIG. 3.

should not enter into our calculations, and though an agreeable combination of lines may sometimes be the result of chance, this should not be relied upon at all times, for what may be pleasing by chance is just as likely to be disagreeable from the same cause. And even when we have combined lines in an agreeable manner to the eye, it is because we have unconsciously been guided by the very laws which it is our duty

FIG. 4.

to become acquainted with, so that what we have done once by chance can afterwards be repeated by design. If we combine lines agreeably at one time, we should contrast this happy effort with one not so successful, and see if we can tell why one effort is successful and the other a failure. There is perhaps to be learnt more in this way than any other, and what I want to do in this article is to set my readers thinking, and direct their thoughts into certain profitable channels, leaving them to follow these up for themselves. A designer requires long training and an extensive acquaintance with the works of other times and peoples. His eye becomes more and more critical, and is less and less satisfied in proportion as his knowledge increases; and he soon learns to reject what he previously accepted as good. He trusts to his eye rather than to his head, for art is intuitive, and one does right because one naturally rejects what is wrong. There is an old Latin proverb which says, "The highest art is to

FIG. 5.

conceal art," and some of the cleverest artists are least conscious of why they do such and such things. It comes natural to them to contrast and combine forms and colours pleasingly, and very likely if you asked them why they did so and so, they could not tell you, simply because they never thought about it. The best art is intuitive and unconscious, but when we are beginners we can only learn by asking ourselves why we do this or why we do not do that, until we have acquired

FIG. 6.

it is always well to make notes of these ideas that suggest themselves in this random way, so that when you sit down to design you start with an idea, and not wait for an idea to come to you when you particularly want it.

FIG. 7.

that unerring eye, the most valued of an artist's possessions. It is said that the Eastern women combined their coloured wools into those munificent glowing carpets we in this country are so glad to possess, without any thought or effort. The faculty for combining colours is handed down generation after generation, and it is left to us English to study these productions of the East, and to formulate those laws which seem to unconsciously direct the weavers in their work. Until we arrive at this state of excellence, we must design with much thought and labour.

The basis of ornamental design is plant form, and it is only by a careful study of plants that we can train ourselves to become designers, and the principle of design is consequently the result of a careful study of nature, added to a knowledge of the capabilities of the material we design for. The same plant may suggest different ideas to different people. One may look at a plant for its curved lines, another for its angular lines, for it must not be imagined that plants are, with slight modification, designs. We have at one end of the scale the plant as it grows, and we may modify that plant and eliminate its individuality until we have at the other end of the scale pure ornament. As an instance of this, take the Greek honeysuckle pattern and compare it with the plant itself; all that is left is the suggestion of the growth of the flowers before they open: all else has been eliminated, and the very source of the design may not even be traceable. So that we see between the plant, and the ornament that may be deduced from it, a very wide range of *motifs* is included.

In order to make this article as practicable as possible, we have taken a very familiar plant, the apple, and have shown various methods of treat-

FIG. 8.

ing it, and a few suggestions of ornament derived from it. The illustrations are merely given to help the letterpress, and not as showing the only or even the best way of adapting the apple to purposes of ornamental design. Our illustrations show, if they show anything, what very different ideas may be suggested by the same plant, and how distinctly opposite methods may be employed in adapting a plant to the purposes of ornament.

We first of all start with nature, and in Fig. 1 we have the drawing of a piece of wild apple. Nothing is altered from nature, and yet how full of suggestion is the main stem, with its angles, and the way the main stem is broken up by the blossoms! We might use such a piece as this to throw across a plaque, for very little modification would be necessary. You should always endeavour to select characteristic pieces of the plant you intend studying, and also to make sketches of the various growths, as in the upright piece at the side; and it is also advisable to make enlarged drawings of the details, such as the leaves, as shown in cut, and any other part of the plant that it may be necessary to dwell upon at some future time.

A word might be said about the importance of drawing plants from nature instead of using drawings made by other people. You cannot use a plant as effectively when drawn by another person as when you have drawn the plant yourself, for in the act of drawing from nature you are led to observe more closely than when you merely look at the plant casually, and the act of drawing tends to impress the form and characteristics of the plant upon your mind. I have drawn some plants many times from nature, and seem to find something fresh about them each time.

Fig. 2 is a drawing of the cultivated apple, showing terminal leaves, which are very beautiful in growth and deserve special study. Another rendering is shown in Figs. 3 and 4. These, again, are full of suggestions, and special attention should be paid to the angles the leaves make with the main stem, and the curves of the stems themselves, shown to particular advantage in Fig. 3.

We now come to our first adaptation of nature to decorative purposes. Fig. 5 is a panel decorated with apple-blossom, and nature is merely bent into the required shape and the various parts of the plant arranged in an effective manner. The flowers, being the most prominent objects, receive our first attention, and when the main or central stem has been put in the flowers should then be placed in their respective positions and the leaves "built" around them. In all designing you must "place" your most prominent objects before you trouble about details. If you get a few main points right, the filling in is quite easy. The difficulty is to place your prominent objects so that they combine agreeably and are not patchy or isolated, or too much together, but are well spread over the surface.

In Fig. 6 we enter into quite a different style of design, and we begin to let our fancy have play, and nature is made more subservient to our plan than in the last cut. Having settled in our own mind that our decoration is to assume the form of a festoon, we proceed to adapt the apple growth to suit this arbitrary arrangement. The main characteristics of growth are adhered to, such as blossoms growing in masses, and growth of leaves from stem. The lower border is a variation of the old egg and tongue moulding. In designs of this nature, where you start with an arbitrary or artificial arrangement of the stems, it must not be assumed that this arrangement is suggested by nature, though it is possible to imagine sprigs o apple-blossom being bent into any festoon shape. Just as you could use flowers tied up with ribbons into garlands or festoons and hung round a room, so you can employ flowers in decoration, and very many arrangements, such as this festoon, which have passed into the region of ornament, were suggested in the first instance by seeing natural flowers and plants arranged into artificial combinations.

FIG. 9.

In Figs. 7 and 8 the stems are made an important feature of the designs, and the flowers and leaves are made quite subservient to the stems. A large number of designs are based on a geometrical plan, and the plant form is employed to decorate these structural lines, as we might term the undulating stem in Fig. 7 or the circular one in Fig 8. These structural lines should be in keeping as far as possible with the plant. If we were using the honeysuckle, for instance, it would be more legitimate to base our design on the principle of a scroll than it would be to use the apple in this manner. Various plants suggest various treatments, and you should as far as possible employ the treatment that seems most in keeping with the plant.

FIG. 10.

FIG. 11.

FIG. 12.

In Fig. 9, the design is suggested by nature, the arbitrary arrangement of the stem being sufficient to emphasise its ornamental character.

In Figs. 10 and 11, the structural lines are yet more strongly marked, the various characteristics of the apple being employed in filling out the spaces made by the structural lines.

In Figs. 12 and 13, the terminal shoots are made an important feature, and might suggest a stencil or embroidery pattern. Variations of these two designs are shown in Figs. 12A and 13A; the flowers being framed off by structural lines, and made more decidedly ornamental, so that the foliage springs from a centre, and the whole design is by this means strengthened.

FIG. 12A.

It will be seen by a glance through the illustrations how advantage is taken first of the whole plant with only slight modifications of the natural growth, then of various parts of the plant, and of ideas suggested by the growth of stem, leaves, and flowers, and we could carry this on until we had eliminated all traces of the natural growth of the plant, and only use it to suggest ornamental accessories.

It greatly depends what we are designing for as to how we treat the plant we select for conventionalising. Thus Fig. 6 seems more suggestive of a stencil or needlework pattern; Figs. 7, 8 and 9, as ornamental tiles, while 10 and 11 might be adapted for wrought iron work.

If you were designing for embroidery you would have to give a different rendering of the apple than if you were going to paint a panel. And your method of reproduction would, to a great extent, influence you in selecting the plant itself, some plants seeming more adapted for one method of treatment than others.

FIG. 13.

FIG. 13A.

VARIETIES.

THE SENSE OF SMELL.—A remarkable circumstance connected with the sense of smell is the extremely minute state of diffusion in which the odoriferous substances of animal origin make themselves perceptible to our senses. A fragment of musk not only gives off a strong smell when it is first exposed to the air, but it continues to do so for an almost indefinite period of time. Yet the odour must be caused by particles of matter which are continually escaping from the musk so long as it continues exposed to the air. How inconceivably small in weight, how infinitely minute in size, the molecules must be of which this constantly flowing stream of matter consists.

THE MUSIC OF ROSSINI.—Rossini's music has been very differently estimated. Ingres, in whose view honesty in art held almost as high a place as genius or originality, has called it the music of a dishonest (*malhonnête*) man. Berlioz would gladly have burned it all and Rossini's followers with it. On the other hand, Schubert, though fully alive to his weaknesses, as his caricatures of Rossini's overtures show, and with every reason to dislike him from the fact that the Rossini *furore* kept Schubert's own works off the stage—contrasts his operas most favourably with the "rubbish" which filled the Vienna theatres at that time, and calls him emphatically "a rare genius." Mendelssohn, too, as is well known, would allow no one to depreciate Rossini. Even Schumann, so intolerant of the Italian school, is enthusiastic over one of his operas, and calls it real, exhilarating, clever music."—*Gustave Chouquet.*

THE DIFFICULTIES OF RELIGION.—Religion presents few difficulties to the humble, many to the proud, insuperable ones to the vain.

HARD CHEESE.—Skim milk cheese used to be made in very large quantities in Suffolk (being known by the name of "Suffolk bang"), where at one time it had such an unenviable reputation that it was asserted it used to be chopped up with a hatchet instead of being cut with a knife; or if a man wanted a bit of stick to fasten up a gate with, and could not find a piece of wood handy, he would cut a wedge off his luncheon cheese for the purpose, and make use of it. In old times, when the farm labourers lived partially or wholly in the house with the farmer, the quality of the cheese used often to become the bone of contention, being at times too hard to bite; so that it used humorously to be said the labourers in that part of the country having to "bolt" their cheese in blocks, by a long course of practice had acquired *square throats.*

OTHER PEOPLE'S HOUSES.—Those shall fare ill who seek their welfare in other people's houses.—*Elder Edda.*

A TALE ABOUT BRIGANDS.

"Strategy," says a writer in a contemporary, "is a thing to be admired when it is employed for the circumvention of rogues. While the French were in Mexico, stage robberies on the Monterey road became very frequent. The French commander resolved to put a stop to them, and this is how he did it:—

"He dressed up half a dozen Zouaves in ladies' attire, and sent them on in the next stage, their faces hidden by veils, their carbines hidden by their petticoats. The stage was stopped, the ladies, without waiting to be invited, left the vehicle and fell into line with the rest of the passengers. Suddenly a series of reports came from that line, and some dozen robbers lay dead; the rest discreetly disappeared. For a long while afterwards it was only requisite to display a shawl and bonnet conspicuously to secure a free passage for a stage on that road."

LOVING ACTS.—A loving act does more good than a fiery exhortation. What mankind needs is not more good talkers, but more good Samaritans.

A SCHOLAR'S WIFE.

Sibenkaes, an eminent German scholar, having finished reading one of his beautiful imaginings to his wife, who appeared to be listening with bated breath and eyelids cast down, closed the book with inward satisfaction at the completion of his labours, only to hear the sharer of his joys exclaim:—

"My dear, pray don't put on your left stocking to-morrow—I see there's a hole in it."

THE CURE FOR GOSSIP.—What is the cure for gossip? Simply culture. There is a great deal of gossip that has no malignity in it. Good-natured people talk about their neighbours because, and only because, they have nothing else to talk about. Gossip is always a personal confession either of malice or imbecility, and the young should not only shun it, but by the most thorough culture relieve themselves from all temptation to indulge in it. It is low, frivolous, and, too often, a dirty business. There are country neighbourhoods in which it rages like a pest. Churches are split in pieces by it; neighbours made enemies for life. In many persons it degenerates into a chronic disease, which is practically incurable. Let the young cure it while they may.

A VIOLIN-PLAYING MONARCH.

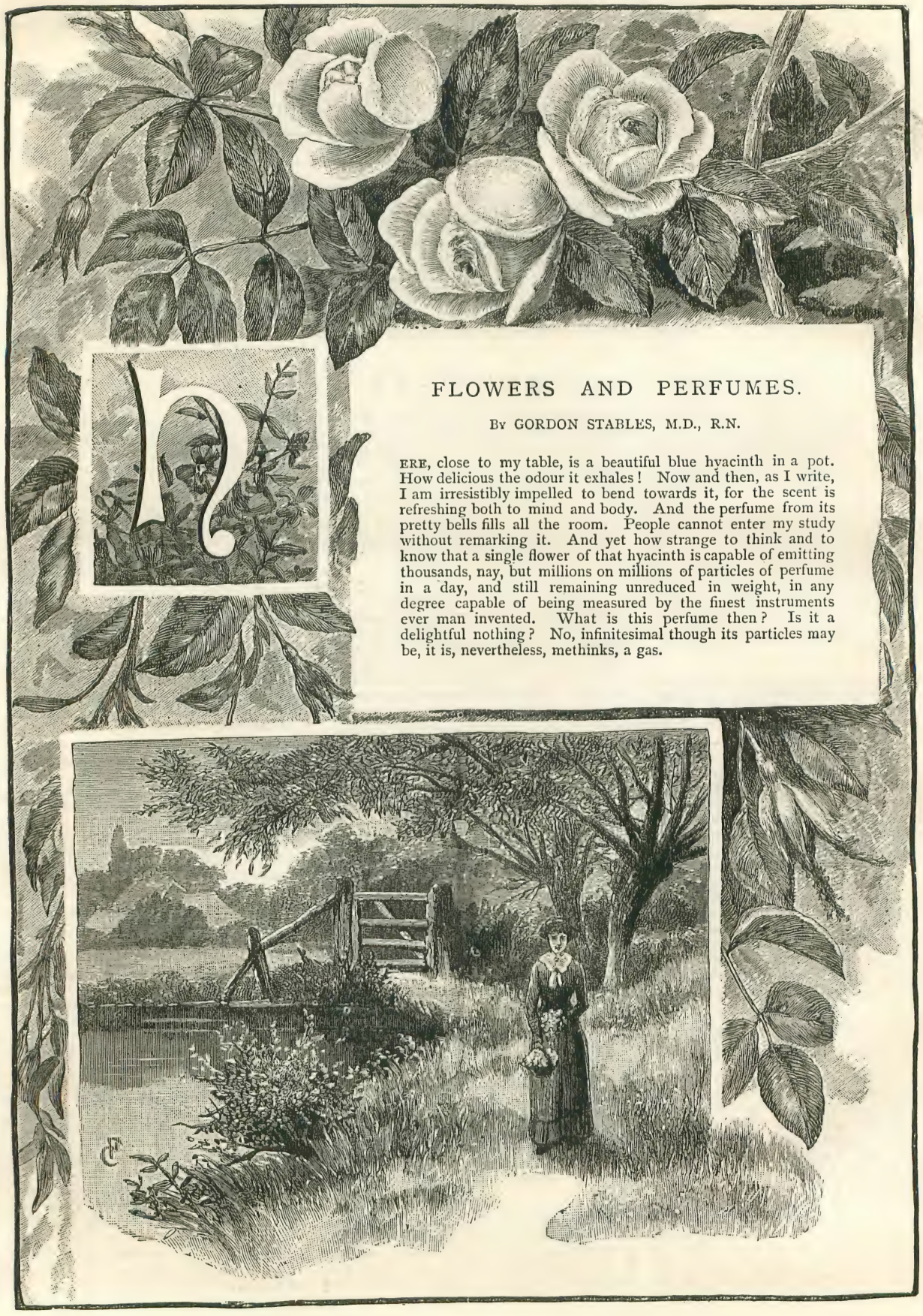
A King of Spain fancying that he had a taste for music, liked to take a part in Boccherini's quartets, but he never could succeed in keeping time. One day, when he was three or four bars behindhand, the other performers took fright at the confusion occasioned by the royal bow, and were about to wait for him.

"Fiddle away," shouted the enthusiastic monarch, "I shall very soon make up upon you."

THE POWER OF FORTUNE.—The power of fortune is confessed only by the miserable, for the happy impute all their success to prudence and merit.

THE CLASSIFICATION OF HAND-SHAKING.—There is nothing more characteristic than shakes of the hand. "I have classified them," says Sydney Smith. "There is the 'high official,' the body erect, and a rapid, short shake near the chin. There is the 'mortmain,' the flat hand introduced into your palm, and hardly conscious of its contiguity. The 'digital,' one finger held out—much used by the high clergy. Then there is the 'shakus rusticus,' when your hand is seized in an iron grasp betokening rude health, warm heart, and distance from the metropolis, but producing a strong sense of relief on your part when you find your hand released and your fingers unbroken. The next to this is the 'retentive shake,' one which, beginning with vigour, pauses, as it were, to take breath, but without relinquishing its prey, and before you are aware begins again, till you feel anxious as to the result, and have no shake left in you."

THE WEAPONS OF WOMEN.—Sweetness and submission are the most powerful weapons of women.



FLOWERS AND PERFUMES.

By GORDON STABLES, M.D., R.N.

HERE, close to my table, is a beautiful blue hyacinth in a pot. How delicious the odour it exhales! Now and then, as I write, I am irresistibly impelled to bend towards it, for the scent is refreshing both to mind and body. And the perfume from its pretty bells fills all the room. People cannot enter my study without remarking it. And yet how strange to think and to know that a single flower of that hyacinth is capable of emitting thousands, nay, but millions on millions of particles of perfume in a day, and still remaining unreduced in weight, in any degree capable of being measured by the finest instruments ever man invented. What is this perfume then? Is it a delightful nothing? No, infinitesimal though its particles may be, it is, nevertheless, methinks, a gas.

Is perfume a useless gas, or has it uses? Is it a mere luxury, that one can very well dispense with, or is it a something in nature that tends to give pleasure and health combined? The last question I can safely answer in the affirmative. Here is a fact well known to physiologists: the sense of smell has been given to man for the protection of his life. It is a sense that does not err, and assuredly unpleasant odours are unwholesome, and sometimes even deadly, while, on the other hand, the smell of flowers—perfume, refreshes the brain, the mind, and the whole nervous system.

Sometimes when we have, in our routine of duty, to enter a badly smelling street, we shrink back with something like a shudder, and have to steel our nerves to go on. This is natural, for the gases that emanate from bad drains, and from decaying vegetable or animal matters, may not of themselves be deadly, but they bear on their wings, and there lives and thrives in them, the sporules of disease. And this is the place to warn the reader against a mistake not uncommonly made by ladies, who in the cause of charity have sometimes to breathe obnoxious air. The mistake is this: they fill their handkerchiefs with perfume of some kind and breathe in it, imagining they are thus counteracting any bad effects of the evil air. Perfume is not a disinfectant, it will not kill the seeds of disease, though it may for a time disguise a bad odour.

Yes, perfume is a harmless tonic and exhilarant, and it is just as natural for us to love it, as it is for us to love beauty of colour, or sweetness of sound.

Perfumes about the dress are not really necessary, but a handkerchief should be delicately scented; and one may evince as much taste in the selection of a perfume as in the choice of a colour to wear. Tell me the perfume a girl prefers, and I will make a good guess at her character and habits of life, and perhaps be able to read her fortune just as correctly as I could by studying the lines in the palm of her left hand.

It is generally said that to have either shrubs or flowers in the bedroom is deleterious to the health. This seems to me to be incorrect. To sleep in a greenhouse would certainly be injurious, owing to the gases given off by the plants; but given a well-ventilated and not over-furnished bedroom, a flower in it which emits a pleasant perfume is rather advantageous than the reverse. The prettier the flower the better, and the prettier the vase that contains it; and, mark me, I should have everything else in the room in keeping with that beautiful flower, or bouquet of flowers.

We ought to have perfumes in our rooms. But, once more, let me remind you that perfume is not a disinfectant. Give me the purest air in a bedroom that can be obtained from the sky; give me that to begin with, then, and not till then, place flowers in the room, and the warmer the day the more flowers I should have. What can be more delightful in one's bed-chamber, I should like to know, than a saucerful of orange blossom! A somewhat expensive luxury, I grant you, in this country; happy are they who can afford it.

When cut blossoms are kept in a room the water should be changed about them every day, else they become unwholesome. It is a good plan to add to the water a teaspoonful or more of powdered charcoal and a small portion of salt; but growing flowers look far better in rooms than cut ones. The pot in which they bloom may be made very ornamental; but in doing this it should be remembered that its porosity should not be interfered with. A good plan, then, is to have two flower-pots, one within the other—not to fit tight, however—you can then paint or decorate the outer in any way you choose. Here is a simple plan. Rub it perfectly smooth first, then do it over with coloured varnish—say, Brunswick black; next paste ornaments on it—say, cuttings from Christmas cards, etc.; and, finally, cover the whole with clear varnish.

You know, I suppose, how to preserve plants and flowers in a dry state. The object is to get rid of their moisture as soon as possible. They are placed, before they have time to wither or fade in the least, between sheets of drying paper; each sheet must be bigger than the flower to be pressed, and the latter should be spread out in as natural a way as possible, with neither petals nor leaves in any way crumpled. When you have placed down a layer of flowers you lay on top of it several sheets of drying paper, then more flowers, and so on, putting a stout board or paste-board over all, then heavy weights. But the paper must be changed several times each day. Ferns and flowers of various kinds retain the colour if treated thus. Placed, then, between two sheets of glass and prettily arranged, and the glass-work framed and ornamented, a beautiful and quite artistic fire-screen is made.

One often wants to send flowers through the post to friends at a distance. Alas! very often these friends receive them withered and crushed, and have to be content to take the will for the deed. The box in which flowers are sent should be roomy and strong, to commence with. The flowers should be put in water for an hour before they are tied up. They thus absorb their fill of moisture, and do not get thirsty on the journey. Tie them loosely in bouquets, and steep their ends in glycerine, then roll these ends in wet moss or cotton wool, and surround with a piece of oiled silk or cotton, and they will delight the eye of the receiver. The end of a single flower should be cut evenly, and put in a piece of root, either turnip, potato, or mangold. This keeps it.

Flowers growing in rooms bloom better, and are more wholesome, if around the roots you put, every day, a little Condy's fluid.

"The Journal Soc. Arts" gives the following directions for preserving flowers in their natural shape and colour: First and foremost you are to provide a vessel of some kind with a movable cover. Fit to the top of this a piece of fine metallic gauze, and replace the cover over the vessel. Next pass through a sieve into an iron pot sufficient sand to fill this vessel, and heat it with one half per cent. of stearin or purified animal fat, carefully stirring. Place the flowers on the gauze, and, removing the bottom of the vessel pour in the sand and stearine, so as to cover and envelop the flowers. Place the whole on the top of an oven for 48 hours. Remove the cover, and invert the vessel, the sand will run away through the gauze, leaving the flowers dried and in their natural position.

The petals of cut flowers in a bouquet will not be shed for a long time if you dip a fine camel's hair pencil in a strong solution of gum-arabic, and put a drop in the centre of each.

To make flowers growing in a room blow well, the following mixture should be made, and kept in a well-stoppered bottle:—One ounce of sugar, two ounces of nitre, and four ounces of sulphate of ammonia, mixed in a pint of hot water. For hyacinth glasses, add ten drops of this liquid to the water, and for pot plants add a few drops to the water you pour around them.

The perfumes from many flowers can be extracted in water by the simple process of distillation, but not of all flowers, for the aroma of many is so delicate and volatile that it becomes lost in distillation.

A glass retort is required to effect your object. This is a kind of bulb-shaped flask with a long neck, or with a worm-neck. The object is to condense the steam that rises from the simmering contents of the retort, and to collect it in a receiver. A spirit lamp should be used under the retort.

A little trouble and art are needed at first, but the whole process is very easily learnt, and not at all dangerous, and it certainly is nice to be able to manufacture your own rose or elder flower water, to say nothing of the saving of money.

The retort may be purchased at any glass-blower's shop, and the spirit lamp and stand, I believe, may be had at the same place.

The flowers to be used must be very fresh, and gathered after the sun is well up.

Rose leaves half a pound, water sufficient just to cover them, say about a pint, or in this proportion. In the same way, delightful orange flower water may be manufactured, and bean flower water.

When waters are distilled in large quantities a copper still is used, and the pipe is coiled and passes through a tub of water, which is kept cool so as to ensure the condensation. All kinds of aromatic plants readily give up their perfume or fragrance in this way.

Spirituous distillations are more difficult to manage, as the retort should be heated either by steam or by aid of a water bath; but no art is acquired without some trouble, and difficulties are made to be overcome.

Spirit of Lavender is a nice preparation. 1lb. of lavender flowers (no stalks); rectified spirit (60 over proof), four pints; water, eight pints; distil off eight pints. No, I daresay you do not want eight pints—well, reduce the proportions.

Queen of Hungary Water is made by distilling rosemary tops in spirit and water.

Aquebusade Water. — This is made as follows: — Take of balm, rosemary, thyme, calamus root, angelica seeds, and lavender flowers, four ounces each, three pints of rectified spirit, and a sufficiency of water. Steep for a day, and distil off four pints.

Spirit of Roses.—Steep the rose leaves (the more fragrant they are the better) in half their weight of rectified spirit, and distil (water both for safety's sake) off.

But if you get pure, good otto of roses, you may form spirit of roses without distilling at all; simply add eight drops to an ounce of rectified spirit and shake the bottle.

The *Spirits of Elder Flowers, Acacia Flowers, Orange Flowers, Bean Flowers*, etc., are made thus:—Half a pound of fresh petals, two pints of spirit, one pint of water. Distil off two pints.

Eau de Luce.—Dissolve a dram of mastic in four and a half drams of rectified spirit, and add to the clear tincture fifteen drops of oil of lavender and five of oil of bergamot, and ten ounces of ammonia water. It is a most fragrant and refreshing perfume.

Flowers readily yield their fragrance to oils, and probably this plan of making perfumes will be preferred by many of my readers to that by distillation. The finest almond oil, or the oil of ben-nuts (morynga) should be used, though olive oil will do if very pure.

Heat the rose petals or jasmine or other flowers in an equal weight of the oil, and put in a water bath for half-an-hour. Remove and let stand for twenty-four hours, stirring twice during that time, then squeeze through a cloth, expressing all the oil. Put the latter back into the bath with a fresh lot of leaves, and go through the same process half-a-dozen times. Your oil will thus be strongly perfumed. Now if spirits of wine, warm, be added to this, and the whole allowed to digest for a time with frequent agitation, the perfume will be absorbed by the spirit. Remember that spirits of wine must not be permitted to get anywhere near a light, and

can only be heated by steam or in the water bath.

But perfumes may be made with spirits of wine and essential oils. Six drops of otto of roses, for instance, to half a pint of spirit, or half a dram of essence of jessamine, or oil of lavender, or musk, to the same proportion of spirit. From these spirits you make waters by adding from half a dram to a dram of either to half a pint of distilled water or filtered rain water.

What are called acetic perfumes, or vinegars, are very delightful preparations. They are cooling and refreshing either in the bath or basin water for washing with on a hot day in summer, and they are very good for the skin and complexion.

Vinegar of Roses.—To half a pound of picked and dried rose leaves add eight pints of the best and finest wine vinegar, and steep for a fortnight, with occasional stirring; then filter. You filter through blotting paper. Any chemist will show you how to fold the paper.

To make a toilet vinegar of the above, add a few drops of otto and a few ounces of spirit.

It is possible I may return to this subject, and give more useful recipes another day, if my readers want them. Meanwhile I have used up my space, and my editor's patience; though the former be short the latter is long. I have not given many recipes, but those I have written will suggest others to my thinking readers.

AUNT DIANA.

By ROSA NOUCHETTE CAREY, Author of "Nellie's Memories," "Not Like Other Girls," "Esther," etc.

CHAPTER XX.

MISSIE'S REPENTANCE.

NURSE Meybrick had a strange dream that night.

She was sleeping on a couch in the dressing-room. It had been placed so near the door of communication that she had a full view of her patient. He had just sunk into a tranquil doze, and she had followed his example, when a faint sound, like an opening door, roused her, and a moment after she caught a glimpse of a white-robed figure with long, fair hair, gliding between her and the bed.

For a brief instant she thought she was only dreaming, and that the white shadowy form must be an angel; but as she collected her drowsy faculties, she was sure she heard a sobbing sigh that certainly proceeded from a human being. And the next moment she sprang from the couch.

A young girl in a loose white dressing-gown was standing by Mr. Merle's bed. Nurse Meybrick's quick eyes discerned that one arm was bandaged, and in splints. It must be the young lady, she thought, who had been injured in the accident; perhaps she was light-headed. The next minute she touched her softly.

"Come, my dear, come," she said, coaxingly; "you ought not to be out of your bed at this time of night; let me help you back, there's a dear young lady," for Missie's wide feverish eyes alarmed her.

"No, no," returned Missie, recoiling from the nurse's gentle touch. "I could not stay in bed, I could not sleep until I had seen papa. Let me stay and look at him; I will be good and not wake him." But the nurse shook her head at this.

"You must not stay," she whispered, not daring to raise her voice; "your feet are bare, and you look as bad as possible. Come, my dear, let me carry you back to your room; it will scare your father to see you standing there."

"No, no," returned Missie, shrinking still more, "I must stay with papa. Why does he look so pale, and lie so still? Is he dead? No one told me he was dead. Papa!" she cried out, for she was bewildered by the dim light, and her own feverish fancies. "Speak to me only one word, just to tell me you are alive."

"Oh, hush!" exclaimed the nurse, but she was too late. Mr. Merle woke up; but in his weak condition his daughter's presence did not seem to startle him.

"My dear," he said, feebly, "they ought not to have allowed this. You will make yourself ill leaving your warm bed."

"But I could not sleep," she sobbed. "I could not rest. I thought they were hiding things from me. If you had died and I had never told you I was sorry, I should have died too. Oh, papa, it must have killed me."

He smiled faintly, and gathered the hot little hand in his.

"You were sorry all the time, my pet, were you not?"

"Yes, and I am sorry now," creeping still closer. "I could not ask God to forgive me until you had forgiven me. Oh, papa! why do you look so kindly at me, when you know it is all through my wickedness that you are lying here? Of course, no one can love me any more."

"Not love you, Pussie. Come, come, my child, fathers are not like that. I forgive you freely; everything is right between us. But, my poor darling, you are ill and suffering, and if you care to please me, let nurse carry you back to bed."

"Will you let me kiss you first?"

His only answer was to stretch out his arms to her, but he wondered to see how slowly she came to him. How could he guess each movement was agony to the poor child? How she had ever managed to crawl from her bed and across the passage, only she herself knew.

"I have only one arm to put round your neck," she whispered, as her long hair fell over his face. "Dear, dear papa, if I could only bear it all!" And as he felt her tears upon his cheek, he understood how her young heart was wrung with remorse and sorrow, and holding her a moment tried to comfort her, and bade God bless his pet.

Alison was just sitting up in affright, looking round the empty room, when Nurse Meybrick appeared, carrying Missie in her arms.

"Oh, Mabel, where have you been? You have frightened me so!"

"Go to sleep, Alison," returned Missie, in a happy voice. "I have only been to see papa, and he has forgiven me, and now I can rest."

"She will be quiet now," whispered the nurse. "I have covered her up warm, and she will rest until morning." And she was right. Though Missie lay awake, feverish and full of pain, she gave no more trouble, and poor Alison was allowed to sleep undisturbed until morning.

For the next few days Missie was very ill. Her agitation of mind brought on a slight feverish attack, and when this had yielded to the doctor's remedies, her weakness was excessive. Her nerves had been jarred and unstrung by the accident; and the least noise, the slamming of a door, or even a louder voice than usual, made her change colour and burst into tears. It was impossible for her in her shattered state always to repress irritability. Again and again the old sharp tones and words recalled Missie's faulty temper. But there was this improvement—she struggled bravely against her besetting sin, and would ask pardon quite humbly of Alison. "I have been so cross to-day," she would say, with tears in her eyes; "I wish you would not be so sweet and patient with me."

"I will promise to scold when you are well enough," Alison would say, in her most cheerful manner, for she knew Missie must not be encouraged to be morbid. "Just now, darling, I can only remember you are ill, and that your poor arm is giving you trouble. I know I should be cross if I had as much to bear." But in spite of Alison's assumed cheerfulness, she was growing pale and thin. Her close confinement in Missie's room tried her; no one but Alison suited the sick girl's fancy—no one else seemed to understand her little ways. Miss Leigh's gentle mournfulness irritated her; she had never cared much for Anna, and she had lost all desire for Eva's companionship, and though her father had generously withdrawn his prohibition, Eva had only once been admitted to her room. The interview had been a little embarrassing. Eva had cried and begged Missie to forgive her, and Missie had been kind and magnanimous in her answer; but after the first few agitating minutes their talk had drifted into silence; Missie was languid and out of spirits, and Eva did not possess the art of soothing—the bond of sympathy between them seemed broken. Both of them had yet to learn that similarity of tastes and the boisterous spirits of youth do not lay the foundation of a lasting friendship; while

Alison and Anna seemed to cement their intimacy more every day, as the good qualities of each became more apparent there was danger that Missie and Eva would drift still farther apart.

Missie had plenty of good sense, and she no longer stifled it; her conscience told her that she would never have sinned so grievously against her father if Eva had not undermined her principles by her flattery and playful words of advice to be independent and assert herself.

A veil had fallen from her eyes; she no longer saw Eva's conduct in the same light, and as she grew better and Eva sought opportunities to be with her, the disillusion became more complete. Missie found herself wondering over her own infatuation. Had Eva always been so loud in her manners, so unfilial in her behaviour to her mother, so unkind to Anna? Missie grew first critical and then reproachful. Strange to say, Eva accepted her rebukes quite meekly—evidently her affection for Missie was sincere in its way, for she took some pains to please her, and even tried to break herself of her faults. But for her unlucky engagement with Captain Harper, there was every probability that Missie might have influenced her for good; but her approaching marriage soon drove all salutary reflection away.

As Missie's violent infatuation for her friend cooled, she turned more and more to Alison for sympathy; and here at least she did not find herself disappointed—Alison returned her affection warmly.

Missie was a little exacting as an invalid, for she was still separated from her father, and, alas! there was still cause to be anxious for him.

Dr. Greenwood never told Alison what he had feared; but after a few days, when he and another doctor had consulted together over the case, he informed her and Roger that there was certainly some degree of mischief in connection with the spine: it would be many months—perhaps a year or two—before he could rise from his couch.

"We certainly hope for his complete recovery in the future," he continued, reassuringly, as Alison turned pale and Roger looked unhappy. "Another inch and he would never have moved his limbs again; but now things are not so bad. Mr. Merle will have his books, and they will go far to console him in his forced inaction."

Dr. Greenwood was right in his conjecture; Mr. Merle took the tidings very quietly.

"I told you your broad shoulders were made for something," he said, looking at his son with a smile. He and Alison had come to bid him good-night.

The nurse had not yet been dismissed, though it was already arranged that Roger should soon take her place in his father's dressing-room.

"I shall have to leave the mill in your hands. Greenwood gives me no hopes of being fit for business for the next year or two."

"I will do everything I can, father," returned Roger, sorrowfully; "but I feel awfully cut up about it all."

"There is no need for that, my boy," returned Mr. Merle "I should not wonder if you do better at business than I, Roger. Perhaps this will be less a trial to me than you suppose. I do not deny, of course, that it is a trial; but still, with my books and children I shall try to be content."

"We shall do everything in our power to ease your mind," returned Roger, gravely. But he said no more, and shortly afterwards left the room, leaving his father and Alison together.

"Roger feels this dreadfully," she said, anxious that her father should not misunderstand his son's lack of words.

"Yes, my dear, I know he does," returned Mr. Merle, with a sigh. "I am fortunate to have such a son. To think," he added, with emotion, "that I could ever have been so blind as to believe that villain's innuendoes against him—and now the whole business is in his hands."

"You can trust him fully, papa."

"Yes, better than I can trust myself, Alison; that boy is true as steel, and will not fail me. I wish I had found it out before. I remember your Aunt Diana once saying to me that 'If I studied my children as well as I did my books, I should be rewarded for my pains.' By the bye, Alison, what does your aunt say to all this unlucky accident?"

"We have not heard from her," returned Alison, in a low voice. "Roger wrote the very next day after the accident, and I wrote the next day; but we have had no reply."

"That is very unlike Diana," observed Mr. Merle, in a surprised tone.

"Roger says that she cannot have received our letters, papa; you see she is in Switzerland, and perhaps she has deviated from the proposed route—that is just her way; if she takes a fancy to a place she will stay there for a day or two, and then she does not get her letters for days. If we do not hear from her soon, Roger thinks I had better write to Mr. Moore. It does seem so strange"—her eyes filling with tears—"that Aunt Di should not know how unhappy we have been."

"I believe you are fretting after her, Alison—you are quite thin and fragile looking."

But Alison denied this, with a great deal of unnecessary energy. She was only a little tired; but now Mabel was getting better she would be able to have a walk sometimes.

"But you must not talk any more, papa," she finished; "you are looking rather exhausted. Nurse Meybrick will be here directly; may I read to you a little until she comes?"

Mr. Merle shook his head sadly.

"My dear, I should like it of all things; but you know Dr. Greenwood has forbidden any kind of study for the next few weeks, and I never cared much for works of fiction, except Sir Walter Scott."

"I meant a chapter or two out of the Bible before you went to sleep," returned Alison, blushing with timidity.

A sudden shadow passed over Mr. Merle's face.

"I did not understand you, my dear," he said, with a little effort. "Well, child, do as you like—that sort of reading cannot hurt one."

Alison felt the permission was accorded rather ungraciously, but still she dared not refuse to avail herself of it. She brought the Bible—Aunt Diana's gift—and sat down quietly by her father's side. The voice trembled a little as she read; but she did not know how sweet it sounded in her father's ear. Once when she looked up she found his eyes fixed on her face and stopped involuntarily.

"Shall I leave off, papa?"

"Yes, that will do for to-night; you may read to me to-morrow. You are so like your mother, Alison; she was fond of her Bible, too. You are a good girl, and take after her."

"Poor dear mamma! How hard it must be for you, papa, to lie there missing her."

"Ah!" he said, averting his face; "it is a life-long loss. I think I never knew anyone so good—not even Diana could compare with her. Do you know you reminded me so much of her that day when you wanted me to go to church. Child, your reproachful eyes quite haunted me! Ah, well! if ever I get well——" He paused with a sigh.

"You will come with us then, papa," she said, softly.

"I hope so, Alison; but I fear it will be a long time before I have the chance. When a man has looked death in the face as I have, who might have been hurried into eternity without a moment's preparation, he thinks a little more seriously about things. I hope I am grateful for being spared—I think I am. You shall come and read to me every night if you like, my dear; it is a grand book, the Bible."

Alison's heart was too full to answer him; but as Nurse Meybrick came into the room at that moment she leaned over him and kissed his forehead.

"Good-night, dear papa; I hope you will sleep well."

"Good-night," he answered, cheerfully, "and give my love to Missie."

Alison felt strangely happy as she left her father's room; it seemed to her as though they were coming closer to each other. There had been a look in her father's eyes and a caressing tone in his voice that told her that she was becoming very dear to him. She said to herself in her young gladness that Providence had accepted her sacrifice—her father's heart was no longer closed to her, and Mabel was beginning to love her. "Give, and it shall be given to you," was abundantly realised in her case—so true it is that love begets love, that the Divine seed of charity sown broadcast, even over barren hearts, will still yield some thirtyfold, some sixty-fold, some a hundredfold.

Alison's tranquil rest that night was only a preparation for a most trying day. Missie had left her bed for the couch that afternoon. When Alison had placed her comfortably she had gone downstairs for a few minutes to speak to Anna, leaving Miss Leigh in charge.

Anna detained her longer than usual—she had so much to say on the subject of Eva's approaching marriage; and while Alison was still talking and listening, Miss Leigh hurried downstairs with a very pale face.

"I wish you would come," she said, in much agitation; "Mabel is so very hysterical I can do nothing with her. Perhaps I have been incautious, but she questioned me so closely what the physicians said about her father that I could not avoid telling her."

"Oh, dear, what a pity! I meant to have told her myself when she was better," observed Alison somewhat reproachfully.

Miss Leigh's tact was often at fault, and she had chosen an unlucky moment for breaking the news to Missie—just when she was weary with the fatigue of dressing.

Alison found her in a sad state—sobbing bitterly, with her head hidden in the pillows—and for a long time she refused to allow Alison to raise her into a more comfortable position. To her relief, Roger entered the room and asked immediately, in his downright manner, what was the matter, and why Missie was making herself ill.

This brought on a fresh burst.

"Oh, Roger! what shall I do? Poor papa!"

"It is poor Mabel, I think," observed Roger, kindly; and he raised the sobbing little figure in his arms and brought the wet face into view. "I declare, child, you are a perfect Niobe. Allie, what are we to do with her?"

"He will not get up for months—perhaps for years—and it is all my fault!" cried Missie, passionately.

"Perhaps so, my dear; but do you suppose all these showers of tears will do father any good?"

"I must cry—I ought to cry when I am so unhappy," returned Missie, impatiently, and trying to free herself.

"No, my dear, no," was Roger's quiet answer; "you have given us all so much trouble that you ought to spare us any noisy repentance; the best thing you can do for us all is to get as well and happy as you can, and help to nurse father."

(*To be continued.*)

PATEY AND WILLIS.

Two Bells. Words by Knight Summers. Music by Michael Watson.

Good night, Robin. Words by Fred. E. Weatherly. Music by Joseph L. Roeckel.

Moments of Peace. Words by Edward Oxenford. Music by Otto Sondermann.

These three songs are of average merit; they will prove acceptable to many of our young friends, as they present no difficulties, and are published in several keys.

Peggy o' Yarmouth Town. Words by M. Ingle Ball. Music by Frederick Bevan. Cheerful and pretty. In two keys.

The Soldier's Call. Words by Digby Seymour. Music by William Spark, Mus. Doc.—A striking and effective song of the patriotic type.

Characteristic Sketch for Pianoforte. By Allan Macbeth.

Danse de la Cour. By Ernst J. Reiter.—Much charm and a good deal of merit are to be found in these two little compositions, to which we are pleased to call the attention of our young pianists.

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Easy Two-part Songs for Ladies' or Boys' Voices. Written and composed expressly for schools. Words by Somerville Gibney. Music by Myles B. Foster, Assoc. R.A.M.—A series of four very clever and charming two-part songs, and although intended for schools, the refined style would ensure them a cordial welcome in the drawing-room. We heartily recommend them, and congratulate Mr. Foster, whose talents are already well-known and appciated by the readers of this magazine.

BANKS AND SONS.

Tarantelle. Composed by G. J. Rubini—An extremely meritorious and sparkling composition; not difficult.

Gabrielle. Morceau de piano. By Cotsford Dick.—The musician-like and melodious compositions of Mr. Cotsford Dick are always acceptable, and we feel sure the piece under notice will find favour with many.

Fidelité. Morceau melodique. By J. L. Roeckel.—An easy and elegant little piece for small fingers.

F. AMOS AND CO.

Distant Voices, with obbligato for violin, flute, or 'cello. Words by C. Beresford. Music by H. E. Warner.—A singable and agreeably written song, with the inevitable change of time, which, however, is pretty. The obbligato for 'cello, flute, or violin would greatly add to the attraction of the song.

Old English Melodies for Violin and Piano. Arranged expressly for young performers. By J. E. Mallandaine.—A series of six parts, each containing two or three old favourite English airs set in a pleasing and flowing style, especially suitable for the young.

Viola. Intermezzo for the pianoforte.—A most interesting piece in the key of F, which we can recommend to our youthful friends.

ROBERT COCKS AND CO.

Years Agone. Words by Magdeline Wycombe. Music by C. Flavell Hayward.—A charming and well written song, full of piquancy, sure to become a favourite.

A. COX.

My Lady Barbara. Composed for the pianoforte by T. Merton Clark.—A bright and exceedingly well written piece, presenting no difficulties. We recommend it to our young rising pianists.

LAMPO AND CARMELA.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF ENRICO CASTELNUOVO.

CHAPTER II.

THE moon had disappeared behind the mountains; the air was fresh and invigorating; the birds, quitting their nests, flew from branch to branch, to the tops of the firs, to await the dawn which already whitened the extreme edge of the horizon. At first they only uttered low notes, timid calls; then, from right, from left, each call was answered, and by degrees a lively chirping, accompanied by a fluttering of wings, filled the greater part of the wood; but further on it was as dark as ever. Carmela hurried along the steep path, and wearily mounting the steepest bit, finally reached the summit, astonished at seeing the tops of the firs beneath her feet. Tired out, she threw herself on the soft dewy grass. The mist was still hanging over the valley; only the outlines of the hills were seen distinctly against the grey background of the sky. The keen air had awakened the child's appetite. Taking the slice of polenta from her pocket, she first broke off a piece for herself, giving another piece to Lampo, who, having fasted for so many hours, seemed very grateful, and looked for more; but remembering she had no other provision for the journey, she thought it as well to keep a small reserve.

Meanwhile all the wonders of the awakening dawn spread before the child's delighted gaze. She had often risen before daylight, but in the narrow valley of Isoletta the early morning was very different to here, where the eye commanded so vast an horizon. The dark uniformity of the sky took by degrees different aspects and colours. Where at first there was only a thick mist, a hundred light and rosy cloudlets had formed themselves, and in the uttermost east glowed a vivid tint of pomegranate. The mist which lay at the bottom of the valley seemed gradually to tear asunder like a veil, revealing a thousand hidden beauties; and out of it emerged the dark masses of the trees, the carpet of the meadows, and the few huts scattered over the hillside.

A group of houses nestling round at all church spire, and, seen from this height, not appearing bigger than toyhouses of coloured wood, caught the child's eye. Could this be the village of Riviera? But the illusion only lasted an instant; for in the tall spire Carmela could not fail to recognise the *Campanile* of Isoletta!

Her heart sank within her. Surely her father and grandmother must be about walking and calling, "Carmela! Carmela!" Whilst following the current of these thoughts, the sun, appearing between the gorge of the two mountains, enveloped her in a flood of golden light; and with the sun, faith, and hope in the success of her enterprise returned to the child's heart, and she decided to continue on her way, repeating to herself her aunt's instructions:

"After this hill comes a valley, and after the valley another hill, and after that Riviera."

Carmela had ascended the first hill, and it was evident that she had now to descend it. And then? Doubts and fears arose in her breast, for there were many hills on the other side of the valley, and it would not be easy to decide which was the right one.

She did not, however, lose much time in speculation, and fixed upon the easiest descent. At first the incline was gentle enough, but ere long difficulties arose. The hillside was dry and rough, the earth gave way under her feet, and at every step she slipped over a stratum of loose sand, so that, to avoid falling, she was obliged to cling to the stubble till her poor little hands were all scratched and bleeding.

For one moment she paused in doubt. Was it possible this could be the road indicated by Zia Norina? Lampo stopped also, on his four paws, with eyes intent and ears pricked up, as though considering the position; then, without going far away, and constantly turning to look at his young mistress, he continued to reconnoitre, until, having found a more commodious path, he returned, evidently begging her to follow him. So they descended by an easier path down to a limpid brook which ran murmuring between the stones and grass. Lampo, who was thirsty, pushed in his nose and drank deeply. Carmela, too, bent over the stream, taking up what water she could in her little palms to refresh her parched lips; after which, taking off her shoes and holding her petticoats up high, for the water reached to her knees, she crossed safely to the other side, Lampo following with one bound.

Weary and exhausted, she sank upon the ground, but finding after a few minutes that the murmur of the water made sleep almost irresistible, she started quickly to her feet in order not to be overcome by it. The country was again wooded with firs and larches, from which the sun drew out a strong odour of resin. Where could she be? Was she nearing her goal, or only getting further off? Oh, were there but a hut at which she might knock, a living creature of whom she might ask the way! Here and there large trunks of felled trees witnessed to the hand of man, or signs of wooden sheds betokened where the woodcutters had during many weeks passed the night, and a few blackened chips indicated the trace of charcoal-burners. But all work in the woods had ceased for a month past, and for some days yet all would remain in solitude and silence. So the child went on, stumbling over the fallen cones of the firs, and the fungi, which grew by thousands in the moist ground, with no sound besides the humming of the insects which surrounded her, and the whisper of the trees caressed by the breeze.

By degrees the wood became thinner, and Carmela found herself at the foot of a hill, which, by its soft verdure and gentle incline, seemed to invite her to ascend. When she had got about half-way up she saw spread out before her a vast meadow which ended almost imperceptibly at the foot of sharp perpendicular rocks, like a granite wall. Not the shadow of a path, no sign by which the poor child could tell her whereabouts. Giving way to a moment of despair, she once more threw herself down upon the grass, and this time really fell asleep. Lampo lay down beside her with half open eyes and gently moving tail, ever on the alert.

At last he uttered a short suppressed bark, and Carmela, having rubbed her heavy eyelids and succeeded in rousing herself, saw, some fifty yards off, a white heifer, fixing on her its large pensive eyes. Behind this one were three or four more. They advanced with measured steps, the bells tinkling as they slowly moved their necks right and left, saluting others, who were quietly grazing a little further off, with long lowings. A little cowherd about twelve years old was guiding the whole flock, which counted about thirty head; and at his side walked a big collie dog, who, on perceiving Lampo, rushed at him, barking and growling angrily. But Lampo was not a dog to be easily frightened. Taking up a position of defence, with his eyes shining, his teeth showing, his tail erect, he kept his enemy at bay. Thus the two beasts stood looking at each other, about twenty paces apart, ready to commence the fight. Carmela, who had by this time risen to her feet, was trembling all over, and unable to stir from the spot. Meanwhile, the little cowherd, attracted by the noise, hastened his steps, calling to his dog, "Turco, Turco, come hither!" The ferocious monster reluctantly obeyed, upon which Lampo, seeing that his adversary had abandoned the position, took up a less hostile attitude. A truce having thus been established between the rival powers, the boy approached Carmela, and asked whence she came and whither she was bound. In a faint voice, she informed him she came from Isoletta, and was on her way to Riviera, which place she wished to reach as quickly as possible.

"Riviera!" repeated the boy, as though trying to understand. "But this is not the road to Riviera!"

"Oh, which road then?" she inquired, turning very pale.

(*To be continued.*)

OUR FRATERNAL SOCIETY.

By DORA HOPE.

SUBJECT OF DISCUSSION: HOW TO DECORATE WALLS.

IF we had been systematic, I suppose we should have studied the subject of wall decorations before anything else in the house, but it falls to my lot, as secretary, to arrange the subjects, and, as I am unfortunately not systematic, it did not occur to me till too late. My mistake in the proper order called forth a ridiculous tale from Tom about some foreign country or other, where the inhabitants always put on

the roofs of their houses first, and stock the rooms with furniture, and then build the walls to fit; but I am used to jibes, and bear them with resignation.

We found that the subject had a wider range than we expected, but we confined ourselves to a very few branches of it. First, we considered the papering and colouring of the inside walls of an ordinary house, and we concluded that it was the best policy to go to a thoroughly good agent for wall hangings, where one can depend upon being served with paper that does not contain arsenic, and where the attendants have had sufficient experience to be able to give really good advice as to the effect of the various papers when hung. They look so different in small pieces that people are often greatly disappointed with the effect as a whole, unless they have someone with experience to advise them.

On the subject of arsenic in papers, the learned members of our society gave us a good deal of information that was new, at least to me. They say that arsenic is not used solely in green papers, as I had imagined, but also in brown, blue, red, purple, and *French grey, in fact in almost* every colour. Probably people have got a different idea, from the fact that it was first used for certain shades of green. A great deal of disease is caused by poisoning from arsenic, though it is so difficult to trace the cause that the real origin of the mischief often escapes notice. When actual illness does not result, there is a general lowering of the health, with headache, loss of appetite, depression of spirits, sleeplessness, and other rather vague and indefinite symptoms. Frequently the only way in which the cause of the disorder can be traced is by observing that the symptoms are worse when the room is closely shut up. The paper in which arsenical dyes have been used throws off poisonous particles, which mingle with the air, and are taken into the lungs of the inhabitants. In the Health Exhibition there were several specimens of paper shown, with labels attached giving thrilling narratives of the serious illnesses which had been caused by those identical papers. One gentleman had been seized with symptoms of arsenical poisoning after dusting his books, on which, of course, all the fine poisonous particles of dust had settled themselves; and several workmen had nearly died in consequence of the quantity of poison they had inhaled while hanging some of these papers.

We were told that the small retail dealers really do not know whether the papers are arsenical or not, as almost as good colours can be procured from harmless substances, but the poisonous ones can be produced at a rather smaller cost, and consequently some dishonest manufacturers use them for the sake of the greater profit.

Not only papers, but even chintz bedhangings, stockings, gloves, and all sorts of other articles are dyed in this way, and a great deal of ill-health is the consequence.

Even supposing they are quite free from arsenic, all papers, flock or otherwise, with patterns which stand out in relief, and so afford a lodgment for dust, are injurious. The fashionable Japanese leather papers, Lincrusta Walton, and others of a like nature, are open to this objection, though to a much less extent than the old-fashioned rough flock ones, the new style having the advantage of being smooth, frequently having a glazed surface, so that they can be easily cleaned with a feather brush. Those papers in which the pattern in relief is slightly rounded, hold dust less than those where straight ledges are introduced.

Another frequent cause of ill-health is the bad nature of the size or paste with which ordinary wall papers are hung; box makers think that paste sticks better after it has turned sour, and apparently paper-hangers are of the same opinion; at any rate, it is certain that they sometimes use it in a decidedly putrefactive state. When an unpleasant smell is noticed after the work is finished, the only way to make the room really wholesome again is to have the paper stripped off and the room re-hung.

Some people, who want their work done quickly and cheaply, have new papers pasted on the walls over the old ones, which are probably covered with the dust and smoke of years. Anyone who will give a moment's consideration to the well-established fact that dust and dirt of any kind hold and nourish any germs of disease which may be floating about, will see how foolish an economy this is; the old paper should always be stripped off and the walls washed down before the new paper is hung.

Having taken in all this information about paper, looked at from a sanitary point of view, we next proceeded to consider the subject in its æsthetic light. After much discussion we drew up what we considered a few general rules for the guidance of several of our members who are thinking of setting up housekeeping for themselves.

We decided that perpendicular patterns add to the apparent height of a room, while horizontal lines lessen it. A dado, or dark heavy frieze especially, make a room much lower, and the same effect is produced by a large or dark pattern of any kind. A light paper, with rather small pattern, and no horizontal lines should always be chosen, therefore, for a small room. The effect of colour should be remembered, too, in producing sensations of warmth and coolness. A warm room, with a south aspect and much sun, should have a paper of a cool shade, such as green, or grey; whilst rooms with a north or east aspect should have warm colouring. The walls of badly lighted rooms should have a yellow tone in their hangings; this colour gives a feeling of light even in dark rooms.

One of our members read us an extract from a paper describing some experiments a French doctor has been making lately as to the effects of colours on dogs. He says that he kept a number of puppies confined in boxes, each with a different coloured light, one blue, one red, and so on; and he affirms that the colour so much affected the disposition of the dog, that he could always tell beforehand, in a long series of experiments, what the temper of each dog would be after a few weeks' incarceration in any particular colour.

I do not know whether this account is true, though it was reported as true in the newspapers, but as the member who read it said, it illustrates his argument that though we may not actually pay much attention to the walls of the rooms in which we live, we are none the less unconsciously affected by them, as well as by all our other surroundings, and it is our duty, therefore, not only to have them of wholesome materials, but in design and colour as good as we can get them.

A dado should never reach exactly to the middle of the wall, so as to give the effect of cutting the room in two; it should be either rather higher or lower. As a rule, it does not look well less than three feet six inches high.

We agreed that kitchens should have either glazed paper or oil paint, both of which can be frequently washed, and a space round the sinks, and any other part of the kitchens likely to get much splashed or soiled should, if possible, be tiled; no paper, however well glazed, will stand constant splashing. If tiles are too expensive, whitewash is the best round a sink, and the servants should be supplied with a small quantity of whitewash and a brush that they may frequently give a fresh coat to the few feet of wall which gets soiled.

Nursery walls, too, should be washable. There might be a dado as high as the little ones can reach of ornamental tiles, or a pretty varnished paper, with paint above. The bathroom too, must, of course, have tiles or glazed paper.

The members of our society all agreed fairly well as to the rules for choosing papers, supposing that one has papers at all; but they were by no means of one mind as to the advisability of that method of covering the walls. Some would have nothing but paint, others cared only for substances like Lincrusta Walton; while one expressed her love for tapestry hangings and rich heavy curtains. She was, of course, promptly put down by the doctor, who said they were relics of a barbarous age, when they were necessary to keep out draughts, and that the way they held dust made them perfect traps for disease. She was not entirely subdued, however, and favoured the company with a description of the wall decorations in the library of the Health Exhibition, which she was determined to imitate if ever she could decorate a room according to her own ideas. The library had a dado (in the gaps between the bookcases) of thick Turkish tapestry, with heavy curtains of the same at the windows. The door was completely covered with tapestry to match, so that having a door at all instead of curtains did not look incongruous. The upper part of the walls was covered with flutings from the ceiling to the dado, of a light straw-coloured material, and the general effect, she said, was very rich and handsome.

The great advantage of paint over paper is, of course, that it can be periodically washed; but all good dealers will now supply papers of all kinds with glazed surfaces, suitable for drawing rooms as well as kitchens, all of which can be washed with a damp cloth. One of our members brought us specimens of paper such as can be procured now by all decorators, which are treated with some preparation of asbestos, which make them absolutely fireproof; they are also warranted not to be injured by washing. There are many fireproof and damp-proof solutions made now also with which ceilings and walls can be painted before the paper is hung, if that method is preferred. Dr. Richardson recommends having the walls of living rooms lined with glazed tiles, which could be impervious to damp, and could be washed and dried, but this rather expensive method seems hardly necessary now that so many "washable" papers and paints have been invented.

The mention of damp walls called forth the information from another member that several new solutions have been discovered lately for remedying this very common trouble. Some are intended for use outside the house; but where the damp has come right through it is generally necessary to have the paper stripped off, and the wall thoroughly scrubbed and dried before being painted with the waterproof solution. Ordinary papers may be put on over this as soon as the coating is dry; or if preferred, some of the solutions are prepared as paint to be used without papering. These preparations are said to be a great comfort in damp cupboards and corners, which have hitherto been quite useless.

We agreed that we all liked the ceiling tinted a few shades lighter than the colour of the walls, from which it should be divided by as simple a moulding as possible, in the painting of which both shades of colour should be introduced. If the room is papered, the principal colours of the paper should be reproduced in the cornice, and the ceiling painted to correspond with the back ground of the paper, unless this is dark, in which case one of the lighter colours must be chosen. Immediately below the cornice there should be, if possible, a brass picture rod.

In considering the colour of the hall, Margaret advised that attention should be paid

not only to its effect in itself, but also to its harmonising to some extent with the colours of the rooms which open into it. She told us of a house where she had been staying lately, in which the hall had been painted a very bright colour that looked very well by itself, but clashed so violently with the colours of the adjoining rooms that the doors had always to be kept shut.

It was suggested that as ventilation is generally secured by apertures of some kind in the walls, we ought to consider that subject in connection with them; but we found it too wide to take up at the close of another discussion, so had to content ourselves with a few of the most important general ideas, leaving details for some more favourable occasion.

Our doctor, who naturally knew most about the subject, says that the most elaborate systems do not always answer the best, also that draughts, so far from being necessary to ventilation, show that it is very imperfect. The ventilators, whether in the windows or walls, should always be above the level of the gas (if gas is used), as hot and foul air always ascends, and should have an aperture by which to escape. Another aperture of some kind lower down is, however, necessary also to supply fresh air to take the place of that which escapes. Perhaps the most satisfactory arrangement is a very simple one which was exhibited at the Sanitary House in the Health Exhibition. It is merely an extra piece of wood across the bottom of the window, and fixed to the window-frame on each side. By this means ventilation can be obtained when it is too cold to have the window wide open, for if it is raised just to the level of the top of the wood this prevents any wind blowing straight into the room, but allows a current of air to rise upwards to take the place of that which has escaped by the other ventilator.

The ventilation of bedrooms is of course the most important of all; headaches and a feeling of heaviness and stupor in the morning so often are caused by sleeping in a close, "stuffy" bedroom.

This being our last meeting for the year, we closed with a general vote of thanks for the valuable information we had each afforded to the society, after which it only remained for us to decide what should be done with the fines which had been imposed upon the members who had neglected to study the subjects selected. As they did not amount to a very large sum, it was suggested to spend the amount in fruit for the children at the convalescent home near our village. The doctor objected, and said it was very bad for them; but as he was the only objector he was obliged to give in, and was actually so inconsistent as to come with us yesterday to distribute the fruit.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MUSIC.

LITTLE NELL.—After learning the major scales in sharps and flats, learn the minor scales.

FRANK'S NELLIE.—You had better get Novello's handbook on the subject.

POINTZ.—Write for the prospectus of the Royal College of Music, Kensington Gore, S.W.; secretary, Charles Morley, Esq. We believe that the college to which you refer has ceased to exist.

FORGET-ME-NOT.—The Chiroplast is a small machine invented by John Bernard Logier, about 1815, to keep the hands and fingers of young pianoforte players in the right position.

FLORIDA.—Surely any musical friend could tell you whether you have any talent for the art—a good ear for time and tune, and any executive power. 2. As a companion to a lady, you should write, and spell, and express yourself well, so as to act as secretary; you should read well, keep accounts correctly, play, and, perhaps, sing, know how to keep house, and make yourself generally useful and agreeable. Above all, you should make your employer your study, so as to accommodate yourself to her ways and peculiarities, and look bright and pleasant, giving her all the news you can pick up, if an elderly person or invalid, to divert her thoughts.

COOKERY.

A KENTISH NELLIE.—Oatmeal porridge.—Put into a saucepan as much water as will be needed. When it comes to a boil put in a little salt. Take a wooden spoon in your right hand, and with your left sprinkle in some oatmeal gradually, stirring briskly all the time. If any lumps should form, draw them to the side of the pan, and crush them out. About two handfuls of oatmeal would be sufficient for a quart of water, but the thickness depends on individual taste; also on the oatmeal itself, as some kinds of oatmeal will thicken more than others. Draw the pan a little back, put on the lid, and let the contents simmer gently till wanted, stirring frequently, and always replacing the lid. Porridge should never be boiled less than half an hour, but if it can have an hour it is all the better for it, and less oatmeal is then required.

SORROWFUL ANN.—Thank you for your recipe, which we are pleased to give. We think that a small spoonful of baking powder added to it might be an improvement. Railway Pudding.—Take two ounces of butter, two ounces of sugar, two ounces of flour, one egg, and half a teacup of sweet milk. Beat the butter to a cream, then add the egg and sugar, and lastly the flour. Beat well, bake on two well-buttered plates for about fifteen minutes, and when cold, spread some jam on one, and place the other on the top, and put into the oven to get hot. It may, however, be eaten either hot or cold.

A JERSEY ROSE.—Scotch shortbread is made as follows:—Take half a pound of butter, half a pound of sugar, half a pound of flour, four eggs, quarter of a pound of mixed candied peel, in equal parts, a very little salt, and two ounces of white comfits. Beat the butter with a wooden spoon to a cream, then add the eggs, sugar, and flour gradually, putting in a little of each, and one egg at a time. When the whole is well mixed, the candied peel cut in shreds should be added. Put the paste into tins of an oblong shape, about two inches deep, well buttered first; strew the comfits over the top, and also a little fine sugar, before placing them in the oven. Bake to a very light colour.

A CURIOUS ONE.—You will find many good recipes for summer drinks in an article by Medicus on page 547, No. 74, vol. ii.

MADEMOISELLE.—Buns made with yeast.—Take three pounds of flour, put it in a pan, form a hole in the middle of the heap of flour, and pour into the hole half a cupful of good, but not bitter, yeast, also half a pint of lukewarm milk. Mix well together the yeast, milk, and a little of the flour. Leave it to rise for an hour in a warm place. When well risen add to it half a pint more milk, quarter of a pound butter melted. Mix well with the fermented part and the rest of the flour, adding more milk if necessary, to make a dough not quite so stiff as for bread. Set it again aside, and when well risen, form into buns, and put on buttered tins, in a warm place, to rise. When again well risen, bake in a hot oven, and when baked, and while yet hot, wash over the tops with a little milk, to give them a gloss.

EDUCATIONAL.

ANNIE JAMES.—We thank you for informing us of your essay club, of which you are the secretary. We have not got one of this kind amongst the many on our list, so we are glad to give the address for the benefit of our girls—Miss Annie James, secretary, Tutshill Villa, Tutshill, near Chepstow.

J. I. P.—To write well in shorthand, from six months to a year's study would be required. It is not too difficult for any girl of average ability, and it is not very trying to the eyes. We have more than once given a recipe for cleaning filagree silver. Write to the College of Preceptors for their prospectus; they will answer any extra question. Address secretary, 42, Queen-square, Bloomsbury, W.C.

VIOLET HAYDEN.—The educational works of Dr. Angus may be had in our publishing office. The word "were" is used in the subjunctive mood. It is employed in a conditional, not a positive sense; *i.e.*, "If I were," not "If I was;" "Were I going to Boston," not "Was I going." Study the "Handbook of the English Tongue." The word "Haricot" is French, and is pronounced "Ha-re-ko.'

IRENE will obtain all particulars respecting a reading society from Miss McLandsborough, Lindum Terrace, Manningham, Bradford, Yorkshire. If you have a good eye, you may be able to do crewel work without it being traced for you. Why not send for transfer and tracing paper, and transfer the design yourself?

HAPPY CATHERINE.—We read your letter with interest, and wish you God-speed in your endeavours to requite your parents, and pay, so far as in you lies, and by God's grace, your still greater debt to your heavenly Father. You should study any history of England which you may possess, any book of geography, and an atlas (maps). Learn cookery by all means, and good plain sewing, darning, and knitting. You should always have a warm stocking or sock on hand, to take up when the light fails, and at odd leisure moments. Unless your parents wish you to leave home, and earn for yourself, you can be of much service at home, as you are still so young.

MYRA W. and ERIC BURKENSTAFF.—Write for particulars to the secretary, Civil Service Department, Cannon-row, S.W. Your handwriting, we think, would be sufficiently good; but the existing competition for these Government appointments is so very great that we do not encourage you to expect success.

HENRY SERRING.—We have pleasure in drawing attention to the existence of so useful a club, designed to promote home study, of which the summer term commences on April 1st, the autumn on September 1st, and the spring January 1st. The hon. sec. of the Study Club is Miss L. E. Ryal, Orpington, Kent; and the hon. treasurer, Miss *Lily Bristow*, 2, Cedars-road, Clapham Common, S.W.

IMMEDIATE.—The sum paid to a holiday governess is a matter of mutual agreement between the parties concerned, and many governesses are anxious to find change of air and scene without asking for a salary, or only receiving payment for lessons such as music or drawing.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A LOVER OF PAINTING.—We cannot give advice as to the good faith or otherwise of the advertisement, as we know nothing of it.

UNDECIDED KATE.—We see nothing wrong in your writing to him on the subject of your guardian's health. Of course, it will depend on yourself to prevent the exchange of letters which may follow becoming a correspondence, which should be avoided unless you have the sanction of your friends.

A MARTYR should get some friend in town to go to the shop and make inquiries. Is she quite sure that the letter containing her stamps was properly posted and received?

LADY WOOD had better leave her complexion alone and attend to her spelling. There are four serious faults in her short note. Even the desire for "whiting her complexion" cannot excuse such a deficiency.

MARGUERITE and ORANGE BLOSSOM must steam the crape over boiling water. Any spots may be touched with benzine. Wear black, or black and white, and leave off crape entirely. You do not say for whom the mourning was.

ROUGE NOIR.—The bracket may be cleaned with furniture polish, or else with turpentine and beeswax.

NANCY GLAN TEIFY.—We are much obliged by your kind note, but we cannot say that we admire your handwriting.

A. W.—The duties of the best man at a wedding consist in waiting upon the bridegroom, and so to leave him free to concentrate his whole thoughts upon his bride. He pays fees, sees that the carriages are all in readiness going and returning from church, takes the first bridesmaid down to breakfast, and afterwards, if healths be drunk, he returns thanks for the bridesmaids.

ONE IN TROUBLE.—You have done quite right in visiting your future husband's relations, if they asked you to do so. It is the usual course to adopt. The last question is a matter for your own personal consideration only.

J. E. R.—We do not see any objection to your being a teacher of shorthand if you be fully qualified for the undertaking.

BROWNIE.—We advise all our girls to learn swimming. It is both useful and healthful; but beware of remaining too long in the water.

EDITH.—The lines, "Art is long and time is fleeting," were composed by Longfellow.

WHISTON.—We cannot give the address of our contributor, but we shall be glad to forward any letters you may send.

FLORENCE MARSH.—We are much obliged to you for your kind and ladylike letter. You must not forget that we are "not obliged" to answer anyone, nor even do we undertake to answer all. What advice and help we can give we are glad to offer freely and without cost to our readers; but they need not write unless they like to do so.

BALLAST.—1. When a ship is overladen and in danger under rough weather, it is often necessary to lighten her by throwing part of her cargo overboard, which proceeding is described as "to jettison" the ship, from the French word *jeter*, "to throw away." 2. The terms "liquid" and "fluid" are commonly employed synonymously, but the latter has a broader signification than the former. All liquids are fluids, but some fluids (such as air) are not liquids.

A SUBSCRIBER.—You had better go to St. John's Hospital, in Leicester-square, to obtain advice respecting any skin disease.

INQUISITIVE MATTY.—You will find an account of the origin of Easter eggs at page 393, vol. ii.

ROSAMOND.—The old tax called "hearth money, "fumage," or "fuage," called by the common people "smoke farthings," was paid, according to "Doomsday Book," for every chimney in a house. It would be a desirable tax in the present day to tax smoke! After his victories in France, Edward the Black Prince imposed a tax of one florin on every hearth in his French dominions.

SISTER BESSIE.—We do indeed feel for you, although you have so much to comfort you in your repeated bereavements. We shall always be glad to hear of you, and are thankful that our paper has been valued by those that are gone as well as by yourself. May you be long spared any further losses of such a kind.

JANIE B.—The case you describe is a pitiful one. The great combinations and complications of trying circumstances, resulting in the intemperance of the much-afflicted individual, is no uncommon case. It is stated in one of the medical journals that the terrible craving for spirits induced by over-indulgence in stimulants may be cured by the following prescription:—Steep half an ounce of ground quassia in a pint of vinegar, and take a teaspoonful of the mixture in a little water every time that the craving returns. As the unhappy individual desires to be cured, let this dose be administered by a friend. Few would have sufficient strength of purpose to persist in taking it unaided by the moral influence of another person.

L. M. B.—With the raid made against vaccination, we have observed a very considerable increase of small-pox. You should read Dr. Gaston's report. Nine-tenths of the persons unvaccinated die from that terrible disease, while only two-fifths per cent. of those properly vaccinated ever die from it. You cannot "argue from the abuse" of anything. That persons advanced in life should indiscreetly employ means suited only to younger people, that improper lymph should often be used; or, lastly, that even the young should suffer from it, already having some bad taint in the blood, and thus being rendered unsuitable subjects for a preventive measure of such a character, form no just arguments against its general use.

PEN.—Show them to a surgeon, and if they need it he will touch with caustic.

GENEVIEVE, MARQUISE DE S.—In order to be patient, and so "possess your soul," as the Holy Scriptures say, you must cultivate your will for good by prayer, and the continual aspiration of the soul to God, who alone can give you strength.

AN ORPHAN.—We are very glad you wrote your little letter of grievances to us, and we hope the outpouring of them did you great good. They are not very big troubles, after all, when you compare them with those of others. Fortunately they are, we hope, within your own power to alleviate. You must begin to cultivate love to others first, and then a happy spirit. Both of these are to be obtained by prayer—not only the morning and evening ones, but by a constant breathing out of troubles and wants, praises, and thanks to God. Let your soul make itself a refuge above the cares and troubles in your daily life. Think of others first, and look always on the bright side of all things.

CANISTER.—The dog is shedding his winter coat, and wants brushing and washing.

PEGGY.—We could not inform you even if we knew, which we do not. We never give personal information about our correspondents.

A WHITE VIOLET may use elder-flower water without fear. It is quite harmless.

EASTBOURNE.—The orris-root may be scraped into powder and put in a bag. You must, of course, bow to friends if you see them in the street.

TEMPUS.—The author of "Grandfather's Clock" has no connection whatever with the promoters of the twenty-four hour method of reckoning time.

LADY MAUD.—Wear gloves continually, and grease the nails at night. In a week's time they may perhaps be well.

ONE LIVING IN HOPE.—Deafness may arise from a debilitated state of health, and is frequently induced by severe influenza, scarlet fever, etc. Try generous diet, change of air, and a tonic, under medical advice. Possibly the ears may need syringing, and if you have ever put cotton into your ears, a piece may be pressed down upon the drum of the ear, and it may require two or three such operations to loosen and extract it. Your own medical man would do it for you.

CARRIE.—Some recommend the application of pulverised witch-hazel bark, or borax, inside the nostrils to stop bleeding of the nose, and cold sponging of the back of the neck, or the application of ice. The patient should sit up.

BERMUDA.—The best thing to be done on receiving a bite from any insect, viper, or that of a dog, is to bind the arm or leg tightly, and at once, on the heart side of the wound, to prevent the return of the blood; to apply a poultice. Some recommend equal parts of tobacco, onion, and salts, and to take frequent doses of a solution of horehound.

FERNS AND PRIMROSES.—A little oatmeal in the water will make it soft and cooling to the face.

STARLIGHT.—We see no reason for new linen turning yellow if properly washed.

AN EGG COLLECTOR.—We know of nothing to keep the colour but varnishing with white of egg and keeping them in a dark place.

A FARMER'S DAUGHTER has our best thanks for her kind and sympathetic epistle. We are very glad our paper amuses and pleases her so much. The full report of the alphabetical competition is already published. Pronounce Albany as if written "Awlbany."

A. C. A.—As a rule, singing, and the consequent inflation of the chest and lungs, is considered good for delicate lungs. But what did your doctor say?

SCHOOLGIRL.—The Reformed Parliament met 7th August, 1832, after the Reform Bill of June 7th, 1832, which established a £10 householder qualification in boroughs, and extended the county franchise to leaseholders and copyholders, as well as disfranchised fifty-six boroughs. "Impeachment" is the accusation of a peer or Member of Parliament of treason or other high crimes. Acts of attainder have been numerous in English history. An attainted person forfeited his lands, and his blood was also attainted. The last attainder reversed in England was in 1853, that of the Earl of Perth.

WARATAH (Australia).—Amongst the precious stones enumerated in fable as gifted with special virtues respectively, those of the opal are of a beneficent character, and, contrary to the common belief, this stone is credited with bringing good fortune to those who wear it.

ELAINE OF ASTOLAT.—We never wrote any "trial magazine." You have mistaken some other periodical for ours. For cleaning black marble, see page 707, vol. iv. You may write as often as you like to us, taking chance of how soon you may get an answer.

PETITE.—A girl might "right" a book at your age if she knew "right" from wrong in spelling. Look for the word in the dictionary before you write it again. We recommend you, however, as an essential condition of your publishing a book, to be quite sure that you have something to tell the reading public that they did not know already, and that would be, moreover, really worth the telling at such an expense of money.

RUBY B.—You can get the plaster at any chemist's, and the jacket at a surgical instrument maker's.

THE NEW NUMBER.

PANSY.—We advise you to decline taking any more walks with a man who has been trifling with your feelings, and bringing your name into connection with his for the last three years, when he did not mean to make you a sincere and positive offer of marriage. Allow no man to treat you with such disrespect and heartlessness. It is at least evident that he would be quite unsuitable as a husband.

TWIN SISTER SUSIE.—We thank you very much for the flowers.

S. SEVENTEEN.—The depression you feel in dark, damp weather is constitutional. Some suffer much physically from it—from headache, rheumatism, or ague. Sensitive persons with a highly-strung nervous system are very impressionable to external matters, and the mind sympathises with the body. Your handwriting is too irregular. Write roundhand copies carefully.

AN UNBELIEVER ought to be ashamed of herself for daring to assume such a name, or to question the truths of the Holy Scriptures. Judging from her handwriting, she is only a little girl, and ought to be soundly punished for her presumption. Yes, faith is the gift of God; and we are likewise told that "those that seek find, and to those that knock, it shall be opened." See St. Luke xi. 13.

HEARTACHE.—The best advice we can give you is to dismiss at once your very unsatisfactory admirer. We wonder at your patience. As your mother is dependent on you, you have both her comfort and your own to consider, and neither will be increased by your marriage with a man of bad and uncertain temper, and doubtful kindness of heart. Certainly, try to let your house if you can do so.

DOROTHY.—We have no doubt the writing of poetry (?) is a comfort and relief to your feelings; but do not let anyone see it until you learn to spell. Even the most dismal poetry provides food for laughter when you spell angel "angle."

VIVIENNE.—The Egyptian Pyramids have afforded theories "galore," as the Irish say, for more than a thousand years; but it is doubtful whether we have arrived at the true purpose of their building even now.

DANKARBEIT.—The work of translation is one that requires much experience. There is no objection to your making a beginning, as your work at first would be useless to anyone but yourself. The successful translators of the present day are already celebrated writers in English.

MOLLY CODDLE.—We see no query in your note.

MOLLY.—There is no Scotch flag, as both Scotland and Ireland have a share in both the national flags—the Union Jack and the National Standard. The thistle is the emblem, and a lion rampant on the shield.

BLUE VIOLET'S note is so shockingly written and spelt that we cannot read it.

AUDREY.—Place the mirror in the hall, upstairs facing the stairs, if there be room on a landing, or on the wall in the drawing-room over a sofa. In any case, put curtains on each side of it, or shelves.

F. W. R.—Many thanks for your letter. All these subjects respecting women's work will sooner or later evolve themselves. If women be fitted for situations they will get them just as men would do, not otherwise.

IVY LEAF must write for back numbers of the G. O. P. to Mr. Tarn, 56, Paternoster-row, E.C.

VI.—We do not understand your question. Is the lady living in the house without any agreement or lease? On what terms did she take it—by the year, or on a three years' agreement? What was the arrangement about notice? Why is she willing to give six months' notice now, having declined three months ago? She had better see her landlord and talk it over, and in case of disagreement, consult her lawyer. She seems very unbusinesslike and silly.

BLUE MOON.—The expression, "once in a blue moon," means "very rarely indeed." The expression resembles "the Greek Kalends," which means "never," because there never were any Greek Kalends.

ANNIE.—The phrase is Italian, and means "Jesus, remember me." The other word seems to be badly spelt, but we imagine it means "perspective."

MABEL.—You need the advice of a good doctor. Beware of catching cold. Cod-liver oil might be of service to you, but it should be taken under medical direction. The air of the South Coast might do you good. Lie down for an hour after your mid-day meal (it ought to be your dinner), avoid fatigue and hurrying, live generously, and go to bed early.

NINETEEN.—The advice to "Mabel" would apply to you likewise. The disease is not merely local, and local treatment will therefore be insufficient to cure it. It is constitutional and in the blood. Enrich the latter, and get sea air.

AN ANXIOUS TROUBLED MOTHER.—As a rule, to govern by the influence of love and a sense of duty in the child is the best of all methods. But having by absence lost your golden opportunity, presented in the first three or four years of its life, when, if need be, corporal punishment may be employed on certain though rare occasions, the circumstances you name point to it now as a last resource. The punishments that led to sulking, and failed to coerce after all, only tended to spoil the disposition, and led her to set your authority at defiance, and thus in so exceptional a case as yours we endorse your husband's opinion, and counsel you once for all to have the needful assistance to make the correction one to be feared and remembered. Your authority must be paramount, and you must endure for a time to be feared before you will attain to ruling by love. It is your sad but sole alternative. Read our articles on "Duties of Wives and Mothers," and "Duties of Governesses." We feel for you very sincerely.

DERMOTT.—"Johnny Ludlow" is written by Mrs. Henry Wood. "Ouida" is the *nom de plume* of Louise de la Ramée. A Home for Ladies of Limited Means has been opened by a lady at Emsworth, Hants. The prices range from 8s. to 15s., including laundress. Applications to be made to Miss Gardiner, 15, Cadogan-terrace, Victoria Park, London.

EVELYN KEEN.—Tintern Abbey was built for the Cistercian Monks by Walter de Clare, in 1131, in the reign of Henry I.

LILY.—The Earl of Chatham died May 11th, 1778. The Coliseum was closed in the spring of 1864. In 1874 it was sold, and large houses erected on the site.

VERONICA M.—Any chemist will make you a quinine tonic, or you can take the prescribed dose in milk. Many thanks for your kind letter.

SEFFLAUS.—The subject of your letter is not suited to our pages.

PAULINA.—"Perfect through suffering" will be found at Heb. ii. 10. The 15th of May, 1835, was a Friday.

SLEEPY MAY.—Use lemon-juice to improve the colour of your hands. The last line of the "Maid of Athens" means, "My life, I love you;" the Greek is *Zoe mou, sas agapo*. Magpies are omnivorous, and eat anything and at any time. You should try and manage some shade for your plants in the middle of the day if there be shade.

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

VOL. VI.—No. 295. AUGUST 22, 1885. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

PEACE AND WAR.

By LOUISA GRAY.

The morning sun rose warm and bright
On fields of ripening corn,
The merry birds awoke with song
To glorify the morn.

The peaceful herdsman watched his flock,
The husbandman his team,
While floating on the air was heard
The murmur of the stream.

But sudden rose the warrior's cry,
The mighty cannon's roar,
And hands were clasped and lips were pressed,
To part and meet no more.

And silently, as tho' in prayer,
The stars looked down at night
On quiet faces turned to heaven,
Where friend and foe unite.

And, oh! the eyes that burn with tears,
The happy love-dreams o'er!
And, oh! the cries that rend the air
For those that come no more!

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AUNT DIANA.

By ROSA NOUCHETTE CAREY, Author of "Nellie's Memories," "Not Like Other Girls," "Esther," etc.

CHAPTER XXI.

AN UNEXPECTED VISITOR.

MISSIE was so surprised at this view of the case that she left off crying and stared at Roger. He told Alison afterwards that those half-drowned blue eyes made him feel quite bad—but then Roger was such a soft-hearted fellow.

"You do not understand," she said at last, very slowly.

"My dear little sister," he said, taking her hand, "I do understand, and so does Alison, and we are both agreed on this point. Repentance is apt to be troublesome if it be carried beyond due bounds—and, in fact, it can degenerate into selfishness—and you are really very selfish about this."

"Oh, Roger!" exclaimed Alison, a little shocked at this plain speaking. But Roger knew what he was about; he was determined, as he said quaintly, "to seal up the fountain of Missie's tears."

"Is he not unkind?" returned poor Missie, piteously. "He calls me selfish, just because I am so sorry about papa."

"We are all sorry, Mabel," returned her brother, seriously, "though we do not go about the house wetting the floors with our tears, like mediæval saints. I declare it makes one quite damp to come near you—it is really bad for our health, my dear."

"Now you are laughing at me," she replied, pettishly.

"True; and that is the unkindest cut of all, is it not? But I am not laughing when I talk about your selfishness; you see you are just going against the wise old proverb, 'Never cry over spilt milk.' The mischief is done, my dear; but everyone in the house has forgiven you for being the cause of it; and now you must forgive yourself."

"Oh, I cannot," she sighed. "I shall be miserable until papa is well."

"There speaks selfishness," he returned quickly. "My dear Mabel, why think about yourself at all? why not think how tired Alison looks and how you may spare her? I am sure a cheerful word from you would do her no end of good."

Missie seemed struck by his words. She looked at her sister rather scrutinisingly. Certainly Alison did look pale, and there were dark rings round her eyes. Roger saw his advantage, and went on.

"You have no idea how people in a house act and re-act on each other—a depressing person is like a perpetual fog. I think I shall coin that speech as a proverb. You know I am a bit of a philosopher—Roger the sage—that sounds well."

Missie's lips curved into a smile; a little dimple came into view.

"Come, that's about the real article—a little more and we shall have a rainbow effect," observed Roger in a delighted tone. "Now we have the whole thing in working order. You have done wrong and been sorry for it—good!"—with an impressive pause; "now you are going to do better and not think about yourself at all, but how you are to make us all happier. Good again! Thirdly and lastly, you are to turn over a new leaf and cultivate cheerfulness and that sort of thing."

"I will try," sighed Missie, raising her face to be kissed, "but it will be dreadfully hard."

"Most things are hard," was the philosophical reply; "but we shall never do much good in the world by sitting in the dust and casting ashes on ourselves—that sort of thing doesn't seem to belong to the present dispensation."

"No; it is 'Let the dead bury their dead' now," observed Alison in a moved voice. "Now, Roger, you may leave Missie to me; she is tired out, and I am going to read her to sleep."

"But I am not sleepy," replied Missie, reluctant to let Roger go; but it showed her new submission to Alison that she made no further protest—only as Alison read, Missie lay quiet, with a softened look in her eyes. Yes, she would try and bear it; they should not be any longer troubled.

"Thank you, dear," she said presently, as she noticed how Alison's voice flagged; "the book is very pretty; but I want you to leave off now and take a turn in the garden. Do please, Alison, it is such a lovely evening, and it will do you so much good. Poppie can come to me; she is a good girl and does not tire me."

"Are you sure, Mabel, dear, that you can spare me?" asked Alison, anxiously.

"Quite sure," was Missie's answer; and then Alison consented to leave her. She was conscious that her strength was failing her a little; the close confinement and anxiety for the last fortnight were trying to her constitution; broken rest at night often followed the long day's work. She was pining, too, for a word from her dearest friend. She had written two days ago to Mr. Moore, questioning him about Miss Carrington's movements, but had received no answer from the confidential servant who acted as the blind man's amanuensis, and, in spite of her efforts to be cheerful, she was feeling dull and deserted.

It was a lovely evening, as Missie said—one of those rare September evenings that come when summer and autumn seemed blending into each other. Alison stood for a moment in the hall, debating whether she was too tired to seek Roger in the timber-yard, or whether she should indulge in solitary musing under the lime-trees. A free half-hour was a delicious boon, and she must employ it to the best advantage. She decided after a moment that she was too dull for even Roger's company to cheer her—for she was in one of those moods that the masculine mind finds so difficult to understand—and she was just taking down her garden hat from the peg, when a figure came between her and the evening light, a familiar voice spoke her name, and the next moment Alison was in Aunt Diana's arms.

Miss Carrington's kisses were very grave and tender. They spoke volumes; but she seemed to have no words at the moment. But Alison's, "Oh, Aunt Di!" was more than eloquent—the quiver of her voice meant ecstasy. But the next moment Miss Carrington put her at arm's length, and, still holding her, scrutinised her face almost pitifully.

"Ailie, my poor, dear child, what have they done to you? Oh, dear, what thin cheeks, what heavy eyes!" And suddenly closing her face between her hands, she kissed her again and again; and Miss Carrington was not a demonstrative woman—her caresses meant something out of the common. They brought Alison's soft colour back, and the happy tears came into her eyes.

"Never mind about that," she returned, unsteadily; "I shall be quite well and rested now I have seen your dear face again. Oh, Aunt Di, how I have wanted you!"—her voice sinking still lower.

"Yes, I know," replied Miss Carrington, almost abruptly—all the more because her feelings were not so well under control as usual.

"Ailie, what must you have thought of my silence? Come, let us sit down somewhere where I can talk to you without interruption. I don't want to see any other face but yours for the present—not even Roger's."

"I think my room will be best," returned Alison, hesitating a little. "Miss Leigh is in the drawing-room and Roger generally sits in the study when he comes in of an evening. Wait a moment, Aunt Di, please; I must ask Sarah to make some tea for you—supper will not be ready for an hour. Oh," smiling archly, "I know your taste—Aunt Di cannot go without her tea."

Miss Carrington offered no remonstrance; perhaps she was in need of refreshment. She waited to see the cabman deposit her luggage in the hall, and then she followed Alison upstairs.

"My dear," she observed, looking round her as she entered, "this is not your old room; I thought this was Missie's?"

"Yes, but Missie had mine, and I did not like to turn her out—it would only have caused unpleasantness. Please do not look so grieved, Aunt Di; I have got used to it and do not mind the crane so much as I did at first—at least, it does not make my head ache."

"And you never told me. I could not have borne to have thought of you in this room, Ailie. Well, you have spared me many a heartache. I should have wanted my child back in her little nest,

and have been unhappy because I could not get her;" and Miss Carrington positively shuddered as she looked at the grim lines of the crane, and round the dark, heavily-furnished room.

"I am glad I did not tell you," returned Alison, gently, as she unfastened Miss Carrington's mantle and waited on her. Perhaps Aunt Diana loved to feel the soft little hands busy about her, for she offered no resistance as Alison smoothed her hair, and brought her a footstool, of which she took possession herself.

"That is right," observed Miss Carrington, stroking the brown head that laid itself in child fashion on her lap. Alison was so very tired, there was utter *abandon* in her attitude, and yet she was so happy too.

"Now we will have one of our cosy talks—don't look at the door, Ailie—I am in no hurry for my tea. My dear, I am longing to tell you how it is your letters have miscarried; I read them all for the first time last night."

"Aunt Di, do you mean that you have flown to us—only telegraph wires could have done it," laughing incredulously.

"You may be sure that I should have flown to you if I had the power," returned Miss Carrington, seriously. "Ailie, I was not in Switzerland, as you thought. I was recalled suddenly, a fortnight ago, by Mr. Moore's sudden illness. Greville telegraphed for me, and I came home at once."

"Mr. Moore ill!" exclaimed Alison, with a fast paling face.

"Yes, very ill; but, thank God, my dear old friend is better now. It has been an anxious time for us, darling. Greville is cast down and unhappy—you need not look at me so reproachfully. I would not write to you—it would have given you useless pain, and I was so engrossed with nursing that letters were impossible luxuries. Little did I think in my night watching that Ailie was anxious and unhappy too."

"Aunt Di, that is why you look tired."

"Tired! Nonsense, child. It is a blessed thing to wear out oneself for one's friends. I love that sort of fatigue. I could not have left my patient until he was out of danger; but now I can safely trust him in Greville's charge. He is a capital nurse, in spite of his boyishness, and he has Burton to help him. By the bye, Mr. Moore sent his love to Sunny. Stay, I must try and remember his message; he bade his little sunbeam remember her mission, and not to be afraid of cloudy days."

"Did Mr. Greville send me a message, too?" asked Alison, a little timidly. Miss Carrington hesitated.

"Well, I think he sent his love, too—in fact, he sent a great many messages; but I told him I could not be a carrier of nonsense, and should only deliver one—'That he had kept his promise, and had been working famously.'"

"Oh, I am so glad," returned Alison, brightening at this. "Aunt Di—it was not good of you to keep Mr. Moore's illness from me; I should have liked to have shared your anxiety. Dear old man, I am so thankful he is spared!"

"His character seemed lovelier than ever in his hours of suffering," observed Miss Carrington, thoughtfully; "he was so patient, so grateful to us all for our care of him. I understood then what being like a little child meant—it seemed as though it were we who were blind, not he—he seemed so steeped in the light of heaven."

"Do you think he wanted to die?" asked Alison, in an awe-struck voice.

"Yes, indeed, it was his one longing; and yet he was resigned to stay, for Greville's sake.

"'The lad wants me a little longer,' he said once. 'Well, I suppose I can spare my boy a year or two out of eternity; I mean to have no will of my own about it. When the Master calls, I shall be ready; but perhaps—for who knows His graciousness?—He may be thinking of my boy too.'"

"How I should love to see him again," exclaimed Alison, with a sigh.

"So you will by-and-by, I hope. He missed you dreadfully, Alison."

"And you, Aunt Di?"

"I am not going to tell you about that." Then, as Alison's eyes looked pleading, she continued earnestly: "Child, I believe we are a sort of necessity to each other—at least, I find my life will not shape itself properly without you. I am always thinking how Ailie will like this or that. Your absence quite took away the pleasure of my trip. You naughty child, you look delighted; but there comes my tea—please make me a cup, and then tell me all about your poor father."

Alison was soon narrating the story of the last fortnight. Miss Carrington had received hers and Roger's letters late the previous night, and Mr. Moore's had put her in possession of the latest news; still there was much that she wished to hear. She listened attentively, and without interruption, as the girl poured out the history of her hopes and fears. Her grave, interested face, and now and then a tightened grasp of Alison's hand, spoke in mute sympathy, but otherwise she said little.

"It has been a dreadful time," finished Alison. "Roger and I were so afraid about papa, and then Missie was so unhappy and ill. That is Roger's whistle, Aunt Di—he is wondering what has become of me. Shall I call him in?" And Miss Carrington nodded.

Roger's look of intense surprise amused them excessively, but he welcomed his aunt with evident satisfaction.

"Now Ailie will be all right again," he observed, with a smile at her; "she has been Aunt Diana sick for months. You are not going to take her away from us just at present, are you?"

"No, not just now," returned Miss Carrington, quietly. "I am going to stop until you are tired of me, and then Ailie and I must say good-bye to each other for a little longer. What should you say to bringing her for a few weeks in the spring if your father gets better. You look in want of a change, Roger; they are working you too hard, my boy."

"You must not tempt me, Aunt Diana," he returned, rather gravely; "there will be no holiday for me next year. The whole concern rests on my shoulders at present, and our manager is a defaulter. Alison shall go with you, and welcome."

"Well, well, we must see about it; winter comes before spring. There is plenty of time, and I don't mean to give up my plan of having you and Ailie together. Now I must see your father; will you take me to him?" And Roger consented with alacrity,

In the passage she stopped and laid her hand upon his arm.

"Thank you for taking care of Ailie; I know how good you have been to her."

"It is she who has been good to us," he returned, with a sudden flush. "Aunt Diana, you do not know the blessing she has been to us; we have to thank you for that. Alison would never have been the girl she is if you had not taken so much pains with her."

"Don't make me vain, Roger."

"Missie and I have proposed buying her a little red morocco book and presenting it to her," continued Roger, with dry humour; "the title will be 'Aunt Diana's Sayings,' for Ailie brings out a fresh one every day. Missie says she is inventive and coins them herself; but I have an idea that they are genuine."

Miss Carrington shook her head at him, and only bade him lead the way to his father's room. Alison had already prepared him for his sister-in-law's visit, and he held out his hand with a pleased smile.

"This is kind, Diana. I said the silence was not like you; my poor girl here has been fretting herself about it; but of course you never got the letters."

"No, indeed, Alison will tell you all about it presently. It is too late for me to prolong my visit now. Invalids should be quiet at this hour. You see I understand all about it, Ainslie; but I am grieved to the heart to see you like this."

"You must not make yourself unhappy about it; it is only a case of patience, and I have good, attentive children. I wish their mother could see them; she was always so proud of them."

"Yes, indeed! Poor Florence, you must miss her, Ainslie." And Miss Carrington's lip quivered slightly, for her sister had been the object of her dearest affection; she had never felt so drawn to Florence's husband as she did now; her grey eyes rested upon him pityingly.

"Children, you must take care of your aunt; she must be tired with her journey. To-morrow you must come and sit with me, Diana." Miss Carrington felt herself gently dismissed, but she did not misunderstand him.

"God will comfort you, Ainslie," she whispered; "and Alison has Florence's sweet ways and looks. She must learn to take her mother's place; that is partly why I love her so." And pressing his hand kindly, she followed the others from the room.

(*To be continued.*)

OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENTS.

GIRL-LIFE IN THE BLACK FOREST.

(SCHWARZWALD.)

"Wem ist der Schwarzwald unbekannt
Mit seinen stolzen Tannen?
Kein wand'rer kommt in unser Land,
Und keiner geht von dannen,
Der nicht bei seiner höhren Pracht
Still steht und grosse Augen macht."

HAVING already written of girl-life in Germany, it may seem superfluous that girl-life in the Black Forest should receive special notice; and yet you have only to come and dwell among the people to see that life here is as different from the rest of the world as is the Black Forest itself.

It is an undoubted fact that the place in which we are born and brought up shapes, in a great measure, our lives, our occupations, our amusements, and gives a tone to our character and disposition. Mountain, valley, town, all mark those who are born in their midst; and thus it is in the Black Forest, otherwise it would be impossible to account for the peculiar characteristics of the people.

A slight sketch of the district may not be unacceptable to those girls who are unable to travel so far, especially as very little has been written upon it, and a great part of the primitive, half-hidden nooks which are so beautiful and so characteristic remain as yet unknown even to those who are able to travel.

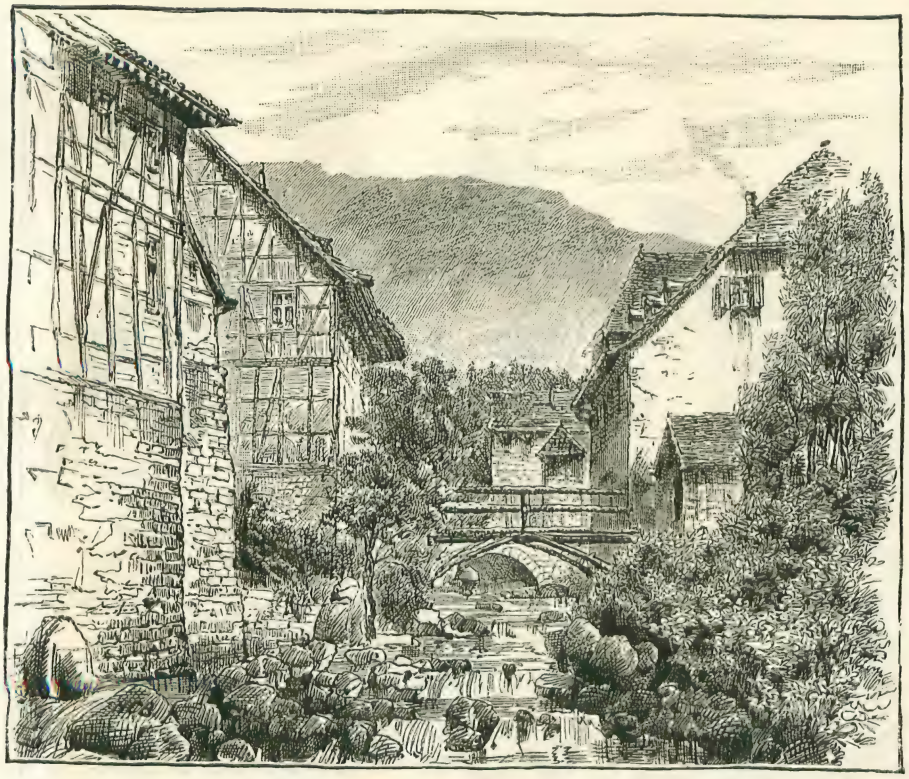
This wonderful country—so rich in traditional lore, the especial home of gnomes and sprites, the mountains so thickly clothed with forests, the valleys so exquisitely beautiful in form and verdure, the birthplace of the Danube and many another river—this wonderful country is guarded by three great Protestant strongholds: Constance, Basle, and Strasburg. If you draw a line from one to the other, you will inclose an area of about twelve hundred square miles, and this is the Black Forest. The two owners of this country are Baden and Wurtemberg: by far the larger portion, which is Roman Catholic, belonging to the former; the remainder, which is Protestant, being the property of the latter.

There are but few towns in the whole area, and to one or two of the least known I hope to introduce you.

As one moves about from place to place, it is easy to perceive that the inhabitants are not all of the same race, for they differ in features, characteristics, and dialect; those who live in the north are of Rhenish extraction, those in the west are Suabians, and those in the south are called Alemanni. These last are very ingenious and inventive.

Having given you this slight sketch, let us look at the girls, for it is in them we are chiefly interested; but before doing this, let me introduce you to our little party. We call ourselves "special correspondents" of THE GIRL'S OWN. We are in a little room in the midst of the Forest, scrupulously clean but bare of carpet or any other luxury. I must confess that it is not even what is known as a sitting-room, but is the largest of our bedrooms, and lighted by a very shaky, strong-smelling lamp. Two of us are writing; the other two are finishing their sketches. I am the worst off, for lively discussions are going on as to the merits of cross-hatching and tinting. We do not look elegant: but special correspondents never do.

The girls and women have a peculiarly gentle and subdued expression, induced, as I think, by the sombre grandeur of the country in which they live; their manners are modest and restful, and, no matter



A LEAF FROM ONE OF THE SKETCH BOOKS.

whether you find them at house-work or field-work, in the schools or in the factories, there is a quiet reticence and dignity about them very striking. They are not in the least frivolous, but they are inquisitive, and, I should say, obstinate. Their dress is not picturesque, yet one would be sorry to see it superseded by that of modern fashion. The old women, who still adhere to the high straw hat, thick bunchy petticoats, and short body, are not unlike the Welsh women; the caps, with the gold and silvered embroidered backs and the long ribbon strings down to the ground, worn by the majority of the women and girls, are very quaint, but a girl need be very good-looking to carry off the effect. These caps are of black silk and cost about fourteen shillings each. As a rule, the girls are very good-looking; they have dark eyes and good complexion, and an open, restful countenance. Wherever and whenever you meet them, they have a greeting for you expressive of sympathy and interest in your actions. It is either, "God be with you," "I wish you a safe and pleasant journey," "A pleasant walk," "A good appetite," "A good night's rest,"—which takes away any sense of loneliness a stranger might feel.

Every girl is well educated throughout the Forest. In each parish there is a good school for boys and girls (mixed schools); the instruction is gratis, the State or the Community being answerable for expenses. School and church go hand-in-hand for religious training. On Sunday afternoons there is a service in church called Christian instruction, which boys and girls are bound to attend until they are eighteen years old. Should the girls desire to continue their education after the compulsory seven years, there are good high schools at which they can learn foreign languages, drawing, and modelling, and for which each person pays fifty shillings a year. I except, of course, the Duchess of Baden's school for the higher education of women and girls, which is gratis.

Education is greatly valued by the girls; it is no unusual thing for them to walk three miles and upwards twice a day to and from school, and to be in their places at eight o'clock in the morning, and this in all weathers. Those who come above two miles and a half are excused attendance in the afternoon; this is necessary in the winter, to ensure their return home in safety.

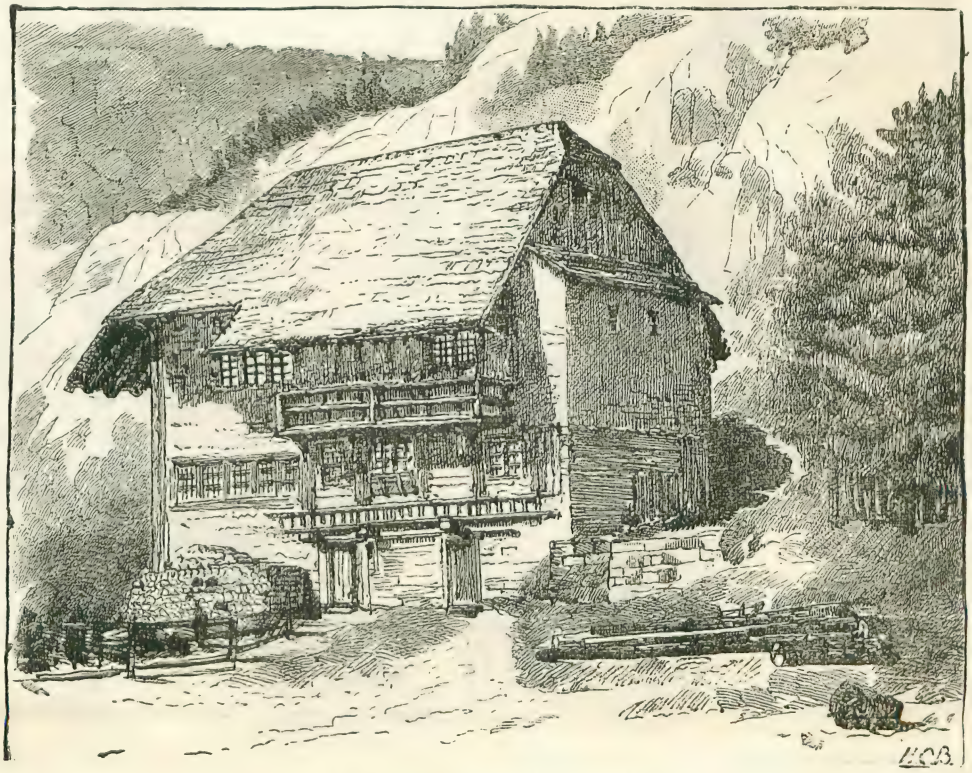
The lessons are changed each hour, and are all given by masters except needle-work, embroidery, knitting, and straw-plaiting, which are taught by women.

We have been amazed, on entering a cottage or farmhouse far from town or village, to hear ourselves addressed in perfectly good English, and on inquiring how it had been learnt we found that the groundwork had been gained in the schools, and that it had been perfected by conversation with the fathers and brothers who had been to England and America with Black Forest clocks—that they always returned after two or three years' absence and kept up the practice of speaking English with their families while at home.

In like manner we found people speaking Italian and Russian, and not only so, but greatly interested in the life and laws of the various countries in which they had sojourned.

A feature of girl-life here is the straw-plaiting, which is scarcely ever out of the hand. Little children of three or four years old move their chubby fingers so rapidly that the eye can scarce follow them.

The history of the straw-plaiting is interesting. In 1694 some glassworkers brought into Triberg, a town of the Black Forest, a straw hat from Switzerland. The inhabitants, who were very poor at that time, looked at it until



A HOUSE IN THE BLACK FOREST.

they thought it possible to imitate it, and thus create a new industry for themselves, by which the women and girls could add a little to the weekly income. They succeeded so well that in 1826 above 1,500 women and girls in one little town were occupied in straw-plaiting, and at this present time above 6,000 girls are engaged in the Black Forest upon this one industry.

Until I came here I thought the women obtained the straw from Italy; but in this I was wrong, as you shall hear.

Our party had been looking over factories in Triberg (three mountains) all the forenoon, and after dinner had wandered about over the

hills surrounding the town until we were tired, dusty, and thirsty, and we looked about us to see if we could get some milk. At length we spied an old-fashioned house, and a woman in front digging the garden. We asked where we could get a little milk. "Here," was the answer, given with a pleasant smile. We followed her round to the back, and sat ourselves on a wooden bench, near an old pump, with the forest-covered hills about us, and a laughing brook making its way down the valley.

To each of us was brought a large glass of new milk, and while we were drinking it we saw a quaint little maiden shyly watching us, with a bundle of straws at her side, and moving her fingers rapidly at a twelve-straw plait.

We at once called her to us, and one of our party made a rapid sketch of her while I asked the mother something of the history of straw plaiting.

From her I learned that she and her daughters prepared the ground on the mountain side, which she pointed out to me, that they sowed the rye, tended it, and at proper time reaped it. I said, "You use, then, the ear for bread and the stalks for plaiting?"

"Not so," was the answer; "it will not serve two purposes. If we left the corn standing until the ear was ripe, it would no longer do for the straw work. It must be cut directly the ear begins to form, in order to get the straw sufficiently fine for plaiting. It is then laid in the field for three weeks to bleach, and if it is not then light enough in colour, we put it into a wooden case over sulphur, and this burns the green out of it. The straw is cut at the knots to avoid unevenness in the plait. We women and girls," she said, "grow the rye, cut it, bleach it, and finally weave it; and what we do, most of the families in the Black Forest do also."

On putting another question I found that a girl utilising every moment of her spare time could not plait more than thirty yards a day, and that the payment for sixty yards of coarse plait was twopence-halfpenny, and for the same number of yards of fine straw plait threepence-halfpenny. As three shillings is the price given for a little simple straw hat, the gain is great somewhere.

To finish this subject before proceeding to another, I will say that we desired to see the straw-plaiting taught in class at one of the great schools, and this we did at Fürtwangen. We stayed a long time there watching the lesson given; it was most interesting to us. By means of a clever little instrument a straw may be brought back to its proper shape if flattened, or it may be split into four, six, or eight parts to render it fine enough for making trimming for dresses. You can scarcely think how beautiful this plaited trimming is in colour and texture; it looks like very fine cream-coloured lace. It was in this same little town of Fürtwangen we came across the likeness of the first teacher of straw-plaiting in schools. You will see it in No. 2 of the sketches of head-dresses; this will also show you the common head-dress worn by the women, which are made either of plain white or gilded straw. The whole of the figures on this side, except No. 2, are the likenesses of living people who were delighted that S. R. C. should sketch them.

The amusements of the girls are of the very simplest character, and consist of walking and singing after church on Sundays during the summer months, and paying visits to friends in winter who live at a distance, the means of conveyance being a sledge. On the week-day evenings in winter the girls and women may be seen with lanterns in one hand and the distaff or the straw-plait in the other, going to each other's houses for a couple of hours. Here they work diligently with their fingers: for you must know that in all the country places the table, bed, and body linen are home-spun, while the relating of tales and legends, or singing part-songs, occupies them pleasantly until the time comes to return home, which is always a very early hour. The lanterns on the return journey, I need hardly say, are transferred to the hands of sweethearts, who are always in readiness to see the girls safe home.

Added to these simple amusements there is an occasional taking part in the processions on festivals, one of which I will tell you of.

You must know that a strong feature of those living in the Black Forest is the love and reverence they have for religion. At the same time there is a good deal of superstition

THE PILGRIMAGE CHURCH.

mixed up with it; but, as you will see, there is much of truth and beauty lying at the base even of the superstition. In the little town of Triberg (our first resting-place in the Black Forest) the parish church, built upon a rock a hundred and fifty feet high, is known by the name of the Wohlfahrt Kapelle, or Pilgrimage Church. On walking up to it for the first time, H. C. B. went into raptures over the tower, while we three were greatly attracted by an old clergyman who stood at the door watching us with a half-startled expression, like one who lives much alone. To him I went and asked if we might see inside the church. He not only assented, but went in with us, and explained with great patience all about the founding and building of the church, and why we found people decorating it with flowers and *trees*—which latter stood the whole way down either side of the middle aisle.

You will see in the sketch that a gallery joins the parsonage to the church, and the dearest little woman in the quaintest of dresses is the superintendent of it. She came to us, seeing that we were strangers, to tell us that the morrow was a great festival throughout the Black Forest—that it was a day on which the people met to give special thanks to God for His mercies, and was called the "good God's day." She said the service would be a very interesting one, and that if we would like to be present she would see that we had seats, and that if we would favour her by taking early coffee with her she would be very pleased. We accepted her kindness, and as we walked home to our hotel we noticed very many white dresses carried open in the arms of dressmakers or laundresses all ready for the girls to wear on the morrow.

At five o'clock the next morning the little town of 1,500 inhabitants was astir, the guns firing and brass bands playing hymns. At seven we found ourselves moving with the throng to the parish church. From over the hills, from the valleys below, and by the forest footpaths came groups of men, women, and children—the women in their quaint headdresses and bunchy petticoats, the girls in white, and bareheaded—all with earnest, reverent manner, making their way to the church door. Here they separated—the elders going into the church and taking their seats, the girls falling into rank according to size, the tiny ones leading the way up to the chancel. A more impressive or prettier sight I never saw than the crowded church, the quaint costumes, the children in their white dresses fronting the dark pines up the aisle. The manner of all during the service was very devout—no smiling, no looking about; but young and old seemed to be pouring out their hearts in thanksgiving to the Giver of all good gifts.

At the close of the service all assembled outside the church four abreast, preceded by three or four brass bands—first the music, next the singers, then the girls in white, then the clergy, then the remainder of the congregation. All being arranged, quickly and with perfect quiet, the procession began slowly to wind down the hill singing hymns in parts as they went. On through the town they moved, pausing here and there to offer a thanksgiving on the way, that the old, the sick, and infirm, who could not get to the church, might yet be able to join in praise to their God. This very much impressed us—it was so real. The whole was over by midday—no drinking, dancing, or noise in the afterpart of the day. Most of the girls went to their straw-plaiting, spinning, or field work, as on other days. I have given you this little experience of ours because it is one of the few things which varies the routine of a girl's life in the Black Forest.

Triberg has but one long street, and the sketch we give you here is one of the turnings out of it. I should so like to give you the history of this parish church as I heard it from the white-haired old clergyman, as it will explain something of the superstitious element in the people. Formerly, on the site where now the church stands, high pines raised their heads, intercepted by a beautiful mountain torrent which still runs fresh and cool behind the church, and by which we had sat and talked with the woman about the straw. It seems that it was the practice of some soldiers stationed at Schönach (about three miles distant) to take the narrow path through the pines when returning at night from the little town of Triberg to their quarters, and that as they came near to the rushing torrent they

frequently heard sweet music in the soughing of the pine trees, and firmly believed it to be the voices of angels. We who live in these days can give an explanation, viz , that a cleft in the rock which gave an opposing impulse to the wind passing round it, together with the soughing of the pine trees, made a natural Æolian harp, the effect being increased by the sound of the torrent. Even now, on a windy night near the same spot, like causes produce the same effect.

However, the superstition which lay deep down in the hearts of the people induced a feeling of awe, and the soldiers believed that that which they heard was supernatural. To add to this, they found one day affixed to one of the highest and finest pine-trees by which the brook passed a figure of the Virgin and Child cut out in lime-wood. It was known subsequently who had carved and affixed this figure (1680), but the soldiers, who in the sound of the Æolian harp heard the singing of angels, believed the appearance of this figure to be miraculous, and made for it a tin covering to protect it.

This spot became the resort of pilgrims, and the gifts and offerings of the people were soon sufficient to allow a wooden church to be built round the pine, and became known henceforth as the "Wohlfahrt Kapelle." It was subsequently consecrated by the bishop, and became more and more the resort of pilgrims; so that with the multiplied offerings they were able to begin the present building in 1693, and in 1697 the first service was held, although the church was not completely finished until 1709. The old man who told us all this said he had lived there as pastor for fifty years, and he knew and loved every stone in the building, and every man, woman, and child of his flock.

There is no sharp division between class and class in the Black Forest. The rich people live much in the same style as the poor. Or, perhaps, it would be more correct to say there is no extreme of position, neither very rich nor very poor. All girls are brought up from their earliest years in habits of industry; there is neither time nor opportunity afforded them for what is called whiling away the time. The houses are generally in the style which we have sketched for you here, with deep projecting roof and quaint wooden galleries, the whole being built of wood shingle.

The cattle are housed in the lower part behind, and the family occupy the remaining portion. No woman thinks herself above house-cleaning, cooking, and laundry-work, and the girls are brought up to do the same. A good deal of the lighter work in the factories, such as polishing the cases and painting the faces of the clocks, is done by girls of the poorer class, for which they obtain a shilling or fifteenpence a day. Very few girls in the part of the Black Forest belonging to Baden go out to service, for there are very few absolutely poor, and there is plenty for them to do at home. This you will see in a moment when I tell you that the farms (the largest about twenty-five acres) are mostly worked by the women and girls. In the summer they are in the fields working and attending to the cattle, for the men are otherwise employed; in the winter they spin and plait. And thus the years roll on. Here and there one sees a machine making its way into the farms, but this is very rare, as the people do not like them. I asked the women why they objected to machines, which would evidently advantage them so greatly. Their answer took me aback. It was this:

"We like the blessing of God upon our farms, and as we throw in our handfuls of seed into the ground it is our practice to say or to pray—

'I sow the seed,
God give it speed,
For me and those in need.'

How can we say this over those ugly iron things?"

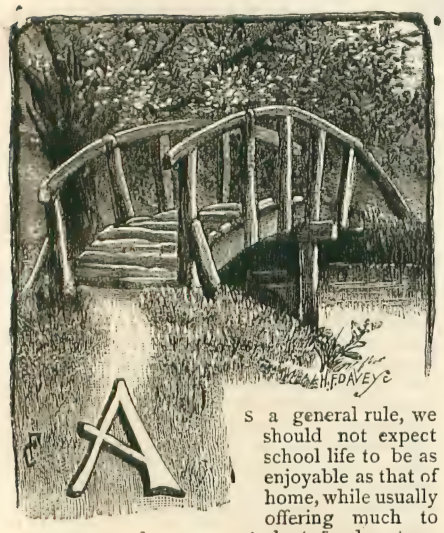
The girls living in the Wurtemberg part of the Black Forest sometimes go out to service and bear a very high character; they may be met with specially as nurses and cooks in all parts of the world.

The work of the girls must necessarily vary according to the part of the Black Forest in which they live. In one part wood-cutting and raft-floating is the principal occupation; in another, charcoal burning; in another, glass-blowing; in another, weather-houses form the principal industry, or wood carving, or pottery, or clock making, or organ building; but wherever their home is, the daily routine is work, indoor and out. There is little or no excessive drinking in the Black Forest. It is true the men meet, as a rule, in the village inn, if there be one, but it is more to smoke and talk than to drink. We have had to pass through these rooms often to get our supper, and as a rule there is a large map and a case of books in these smoking-rooms, and we have frequently seen the men tracing their own travels or following the route of their comrades who are out in the world selling Black Forest clocks; and once, in passing through, we heard the host of one of these little inns reading, in good English, aloud to half a dozen men with pipes in their mouths, an article out of the GIRL'S OWN, and a request was made to me that I would sometimes send a number out to them.

There is nothing coarse in the manners and habits of the people of the Black Forest; they are a very independent race, and value much more the good opinion of their own immediate circle than of any formed of them at a distance. I should like you to notice on the sketch of head-dresses, No. I., which every girl is expected to wear on her marriage day; it is most curious, and made of the most tawdry materials, such as showy buttons, bits of glass, ends of bright ribbons. I cannot learn the history of it. If it were not for this, her dress on the occasion would be pretty. The ceremony of marriage in the Black Forest is quiet and homely; the clergyman, who knows all his flock, takes a special interest in the young people, and never omits to give them a kind, fatherly address in addition to his blessing.

A thing which strikes me very vividly is that here in the Black Forest the girls, who have none of our amusements or excitements, and none of our leisure, are happier, more restful, and more amiable than many a girl among us who has every luxury and nothing to do.

THE OBLIGATIONS OF SCHOOL LIFE.



As a general rule, we should not expect school life to be as enjoyable as that of home, while usually offering much to compensate the young student for her temporary absence from its peculiar privileges, and the society of those most dear to her.

Yet schooldays are sometimes fraught with many joyous memories in after life, pleasant to recall when the less sunshiny days of advancing autumn, or the winter of age, follow in their due course.

The retrospect must be varied in its aspect according to the circumstances attendant on the springtime of life in each individual case; the special happiness of the home, lost for the time; the health, and the particular disposition of the young student, whether bright and sociable, and a need of companionship experienced; or shy, sensitive, and reserved, and likely to suffer from any exchange of intimate relationships for the uncongenial association with strangers. If the youthful schoolgirl be unhappy, let her take an honest view of her case, that she may not lay the blame of this premature "winter of her discontent" on the wrong shoulders. If these young days be "dark and dreary," let me offer my aid to trace out the cause.

Apart from the advantages that accrue from the solicitude of a motherly lady principal, or the results arising from the carelessness or undue severity of one wholly unqualified for her position; apart from the personal *agréments* provided in the matter of food, accommodation, and domestic service, or the "do the boys" character of the system adopted; apart from the description of teachers and companions, amongst whom for a time the scholar's lot is cast, very much of the happiness to which I allude depends upon herself.

But what are the essential characteristics, the possession of which will promote its enjoyments? What should the young student do, or refrain from doing, which may ensure to her those advantages which school life affords, and mitigate the inconveniences which are scarcely separable from it?

The chief characteristics, active and passive, are five in number, *i. e.*, (1) an honest endeavour to compensate her parents for the expenses undertaken for her benefit; (2) sweetness of temper under petty provocations; (3) unselfishness towards her companions; (4) the never-forgotten maintenance of self-respect; (5) a quick-sighted tact regulating her words and actions with reference to all around her—teachers, schoolmates, and servants. Let a careful regard to these points mark her special individuality amongst her fellows; for, believe me, dear young sisters, the secret of securing a reasonable degree of happiness in your position as a schoolgirl, and of the ultimate advantages school life might afford, depends on the exhibition of these qualifications.

A SCHOOLGIRL'S HOLIDAY.

You cannot afford to dispense with any one of them, for, if you need an exemplification of the fact, however unselfish and generous a girl may be; if gloomy, irritable, or sulky, her temper may estrange her best friends and render her a nuisance. However good-humoured she may be, yet, showing no tact, she may form undesirable intimacies, make disastrous confidences, press jokes too far, utter injudicious remarks without reflection on the possible consequences, repeat those made as thoughtlessly or maliciously by others, and so prove a *firebrand* amongst her companions, such as "the whisperer, that separateth chief friends."

The compensation of parents is an object which few school-girls have in view. The discipline, the restrictions and privations of school, the friction endured against ungenial personalities, and jarring of discord around them, in which they may take no part; the undue favouritism exhibited by those in authority; the lack of supervision which permits of tyranny, injustice, and the indulgence of petty annoyances amongst the girls, and, in any case, the banishment from home; these, or some of them, form the all-engrossing trials which divert a girl's mind from the one paramount duty devolving on her—to requite her parents. She must learn to bear the yoke in her youth, and surely it ought not to be hard to submit to the will and further the wishes of those we love and venerate.

Before proceeding further, let me say a few words to my little friends fresh from home for the first time. Some of you have confided your griefs to the editor, as may be seen by the answers in the correspondence department of this paper. I have felt very sorry for you, dear little girls, in your first experiences of the troubles of life. But you must try to remember that we do not deserve any of the pleasant days we so often enjoy, because we think so little of the good Lord who gave them to us; show Him so little thankfulness, and try so little to please him in return. So, from this time forth, now that I have pointed this out to you, you should only feel surprised when you have had a happy day, when teachers and schoolfellows have been kind to you, and you are quite well, or have recovered after having been sick, or have had a nice letter from the dear mothers or sisters at home, because you think so little of your Heavenly Father above, who provides all these pleasant things for you.

Perhaps you wonder how your parents can part with their dear little girl. It is for your sake, that you may not grow up a dunce and good for nothing to any one, and they are spending a great deal of money for you, which they might have kept for their own comfort and pleasure. Even if you did not love them so dearly as I hope you do, surely you could not be so mean as to take all the teaching they pay for, to help you to be a useful and happy girl, and make them no return for it? It seems to me that you would be little better than a thief if you did.

But I think I hear you say, "How shall I repay them?" Answer that question yourself. "I must do my best to learn my lessons well; I must be patient and good-tempered if the girls tease and interrupt me; I must be respectful and obedient to my teachers, and keep all the rules of the school; I must be polite to the servants, as well as to all my companions; and the more good marks I get for conduct and diligence by breaking-up day, the better I shall have repaid my parents, and pleased the blessed Lord Jesus too. He was subject to His parents when He was young, and left me His example to follow."

Perhaps you agree to all this, and see what your duty is; but all the same you "do not see the use of so much learning."

My dear child, there may come a day when your parents are old and sick, or have less money than at present, and then it may be your duty to pay for a home and many other things for them, which they now pay for you, and if you were a dunce you could not earn money to do so. But supposing they were rich instead of poor; still your good education would make you useful both to them and other people, in a great many different ways, and happier to yourself. You would also have more of those "talents" to spend in your Heavenly Father's service, of which you may read in the twenty-fifth chapter of St. Matthew.

Do not think that I cannot feel for you. I am sure it is sad to part from the little ones at home, and the dear mother; the games in the play-room, and the happy hours, it may be, in the pleasant garden left behind. But you are too young to know what may be best for you; so you must ask for the help of the Holy Spirit that you may be patient. He is the blessed "Comforter," and knows all your little troubles, and will protect and lead you in the ways best for you.

I must now address myself to the elder girls, whose first grief at leaving home has worn off, but who chafe against the rules and peculiar characteristics of school life, and are disposed to view all with rather a jaundiced eye. There is a certain degree of antagonism fostered amongst them towards the authorities of the house. These latter seem to be regarded in the light of opponents, instead of leaders, helps, and guides, labouring in their behalf. A fellow-feeling towards your schoolfellows, and sympathy with them, is quite natural, and *esprit de corps* is perfectly legitimate. A special regard for your own school, college, ship, or regiment, is expected by them as a matter of course, as your relatives and special friends have a superior claim on your good offices, to that of strangers. But the sentiment on the part of the schoolgirl of separate, and even opposing interests, between her and the authorities under which she is placed, must prove very disastrous in its influence upon her own character, advancement, and happiness; and equally so on all those to whom her injurious ideas have been communicated. "The powers that be are ordained of God," and if you be "under tutors and masters," at your parents' desire, you should "show them all honour," as being "over you in the Lord."

Whatever A or B may think of the regulations, domestic or otherwise, they would show more tact and good sense in keeping their own counsel, and refraining from the encouragement of discontent amongst their companions. Their respective mothers should be their only confidants, who should know everything without exception; but girls should beware of exaggeration, and of giving false colouring to any event or statement, as well as of occasioning needless distress, by complaints of petty grievances, or making a fuss about a finger ache.

I must now warn my young friends against the odious habit of teasing. It is unkind, and therefore ill-bred; yet it obtains in all schools, more or less. Dull girls are objects of ridicule, and the touchy and irritable offer still more opportunities for showing off the bright wits of the satirical. The "diamond cut diamond" entertainment is a dangerous one; and when teasing is brought to bear on some quiet, sensitive natures, that prefer to conceal the wounds a sharp tongue may inflict, and refrain from making any retort, it becomes a case of cowardly assault. But only a minority prove so self-restrained, and the more the object of ridicule appears to wince under the game made of them, the more pitiless their tormentors. Much of this "bantering" is carried on by merry bright girls with a strong sense of the ridiculous, through lack of due reflection, or weakness of moral purpose. They yield to a temptation, made the stronger by the laughter their remarks elicit amongst bystanders, and belie those better feelings of kindness which, *au fond*, really exist.

There is nothing ill-natured in having a little joke against anyone, but the exercise of tact is most essential, to know when the pleasantry should stop. Never press a joke beyond very narrow limits; a small amount of observation will suffice to determine its due scope.

I have heard bitter complaints made by girls of the apparent indifference of some companions to their protestations of affection for them. How is it they fail to see that it cannot be reciprocated at the arbitrary will of anyone? You cannot make yourself love an acquaintance in the sense in which these romantic girls employ the term, nor ought you to bestow your confidence and personal friendship indiscriminately. Prudence, self-respect, and a due regard to the wishes of your parents (considering your relative positions in life), should restrain you from hastily forming intimacies which must cause you embarrassment on leaving school, if not regret before parting from them.

I spoke of self-respect as being essential to your happiness and protection from much evil. By persecuting a companion with unacceptable protestations of affection, you not only place yourself in a most undignified position, but you completely defeat your own object. Nothing is more irksome and repugnant to the feelings than persistent persecution with unwelcome attentions, and the forcing of an uncongenial intimacy upon you. It is far more disagreeable to the object of such persecution than any annoyance from an antagonistic companion. Remember that the intimacy may be far from desirable on many other grounds than those of personal merit. This is a fact which the persecutor is not likely to recognise, nor to give due weight to the objections possibly presented by her own personal characteristics and social standing or connections; nor may she be able to recognise the existence of a scarcely definable yet powerful influence, which either attracts or repels, over which we have no control, and which is sometimes magnetic on one side only.

You may be friendly, considerate, obliging, and forbearing to all your fellow students; helpful to all that need your assistance, gracious in your acknowledgments of any kindness received, or personal partiality exhibited, without compromising yourself by "vows of eternal friendship," or being betrayed into giving your own confidences in return for those made to you unasked. "Be courteous," be sympathetic, but never forget your own self-respect. It will preserve you from awkward positions and future regrets, and, moreover, restrain you from being a party to indiscreet and unseemly conversations, and those "vain talkings and jestings that are not convenient."

Avoid the habit of borrowing. Apart from the principle of common honesty, or the higher motive of Christian obligation, mere self-respect should compel you to remember little debts. Make a point of so doing, down to the loan of a postage stamp.

Lastly—yet need I say it?—protect the weak, the girl that seems to stand alone, as the "speckled bird" whose "fellows are against her;" even though her isolation result from personal infirmities of disposition. Be watchful over the little ones also. There is no lovelier characteristic in a young girl than the early dawning of sweet maternal instincts that led her to fondle and protect those still younger than herself, before the dearly-treasured, though dilapidated, old doll was consigned to the dust heap, superseded by the games and studies of the schoolgirl.

The new phase into which a girl passes when

she enters her teens often shows her to little advantage in person or character. The first loveliness of early childhood, and all its pretty ways and words, are frequently exchanged for awkwardness and shyness, accompanied by a good deal of wilful self-assertion and conceit. A disposition to be rough and masculine possesses many, and the early love and tenderness of the little one just finding its feet, for the babe who can only crawl, is felt no longer. Keep or cultivate the sweet womanliness which should be yours by nature and budded in your babyhood. Do not ape the distinctive appearance and characteristics of a different sex, and thereby make yourself ridiculous in your impotent effort at imitation. Even supposing that you could attain to the summit of your ambition, and rise to the giddy height of being mistaken for a boy, still, believe me, there is no prettier spectacle than a boy nursing an infant, or leading a little one tenderly by the hand. But why should you be a would-be sham? Of what have you to be ashamed? The true dignity existing in all that is purely womanly, is acknowledged and appreciated by that sex of which you attempt so puerile and contemptible an imitation. Be true to your more natural instincts, and begin by a tender solicitude for the little ones, in the spirit of Him who condescended to their weakness, and "*took them in His arms* and blessed them."

SOPHIA F. A. CAULFEILD.

WHEN WE WERE GIRLS TOGETHER.

A STORY OF SCHOOL-GIRL LIFE.

By SARAH DOUDNEY.

CHAPTER XVIII.

BOSOM FRIENDS.

WHEN breakfast was over Mrs. Mayfield was not to be seen in her usual place in the schoolroom. Miss Sand, too, was missing, and so was Jennet Fowler. But Miss Thornhill was at her post, and Pamela Rye fancied that she looked brighter.

"What can have happened?" thought Pamela, with an uncomfortable consciousness of carrying Charlotte's keys in her pocket. "Is it possible that Charlotte suspects me? Of course, she will hear of Jennet's disgrace, and I shall tell her that I left the books somewhere, and Jennet found and read them. And even if—if she believes the worst, she won't say a word, for her own sake."

A little later Miss Sand and Jennet entered the schoolroom together, the former looking somewhat unlike her usual prim self, and the latter very pale. Mrs. Mayfield followed, and the duties of the day went on in the ordinary way. But it was a long morning to Pamela, and her frequent lapses of memory drew upon her some sharp rebukes. When twelve o'clock came the girls were set free for an hour before their early dinner, and then Mrs. Mayfield beckoned to Pamela Rye.

The girl knew that the two English teachers were attentively watching her face, and she also knew that she turned white and faint with fear. She marched up to Mrs. Mayfield with a sort of desperation, but the principal only spoke a few commonplace words.

"Miss Rye," she said, coldly, "you borrowed Charlotte Ashley's keys on Saturday. Go up to the sanctum, and return them to her at once."

If the look and tone had not been so cold and severe, Pamela would have felt immensely relieved. But as she went her way out of the schoolroom all her fears came back in full force.

Why had Charlotte told Mrs. Mayfield that the keys had been borrowed? Pamela's heart misgave her as she turned the handle of the sanctum door, and she shrank from coming face to face with her friend. Her friend! All their school-fellows had combined in speaking of these two as "friends," but their alliance had never been of the closest kind. They were companions in mischief, confederates in school-girl plots, but their intimacy had never risen to the height of a friendship, and now it was very near its ending.

Charlotte's foot was getting well, and she had quitted the couch and taken to an easy chair. Her face was turned towards the door, and she was sitting by the fire with a book on her lap. As Pamela entered, half timidly, her glance encountered the proud gaze of those bright dark eyes, and she silently prepared herself for the worst.

"So you have brought back my keys?" said Charlotte, in her haughtiest tone. "I am sorry that you borrowed them. It is the first time that anything of mine has been put to a base use."

"I don't understand you," replied Pamela, laying the keys on the table, and turning away.

"Oh, yes you do. Because no one saw you put the book into Jennet's box, you will probably go scot-free. Some people in your place would feel it a relief to be punished, but I daresay you are mean enough to rejoice in your escape."

"I don't know what you mean," Pamela muttered, beating a hasty retreat, shutting the door behind her.

Charlotte proved to be right, and Pamela did indeed get off scot-free. The affair was hushed up, and the true history of the whole business was never fully known to the pupils who were not concerned in it. A few days went by, and then Charlotte Ashley came back to her place in the schoolroom, and reappeared among her companions in a new character.

She was now known to everyone as the friend and faithful ally of Jennet Fowler. There was nothing ridiculous in her display of this friendship; for all that Charlotte did was done with a grace which was peculiar to herself. It did not matter to her that some of the girls recalled her first prejudice against Jennet, and sneered at the change. "If we never changed, we should have to cling to our mistakes," she said, in answer to a charge of fickleness.

To Jennet the college had suddenly been transformed; it was no longer a world of strangers, where all were proud and cold; it had become a sunshiny home, full of kindness and content. It was Charlotte who was creating a new atmosphere around the shy, reticent girl; and in its warmth and pleasantness Jennet speedily began to blossom as the rose.

"What do you think of Jennet Fowler now, Miss Thornhill?" Charlotte asked, triumphantly, one day. "Isn't she beautiful? Now that she has left off glooming and mooning, one can't help admiring her all the day long."

"Yes," Miss Thornhill answered, smiling. "And one can't help seeing what a power Charlotte Ashley possesses. Ah, Charlotte, the gift of brightening other lives can never be used too often. I am glad to see you turning it to good account at last!"

The very thing that Miss Thornhill had longed to see had really come to pass. These two girls, both dear to her, had formed an alliance which resulted in mutual good. The gravity, almost amounting to melancholy, which was the characteristic of the Fowler girls, was now gradually giving way, in Jennet's case, to the spell of Charlotte's sunny manner. Jennet's smiles were more frequent; she began to develop a quiet gaiety, and to make herself at home among her other schoolfellows. Unconsciously, too, she was of use to Charlotte, and acted as a wholesome check whenever her friend was disposed to indulge in any lawless outbursts of spirits.

Both girls kept quietly aloof from Pamela Rye, avoiding the least sign of open hostility. No further reference was ever made to the discovery of the novel in Jennet's box, but Pamela felt that the truth was known, and that the principal had lost all confidence in her. She understood, well enough, the kind of grim politeness with which she was treated by Miss Sand, and knew what it was that iced Miss Thornhill's pleasant manners whenever that teacher had occasion to speak to her. As to Charlotte and Jennet, their friendship, she declared, would soon end in a bitter

quarrel; it was far too sudden and too hot to last, and owed its origin to one of Charlotte's innumerable whims. But her prophecies seemed to take very little effect on those around her, and even the most skilful insinuations failed to undermine Charlotte's popularity in the school.

Within herself, Pamela decided that she had had quite enough of the college, and after she had written several letters to her friends, it became generally understood that she would leave St. Anne's at Christmas.

One day Charlotte Ashley brought a ring to her friend Jennet, and besought her to wear it "out of school-hours." It was a ruby ring, and Jennet looked at the deep red stone with great delight, and prized it above all her earthly possessions. Soon after the gift had been presented and received, Charlotte sat down to her desk and wrote a letter to her brother, Captain Ashley.

"DEAR NIGEL (the letter ran)—

"I have given away the ruby ring you gave me on my last birthday. Don't be angry with me, but just look at the portrait of the girl who is now wearing it. In all my life, Nigel, I have never loved a girl so much. Perhaps this is because she is so utterly unlike myself—so dignified, yet so simple; so sweet, yet so grave. I fancy that she is the very counterpart of the Puritan maiden Priscilla. She comes from a remote country village, and one can imagine her

"'Making the humble home and the modest apparel of homespun
Beautiful with the beauty, and rich with the wealth, of her being.'

"Your loving sister,
"CHARLOTTE.

"P.S. Please return the photograph."

The answer came by return of post, and ran as follows:—

"DEAR CHARLOTTE,

"If Priscilla was half as beautiful as your new friend, then John Alden was a lucky man. I will forgive you for parting with the ring if you will let me keep the photograph.

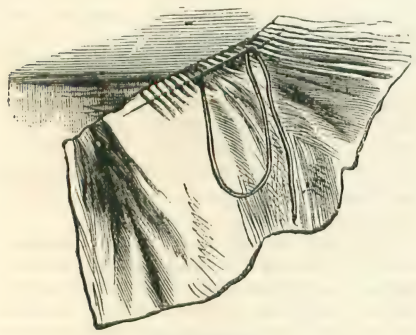
"Your affectionate brother,
"NIGEL ASHLEY."

(To be continued.)

PLAIN NEEDLEWORK.

CHAPTER IV.

THE first of the fancy stitches used in plain needlework occurs here in Standard III.—viz., "herringbone stitch," which is used only for flannel, but must first be taught on canvas, in order to teach the proper measurement of the stitches, and their distances from each other. The meaning of the term "herringbone" is that the stitch resembles the spine of the herring; and the same term is used in masonry. This stitch is also called "cats'



GATHERING.

teeth" in the West of England, and "witch stitch" in Scotland. In some old manuals of needlework I find it dubbed "economy stitch," because the cotton is all thrown up on one side of the material.

In pinning flannel, care should be taken to see that both breadths go the same way—the ply, or hairy ends, of the flannel downwards. A little examination will soon show the right and wrong side of the flannel, as well as the right and wrong way of the ply. When you tear flannel across the breadth, you will see that one side has a longer or more fringy side than the other; and this is the side that should always be turned downwards. The "list" or selvage must be torn off before flannel is used.

There are three, or perhaps more, methods of making the hems in flannel; and in teaching "herringbone stitch" this should always be remembered. Also: 1. Run the two breadths of flannel together, one a little below the other; and turn the longest side over the other, and herringbone it down flatly. 2. Run both sides of the seam together evenly, and open them right and left, laying them down flat, and then herringbone down the centre, over the join. 3. Run the two edges of the seam together, as just described, and open them; then herringbone down each side separately.

The first method, unless neatly and carefully performed, may produce a thick and clumsy ridge; the second and third seem the flattest and most workwoman-like method of executing the seam. In making the hems on flannel, the raw edge is turned down, and the herringboning is performed half on the breadth, and half on the hem. No knot should be allowed in making this stitch; the new thread should be darned in a few threads, and so should the old, to finish off; and a back-stitch should be made when the last herringbone stitch is completed.

This stitch is worked from left to right, and ought to be at least four or more threads deep. For the method of working it see the illustration. The appearance of the stitch is of a continuous row of X's in regular order. The material should be held across the first two fingers of the left hand. The stitch taken up is always within the spaces left between the stitches.

This stitch is used for carpets, felts, draggets, and window-blinds; in fact, in any case when the hem would be made thick by twice turning down, tidy people employ the herringbone.

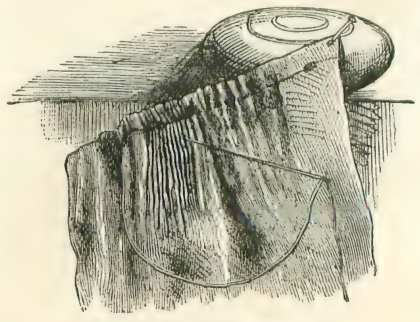
The stitches required by Standard IV. are (besides the work of previous standards) gathering, setting-in, buttonholing, and sewing-on buttons; and the garments consist of a plain nightgown, nightshirt, or petticoat. A herringboned patch on coarse flannel to be at least three inches square.

The tendency of all modern ideas respecting underclothing is to dismiss gathers, as unnecessary and unsanitary. In order to make all garments close fitting, they are gored, and so made to fit, instead of being made looser with gathers. Nor is there any chance that, as time goes on, this tendency will decrease; for it is in complete accordance with the laws of healthful dress.

But in spite of this revolution, it is not quite time yet to leave off learning how to "gather."

Gathering must be done, so to say, by a thread; but it is not a wise plan to draw a thread, as you do in stitching, by which to gather, as that, of course, weakens the foundation just when you are about to lay an additional strain upon it. For beginners, coarse calico is the best, and they should be taught to turn down the material, and crease it to the required depth; so that they may have a straight line by which to work. The stitches are taken with the greatest evenness, the rule being to take two threads for each stitch, and leave four between; and work on the right side of the material. Many people think it a wise plan to gather with a double fine thread instead of a single coarse one; so that if one thread should break, the gathers will hold together by the remaining one till they are sewn into a band. This is useful when working in fine muslin, or in babies' clothes; because, with the fine cotton a fine needle can be used instead of a coarse one, which would make holes in the delicate texture of the cambric or muslin. But for a beginner double cotton would be troublesome and discouraging, as it gets into knots, breaks, and pulls unevenly, in unskilful hands. Whichever be selected, the rule must be observed that the gathering-cotton should be stronger than that used on the other parts of the garment.

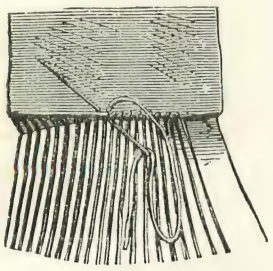
Before proceeding to gather, the material must be folded in half, and then quartered; and even measured into eighths; because, if the garment be very full, the thread will not bear the strain imposed on it by the weight of the material. Make a mark at each place. The thread is gradually drawn up, and twisted round a pin, stuck in the material at one of the measured marks. Then comes the operation called "stroking," which is performed with a long needle, or strong pin, with which each separate gather is picked out with the point and pushed gently under the thumb of the left hand, which should hold it firmly, the steel needle, or pin, being held in the right hand. This will have to be done twice over, when the thread must be drawn tighter round the pin; and, lastly, the top of the gathers should be stroked to lay them straight. No little care is needed in stroking,



STROKING THE GATHERS.

as in some cases it is done with such violence that the pin-lines fall into holes with the first washing. No noise should be made in stroking, as this is, of itself, a sign of the coming mischief.

Before setting the gathers into the band, the latter should be divided into halves and quarters; and the gathers being a little opened into the size of the band which they are to occupy, the quarters and halves must be firmly

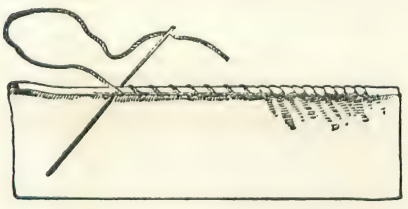


SETTING IN THE GATHERS.

pinned together, and the thread on which they were gathered is to be wound again round the pin, to hold it firmly. The right side of the band is the first to begin upon; the work is held by the thumb on the first finger of the left hand, and the gathers lying from right to left.

The stitch used in setting-in is more upright than hemming; and one gather should be taken up at a time; and the band, if properly put on, should just cover the gathering thread. The wrong side of the band will require equal care, and the edges of the band should follow the same line on both sides. The stitches should not show through on the right side, and too great pains cannot be taken in the quartering, halving, and pinning.

Perhaps it might be thought that there is no great difficulty in sewing-on a button; but there are three ways of doing it when the button is a linen one. The first is to make a ring in the centre of small stitching; the second to make a star of long stitches, crossing each other, in the centre; and the third is a



WHIPPING.

small buttonholed loop, such as is used for hooks. Whichever plan is adopted, a stem must be made, to enable the button to stand up through the thickness of the buttonhole. This is done by winding the cotton round five or six times between the button and the material. The end of the cotton is taken through to the back and run neatly in and out to finish off. No button must be sewn-on too tightly. When this is the case, there will be a dent at the back in the material; and it is not unlikely that the first or second washing will bring off both the button and the stuff on which it is sewn.

The making of the buttonhole is probably the most difficult portion of the instructor's task. This should be taught on canvas first, and afterwards the best way of perfecting the learner in the stitch, and in making the knots exactly even, is to use the edge of a strip of canvas or calico, doubled, and to work straight along the edge.

The work is performed from left to right, the needle being brought out to the right side four or five threads below the raw edge of the material. The stitch is made by putting the cotton from left to right, under the point of the needle, and drawing the latter out, away from the person working, and keeping the hand upwards so that the twist or knot may be all along the edge of the buttonhole. The latter should be cut by the thread, with the proper scissors, and beginners and little children should run a thread round the cut before working, to keep it quite firm; the great fear being that they may, in their inexperienced handling, pull it out of shape. When finished, a buttonhole should be straight, the edges wire-like and just touching each other. It need not, I suppose, be impressed on anyone's mind by me that the button and buttonhole should match in size.

There are several methods of making buttonholes, all of which are correct, viz., two rounded ends, or one round, and one square, or else two square ends. A loop, such as that made for a hook, is sometimes used to finish one end, but this seems neither pretty nor useful, as it will not prevent the breaking of the buttonhole at that end. The straight end should consist of nine stitches worked into the material, and the round end of nine stitches without knots, as if you were working an eyelet-hole.

Loops for receiving hooks are worked in the same stitch over two or three long loose stitches, taken in the same holes; these are used in dressmaking. "Eyelet-holes" are made with a piercer, and are used for inserting cords and strings. They are worked round in buttonhole stitch, and the corners of underclothing, where there is any strain of extra wear, should likewise be edged with it, in order to give additional strength. Ordinary eyelet-holes are simply worked over and over linen. Buttons used to be made, not bought; and they form still a part of the instruction given to children in Irish schools. They were edged with a row of buttonhole stitch, and were famous for their excellent wear. I have seen a set of buttons outwear the nightgown for which they were made: truly, a wonderful sight in these days of constantly renewed buttons.

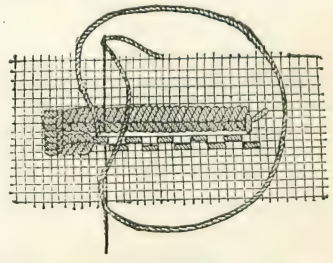
Standard V. consists of the work of the previous standards, and the running of a tuck. This must be done by very careful measurement, and the material must be measured from selvage to selvage, and laid down in a fold by the thread; so that a crease is formed. The tuck is laid down of the required size, and the running is made in the crease. The stitches must be very regular, and several may be taken on the needle at once. It is a good plan to take the measurements carefully on a card, and to prick holes; so that the creases may not be lost. The distances between and the size of tucks are generally a matter of fashion.

For Standard VI. and VII. we have, besides the work of previous standards, "whipping" and "sewing on a frill." The garments required are a baby's nightgown, or a child's frock. The edge for whipping must be cut evenly to a thread; and the frill, or material, divided into halves and quarters; three times the amount of the length of the piece to be trimmed being allowed for the fulness. The strip of muslin must be first hemmed, then halved and quartered; and for a beginner it is best to commence by sewing the strip on a piece of tape, as a firmer foundation for practice.

Commence by rolling in the raw edge of the muslin very tightly with the left thumb upon the first finger of the hand, about eight or ten threads deep, and on the wrong side. In making each stitch, put the needle in on the right side of the frill, and bring it out on the wrong, pointing to the chest. Take the stitches evenly, and at such distances as to draw up evenly and easily. The gathering-thread should be very smooth and strong, and should be drawn up every two or three inches; and the same length of the whip is sufficient to roll down at a time. When a new thread is needful, it must be taken at the halves and quarters. Draw up the fulness; and having regulated the halves and quarters with those of the material upon which the frill is to be sewn, commence sewing, holding the frill next to you; and be particularly careful that each stitch shall fall into the opening or groove of the whipped part. The needle must be kept in a slanting position.

Patching I have left until the last, and also fine-drawing cloth; both of which arts are needful, indeed, to the home worker, and especially where there is a family of children. But the first requires much judgment in applying to clothes; for, as a rule, any form of mending is preferable to placing a patch where it will be visible. Working clothes may be patched, but not others, if possible to avoid them.

In cloth the thin places should be carefully watched for, and strengthened by placing a piece of cloth underneath and felling or

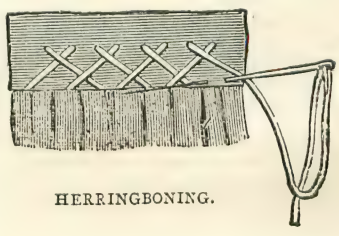


BUTTONHOLE.

herringboning it down, round the edges on the wrong side. If the right should need darning, it ought to be performed as invisibly as possible. Sheets should be very early turned, the sides to middle, so as to spare the most worn parts. If the patches must be made, they look better placed along the edge of the sheet than in the centre. The thrifty housewife will avoid a patch, if possible, as showing what someone has called "premeditated poverty;" but when required, she will know how to put one in well and deftly.

In patching linen, calico, or holland, the patch must be placed on the wrong side, not on the right; and should be, when possible, of the same way of the stuff as the garment. With flannel you must consider the right and wrong sides, the way the nap lies, and the selvage. A flannel patch is entirely herringboned on; the raw edges are not turned in. Print patches must match the pattern of the material. The right side of the patch is seamed on, and on the wrong side the raw edges are overcast.

The best method of fixing on a patch is to turn down the edge, then place it perfectly straight on the wrong side of the garment, and tack it firmly on. Then turn the garment over and cut out the worn place by the tacking



HERRINGBONING.

threads which you have already put in. Leave good turnings, give a diagonal snip in each corner of the patch, turn the edges in, and tack them down firmly also. Patches may be seamed on the right side and felled on the wrong, or felled on both sides. The usual shape for patches is square or oblong.

The knowledge of how to "fine-draw" cloth is very valuable to the mother of a family, especially where there are boys. The edges should be pared quite evenly, and the two parts which are to be joined should be held on the forefinger of the left hand, passing the needle, pointed from you, through the edge of one piece; then draw it through, and, pointing it to you, pass it through the edge of the other. The needle should be set in at half the thickness of the cloth, the stitches drawn closely without overlapping. Continue in this way, taking a stitch on each side alternately, and when finished press the place with a warm iron on the wrong side—but if on the right, place a piece of thin cotton between the iron and the cloth, to prevent the iron from marking it.

LAMPO AND CARMELA.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF ENRICO CASTELNUOVO.

CHAPTER III.

THE boy looked round, taking a survey of the position, and then replied—

"You must go down the hill again, the same probably you came up—by that road, eh?" pointing with his finger.

"Yes."

"Then you'll come to a fir wood——"

"The same I've just passed?"

"Well, pass through it again, and when you reach the end turn to the left, following the backward course of the brook."

"The little brook with the clear water?"

"Yes, so clear you might count the pebbles at the bottom. Well, when you have got as far as the little cascade with such white foam that 'tis called the "Milk Cascade," you will come to a steep stony little path running zigzag up the mountain side; this is the one the peasants from Riviera use when they come down to fetch wood. But I say," resumed the boy, after a pause, during which he had measured his listener from head to foot, "do you know that it will take you at least three hours to reach the village?"

"Are you from Riviera?" asked the child, brightly.

"No, I am from Tresano, quite on the other side."

The sudden brightness which had lit up her eyes was extinguished. She looked down in silence.

"Are you in a great hurry to reach Riviera?" asked the boy.

"Yes, I am going to see Zia Norina," she replied, believing this to be a perfectly satisfactory explanation.

"How—all alone? Was there no one to come with you?"

Carmela was silent.

"Have you no one at home? No father? No mother?'

"Mother's dead."

"And father's taken another wife, I'll be bound!"

"No, no," burst out Carmela, raising her head with a certain pride. "Father's not taken another wife. Father's very kind and good!"

Lampo, who during this conversation had approached his mistress's new acquaintance with friendly intentions, returned to her side at this change of tone, as if to defend her in case of need.

"Well, well," continued the good little cowherd, "let's think of what's of more consequence. Art hungry?"

"I've still something left," she replied, drawing from her pocket the piece of polenta which remained over.

"Leave that dry stuff! Let's see if Bisa won't help us. Saying which, approaching a dun coloured cow, who was grazing apart from the rest, he milked some fresh warm milk into a wooden cup which he produced from his pocket, and, turning triumphantly to Carmela, exclaimed, "Bisa was obliging; taste and see if this is not better than your polenta. Wait—this is what we'll do." And taking a large piece of bread from another pocket he began breaking it up into the milk. "See what a nice soup that makes; now take it."

Carmela did not wait to be told twice. She had almost emptied the wooden cup, when she saw Lampo's eyes fixed upon her expectantly as he gently wagged his tail.

"Poor doggie! Thou art hungry too?" and she set the cup down on the ground for him to finish what remained. Then, as a sudden thought seemed to strike her, "And you? Are you not hungry?" she asked, turning to the boy.

"I!" he replied, laughing. "My turn will come after your dog! Never mind," he continued, as Carmela looked mortified, "Bisa gives me as much milk as I want; and then there is another one yonder, with the big horns."

"Do the beasts belong to your father?"

The boy laughed. "Oh, of course! Wish they did! They belong to a grand signor who lives down yonder, in the town. He comes scarcely once in a year to these parts; he's such a lot of country houses, and such a lot of cattle, he has. These here are only a few of them. I saw him last year. I was taking the bulls to the stable. He patted me on the head and gave me a five franc piece. My stepmother left me the pat, but took the five-franc piece away from me. No matter; what should I have done with it?"

After this philosophical reflection, he continued, looking up at the sky, "There are some clouds rising."

"Oh, do you think it's going to rain?" asked Carmela in affright.

"No, I don't," said the boy, shading his eyes with his hand and following the direction of the clouds; "at least, not till evening."

"I'd best be going, then," said Carmela, moving on a few steps.

"Why, what's the matter? You limp!"

The child drew one of her little feet out of its wooden shoe, and taking it in her hand, said—

"No wonder. Don't you see how scratched it is?"

"You can't walk so," said the boy, examining it.

Carmela made no answer.

"How old are you?"

"Eight years old."

"And already so self-willed?"

"I've got to go to Zia Norina."

"Wait a bit!"

The little peasant ran a short distance to where some bushes hid him from Carmela's sight. In a few moments he returned, with his jacket buttoned up to his throat, and holding a white shirt in his hand; then, taking a clasp knife from his pocket, he proceeded to cut a few strips of linen, at the same time telling the child to sit down again upon the ground. Then he bandaged up her pretty little feet very carefully.

"Now try if your feet will still go into your shoes," he said, looking contentedly at his performance.

"Yes, they will!" cried the child, clapping her hands.

"Now try and walk."

Carmela walked a few steps, and exclaimed joyfully—

"Oh, it's so much better now! Thank you! But you've torn up your shirt!"

"Oh, that's no matter."

"But when they ask you what you've done with the missing pieces, what will you say?"

"I shall say I've lost them!"

The child laughed.

"What's your name?" asked the boy.

"Carmela. And yours?"

"Vittorio. And your dog?"

"Lampo."

"See! he's already made friends with mine."

"But now I must really be going."

"*Pazienza!* That's the way, then."

"Yes, that's the way. Thank you. *Addio*, Vittorio!"

"*Addio*, Carmela! But stop; I forgot something. Take this stick to lean on. It will help you along."

"Like grandmother?"

"Have you a grandmother?"

"Yes."

"And she allowed you to come all this way alone?"

Carmela turned very red, but made no reply.

"Well," said the boy, who was not indiscreet, "'tis certain, if you don't want to arrive too late you'd best be getting on; so good-bye, again."

"Good-bye, and thank you. Lampo!"

"Turco!"

The two children started off in opposite directions—Vittorio following his cattle, Carmela returning in the direction of the brook. From the brow of the hill she turned once more and waved her hand. During the first part of the descent she felt quite exhilarated. She sang, and repeated over to herself the directions given to her by the young cowherd. It seemed as though there could be no longer any fear of losing her way.

"Courage, Lampo!" she said, "we shall soon be there!" But when she found herself once more in the wood, and could no longer hear the lowing of Vittorio's cows the song died on her lips and the gladness from her heart.

She had been walking on for about three-quarters of an hour, and began to think she surely must be near the brook, when happening to look upwards, she felt a drop fall on her forehead. Perhaps it was a dewdrop, not yet dried by the sun. But it was followed by a second, and then a third; and at the same time she became aware of a strange and continuous noise like an agitated rustling of the leaves. At last a break in the thick foliage allowed of her seeing the sky; and all around as far as eye could reach, there was nothing to be seen but thick black clouds. And it rained—rained in cataracts.

This time the poor little girl felt her strength give way, and she longed for the sun; she longed for the lowing of the cattle, she longed for the boy who had been so kind to her; and involuntarily she cried aloud, "Vittorio! Vittorio!" But her voice was lost in the splashing of the rain, the howling of the wind, the groaning of the forest trees. She felt a lump rise in her throat, and leaning her head against the trunk of a tree, she wept bitterly. Poor little girl! All alone in the storm, and crying so bitterly!

Alone? No, indeed! There was Lampo close to her, Lampo rising up on his hind legs, and whining tenderly to attract her notice.

Meanwhile the rain continued unabated, the water pouring in streams down the trunk of the tree against which Carmela leaned for support, soaking her clothes and forming great pools at her feet.

(To be concluded.)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

SPONSOR.—The time you allow is very short for training, but you might write to the secretary, College of Preceptors, 42, Queen Square, Bloomsbury, W.C. Also to the principal, Home and Colonial School Society, Gray's Inn Road, and make inquiries. You would probably be helped with advice as to what course to take.

CLARE.—Write to the secretary of the Civil Service Commissioners, Cannon-row, S.W., for their prospectuses, and all such information. You will have to write a better hand, and even if you only sought a situation as a nursery governess your writing would render you ineligible. Your spelling also needs attention. You would find the "Universal Geography," re-edited by Milner, and published at our office, of use to you in either capacity. You should also be well grounded in English history, and should study the "Handbook of the English Tongue," by Dr. Angus. Of course you ought to be well acquainted with arithmetic, and to be a good needlewoman, and able to knit and crochet, so as to teach the children. Eadie's "Bible Cyclopædia" would give you much valuable information. Write to Mr Tarn if you wish to obtain these books.

NIL DESPERANDUM.—The great secret of preserving an indiarubber plant in health is to sponge the leaves and stems continually. Water it moderately every second day. They are difficult of preservation.

AMBITIOUS GIRL.—Apply for information at the office of the Civil Service Commissioners, Cannon-row, S.W., respecting the competitions for clerkships in the Telegraph Department. There are new openings in that quarter.

MARION IRENE.—1. The first extra Christmas number appeared in 1881, at the end of the second year of publication. We endeavour to give our readers variety in our stories, because tastes differ, and thus we please all in their turn. You are not expected to admire all alike, so you need not apologise, nor distress yourself about it. 2. We cannot possibly tell you what salary a little girl, not eighteen, ought to receive in consequence of having passed certain examinations. She may know nothing of the art of teaching, nor of the rules of good breeding obtaining in the class amongst which she wishes to obtain pupils. Again, she may be a weak, conceited little body, or what is familiarly called a "cross-patch," always pulling the wrong way, whom any employer would pay extra to dismiss the sooner. In any case, at your early age, you have no experience, and can also carry but little weight of authority with the children under your control. Ask £20 per annum. Take less to begin with if refused.

DOROTHEA CUFFE and HOME-BIRD.—Write to the English chaplain of the place you select, and make all inquiries of him. We do not recommend girls to go abroad. At all the great German towns celebrated for educational advantages, such as Dresden or Munich, there are resident English chaplains.

CHARLIE, MOLL THE WITCH, SPONSOR.—See the articles on "Work for All."

CORNISH MAIDEN should join a correspondence class, such as that of Miss Roberts, Florence Villas, Torquay. Send a stamped envelope for terms and particulars.

EVADNE.—Translations are of little value, and we could not undertake to recommend you a book to translate. All such things require to be arranged on the spot.

COOKERY.

POMME DE TERRE.—We thank our little correspondent for her nice, well-expressed letter, and for telling us that her papa and mamma read and approve of our paper. The words *pommes de terre* are French, and signify "potatoes." We cannot tell you how these are made, but if you want a recipe for potato-pudding the following may suit you:—Take half a pound of mealy potatoes, bruised very finely, two ounces of white sugar, two ounces of butter, two eggs, quarter of a pint of milk, and the rind and juice of a small lemon. Mince the lemon-peel very fine, and mix all well together; put into a well-buttered pie-dish; bake for half an hour. Turn out of the dish before sent to table, and sprinkle a little pounded sugar over it.

COCKROACH.—We give you a recipe for rich plum or wedding cake, which we hope is what you want. Wedding Cake.—One pound of unsalted butter, one pound of brown sugar, one pound of raisins, one pound of currants, twelve eggs, one nutmeg, one teaspoonful of cinnamon, a wineglassful of brandy, a wineglassful of sherry, a wineglassful of rosewater, two ounces of citron, two ounces of lemon, two ounces of orange-peel, cut in strips, and a quarter of a pound of sweet almonds, blanched. Beat the butter, sugar, and eggs together till quite light; mix in the orange-peel, lemon, citron, almonds, brandy, wine, spice, and rosewater; then the flour, and the fruit last. Bake in a well-buttered tin for five hours in a moderately hot oven.

A READER OF THE G. O. P. and E. GALE.—In salting butter to keep for a length of time, the quality of the salt is of great importance. None but the very best kind should be used. An ounce of salt to each pound is generally allowed, or half an ounce of salt, two drachms of white sugar, and two drachms of saltpetre to each pound may be used. Between each churning keep the butter well covered with brine, with a cloth on top of the butter.

ATHALIE MARIE MELLIER.—To make a bread pudding, grate the rind of one lemon, mix with the yolk of two eggs, one pint of fine breadcrumbs, one quart of sweet milk, and half a cup of sugar. Bake twenty minutes. Beat the white of the eggs to a froth, add to them the juice of the lemon and half a cup of sugar. Spread over the top of the pudding, and bake for five minutes.

WORK.

G. A. E.—Full instructions for crewel-work were given Feb. 28th, March 20th, and April 24th, in the first volume. You can purchase monthly parts, but not weekly.

MUSIC.—To make the fringe sent us, cast on 4 stitches, knit 2, slip 1, over knit 2. Second Row.—Wind the cotton four times round a 2-inch mesh and knit 2; over knit 2 together, row knit 2, slip 1, over knit 1. Repeat the second and third row alternately.

VERA.—We suppose you mean "decrease" by "dusease." To decrease in knitting, you slip 1, knit 1, and pass the slipped stitch over the knitted one, and let it fall off the needle.

MABEL.—To rib a stocking, knit 2 and purl 2, alternately. To work without a rib, knit all the stitches. Buy a shilling manual at the nearest wool-shop on stocking-knitting.

S. J. T.—Tricot-stitch in crochet is worked as follows:—Use a long crochet-hook. Make a foundation chain of the number of stitches required. Put the hook through one stitch on the chain, and make a stitch which you must retain on the hook, and continue to work until all the stitches be on the hook. 1st Row.—Place wool over hook, and draw it through two loops; wool over, and draw through two loops; and so on to the end of the row. 2nd Row.—A number of long, upright loops are now visible. Put the hook through the first of these, and make a stitch; leave on the hook and repeat. Work the two rows alternately.

STAR GAZER and Others.—1. See articles on knitting socks and stockings in the numbers for December 4th, 1880, and June 17th, 1882. For knitting hoods, obtain one of the little knitting manuals. We have not space for such long recipes. 2. Maiden-hair fern must be kept from draughts, and should not be very much watered.

E. P.—In netting a hammock, use a mesh three inches in circumference, work in square netting, and use mattress twine. Either run a stout cord through the ends and attach it to a strong hook, or fasten double cords of equal length to each stitch in the last row of netting, and attach these to a hook. Slip a notched bar, of twenty-seven inches long and one wide, across the ends of the hammock when it is required for use.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A HUMBLE ONE appears to wish to make a bargain, or open a sort of debtor and creditor account, with Almighty God. "If He give her the young man of her heart they will serve Him, but if not ——." It will not be for God's glory." Oh, "Humble One!" do you not feel ashamed to have written such an impious thing, when you recall the daily love and mercy which surround you, and the great price paid for you already, while you were yet a sinner?

MIRANDA.—Our answer was given *à propos* of salt water, not of fresh. There are so many things that affect the colour of fresh water lakes that we could not have made any muddle on the subject. The Lake of Geneva differs from the other Swiss lakes in colour. It is blue, while the others are all more or less of a blue-green. Sir Humphrey Davy attributes this to the presence of iodine in the water, but the Swiss scientific men do not agree with his view. The bubbling of the hot water would be caused by escaping air, when turned into steam.

E. A. W.—We regret we can make no use of the lines you send us. The word "as" in the first two lines should be changed to "like." Many thanks for the recipe.

GLADIS.—We read your letter with much interest and pleasure. We are thankful that you have found a safe and sensible rule of life, "Doing your duty in that state of life to which it shall please God to call you." Leave results to Him, and dismiss worrying thoughts. We should trim the cashmere with a darker coloured cardinal velveteen, which will enable you to wear it all the summer.

A PRICKLY PEAR must "first learn to show piety and obedience at home," as the Holy Scriptures say, before she attempts to go away without her father and mother's consent.

KEITH DUGLAS should read the various papers by Miss Caulfeild on manners in the G. O. P. The 18th June, 1864, was a Saturday. K. D.'s letter is very badly written and vulgarly expressed, though we fancy she knows better.

BOADICEA.—The dealers in waste paper advertise constantly in the daily papers.

A MAID OF THE SEA will find the most interesting subjects for tableaux in English history and literature, and in the tales of Sir Walter Scott.

HUMPTY DUMPTY to avoid getting fat must leave off sugar and beer, and alkalis should be avoided, and not much liquid of any kind used. The skin should be kept free from obstruction by a bath every morning, and plenty of rubbing with the flesh-brush and a rough towel. Be as much in the fresh air as possible.

TOPSY.—"That Aggravating Schoolgirl" has not been published in book form.

LITTLE HOPE.—The poet Chaucer died in 1400, Spenser in 1599, and Dryden in 1700.

O. M. L.—Pensions for the blind are given by the Blind Man's Friend, a trust founded by the late Charles Day, of £100,000. Apply to the clerk, 34, Savile-row, W. Applicants must be wholly blind, objects for relief, and living in England, Wales, or Scotland.

HONEST INDIAN.—We should say you were Canadians, as you form part of the Dominion of Canada. The term "American" is only appropriated by citizens of the United States at present. All parts of the dominion are entitled to "Canadian."

A GROCER'S WIDOW.—For the Grocers' Benevolent Society apply to the secretary, 30, Moorgate-street, E.C.

A TROUBLED GIRL.—We do not know whether the American remedy of drinking very hot water will be of service to you, but it has done immense good in some cases. A glass of hot water three times a day—at 11 a.m., after early dinner, and on going to bed.

VERONICA.—Good nourishing food, flannel underclothing and bedclothing, keeping in the house when the weather is wet, cold, or foggy, and the avoidance of getting wet feet, are the chief points in bronchitis. But the great thing, if the income allow it, is to go away for a year or so to a warmer climate.

AN ORPHAN.—The Sandwell Training Home at Birmingham would probably suit you, and there is a home for orphan girls (*St. George's Home*) and also an orphanage at Hereford. For the latter address Mrs. Atlay, *The Palace, Hereford*; and for the former, Mrs. Heywood, Acle-court, Hereford.

ALEXANDER MONTGOMERY having read one of our answers to correspondents, very kindly writes to say that he was laid up for over two years as a boy with hip disease, and he was cured by the application of Alcock's Porous Plaster. No surgical treatment had been used in his case.

MEDICUS has, we think, been misinformed about the Charterhouse, as, on inquiry, we can find no such arrangement existing. There is, however, the Royal Medical Benevolent College at Epsom, Surrey (secretary's office, 37, Soho-square, W.), for poor medical men, their widows (not under sixty years of age), and their sons.

TARAXICUM CAUCASUS will already have seen our answer at page 352, vol. vi., to "One of the Masculine Sex," on the subject of naturalisation in England. She does not state whether the parents of her two charges be Russian subjects, or whether they were naturalised in England when there. But no form of naturalisation would protect from military service in his own native land.

NOOCH.—We do not know how to answer your question, save that recent writers and grammarians have chosen to divide pronouns into two classes, substantive and adjective, and have placed "he," "she," and "it," in the first category; but they are still personal pronouns. Organ playing frequently injures the touch for the piano.

LINTIE.—Tenderness of the scalp is said to be a purely nervous condition, and may be caused by a chill. Keep the head warm, and consult a doctor about a tonic.

GILOLO must go to a shop and choose a racquet for herself. We could not say, as we do not know whether she uses a light or a heavy one. A man in marrying gives his own rank to a woman, and, provided she be educated, good, and ladylike, she would become his equal.

BUMBLE-BEE.—We do not think your rabbits want anything for a change, as their *menu* seems to contain all the delicacies of the season already.

DAISY RANDOLPH.—The best "preventive" of toothache is to keep your feet dry, not to take cold, and to go to the dentist when required.

AN UGLY GIRL OF SIXTEEN.—We believe the celluloid collars and cuffs can still be obtained. We suppose that those are what you mean, not "steel."

PEARL CAMERON.—The expression, "Yours *truly*," has become too business-like and common for use by well-bred people in intimate correspondence. No, not old-fashioned writing—plain, good, and legible.

ADDIE.—The regiment in which you say your brother is, according to the last Army list, is stationed as follows:—12th Regiment, 1st Suffolk, 1st Battalion, Roorkee; 2nd Battalion, Cork, Ireland; headquarters, Bury St. Edmunds.

FLEUR DE LYS, and others who have written about the alphabet competition, appear to forget that sense was required before any sentence was eligible for a prize. In some of those quoted the preservation of the sense was quite remarkable.

DORA.—We have read the little poems written by you when fifteen years of age, and they have all the faults and weaknesses of that age. Judging from your nice letter, which is both well expressed and imaginative, we think you could do better now. Shall we say "try again?"

B. H. E.—The lines sent show some originality, but we regret we cannot say they are good enough for insertion in our columns.

EVELYN.—1. The origin of serving a boar's head at Christmas banquets, and pork at Easter, appears to be rather obscure. By certain authorities they were regarded as a kind of anti-Judaical test. 2. The term carol originally signified a song united with a dance, both serving as demonstrations of religious feelings in early ceremonies of a sacred character. Carols of the fifteenth century were published by the Percy Society *in 1847*. The oldest existing in print were brought out by Wynkyn de Worde in 1521, in which collection there is one which names the use of the boar's head at Christmas. There are many ancient MSS. of carols in the British and other museums.

KATIE.—Blackbirds having white feathers, otherwise described as "pied," are well known. In a certain district near Paris they are comparatively common, and even white ones also. In that locality there is an estate the title to which is retained on condition of presenting a white blackbird annually to the Lord of the Manor. 2. The lark soars to a height not exceeding 1,000 feet. There are five species of that bird, not all British.

M. BALSFORD writes an impertinent letter suggesting that we ask for stamped envelopes and send no replies in return; and that the transaction is a "hoax." We never ask for "stamped envelopes," and it is clear that this correspondent does not read our answers, or would have seen that we give our advice etc., gratis; that our replies are given when convenient to write them; and that we reserve the right of declining to answer certain queries, and impertinent writers. As this individual does not repeat her "few questions," we cannot answer them, nor do we reply to more than two.

ST. MARTIN'S IN THE FIELDS.—The inscription of the name of the person to whom you write at the end of the letter is restricted to those of a business character, not private ones. You should, for instance, write your banker's, or lawyer's, or tradesmen's names below your own signature. But you may repeat your friend's name in a private letter, after "believe me," if you like, though quite optional.

A DOCTOR'S SWEETHEART.—Weber was a German, and his name should be pronounced "va-ber," the "e" as an "a." Chopin was a Pole, but his name is pronounced after the French rule, "Cho" and "pin" as "pain" (bread) is pronounced.

SOMEBODY'S QUEEN O' THE MAY.—Your grateful letter is fully appreciated, and we thank you warmly for all you say respecting the influence of our paper. Accept our best wishes.

UNHAPPY VICTIM.—There are, usually, certain girls in all schools who are deficient in good breeding, as well as good feeling, and thus if they see a school-fellow awkward, or touchy, and easily aggravated into ill-temper, or what in vulgar parlance is called "stuck-up," or "standing on her dignity," they make game of her so long as she seems to care about it. Change your conduct and manner and be as pleasant and good-tempered as you are (according to your own account) "very clever." If you cannot bear a laugh at your expense, and take a joke sulkily, you need never expect to be liked, nor to be happy at school.

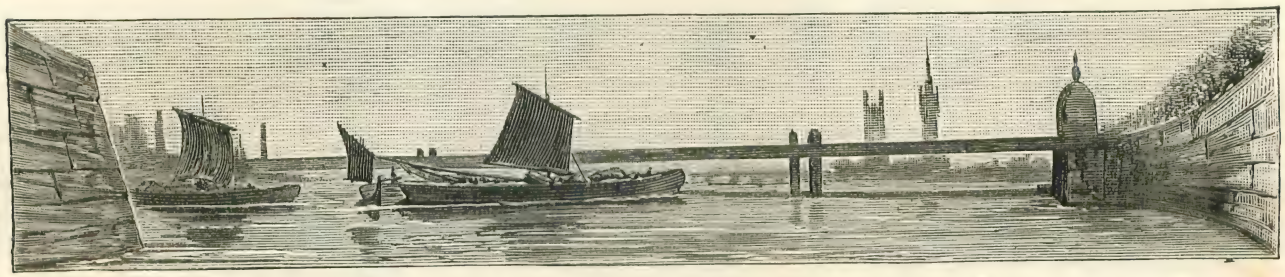
WESTHORP.—Ask for a knife to remove the peel, and if you have no fork (which should also be supplied to each person), break the orange into its natural divisions, which, being dry, you may take in your fingers.

E. T. L. (New Zealand).—We are greatly obliged to you for the information you have given us respecting the emigration of servants to your colony. For the sake of any young woman tempted by high wages, we gladly publish the circumstances you name, *i.e.*, that cooks who are paid £35 per annum have to work much harder for it than they are required to do in England. For instance, the cook has to do the washing of the family (or the general servant) and has usually to clean all the boots and knives, however large the family may be, as very few of the gentry keep a boy to do so. We thank you for your kind letter.

LUCY.—It is very desirable to have a sensitive conscience. But if you regret any duplicity shown in childhood, when at school, and have done no injury to anyone else that could now be repaired, you may feel at rest on the subject. "Sin repented of is sin forgiven."

AN ENGLISH PANSY.—In the early days of Christianity, the boxes placed in churches for the reception of alms were opened on Christmas days and distributed on the following day. In later times English apprentices used to carry round a box on that day to their masters' customers for small gratuities. Servants likewise received some trifling gift on that day, and thus the latter obtained the name of Boxing Day. August the 26th, 1868, was a Wednesday.

GERALD'S SISTER.—We do not see that you can do anything in the case; it is no part of a daughter's business to expose her mother's weaknesses. You can only endeavour to avoid such things in future, when you are old enough to help. Meanwhile, endeavour to think tenderly and mercifully of everyone, and avoid judging your neighbours.



WHEN THE TIDE IS COMING IN.

By MARY ROWLES.

Dreaming on its rocky pillows
Of the advent of the billows,
All the shore lay hushed and tranquil till the day broke far and wide;
Then, with sudden glad commotion
Came a west wind from the ocean,
Bringing thence a joyous message of the turning of the tide.

Now in all the golden weather
Sea and shore rejoice together,
Dancing sunbeams kiss the ripples till they waken one and all;
Blotting out with swift erasure
Shadows green and gold and azure
From their pathway, crowning each with gems that sparkling rise and fall.

Wave and breeze sweep on unknowing
Which the tournament shall win,
When the gay west wind is blowing,
And the tide is coming in.

How the tossing wavelets glisten
As impatiently they listen
To the grave, restraining counsels of the waters in the bay;
Breaking off with roguish gestures
To adorn the sober vestures
Of the rugged boulders near them, with a lustrous fringe of spray.

Greeting then with merry laughter,
All the ripples speeding after,
Flinging coronals of seaweed on the billows gone before;
Till the stately rolling breakers,
In the fun at last partakers,
With a sudden shower of sparkles chase them all adown the shore.

Oh, the world with light is glowing,
Life and gladness are akin,
When the gay west wind is blowing,
And the tide is coming in.

VOL. VI.—No. 296. AUGUST 29, 1885. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

WHEN WE WERE GIRLS TOGETHER.

A STORY OF SCHOOL-GIRL LIFE.

By SARAH DOUDNEY.

All rights reserved.] "'THE ORACLE CAN SPEAK TO ONLY ONE AT A TIME,' SHE SAID, GRAVELY."

CHAPTER XIX.

THE BOOK OF FATES.

THE fifteenth of November was Miss Thornhill's birthday, and she had pleaded so hard for a half-holiday for the girls that the principal yielded to her request. There was a festive tea-drinking. The long table in the refectory was made gay with evergreens, arranged by the artistic hands of the French governess, who, like all of her nation, delighted in anything in the shape of a *fête*. Even Miss Sand appeared disposed for once to forget discipline, and enter into the spirit of the hour,; and every one had loving looks and words for the giver of the feast.

Later on they all gathered in happy groups about the schoolroom, which was well-warmed and well-lighted, and joined in playing old-fashioned games. It was an evening destined to be remembered by many in after years—a time of fresh, youthful pleasure, free from that taint of sadness which too often touches the joys of later life.

At last, when they were tired out with romping, and were all inclined for a little rest and quietness, Miss Thornhill carried a small table into the middle of the large room, and laid upon it an album, bound in Russia leather.

"Listen," she said, seating herself in a chair by the table. "This is my Book of Fate. It contains three hundred and sixty-five verses—a verse for every day in the year. All are perfectly original, and have never been used in any other collection. Does any one want to choose a number, and know her fate?"

Everybody answered the question with one voice, and there was a general rush towards the little table. But the sybil, with a smile and a wave of the hand, motioned back the eager crowd.

"The oracle can speak to only one at a time," she said, gravely. "You must advance singly. Who will come first?"

There was a moment's pause. Most young people are inclined to be a little superstitious, and anything that savours of fortune-telling has a curious attraction for girls. Moreover they were in the right mood now to be seriously impressed—a trifle tired after the fun and the romping, and yet excited enough to invest ordinary matters with a new meaning. But the hesitation did not last long, and several hands put forward Agnes Quinton, one of the eldest and gravest pupils in the college. She advanced quietly, with her usual staid manner, and gave number seventy-seven.

Miss Thornhill opened the book, and for a few seconds no sound could be heard save the rustling of its leaves. Then in a calm, gentle voice, and with a perfectly distinct utterance, she began to read—

"Live more among thy fellows. Life is sweet
When it is shared with other hearts and hands;
Come from the twilight of thy cool retreat,
And work at noontide with the toiling bands.
So shall they bless thee; yea, thou shalt be blest,
And God shall lead thee to His endless rest."

When the clear voice ceased, there was another silence—a hush so deep that one might almost have fancied an angel had spoken. All the elder girls, who studied each others' characters consciously or unconsciously, knew that the verse was singularly appropriate to her to whom it had been addressed. Agnes Quinton, by nature quiet and contemplative, was also constitutionally delicate, and hers had always been, and ever would be, a sheltered life. For her there seemed to be "no joy but calm." She took but little interest in her companions and their concerns, and went her even way without giving a thought to a certain old injunction which tells us to rejoice with those that do rejoice, and weep with those that weep. She was rich, but it seldom seemed to occur to her that others were poor. She was naturally gentle, yet it never entered her mind to pity those who were the sport of every wind of passion. Liked by all, she was greatly loved by none; and moved among her schoolfellows like a shadow, untouched by any of their common human sorrows or delights.

No one ever knew whether the verse had roused her languid soul to thought and feeling. With her usual slow step and quiet face she went back to her seat near the fire; and then, after a little whispering among the rest, Jennet Fowler shyly stepped up to the table.

"I will choose number five," she said, timidly.

Again the leaves rustled softly in the stillness; and a few fancied that Miss Thornhill's voice faltered a little as she read—

"I look across thy garden ground and see
A blight upon the richest blossom there;
Yet trust in Him whose hand is guiding thee,
And thou shalt gather roses far more fair.
Lo! I behold thee in thine autumn hours,
Full in the sunlight, crowned with deathless flowers."

"But the blight is to come first!" said Jennet, speaking involuntarily, and looking at the reader with dilated eyes.

"Dear Jennet, there must be some blighted blossoms in every garden," Miss Thornhill replied. "If the oracle had promised you entire immunity from sorrow, you surely would not have believed it."

"No." Jennet's face seemed to reflect the teacher's reassuring smile. "I like the lines very much," she added, moving away, "and I shall think of them often."

The shade of gravity that was fast creeping over the girls seemed about to be dispelled when Charlotte Ashley marched up to the table with a comic look of cheerful resignation.

"I choose seven, the perfect number," she began. "Not that I expect it to bring me much good. If an inoffensive person like Jennet is threatened with blighted blossoms, there must surely be something terrible in store for such an erring creature as myself! Ten to one I shall be promised storms, whirlwinds, rocks, thorns, and bleeding feet! But—

'Whatever sky's above me,
Here's a heart for any fate!'

so, fair sybil, I am ready to hear the worst."

In the midst of a merry burst of laughter, Miss Thornhill turned the pages once more and found the chosen number. Then, pausing an instant, she looked into Charlotte's dark eyes with a mischievous smile before she read—

"Sing on, sing on, blithe heart,
Until some tiny dart
Strikes thee, and so the fount of song is sealed;
Yet even then rejoice,
Thou shalt not lose thy voice;
Wounds may be quickly made, and swiftly healed.
Thou shalt be blither still,
If thou wilt bend thy will
To lift the weary ones upon thy way;
And spare, in sun or shower,
A moment or an hour
To gather flowers for others, and to pray."

"Much better than I deserve," said Charlotte. Her eyes were a little dimmer than usual, although her smile was as bright as ever. "But I am half inclined to think that those verses were never written in the Book of Fate; they sprang, fresh and complete, from the sybil's fertile brain. Let me look at the page and satisfy myself."

"You may look," answered Miss Thornhill, laughing. "There is no deception, I assure you. And this brain of mine is not half as fertile as you suppose; it is not capable of producing verses on the spur of the moment. Now go back to your place and meditate over the oracle. I see that Minnie Wood is impatient to hear her fate."

When all the fates had been told, it was time to retire for the night. The book was closed and carried away by its owner; the lights were put out, and the schoolroom was left to darkness and silence. But upstairs, in their chambers, many of the girls were pondering over the verses that had fallen to their lot; many a vague hope was taking shape and meaning; many a secret fear was allayed. And Jennet, as she rose from her knees that night, saw with silent surprise that Charlotte was furtively wiping away a few tears.

(To be continued.)

FAMOUS LADY TRAVELLERS.

IV.—A GREAT ARABIAN TRAVELLER—LADY ANNE BLUNT.

By EDWARD WHYMPER, Author of "The Ascent of the Matterhorn."

LADY ANNE ISABELLA BLUNT, only daughter of the Earl of Lovelace and granddaughter of Lord Byron, must be regarded as one of the most ambitious and adventurous lady-travellers of our day. With her husband, she has penetrated districts of the far interior of Arabia, never before seen by European eyes, for it is a fact that the names of those travellers who have visited anything more than the mere outskirts of that little known land may be counted on the fingers—almost of one hand. Several of them, notably Burckhardt, Palgrave, and Burton, went among the Bedouins or townspeople in disguise, while Lady Blunt and her husband went boldly without disguise of any kind, and were everywhere known as foreigners. There is much uncertainty to those who thus venture among the Arabs. They do so at the risk of their lives; but once you have tasted bread and salt, or laid your hand on the tent pole, you may be safe; though, before these desirable rites have been accomplished you may have been slaughtered, for the sake of your horses, weapons, and other belongings.

The Blunts received much politeness and hospitality from the Turkish officials, but no encouragement to proceed on their pilgrimages, indeed every effort was made to hinder them. It was a time when two great rival tribes were at war, and the Turks were occasionally interfering between the combatants. Their first journey was made when the Bulgarian war was at its height, and when the strain on the resources of the Porte had caused it to relax its hold on the tribes, its soldiers being wanted elsewhere. This put the people more at their ease with the Blunts, who were able to reap a harvest of information, which it would not perhaps have been possible to get under other circumstances. Both Lady Blunt and her husband seem to have had much sympathy with and intuitive feeling for these children of the desert.

Lady Blunt left England on Nov. 20, 1877, on her first journey among the Bedouins of the Euphrates, with the intention of visiting Bagdad, and of spending the winter in some part of Asia not too much frequented by Europeans. Some inevitable alteration in her route turned out to the advantage and interest of her trip, enabling her to visit Arab chieftains and tribes of renown, some of whom had never seen an European face. This journey occupied the winter and early spring months of 1878. At the end of the same year she again left England, this time on a pilgrimage to Nejd, which is, so to speak, the cradle of the Bedouin races, not merely of the people but of their horses also. Lady Blunt's works* contain much that is interesting in regard to the Arab breeds. Nejd, though in northern Arabia, is far south of the districts traversed in the preceding year. It is, to a large proportion of Bedouins who have never seen it, a region of romance, the home of their forefathers. What Palestine is to the Jew, or England to the American or colonist, that is Nejd to the Bedouin.

Accustomed as one is to associate the desert with intense heat and drought, it is almost a surprise to read in connection with it of half-frozen feet and hands, of ice an inch thick on the water in a camp-pail, and of a boy with the whooping-cough. Sometimes the travellers could not sleep for the cold, and remained shivering all night. It must be noted that both of Lady Blunt's journeys were commenced in the winter months. None, however, of their camps could have been much more uncomfortable than that where they joined a date-caravan, consisting mainly of about one hundred donkeys, who drowned their masters' voices by day, and brayed incessantly and viciously all night. In spite of fatigue, it was impossible to sleep. The travellers do not appear to have run much risk from wild animals, and enjoyed an occasional wolf-hunt. The desert lion is evidently scarce. Lady Blunt heard of two which had recently been shot, and were being exhibited in a *stuffed* condition by some enterprising native Barnum, who carried them round among the tribes *on the back of a donkey*, and was making a small fortune by the show. This is the Babylonian variety, whose peculiarity is that it has no mane.

The art of cookery is at a low ebb amongst the Arabs. The first thoroughly Bedouin meal of which Lady Blount partook does not seem inviting, and is typical of many others which followed. The party had encountered the tents of the Jerîfa, a pastoral tribe of the Euphrates Valley, one that has lived there possibly since the days of Job. The chief man appeared to receive them boorishly, and they at first thought that they were not welcome; but it soon turned out that this was owing to mere shyness on his part, the effect of the overwhelming honour which he felt was being done him. "I suppose," says Lady Blunt, "he has never entertained so much as a merchant from Bagdad in his life, and a small country-squire in Sussex, receiving an unexpected visit from the Pope or the Empress of the French, could hardly display more sense of the solemnity of the occasion than did this poor man." He pounded coffee as though his life depended on the pounding, and busied himself with hospitable orders. When the meal was ready "the sheep seemed to have been cut up with a hatchet quite independently of its anatomical construction,—bones, meat, and all mangled and messed together, so that it was impossible to get at a clean looking piece free from gristle or splinters. These had been thrown into a pot and boiled without seasoning, and then turned out into a great, round, wooden dish, a yard in diameter. Butter had next been plastered round the mass, and flat, half-baked loaves of dough set to garnish the edge of the plates, all damp and clammy, and half-sopped in the broth. In the middle lay the great, fat tail of the sheep, a huge lump of tallow, with bits of liver and other nastiness near it." With such a dish they could not be expected to make much progress, but the darkness fortunately concealed the failure from the chief, who stood hard by, in genuine, hospitable anxiety for the enjoyment of his guests. Indeed he proved so thoroughly kind that not knowing what else to say the Blunts appear to have invited him, with his flocks and herds, to spend the summer with them in England!

Lady Blunt had permanently engaged for the journeys a treasure of a native cook in Hánna, who (whatever a cockney may think) was a male and not a female servant; but on Christmas Day, 1878, they had little to give him for the pot, although they had seen gazelles about. "We were," however, "in a most unexpected manner provided with dinner; for while we were still talking, behold a grazing camel all alone on the plain, not a mile away; when, with a general shout of 'a prize,' the whole party on horseback and on foot rushed in pursuit, and in a brief space of time the camel was caught, killed, and cooked. When young, camel meat resembles mutton."

Lady Blunt thus describes the delights of a sandstorm, which they experienced the night after their Christmas dinner of camel. "The servants having thus feasted were all soon sound asleep, and even when suddenly, between two and three in the morning, the wind rose with a deafening noise, they *did not* wake, not till their tent blew down upon them as ours did upon us. We were awake, and might have kept our tent standing had we not been too lazy to get up and drive in the pegs. It was too late when the tent had fallen on us to do anything but lie as well as we could beneath the ruins and wait for daylight. Fortunately the main pegs had not drawn, and the sand, for this hurricane was a sandstorm, soon covered over the edges of the fallen tent, and no further damage was done. In the morning, the servants proposed staying where we were; but we would not hear of this, as we had water for only two days, and it would have been folly to dawdle, so after rubbing the sand out of or rather into our eyes, we set to work packing and loading. The wind continued violent and bitterly cold, and carried a great deal of sand with it." . . . Leaving this spot, "we found ourselves on a perfectly open bit of plain, exposed to the full fury of the gale, now more violent than ever. Sandstorms are evidently common here, for the Tell Guteyfi, which is of black volcanic boulders, is half smothered in sand. We saw it looming near us in the thick air, and soon after were almost hidden from each other in the increasing darkness. The sun shone feebly at intervals through the driving sand, but it was all we could do to keep the caravan together, and not lose sight of each other. At one moment we had all to stop and turn tail to the wind, covering our eyes and heads with our cloaks, waiting till the burst was over. Nothing could have faced it. Still we were far from having any idea of danger, for there really is none in these storms, and had plenty of time to notice how very picturesque the situation was, the camels driven along at speed, all huddled together for protection, with their long necks stretched out, and heads low, tags and ropes flying, and the men's cloaks streaming in the wind, all seen through the yellow haze of sand, which made them look as though walking in the air. The beasts looked gigantic yet helpless, like antediluvian creatures overwhelmed in a flood." At length they reached the shelter of some tamarisk bushes, where they made themselves comfortable with hot coffee, while the tent they had rigged up was soon half buried in deep sand, white as snow.

Sandstorms are one of the most serious troubles of travellers in Central and other parts of Asia. Those who have perused Vambéry's *Travels in Central Asia* will not

* Published by John Murray, Albemarle-street.

soon forget how, when almost dead with thirst, they were overtaken by the dreaded "fever-wind." Their camels had been dying off one by one, the oppressive heat of the day had left them all without strength. Two of their poorer companions had fallen so sick that the others were forced to bind them at full length upon the camels, as they were perfectly incapable of riding or sitting. As long as they were able to articulate they kept exclaiming, "Water! water!" and these were the only words which escaped their lips. One speedily succumbed. "It is a horrible sight," says Vambéry, "to see the father hide his store of water from the son, and brother from brother; each drop is life, and when men feel the torture of thirst, there is not, as in the other dangers of life, any spirit of self-sacrifice, or any feeling of generosity. . . . . Our beasts were incapable of further exertion, and we passed a fourth day in the sand. I had still left about six glasses of water in my leathern bottle. These I drank drop by drop, suffering, of course, terribly from thirst. Greatly alarmed to find that my tongue began to turn a little black in the centre, I immediately drank off at a draught half of my remaining store, thinking so to save my life; but, oh! the burning sensation, followed by headache, became more violent towards the middle of the day, and when we could just distinguish, about midday, the Khalata mountains from the clouds that surrounded them, I felt my strength gradually abandon me. All eyes were searching eagerly to discover a drove of cattle or shepherd's hut, when the Kervanbashi and his people drew our attention to a cloud of dust that was approaching, and told us to lose no time in dismounting from the camels. These poor brutes knew well enough that it was the Tebbad that was hurrying on; uttering a loud cry, they fell on their knees, stretched their long necks along the ground, and strove to bury their heads in the sand. We entrenched ourselves behind them, lying there as behind a wall; and scarcely had we, in our turn, knelt under their cover, than the wind rushed over us with a dull, clattering sound, leaving us, in its passage, covered with a crust of sand two fingers thick. The first particles that touched me seemed to burn like a rain of flakes of fire. Had we encountered it when we were six miles deeper in the desert, we should all have perished."

LADY ANNE BLUNT.

Lady Blunt while at Aleppo, making up her party for the desert, visited the prisons in the hope of seeing Curro, a certain celebrated Arab robber confined there, the hero of many exploits. In this she was disappointed, as the brigand had just been removed to Jaffa. Amongst the numerous stories which were current about him the following may be related.

He had commenced life as proprietor of a small vineyard, in the neighbourhood of Aleppo, and for some time led a quiet, commonplace existence. Unfortunately, a grasping neighbour coveted his land, and commenced a suit for its possession, in which, being the richer of the two, he was successful. Curro, disgusted with law, took to the hills, as in former days in England he might have done to the road. His first exploit was to stop a captain of infantry, from whom he took seven thousand piastres, which happened to be just the price of his lost vineyard, and sent him to Aleppo with a sham bill for that amount, drawn on the Valy, or Governor, a piece of impertinent satire. After this he got together a band of followers, choosing only those who could run about as well as himself, he being a champion in matters of foot-racing; and, as he was also a polite and jovial little man, he was a great favourite at weddings and feasts, and might be met at most of the merrymakings in the country, where he was often known. In justice to him, let it be said that he would never shed blood, except in self-defence, while, like many a highwayman of old, he was extremely liberal with the proceeds of his robberies. He once met a peasant carrying a basket of grapes on his head. "What are you carrying that heavy basket for?" he said; "have you no donkey?" "No," said the man, "my donkey died, and I had no money to buy another." "What do donkeys cost in your village?" he asked. "Five hundred piastres." "Well, here is the money. Get a beast to do your work, or, when I come this road again and find you with your baggage on your head, I will cut it off." Another time he met a poor fellow who had been working in Aleppo for a twelvemonth, to get money enough to marry a girl to whom he was engaged, and who was now on his way to his village with the produce of his year's labour. The man entreated Curro to leave him his money, or he would have to go back, and begin again. "What," said Curro, "can you be married for six pounds? Nonsense. You can never have dancing at your wedding for that. There is something to make the sum respectable. I hate a pauper wedding." The man went on his way rejoicing.

A Turkish Effendi, had encamped near a village, the inhabitants of which being Kurds were friends of Curro, and played into his hands. They invited the Effendi's servants to a merrymaking, and the great man, suspecting nothing, gave permission to most of them to go. In the dead of the night, when they were in the thick of their fun, Curro lifted the flap of the Effendi's tent and politely requested him to hand over his money. This done, our brigand looked round, and saw several firearms, and among them an English double-barrelled gun, which he coolly took up and examined. "I must have this," he said. The Effendi in vain besought him not to deprive him of it, as he was a great sportsman, and would be miserable without it. But Curro laughed, and handling the weapon, finding it was loaded ejaculated "Coward! and you did not dare to shoot me!"

Once, meeting a bridal party on the road, he joined it and introduced himself. They assured him that they were quite poor people, and had no money, but he answered that the gold coins on the bride's neck were legal tender. "What," said the girl, "and you call yourself Curro!" She could not have made a better appeal, and the brigand immediately handed back the coins. Curro used to walk openly about the streets and bazaars of Aleppo, where, though well-known, no one would betray him. But his career of crime was eventually stopped, and he was sentenced to fifteen years' imprisonment.

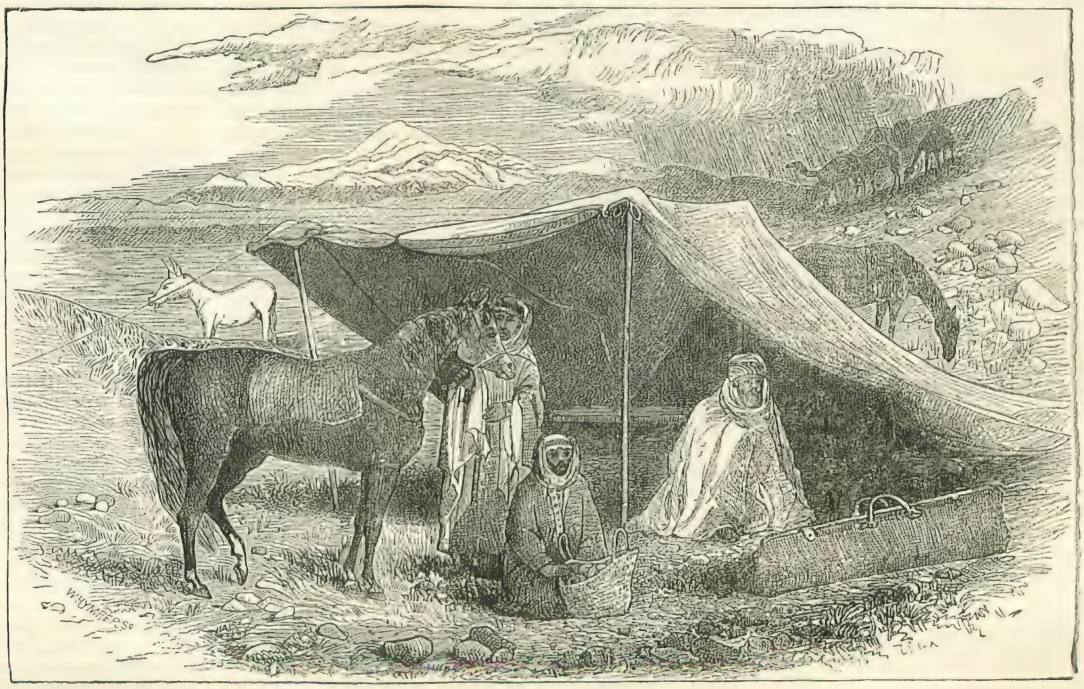
The Bedouins, though rarely large or tall, are often good-looking, with bright eyes, and a pleasant smile, and very white teeth. Lady Blunt tells us, however, that "after the age of thirty, the habit of constant frowning, to pro-

PORTRAIT OF LADY BLUNT IN ARAB COSTUME.

tect the eyes from the glare of the sun, gives their faces a fierce expression, often quite at variance with their real character. Hard-training too, and insufficient food, have generally by that time pinched and withered their cheeks, and the sun has tanned their skin to an almost Indian blackness. At forty their beards turn grey, and at fifty they are old men. I doubt if more than a very few of them reach the age of sixty." After their first, youthful ardour for enterprise and adventure has been satisfied, they retire from all unnecessary exertion, leave their forays and marauding expeditions to the younger men, and seem to care very little even for sport. A result is that men of middle age, especially those in a high position, are much troubled by such maladies as indigestion and rheumatism.

The Bedouin Arab of pure blood is seldom more than five feet six inches high. Though long-limbed he is generally lithe and graceful, actual fatness being unknown amongst them. There are exceptions to the general rule, as, for example, Akhmet Beg, a desert hero, is described by Lady Blunt as a man of herculean strength, and standing over six feet high. The appearance of him would put thirty men to flight; the shaft of his spea was sixteen feet in length, and he had a passion for horses to suit his size and weight. He was covered with the scars of old wounds, and had sworn not to "die in bed like a gentleman of Aleppo," a term of contempt, for the roving Arabs despise those who have settled in towns. This giant was once in love, and his conduct of his affair affords a good trait of desert manners. There had been an old alliance between him and Jedáan, chief man of another tribe, and they had taken the oath of brotherhood, which binds the swearers to give mutual aid and protection in time of war. Jedáan on a certain occasion, however, found that he had to fight out one of his numerous quarrels alone, although he had sent word of his difficulty to Akhmet. As soon as the fighting was over, he despatched a messenger to ask explanations of his "brother," and the answer he received was as follows, "Akhmet refuses to fight for the husband of a woman he loves." This was the first intimation Jedáan had received of the other's jealousy and displeasure at his marriage with a certain Moáli girl. Jedáan's conduct on the occasion was characteristic. "This is too small a matter," said he, "to stand between friends. Take her; she is yours," and he immediately despatched her to Akhmet's tent.

Arabs, like the rest of the world, are not all formed after one model. Burckhardt tells us of a Bedouin who shot and killed himself when he learned that his wife, from whom he had been divorced, had married again. The ladies themselves evidently do not regard the matter of marriage as a trivial or indifferent one, for the authority just cited tells of two young girls who twisted their long ringlets together, and dashed themselves over a precipice because their friends had arranged marriages which were distasteful to them. It would appear that divorces are too easily managed. If there is a quarrel between man



OUR OWN TENT, WITH A VIEW OF MOUNT HERMON.

and wife, the neighbours soon know all about it, and take sides, and an affair which might have easily ended in nothing soon assumes importance. The eloquence and loquacity of the wife may apparently carry the day; but the husband cannot bear to see himself slighted before his companions, and in a moment of irritation he, likely enough, pronounces the fatal words "*Ent taleka*," which of themselves are sufficient to constitute a divorce, and cannot be revoked. The bystanders applaud. "Well done! now we perceive you are a man!" and so on, and these compliments banish whatever remains of cool judgment may still exist in his mind. He gives his late wife a she-camel, and sends her back to her relatives. No disgrace whatever is considered to attach to her, but she must wait forty days before she can marry again.

A Bedouin in his tent is the laziest of creatures. While the women are employed in manual work and laborious occupation, the men do nothing but smoke their pipes, and play at a kind of draughts. The women are not, however, like those of the Turks or Egyptians, under any restraint, and go out freely, whether to gather wood or visit in each other's tents, and are generally in the highest spirits and good humour. Lady Blunt says that no people are so kind to children as the Bedouins. The young son of a Sheik is nursed and petted by the men all day long, and children are never scolded or ill-used. She says that the Bedouins, though hot-tempered, seldom allow their passions to pass wholly beyond control. It is not often that a quarrel is more than a war of words, or that a knife is drawn in anger. One reason for this is their extreme temperance. They look upon the use of all fermented liquors as disgraceful, and take sour milk as their strongest drink.

The well in the desert or settlement is so important to the Arab, his camels, horses, and asses, that it is incidentally interesting to learn how he draws his water. He merely fixes a tent pole or other piece of wood across the mouth, and then runs with the end of the rope as far as it is necessary to bring the leather bucket to the surface, never thinking of winding it up. This is more simple than scientific!

Lady Blunt gives us the following story of Bedouin chivalry, which is by no means extinct in the desert. "On one occasion Jedáan, with fifty followers, was surprised and surrounded at nightfall by a large body of Arabs, who, according to custom in the desert, waited till the daylight to make their attack. The others had little chance of escape, and were resigning themselves to capture and spoliation in the morning, for their horses were tired and those of the enemy were fresh, when in the middle of the night a man came in from the attacking force with a message from the other chief. The emissary rode a white mare, and the message was to the following effect,—Abd-ul-Kérim, in token of their former friendship, sends his own mare to Jedáan, begging that he will ride her to-morrow. 'She is the best in all our camp.' Thus mounted, Jedáan fought a losing battle on the next day, and had all his men taken prisoners, but escaped capture himself, thanks to the mare of Abd-ul-Kérim, and thus his adversary saved him, for old friendship's sake!"

Palgrave, who has by no means so high an opinion of the Bedouin as Lady Blunt, admits that they are anything but a bloodthirsty race, and avoid murder so far as can be managed in a state of habitual brigandage. Their feuds and frays are continual, but at little cost of life. The main object of a raid is booty and plunder, not slaughter, "and the Bedouin, though a terrible braggart, has at heart little inclination for killing or being killed. They will relate for hours together raw-head-and-bloody-bones stories of their wars and combats with this and that tribe, and will give in a gazette worthy of Balaclava or Waterloo, till when you come to examine coolly into the number of victims, thus dashingly designated by 'thousands,' your humanity will be consoled by finding them reduced to the more moderate number of 'two' or 'three,' and even these you must not set down at once for dead, as they were probably only 'slightly wounded,' and will reappear alive and well in next day's report." These are Palgrave's words. Lady Blunt considers the Bedouin essentially humane, and that if he has killed a man in war he would rather conceal the fact than proclaim it aloud, while murder and homicide are almost unknown amongst the tribes. "Truth," she says, "in ordinary matters is not regarded as a virtue by the Bedouins, nor is lying held shameful. Every man, they say, has a right to conceal his own thought. In matters of importance the simple affirmation is confirmed by an oath, and then the fact may be relied on. There is only one exception to the general rule of lying amongst them. The Bedouin, if questioned on the breed of his mare, will not give a false answer. He may refuse to say, or he may answer that he does not know, but he will not name another breed than that to which she really belongs."

One of the most binding ceremonies among the Bedouins is that involving the oath of brotherhood, and Lady Blunt's husband actually went through it with one of the most powerful of the Bedouin Sheiks. The following is necessarily a condensed account of this interesting episode. "At a bend of the Wady we came suddenly on a great tent, with seven peaks, which we knew by its size must be the Sheykh's. . . . As soon as we were perceived, servants came out to meet us and hold our horses, while all those present in the tent stood up and answered our salutation in a friendly voice. Faris himself, a young man of most attractive countenance, appeared from the inner tent and greeted us with a smile that had so much honesty in it and good will that we felt at once that we were safe in his hands. . . . He said that he had been long expecting us, and now we must stay with him: his tent was our tent, his people our people; and though these and other phrases are more or less conventional in the East, he put a tone of so much sincerity into the words that they really touched us." In brief Faris proved to be one of Nature's gentlemen—a gentleman of the desert.

This powerful Sheykh, whose word is law in half Mesopotamia, and whose people are devoted to him, soul and body, and proud of him as the handsomest man and the best rider in the whole country, speedily contracted the warmest friendship for the Blunts, and the feeling was quite mutual. So one evening, while they were talking about his early troubles, hopes, and prospects, he said that now he and Wilfrid (Lady Blunt's husband) must be as brothers, "to-day and to-morrow and hereafter," to which a warm response having been vouchsafed, it was agreed that they should take the oath of brotherhood, a solemn compact often made among the Arabs. "They took hold of each other by the girdle with their left hands, and holding their right hands up as appealing to heaven, they repeated the prescribed form of words very seriously, for this is a pledge no Bedouin ever takes lightly. Faris began: 'Wallah! Wallahi!' (O God! O my God!) and Wilfrid repeated after him 'Wallah! Wallahi! Wallah! Wallahi!' each perhaps twenty times: then 'Billah! Billahi!' (by God, by my God), 'Tillah! Tillahi!' (through God, through my God); 'akhwan, akhwan, el yom u bokra o baaden, akhwan!' (brothers to-day, to-morrow, and hereafter)—an oath as impressive as those of our marriage service, and considered quite as binding by those who take it. This pledge of brotherhood, once taken, cannot be dissolved. It binds the swearers to be henceforth brothers, as though born of the same mother, in all things, except that it is no bar to marriage of the one with the near relations of the other. Personal combat is henceforth not allowed, even if the tribes of the two brothers should afterwards be at war; nor can the property of a brother be seized by a brother or by any of his people. The swearers have, on the contrary, a right to aid and assistance in case of need; and a brother, if called upon, is bound to avenge his brother's quarrel.

"There was something so impressive in the ceremony," continues Lady Blunt, "that for some minutes after it was over we all three sat without speaking, till Faris, seeming to recollect that something more was necessary, got up, and calling to his mollah, or secretary, who was in the other tent, to come, made him attest the validity of the act by stating to him what had happened. . . . The mollah put his hand to his head, and said gravely: 'The Beg is now one of our people! let him come into our tent.' He went on to tell the news to the rest of the Sheykh's household, and when Wilfrid entered, they all stood up, and the eldest made him a little speech to the effect that this tent and all the Shammar tents were his, and their camels and sheep and all that they had; and Faris said: 'You must stay with us. Our people shall make you tents like their own, and I will give you camels, and you shall live with us instead of going away to your own country.'" Lady Blunt goes on to tell us that their relations with the tribe were at once on a different footing; before they were polite and friendly, but now they were shown what was very like affection. The mother of the Sheykh sent for Lady Blunt and kissed her, saying that she was now her mother, and that if they were ever in any difficulty her son would help them. Faris, who had till then refused all their invitations to eat or drink with them in their own tent, they being his guests, now sent a message that he would dine with them. So Lady Blunt produced her best curry, sweetmeats, etc., and poured a whole tin of sugar into his coffee, the thing of all others which he liked the best, for the Bedouins crave for sugar. The dinner was so successful that he announced his intention of taking his meals with them every day, which probably made it rather difficult for him to go back afterwards to his own coarse food.

On parting from their encampment, they had to cross a tributary of the Euphrates, a considerable stream, some sixty yards wide. A cord had been stretched across, and made fast at each end. "Floating on the water," says Lady Blunt, "we saw the most ricketty-looking thing ever people trusted themselves to on deep water. It was a square raft, made of eight goats' skins blown out to serve as bladders, and tied together with a slight framework of tamarisk boughs. It was at most four feet six inches square, and lay nearly level with the water's edge. On this we were expected to embark, and I confess that I had no pleasant anticipations of the voyage. But first there was the baggage to be ferried, and the camels and mares to be swum across.

"A camel forced to swim is a very ridiculous object. He hates the water sincerely, and roars and moans piteously when he is obliged to face it. Ours were of course unloaded, and then brought one by one to the river bank. A man on the back, and half a dozen others to push behind were needed to get them down the bank, a steep slide of mud, down which the camels went, with all their legs together,

souse into the water. The men, who were stripped, then jumped in after them, and, shouting and splashing water in their faces, forced them on, till at last they were out of their depth and everything had disappeared except the camels' noses. Then they seemed to resign themselves, and swam steadily, but slowly to the opposite shore, where, fortunately, there was a better landing-place. One of the camels, however, obstinately refused to approach the bank, and, when other means had failed, was thrown down and dragged by the legs into the water, when it at last made up its mind and followed the rest. Once on shore, they all set off, scampering and kicking up their ungainly heels, at full speed, and were with some difficulty got back again by a couple of horsemen. The mares managed it with much less difficulty."

And now it came to the turn of Lady Blunt and her husband to be ferried across. "There was an old man," says she, "who acted as ferryman, and with ourselves and a pile of luggage I thought it more than a load, when just as we started, in jumped Faris too; and, before we could stop, we were off, our feet dangling through the framework of the raft, and clinging to each other to keep ourselves balanced. As we got to the middle the strain became too great for the old man, who let go the rope; and in an instant we were swept away down the river, without any means of stopping or guiding ourselves, and expecting every moment to upset. . . . As soon as they saw what had happened, every shammar on the bank jumped straight into the water, and we had hardly gone fifty yards before they were around us and guiding us to shore. There we found Hánna (their cook) wringing his hands and shedding floods of tears, after his custom, at our loss—a new source of amusement to Faris, who had never seen a grown man weep before. The mirth, indeed, was so infectious that everybody was agog for fun, and poor fat Ali was made a speedy victim of, and upset in mid-stream amidst roars of laughter. Fatness is a never-ending subject of joke with the Bedouins, who are lean as whipping-posts themselves, and look upon any other condition as a deformity."

It is impossible to follow Lady Blunt in detail, but a few of her more interesting experiences may be quoted. Here was a spectacle indeed worth seeing. "An Arab march is slow, even when at its quickest, and in an hour or so we came upon the stragglers, and then upon the main body. We rode up a height, and from it saw the wonderful sight of twenty to thirty thousand camels, with a proportionate number of horsemen and footmen, converging by half a dozen winding wadys towards a central dell, in which the horsemen were gathering." A still grander sight was the great camp of the Róala. "We came upon it," says Lady Blunt, "quite suddenly, as crossing a low ridge of rising ground we looked down over the plain, and saw it covered, as far as the eye could reach, with a countless multitude of tents and men, mares and camels. In the extreme distance, at least ten miles away, lay the Lake of Saighal, glittering white in the sun; and the whole space between it and where we stood seemed occupied, while east and west there was at least an equal depth of camp." Lady Blunt estimated the whole number of tents at 20,000, and of camels at 150,000—probably the largest collection of either at any one spot in the whole world.

Where so much is desert, it must be pleasant indeed to come to such a spot as the fine stretch of country south of the Euphrates. "If the season is a favourable one, this affords one of the most beautiful sights in the world, a vast undulating plain of grass and flowers. The purple stock, which predominates on the better soils, gives its colour to the whole country, and on it the camels feed, preferring it to all other food. The hollows are filled with the richest meadow grass, wild oats, wild barley, and wild rye, the haunts of quails; while here and there deep beds of blue geranium take their place, or tracts white with camomile. On the poorer soils the flowers are not less gay; tulips, marigolds, asters, irises, and certain pink wall flowers, the most beautiful of them all, cousins each of them to our garden plants. For it was from this desert, doubtless, that the Crusaders brought us many of what we now consider essentially English flowers."

Although the following episode ended happily, it must have been a severe shock to a lady traveller. Lady Blunt and her husband had cantered on in advance, and were enjoying a few minutes' rest, when they suddenly heard "a thud, thud, thud on the sand, a sound of galloping. Wilfrid jumped to his feet, looked round, and called out, 'Get on your mare. This is a ghazú' (attack or foray). As I scrambled round the bush to my mare, I saw a troop of horsemen charging down at full gallop with their lances, not two hundred yards off." Lady Blunt, then suffering from a sprained knee, was knocked down by a spear. Her husband had on a quantity of heavy clothing, so the lances driven at him did him no harm; but at length his assailants managed to get his gun from him, and broke it over his head, hitting him three times, and smashing the stock. Resistance was useless, so Lady Blunt shouted out to the nearest horseman, "Ana dahílak" (I am under your protection), while her husband, thinking he had enough of this unequal contest, which was one against twelve, threw himself off his mare. Yet when their companion, Mohammed, a young man of some family among the Bedouins, had explained matters, and how the two "Franjis" (Franks, or foreigners) were friends of a sheykh, one of *their* friends, orders were at once given by the chief of the party to his followers to restore the mares, gun, and everything, including Mr. Blunt's tobacco-bag.

"The young fellows," says Lady Blunt, "who had taken the mares made rather wry faces, bitterly lamenting their bad fortune in finding us friends. 'Ah the beautiful mares,' they said, 'and the beautiful gun.'" But Arabs are good-humoured, and presently the whole party were on the best terms, sitting in a circle on the sand, eating dates, and passing round the pipe of peace. They were now the guests of the very people they would have robbed, and might have killed, a few minutes before.

We have seen that the Arab women of the desert tribes are almost unfettered in their domestic relations, and are in no way shut up, or placed under restraint. Those of the towns, however, more especially when wealthy, are confined in harems, precisely as amongst the Turks, and lead an utterly idle, listless life. "What do you do all day long?" asked Lady Blunt. "We live in the Kasr." "Don't you go out at all?" "No, we have no mares to ride." "What a pity! and don't you ever go into the country, outside the desert?" "Oh no, of course not." "But to pass the time, what do you do?" "We do nothing." Here a sharp black boy interrupted. "Oh! Khatûn, these are daughters of Sheiks, they have no work, no work *at all* to do; don't you understand?" "Of course, I understand perfectly; but they might amuse themselves without doing work. Don't you even look at the horses?" "No, we do nothing." "I should die if I did nothing. When I am at home I always walk round the first thing in the morning to look at my horses. How do you manage to spend your lives?" "We sit." Thus the supreme happiness of the harem is absolute idleness.

Lady Blunt believes that the ladies of these harems seldom dress with any care unless they want to display their silks and jewels to some visitor; but on such special occasions their toilet is a most elaborate one, and occupies a long time. During their stay at the furthest southern part of Nejd which was reached, Lady Blunt visited the Emir's harem. "All the persons present," says she, "rose to their feet as I arrived. Amusheh (the chief wife) could easily be singled out from among the crowd, even before she advanced to do the honours. . . . Hedusheh and Lulya, the two next wives, who were present, had gold brocade, as rich as hers, and lips and cheeks as red as hers with carmine, and eyes with borders as black as hers, but lacked her charm. Amusheh is besides clever and amusing, and managed to keep up a continued flow of conversation, in which the other two hardly ventured to join. . . . They have no idea of amusement, if I may judge from what they said to me, but a firm conviction that perfect happiness and dignity consist in sitting still," a happiness Lady Blunt enjoyed, or endured, with them for some time, sitting together on a carpet spread over a mattress, cushions being ranged along the wall for them to lean against, the fire in front scorching their faces while they talked. The rich clothes worn by the ladies, we are told, presented an appearance "of splendid shapelessness," more like bags or sacks than anything else. To a European their condition would appear one of splendid misery. "When," says Lady Blunt, "we talked of riding, Amusheh seemed for a moment doubtful whether to be completely satisfied about her own lot in life—she would like, she said, to see me on my mare; and I promised she should, if possible, be gratified; but the opportunity never occurred." It is more than probable that the Emir, her husband, had no desire that it should.

Here we must conclude, strongly recommending Lady Blunt's books to the reader,* who will find in the volumes much that is interesting regarding the Bedouins, their wives, and families, as well as learn much of wild countries as yet unknown to all save a very few adventurous travellers.

[THE END.]

VARIETIES.

MUCH TOO YOUNG.—"No!" said a fond mother, speaking proudly of her twenty-five-year-old daughter, "no, Mary isn't old enough to marry yet. She cries when anyone scolds her, and until she becomes hardened enough to talk back vigorously, she isn't fit for a wife."

A CONTENTED MIND.

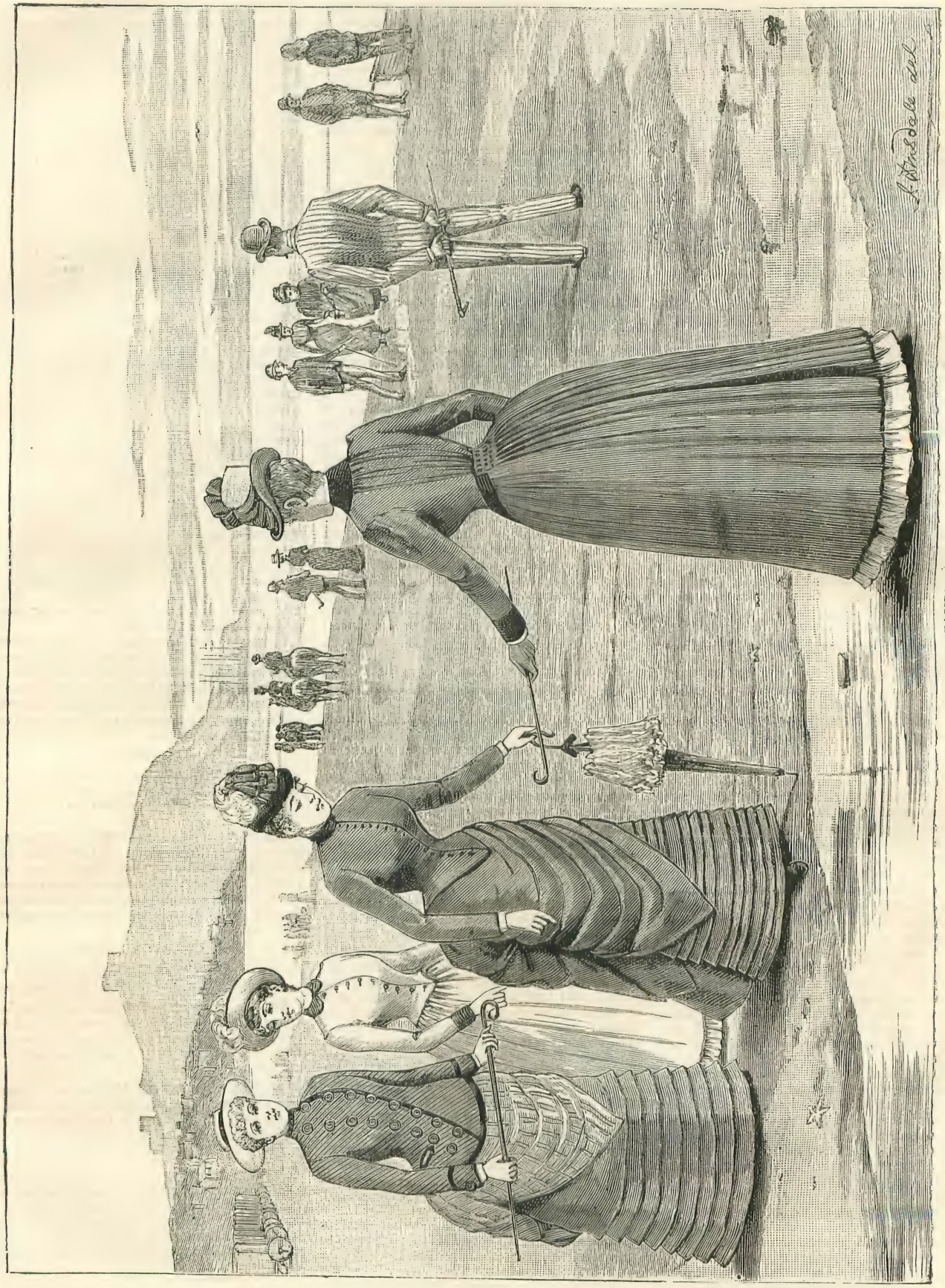
A mind content both crown and kingdom is.
—*Robert Greene.*

IN MODERATION.—As plants are nourished by moderate watering, but overwhelmed by too much, so the soul is improved by moderate studies, but overpowered if they are excessive.

WOMAN'S HEALTH.—Women have themselves to blame for the greater part of their weakness and diseases; it is caused more by their foolish and unhealthy habits than by anything else.

IN THE PATH OF DUTY.—It is no use talking about being more careful and trying to ease a thing off. My principle is, that if I find a thing interposing with my duty, I cut it off root and branches. Make an end of it at once, that is the only way.—*Commodore Goodenough.*

* *Bedouin Tribes of the Euphrates.* J. Murray 1879.
* *A Pilgrimage to Nejd.* J. Murray. 1881.



AT THE SEASIDE.

DRESS: IN SEASON AND IN REASON.

By A LADY DRESSMAKER.

JUNE we call, according to long-continued usage, the "Month of Roses," but to my mind the early part and the middle of July quite merit the name too; for never do the roses seem so plentiful and so lovely as when June has passed and July has come. Indeed, this year our taste of real summer came with the July sales, fortunately for the business-world of London, and everyone was on the *qui vive* to purchase their garments.

The rage for canvas materials still continues, but they seem to wear so provokingly ill, and look so "seedy" after a very few days that their popularity will certainly not last; but still, the finer and better kinds on silk foundations form capital summer dresses for those who do not wear cotton or linen.

The French style of making dresses at present is anything but pretty; it reminds one of the farthingales of Queen Elizabeth's day, as the skirts are full, and the hips are much padded out with an immense dress improver. The bodice is quite Elizabethan, for it is long-waisted, very tight, and the front darts are placed very high up. Our styles in England are in longer lines and more graceful, and it is to be hoped they will remain so.

The high neckband is still the principal feature of the dress, and if the dressmaker be not successful in that the effect of the front of the dress at least is spoilt. They are called straight, but they are in reality curved and cut on the cross. This is a most useful idea in one way, as in the warm weather it prevents the necessity for wearing anything in the way of a wrap round the neck, for the high band is quite protection enough from sunburn and that heated air which is almost worse in its tanning effects. Some sleeves are not put in full on the shoulders, and perhaps later on we shall see a decrease in this direction; but the armhole in that case requires to be cut high and well into the back, and is very large; and so the sleeve, though it may not be gathered, has to be large at the top to give sufficient scope. Sleeves seem rather longer in the arm, and gloves, though long, are no longer drawn over the sleeves.

Bodices are made in several different ways—waistcoats, belted bodices with pleats like the Norfolk jackets, and many bodices trimmed to represent the Zouave jacket. Many Jersey bodices are worn both with and without waistcoat fronts, and they seem likely to be

SUMMER DRESSES.

made up for the autumn with light woollens. They are also worn with skirts of Yak lace of different colours.

The little Zouave jackets will form pretty and comfortable additions to any costume, as the season advances and that slight chilliness is felt which soon comes when the month of September sets in. They are made in black velvet with jet beads, or else in coloured velvets with coloured bead trimmings or silver and gold thread. Grey velvet jackets have silver buttons, which have a very "smart" effect.

All the varieties of bibs, plastrons, and blouse-fronts are as much used as ever just now; white ones are in fashion, and are generally pinned on over the bodice front, not fastened in; when really fastened in as a portion of the dress they frequently have straps across of the bodice material buttoned over the fronts.

Stripes continue very popular, and a few dresses have been made of them, but as a rule they are reserved for trimmings and waistcoats, and are sometimes even used horizontally. Striped and plain materials mixed need great care in the making-up, as the stripes must be joined so very accurately, and where the bodice is of the stripes they must neither be too straight nor too much slanted. I have often noticed in striped materials that they proved most unbecoming to some figures, and wondered why so. The reason, I find, is that the material has been wrongly used in unskilful hands. It is too straight or too slanted.

Braid will be one of the chief features of the autumn dresses, and I have given illustrations both of that and of narrow tucks in our present number. It appears likely that the braid will be flatly laid on in plain rows, not braided in fancy patterns, and that both Russian and mohair braids will be used.

The parasols of unlined lace now seen are the most idiotic of introductions, for they do not give shade, and they do not conduce to the beauty of the *tout ensemble*. Some of the new sticks and handles are, however, real works of art. Wooden handles have the bark left on them; and pink celluloid is a very pretty idea for a light sunshade. Russia leather handles are also new. Parasols with a double square covering are equally a novelty, and can be very easily manufactured at home. When a parasol to match the dress is needed, a square of the desired size can be made, and the edges trimmed with lace; a very few firm stitches hold it on. The insides of parasols are not lined, but a fall of lace is sometimes added inside, which must be a dreadful nuisance to the holder. The shot *en tout cas* are very pretty and useful, and appear to stand a good shower of rain. Red seems to be the prevailing hue, shot with black. Red parasols and *en tout cas* seem likely to be much used at the seaside and in the country lanes, where they look charming, contrasting well with the green around them.

Browns and greens seem to be the favourite hues, and both of them incline to yellow tones. Tan-colour is more liked now than *écru*, and there is a new colour called "tobacco," which is a real golden brown, and is likely to be very popular. We are told that grey will be worn in the autumn, and shot cloths of all kinds. Leaden hues will prevail also, some of them looking almost like faded blues. There are all kinds of new pinks of yellow shades, such as honeysuckle, apricot, and pineapple; and also some lovely clear yellows, like the yellow of the broom. These light hues are preferred for sashes with white or light-coloured dresses.

White has been much more worn this season than usual. There are so many pretty new white materials, cotton crêpes, open embroidered cambrics, white canvas, woollen crapes, and cashmeres, all trimmed with white Yak lace. Thin muslins, too, have put in an appearance, and the old lawns and cambrics. The favourite method of making them seems to be with a full bodice and plain "milkmaid skirt," and a wide sash folded round the waist and tied at the back, the bow and ends being so large that they form a complete back-breadth and drapery to the skirt. This idea is illustrated in our sketch, and looks pretty and girlish. Of course, it is not suitable to anyone over twenty.

I have not yet said anything about bonnets or hats. The latter are not reduced in the way of height, but the former are slightly so, in deference to our English tastes, though we still retain the peculiar flat look at the back of the French bonnets. The pile of trimmings in front quite alters the effect of all our prettiest hat shapes when it is made of velvet, but when gauze in the piece or gauze ribbon is selected as the trimming the effect is lighter. These gauze ribbons, however, unfortunately, wear very badly, and are not likely to achieve great popularity on that account. Sailor hats are as much trimmed as any others, to their great detriment. Canvas scarves are much used for them, the ends placed in careless bows in front. Drawn lace and muslin are employed for garden and country hats, and Tuscan straws are lined with velvet, and then the brims are bent up and down in all kinds of shapes like a gabled roof. Bonnets are decidedly lower in the front and simpler in their styles. Some very charming ones for young girls are made of white tulle, made on a frame of gilt wire, the tulle gathered at the back and drawn forward into a *pouf* in front, with a bunch of pink moss or tea roses and black velvet strings. Gauze ribbons are more used for strings than any other kind now, but strings may also be of crêpes, net or lace. They are all tied very short, and show no ends.

The paper pattern selected for last month, that of a "Norfolk jacket," or pleated blouse, will be found a very useful addition to our autumn wardrobes for wear either with or without a skirt, while, as a dress bodice for travelling or the seaside, it is simply perfect, being a comfortable, easy, yet stylish, shape. It can be made in any material—serge, cloth, diagonal, vigogne, or even print and Galateas. It is in six pieces—the two sleeve parts, upper and under arm, the back, front, collar, and belt. The three pleats in front turn forwards, the three pleats at the back backwards, being six pleats at the back, six in front of the bodice, and three on each side. The place of each pleat is shown by the notches, which must be closely observed. The Norfolk jacket has been selected by H.R.H. the Princess Beatrice as a bodice for the tennis gowns and some of the tweed walking and travelling gowns in her trousseau; and it will probably be used a great deal in the early autumn. It possesses great capabilities for the home dressmaker's talents, as very little knowledge of dressmaking is required to make it from our pattern; and, for a slim, straight, girlish figure, no bodice could be more suitable and pretty. The skirt of the Norfolk jacket may be plain, as represented, or made with tucks and a shawl overskirt in front, with a draped back. I shall illustrate several of these tucked skirts in preparation for the dresses of the autumn and winter, and the paper pattern selected for this month is that of the fashionable skirt worn at the present moment. It is suitable for all dress materials, thin as well as thick, and will take three and a quarter yards of material 36 inches wide. It should be remembered that no seams are allowed on any of our patterns, and that great care should be exercised in making them up to follow the notches and marks of each pattern. The skirt is in three pieces, front and side gores, and half-back breadth. The belt is a straight piece of material of which no pattern is needed. Remember to have the placket-opening in the centre of the back breadth. The front and back pieces of the skirt must be laid on double, pieces of the material to be cut out so as to avoid seams in the centre of the front and back. The back breadth is gathered at the top, the front breadth having darts to fit it to the figure. The length of skirt required must be taken first, and our pattern lengthened or shortened to suit the figure. It is intended, like all our patterns, for figures of medium size.

Each paper pattern already given may be had on application, by letter, to the Lady Dressmaker, care of Mr. H. G. Davis, 73, Ludgate-hill, E.C., enclosing one shilling postal order. Addresses should be legibly and carefully written to ensure the delivery of the patterns.

AT THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

The Vernon and Sheepshanks Collections.

Those of us who love to wander into the spacious rooms of our National Gallery, and while away a leisure hour gazing at the beautiful or spiritual creations of the bygone ages, realise with difficulty the fact that only a few years ago no such pleasure was open to them.

In the beginning of the present century the National Gallery did not exist.

All the other capitals in Europe—Paris, Dresden, Madrid, Rome—had long possessed collections of pictures, the property of their people. London alone had none. Many fine private galleries, indeed, there were scattered over England, to which lovers of art anxiously sought to obtain the privilege of an occasional admission.

In 1824, just sixty years ago, great excitement was aroused by the announcement that in a certain drawing-room in Pall Mall was to be seen a collection of thirty-eight masterpieces of art, purchased for the nation as a first step towards the formation of a public Gallery. The collection had long been known to amateurs as that of Mr. Angerstein, it having been made by a gentleman of that name, and on his death the purchase was made by Parliament at the wish of his Majesty George IV.

These pictures were all picked specimens. Titian and Claude, Correggio and the Poussins, were represented by many splendid examples. Not so the English painters. One fine portrait by Sir Joshua Reynolds, his famous "Marriage à la mode" and his own portrait by Hogarth, and a single work by a living artist, were all that was there to tell of a rising British school.

It was not till 1838 that the present National Gallery was built and opened to the public. By that time many pictures had been added to the original number, still no one dreamed of placing the works of living men beside those of the grand old dead painters. Picture collectors continued to buy "Old Masters," however dingy; and to patronise native art, except in the form of portraiture, was still quite a novel idea in England. Hogarth had lived chiefly by selling his engravings from his own pictures; Wilson, the landscape painter (and others whom I might have named), may be said to have painted only to starve. Indeed, it was uphill work for many a poor artist in the early part of the present century.

But better times were at hand.

Two gentlemen, Mr. Vernon and Mr. Sheepshanks, names that all lovers of art

must reverence, after purchasing with great taste and judgment for several years the best pictures that their own countrymen could produce, with great public spirit and generosity made a gift of their entire collections to the nation.

In 1847, Mr. Vernon handed over his pictures to be added to those which had already found a home at the National Gallery.

Mr. Sheepshanks, in 1857, with equal liberality presented his to the nation also, but with the proviso that they should be kept with the art treasures in the purer air of Kensington,* where they would be secure from the deleterious influences of dirt, fog, and soot, to which those in the more central position at Charing Cross are exposed.

There is a great similarity of style between these two collections. This we might naturally expect to find, when we remember that the two gentlemen were purchasing at the same time and from the same artists. Among these were the landscape painters of whom I have already spoken. Among the figure painters were Sir David Wilkie, Leslie, Mulready, and others; and among animal painters, one who stands almost alone in a walk in which few have followed and none have approached him, as the lover and chronicler of the joys and sorrows, the comedy and pathos of the brute creation—I mean Sir Edwin Landseer.

There is a small, well-known picture by him in the Sheepshanks collection at Kensington, which for pathos equals many a more pretentious subject; it is called "The Shepherd's Chief Mourner," No. 93. The coffin of the poor old shepherd stands across the dark little cabin, the Scotch bothie, which in life he had called his home. His old arm-chair stands in the corner; his well-worn Bible lies open on the table, the big horn spectacles mark the place where he had last read the words of hope and comfort; his old plaid partly covers the coffin, on which some kindly neighbour has laid a sprig of rosemary ("Rosemary, that's for remembrance"); while the trusty friend and sole companion of his lonely life, his shaggy sheep-dog, the old man's "chief mourner," leans his head against the coffin with tearful eyes and a yearning desolate look that is almost human in its intensity. Before this touching picture we hardly like to speak of the subjects of Landseer's brush as the *lower animals*, as they are usually designated. May we not rather apply, at any rate, to this one, Mrs. Browning's epithet in her pretty poem addressed to the faithful four-footed companion of her weary sick-room, truly a "loving fellow-creature"?

In both the Vernon and Sheepshanks collections there are several noble *portrait* studies (as we will venture to call them) of dogs. For instance, in the National Gallery, "The Sleeping Bloodhound;" both horse and dog in "Shoeing;" and the pretty pair of "King Charles' Spaniels," pets of the donor (Mr. Vernon); while at the "Sheepshanks'," in the picture entitled "A Fireside Party," we have the veritable original "Pepper and Mustard" and their family, well known to all readers of Scott's novels, as described in his "Guy Mannering."

In other pictures, the comic, even the burlesque side of animal life is rendered by this sympathetic painter; in such as "The Jack in Office," the surly, overfed cur who watches his master's cats'-meat barrow, keeping off all hungry, stray interlopers who crowd around with anxious eyes; in "Highland Music," where we can almost fancy we hear the "obbligato" whine of the dogs whose noses thrown up in the air, their mouths open, attest that music hath charms of some kind which forces from them an unwilling accompaniment, though their savoury meal before them must have more real attraction; and many others, which should be seen to be truly enjoyed.

The figure pictures are full of interest. They are of the class known as *genre* pictures; homely stories of domestic life, for the most part. The meaning of this word *genre* is a little obscure. It is a term borrowed from the French, for which we have invented no English equivalent, and is apparently a contraction of the phrase, "*peintre du genre bas*" (painter of a low class of subjects), which occurs in the standard "Dictionnaire des Beaux Arts." The word was used to distinguish pictures of familiar objects, of ordinary customs or incidents, from sacred or grand historical subjects, but not by any means necessarily implying vulgarity in the subject or the treatment.

These kind of works, in which scenes of familiar life are represented with all its accessories, grave or gay, are known as *genre* pictures; and have, with portraits and landscapes, monopolised the attention of English painters and picture buyers, to the exclusion of religious subjects or pictures of sentiment, which latter have hitherto remained the exclusive domain of the "Old Masters."

Hogarth may be considered to stand at the head of our list of English painters of *genre* subjects, both as to date, originality, and dramatic power. Hogarth died in 1764. It was not till 1785, twenty-one years later, that the first heir to his talent, the Scotch Wilkie, saw the light in the humble little manse of the tiny village of Cults, in Fifeshire. Without the satirical vein of his great predecessor, but with a keen and kindly power of observing and pourtraying Nature, it has been well said of him that "he loved to depict the simple annals of the poor."

Wilkie had much of Hogarth's power of telling a story upon canvas. He has been called "the Prince of British *genre* painters," but he had a hard struggle before he succeeded in following the bent of his great genius. Born in a remote Scotch village, the simple-hearted people of which place were saturated with the hard Puritanism of the last century, the seed of art had indeed dropped upon a stony soil. His parents were very poor. They loved their boy, but, from sheer ignorance of all matters of art, knew not how to help him forward in the pursuit he so ardently loved. He says of himself that he "could draw before he could read, and paint before he could spell." The "wee sunny-haired Davie" would scratch out the likeness of any stray visitor on the sanded floor of his parents' cottage, and the walls of the humble abode were covered with his sketches. When he went to the neighbouring parish school of Pitlessie, he used to take the portraits of his little barefooted companions, to the great distraction of lessons, charging them a marble or a slate pencil for the work, if done to order. After much discouragement and many difficulties, he at last won his way up to London to complete in the schools of the Royal Academy the needful art education which he had commenced in the "Trustees' Academy" at Edinburgh, and whilst studying he managed to support himself by portraiture.

The cant of the criticism of the day that allowed no merit to any original picture, not at least two hundred years old, was not favourable to the young Scotchman, of whom Sir George Beaumont said that he "was second to no Dutchman that ever bore a palette on his thumb." Though the first pictures he exhibited attracted great attention, the price collectors were then willing to pay was a quite inadequate remuneration for the time required to produce them. Fifteen pounds was the sum offered him for his first picture, the canvas filled with numerous figures full of character and originality. The picture may have taken him six months to paint. Even the most careful of Scotchmen would be unable to support life on such payment as this. However, it was not long before his brilliant success enabled him to obtain a fair price for his work.

We number many charming specimens of his talents among both the Vernon and the Sheepshanks gifts, while I must not omit to mention that the *single* picture already referred to as by a *living artist* worthy to keep company with Old Masters in the infant national collection, commenced by Mr. Angerstein, was "The Village Festival," painted by Wilkie for that gentleman when the artist was but twenty-five years of age. It is, indeed, a charming picture! The tender grey tone of the general colour, with here and there brilliant points of white or scarlet, recall strongly to us the best work of Teniers, De Hooghe, and the Dutch masters. The "Festival" takes place in the court-yard of an old-fashioned inn. Tall trees shut in the scene, great white and grey clouds above give a fresh, pleasant feeling of country life. The centre incident shows us a good-natured-looking countryman in smock-frock, whom his anxious wife and pleading little girl try to draw away home with them, while on the other side of him his boon companions use their utmost efforts to entice him back into the ale-house. The jolly landlord pours out a foaming bumper for his merry customers, who sit drinking round a table in the background. The right hand side of the picture balances the merry episode with a sad one. A poor old grandmother leads by the hand a little boy in deep mourning. They are searching for the father of the boy, whom they evidently recognise in a fellow asleep under the shadow of the pump and horse-trough. Have the tipsy ways of the sleeping ne'er-do-weel broken the heart of his poor wife that the little lad and the old grandmother are in mourning, and look so sad and anxious? Probably.

The picture is a large one, full of life and incidents, doubtless drawn from the painter's recollection of his early home-life in the Scotch village.

To the same source we may attribute another delightful specimen in the Gallery, namely, "The Blind Fiddler" (No. 99). We see here the interior of the comfortable kitchen of a well-to-do farmer, into which a blind, ragged, strolling minstrel has been invited. His poor little travelling bundle, done up in a coloured handkerchief containing all his worldly goods except his fiddle, has been laid down beside him, while he scrapes out a tune to amuse the family. The movement of the hand that holds the fiddle-bow is full of music, so is the foot that beats time as he plays. The comely mother sits on the further side of the great open fireplace, the baby dances and crows in her arms, the father delightedly snaps his fingers to the excited baby; the elder children look on in rapt attention—one sucks his thumb contemplatively, and the mischievous boy of the family, behind his mother's back, performs with great gusto an imitation piece on the bellows with the kitchen poker; the scrubby colley dog watches the musical stranger with an air of distrust.

Wilkie made a journey to Italy, thinking to improve himself by a study of the Italian masters, and after his return he completely changed his style of painting. He deserted the pure, bright daylight effects, which best suited his style and characterised his earlier subjects. He loaded his canvases with paint, and glazed freely browns and crimsons in the mannered style of the later Italian painters, and chose subjects of a more serious character than formerly. His "Preaching of John Knox before the Lords of the Congregation"

* Where also are now placed the bequests of water-colour drawings, since received.

FLORIZEL AND PERDITA.—*Leslie.*

(No. 894) is a fine picture, and well represents this later style.

While in Italy, Wilkie was much struck by the fact that the true scenes of Bible life had never been really represented in painting; the treatment had been either completely Italian, or purely imaginary. He therefore determined in 1840 to visit Palestine, and carry all his great powers of faithful delineation to the study of the land of sacred history. He had never lost the simple piety of his early home training in the Puritan Scotch manse, and he set out for the East, as he tells us himself, "with the Bible for sole guide book."

To our lasting regret, he did not live to give us the fruits of that journey. He died on his way home, and was buried at sea. A feeling of deep grief ran through the artist-world when the sad news of his unexpected death was known. Turner commemorated the event in a fine poetical picture, entitled "PEACE. Burial at sea of the body of Sir David Wilkie"—

"The midnight torch gleamed o'er the steamer's side,
And merit's corse was yielded to the tide"—

(No. 528). A statue to Wilkie was placed in the hall of the National Gallery itself.

Sir Joshua Reynolds, in his famous "Discourses" addressed to the students of the Royal Academy, observes: "If you have genius, industry will improve it; if you have none, industry will supply its place." Such was the modesty of Wilkie, that in quoting this remark, as he frequently did, he was wont to add, "so I was determined to be very industrious, for I knew I had no genius."

Of a similar modest and indefatigable character was the painter, Charles Robert Leslie, who excelled also in pictures of *genre*. Born under more favourable circumstances than Wilkie, he was not doomed to so severe a struggle against fortune in early life.

Leslie was a man of great culture and extensive reading; his taste being for such authors as Shakespeare, Molière, Cervantes, and our own standard novelists of the last century, Fielding, Smollett, etc. He devoted his powers to illustrating with great taste and discrimination these his favourite authors. His biographer observes, "Of all the ways in which the painter can impart pleasure or promote culture, there was none which Leslie valued so highly as his power to enhance our relish for good books. Our own appreciation for them must be permanently heightened after seeing the high-bred humour, the courteous grace, in Leslie's realisation of the different characters"—for instance, in the delightful interview between Sancho Panza and the Duchess (No. 402), from "Don Quixote," at the National Gallery, or the funny fencing scene between the maid, Nicole, and her master (No. 116), from the "Bourgeois Gentilhomme," of Molière, at Kensington.

In the same Gallery there are several scenes from Shakespeare by Leslie. Perhaps the gem of these is the pretty scene from the *Winter's Tale*, where Perdita, the foundling princess, in her cottage home, distributes her flowers. The young Prince Florizel, her lover, watches her tenderly; the disguised king, Polixenes, the anxious father of the prince, and his attendant lord, receive the flowers she hands to each, and note with surprised admiration her native grace. A copy of this graceful little picture (No. 114), entitled "Florizel and Perdita," is shown above.

Our other illustration is after William Mulready (born in Ireland in 1786), another delightful painter in a somewhat similar style, whose works are perfect gems of colour. The subject is "Choosing the Wedding Gown" (No. 145), from Goldsmith's charming old-fashioned story of "The Vicar of Wakefield." "I chose my wife, as she did her wedding gown, not for a fine, glossy surface, but for such qualities as will wear well." The young vicar stands behind, somewhat in the shade, and watches admiringly the careful scrutiny which the pretty maiden at the counter gives to the stuff in her hand, well satisfied with the "frugal mind" the future Mrs. Primrose displays, and assured that she too, like the stuff she chooses, will also "wear well."

Other admirable pictures by Mulready are "The Butt," boys playing at "bob cherry" (No. 148); "The Fight Interrupted," a scene in the playground of a boy's school (No. 139) "The Seven Ages of Man," from Shakespeare (No. 138), and others in both collections.

I feel that, in concluding this series of

CHOOSING THE WEDDING GOWN.

articles, I am bound to add a few final words on the relative merits of our English school of painters as compared with the earlier foreign schools.

I cannot repeat too often, or too emphatically, that the aims of art were as different as were the original surroundings of the earlier pictures from those of contemporary art, that the rich and sombre hues that added to the religious awe of the beholder, when seen in the shrine of the dimly-lighted chapel, now only appear dull and dingy to the visitor who sees them in broad daylight and under the very different surroundings of a modern picture gallery. I must confess that our English pictures by no means approach the full, rich beauty of colouring of Titian or Correggio; but, on the other hand, it must be remembered we attempt an approximation to truth of detail at which they never aimed.

In this quality of love of detail we find our rivals amongst the Flemish and Dutch schools. But here, though we may not boast that we excel our rivals of the North in their chief excellence, we can at least claim that the subjects of our brush are treated with a refinement and a fulness of invention to which they rarely, if ever, attain.

Truthfulness and originality of thought are no mean qualities on which to take our stand as an English School of Painting.

E. F. BRIDELL-FOX.

THE END.

LAMPO AND CARMELA.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF ENRICO CASTELNUOVO.

CHAPTER IV.

Not easy in his mind, Lampo would leave his mistress, running hither and thither in search of a better asylum. Then, giving it up in despair, he returned and crouched at her feet.

At last it became a little lighter; the rain fell more gently, the intervals between the drops were longer, and through the breaks in the foliage bits of blue sky could be seen. After a time the birds re-commenced their joyous warbling; a fresh breeze brought out the odours of the herbs and flowers; nature returned to her pristine calm and serenity. The poor child, however, had lost all her courage, and scarcely had sufficient strength to rise from the ground and dry her clothes in the rays of the sun. At her feet ran the brook which was to serve her as a guide, but Carmela did not feel as if she could stir from the spot, and, with that complete prostration which in children succeeds exuberance of spirits, she broke out into sobs, and called in piteous accents for her father and her grandmother. But there was no living soul for miles around to hear her cries, nor those of the dog, who barked and howled with all the strength of his lungs. Indeed, Lampo had his own ideas, and felt convinced that if Carmela would only have followed him, he could easily have found the right road and got her out of this dilemma.

But Carmela had lost all conception of time; it might be two, three, or even four o'clock in the afternoon; she knew nothing about it. She only knew that it was many hours since she left home, and contemplated with horror the possibility of being overtaken by night in these solitudes.

A sudden noise in the bushes made her start. She looked in the direction whence the noise proceeded, and saw something black, slimy, and shining moving between the branches. It was a snake, very similar to many she had seen in the kitchen garden at home, and probably harmless, but in her present state of mind the unexpected sight of it produced a strange feeling of terror and aversion; and starting to her feet, she uttered a piercing cry and fled, she knew not whither. Lampo, who until this moment had kept at her heels, now became her guide, whilst she followed, without an idea that he was not running hap-hazard, but had his own ends in view. For some time the dog followed the course of the brook; then, taking advantage of some large stones standing out of the water, he passed over to the other side, waiting for his mistress to follow. Now came another ascent, and Lampo, who, the further they went, seemed surer of his facts, turned every moment to Carmela as much as to say: "See now, if I don't know the road better than you!"

The child ever and anon stopped from pure fatigue and exhaustion; then Lampo, taking a bit of her frock between his teeth, would look up at her with his sagacious eyes, as if to assure her that he was conducting her to some place of safety. Thus they emerged from the wood, and reached the summit of a hill which Carmela failed to recognise as the same over which they had already passed, although the sun, which was sinking in the horizon, shone on one of the most elevated crests of the Safro Nero, obliging the child to shade her eyes with her hand.

At one point, Lampo, who continued to take the lead, turned suddenly to the right and rushed down a steep, narrow gorge which some watercourse must have cut in the mountain side.

Carmela had a moment of doubt, but encouraged by Lampo's joyous bark, she too risked the perilous descent, and, scrambling down on her hands and feet, soon found herself on a grassy level, after which there was another descent to a valley, not yet open to the view. Lampo, looking up at Carmela, who was slowly following, gave manifest signs of boundless joy and content. Scarcely had the child come up to him when she perceived the reason of this exultation. The valley which they were overlooking, and which, being open to the west, was illuminated by the sun, was the valley of Isoletta! There was the *Campanile*, with the houses pressing round it like soldiers round a standard; and Carmela recognised the massive bridge, the pride of the community, which spanned the torrent, and which, viewed from this height, appeared little more than a wisp of straw thrown across a silver ribbon.

Mingled with the whisper of the firs, the faint sound of the "Ave Maria" bell reached her from afar. Oh! could she, as on other evenings, have gone to vespers with her grandmother, and with round eyes and arched brows have watched Giacomo lighting one by one the candles before the altar! If only she could have flown down from her present height and found herself in the midst of her dear ones, who must be breaking their hearts at her extraordinary disappearance! And this ardent longing for her home made Carmela forget for the moment what had been the object of her nocturnal flight, which was to save Lampo from those who were bent on his destruction. She had intended to save him, and now he was saving her; she had meant to take him to a place of safety, and he was preventing her from perishing with hunger in the forest, was leading her back to the village, where death awaited him!

On! on! With a bark of triumph, Lampo guided the child down the difficult descent, unable to comprehend the trouble and unwillingness with which she followed him; and he felt hurt, and looked at her reproachfully.

Twice the *Campanile* and houses of Isoletta were hidden behind clumps of trees or inequalities of the ground; then the sweet vision reappeared; the well-known outlines of the houses became nearer and more distinct.

On! on! The dog's bark re-echoed in the mountains, and already someone had heard him and was hastening in the direction whence the sounds proceeded. Suddenly, a long, shrill whistle was heard. Lampo stopped a moment, pricked up his ears, and trembled all over; then darted off like an arrow from the bow. Down, over the stony rocks, along the carpeted meadows, across the brown masses of cones; splitting the hedges, jumping over brooks, pricking himself with thorns and brambles, in a few seconds he scoured over hundreds of yards, and exhausted, panting, covered with foam, laid himself down at his master's feet, who, with his friends, had been wandering over the mountains in search of the lost child. The poor man's eyes were starting out of their sockets—his hair in disorder, his cheeks ashy pale; neither at sight of Lampo did he know whether he might comfort his soul with hope, or prepare to receive the direst blow to a loving father's heart.

"Carmela! Carmela!" he cried, in heartrending accents; and Lampo, in despair at not being able to express himself better, and already repenting having left his young mistress, who stood in sore need of him, turned back the road he had come, followed by his master; and the valley re-echoed with cries of "Carmela! Carmela!"

At last, in the distance, a weak voice was heard—"Here I am, father!" One more mighty effort, and in a few moments Signor Ambrogio knelt beside his child, who, utterly exhausted, was seated on the ground, her arms round her knees, and her head sunk upon her breast like a flower on its stalk.

At sight of her father she attempted to rise, but all objects seemed to turn round before her eyes, and she fell back in a swoon. But her heart was beating, her limbs were warm, the passing faintness which had struck her down had not touched the fountain of life.

Raising the child gently in his arms, the now happy and thankful father proceeded on his homeward way, Lampo running beside him, and every moment raising his eyes to see if the little hand hanging over his master's shoulder would not lift, if those closed lips would not part to pronounce his name with their accustomed sweetness.

"Poor beast!" sighed Signor Ambrogio, regarding him with infinite compassion.

* * * * *

Lying on her little bed, Carmela for one moment opened her eyes, and then closed them again. The doctor, who was holding his fingers to her pulse, smiled.

"She is not in a faint, she sleeps. I will look in again to-morrow morning."

Dr. Baldasarri, rubicund and fat, a lover of venison and wine, was the oracle of these parts, and his word brought serenity to the troubled faces of Ambrogio and his mother.

Lampo, who was sitting at the foot of the bed watching their countenances, jumped up on to the counterpane. A cloud passed over the Sindaco's brow as he chased the dog away.

"Is there no help, doctor?" he asked.

"Alas, no!" replied the doctor; "there is no help for it. Lampo has been bitten by a mad dog, and it is advisable to put an end to his life before he shows symptoms of hydrophobia."

"And before Carmela wakes," added her father, sorrowfully.

"Yes, it would be better."

Without another word, Signor Ambrogio passed into the adjoining room, then turning to the door, he called, "Lampo!" Unwillingly, the dog moved from under the child's bed, and followed his master.

"Where are you going?" asked his mother.

"Hush! Look to Carmela. Lampo!" They went out into the orchard, just as on the previous night with Carmela. It was already dark; the moon shone brightly on the

barrel of the gun Signor Ambrogio carried. Lampo was uneasy. Surely his master was not going on the chase at this hour? And the wearisome pilgrimage of the previous night was not going to re-commence? And he was so tired, so hungry.

Signor Ambrogio picked up from the ground some hard unripe fruit which he threw with all his force as far as he could. Lampo, true to his instincts, made a sudden dart to fetch it. At the same moment, quick as lightning, the Sindaco levelled his gun, took aim; and fired.

Lampo uttered a cry, turned twice round, and fell dead.

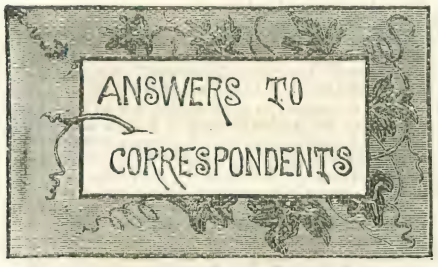
Two large tears rolled down the Sindaco's bronzed cheeks as he re-entered the house. Having set down his gun, he approached the bed of his little girl, who was sleeping peacefully.

"What will Carmela say to-morrow morning?"

During the night the child murmured in her sleep: "Zia Norina, keep Lampo; they want to kill him. No, no!"

And Lampo was lying stark and cold in the orchard.

[THE END.]



EDUCATIONAL.

L.L.—We do not write private answers. We recommend you to consult the daily press, or advertise for what you require.

One who is Trying.—You are very young and not "certificated," and must only take what you can get. Your hand promises well, but is scarcely formed.

Nursery Governess.—Your holidays must form a matter of special arrangement with your employer. Three weeks at Christmas was rather a long vacation. But all such agreements should have been made before your entrance on the duties of your position. Read our article on "The Duties of Governesses."

Emily.—The omission or aspiration of the letter "h" in England (never so misplaced, however, amongst the upper classes) is equally offensive to English as to Irish ears. Quite as much so the brogue of the latter, and their confounding of the letters "a" and "e," the coarse pronunciation of the "r" as if written "ur," and the transposition of the words "shall" and "will," and "should" and "would." You should not say "to kindly answer," but, "kindly to answer." 2 We could give a list of nine such colleges as the Alexandra, in London. Perhaps Queen's College, Harley-street, W., or Bedford College, 8, York-place, W., would suit you.

Little Woman.—We recommend you to consult the Lady Principal of the Training College at Ealing, where you were learning last year. She will give you wise and kind advice on the subject of your present wishes. We do not quite understand your statements. You say you "entered on your work two years ago, and then bound yourself for four years." Yet it was only last year that you were at Ealing College, and are now a teacher in "London School Board classes." To whom did you bind yourself, and have you three or two years yet to run, to fulfil your engagement? Perhaps "Notes on School Management," by George Collins (Moffatt and Page, Warwick-lane, Paternoster-row, E.C.) might instruct you. See Chapter IV. Certainly you might learn to accompany your voice on the piano, and would do well to obtain instruction in the use of your voice. It is our opinion that you are legally bound to fulfil your time, and that the delay of your marriage is very desirable. We shall be glad to hear from you again.

Marjorie.—Apply to the Registrar, Pharmaceutical Society, 17, Bloomsbury-square, W.C.

Ethel Nicol.—We have so frequently given the addresses of reading and other societies, that we must ask you to consult our correspondence columns yourself.

Nothing Venture, Nothing Have.—We should think a situation in the Telegraph Department an excellent opening for a boy.

The Incas.—If you wish to go abroad as a governess, consult Miss Leigh, Avenue Wagram, Paris; but on no account venture to do so against or without her advice. Your age alone would prevent you obtaining much salary anywhere. Take what you can get, and read our articles on "The Duties of Governesses."

Lady Constance.—Your father was perhaps joking when he spoke of your practising any musical instrument for "six or seven hours a day." If you do so in a crowded centre, pray do all you can not to annoy your neighbours. If your violin master would charge extra for the quartets do not attempt them. If expedient to earn money, you might turn this accomplishment to account, and play at evening parties at a guinea or two guineas a night. You should practise writing copies and try to improve in spelling. The word "correspondence" has two "r's," and the word "searched" should not be written "serched." Evidently music has monopolised too much of your time already.

Gladys B.—We advise you to write to the editor of *The Cambridge Examiner*, 405, Oxford-street, London, W. She will tell you what you can do, and what the expense will be for the amount of instruction you may require.

T. P. S.—Learn to cut out and make and mend children's clothes, to patch and darn. Make yourself acquainted with children's complaints and their treatment. Learn something of practical cookery, and learn to keep housekeeping accounts. In fact, qualify yourself for the office of "mother's help" as you would for matrimony.

E. R. M. and Stephanie.—All the nursing sisters forming part of the British army medical staff must be ladies by birth or education; and must have gone through a thorough training in some good civil hospital, before they can be admitted to a military one. When applying to serve in army hospitals, they engage to give three months' notice before leaving, and of course are sent wherever their services are needed. They are styled "Her Majesty's Nursing Sisters." Working with them are the sisters sent out by the National Aid Society; secretary, J. G. Vokes, 5, York-buildings, Adelphi, W.C., London.

Beatrix.—We have had many questions regarding the training of a Red Cross nurse.

Muguet des Vallees.—We should imagine that the examinations of the College of Preceptors would be the suitable ones for you; address the secretary, 42, Queen-square, Bloomsbury, London, W.C.

Mab.—Perhaps you might find what you require in one of the many training colleges for elementary schoolmistresses. The terms of these vary from free admission to a fee of ten guineas for the two years' residence. In St. Albans diocese, the Bishop's Stortford Institution: address the Rev. R. A. Oram, Hockerill, Bishop's Stortford. At Brighton, the Rev. H. H. Wyall, Bolney Vicarage, Haywards Heath. At Bristol, Gloucester, and Oxford, the Rev. R. E. Richards, Fishponds, Bristol. At Cheltenham, Bishop Otter's Memorial, the Rev. R. M. Champney. At Chichester, Miss Trevor. There are as many, and even more, unnamed. You should have given your address to enable us to name a convenient locality.

Theodora.—We do not know of any school where housekeeping is taught, although there are several for the training of domestic servants in every branch of household work. But you might attend cookery classes and learn dressmaking privately, and home nursing by the study of a manual by one of our own staff, "Sick Nursing at Home," price one shilling: Gill, 170, Strand, W.C.; and you might also attend ambulance classes. We have published a small cookery book ourselves, "The Girl's Own Cookery Book." We give no opinion on the American method of dress-cutting, although we have given the address. The system of musical instruction to which you refer is very generally adopted in London. Inquire at the Musical College in Tenterden-street, W.

Lily Meville.—1. The expenses of a middle class boarding-school would average from about £30 to £50 per annum. Plate and linen would be required, but in reference to the amount of each, and the lesson-books employed, you would have to make inquiries at the particular school to which you desired to go. How can you ask whether you are to take a hair-brush and tooth-brush of your own? Surely you would not take the chance of finding either old, disused brushes, or a general hair and tooth-brush in each bedroom? 2. The "major key" is that scale in which the third from the tonic is major. "Major" means "greater," and a "major third" is a diatonic interval, containing two whole tones. The word "minor" means "less." In the "minor scale" the third note is a minor third from the tonic, and a "minor third" is a diatonic internal containing three semitones.

Ladybird.—Evening classes for ladies and gentlemen are held in the Birkbeck Literary and Scientific Institution, Southampton-buildings, Chancery-lane. There all modern languages are taught, as well as all other departments of education. There is a library of 9,000 volumes, and there are reading rooms.

COOKERY.

Young Housekeeper.—You will find a recipe for "Vegetable Marrow Preserve" on page 111, vol. iii., G. O. P.

Anemone.—1. Scotch or Caledonian cream.—Put skim milk over-night in a wooden tub which has a plug at the bottom, and put this tub into another, filled with hot water. In the morning take out the small tub, remove the plug, and draw off the thin part of the milk until the thick, sour cream begins to come. This process requires practice with reference to the heat of the water. When it succeeds, skimmed milk yields nearly half this cream, which is eaten with sugar as a delicacy; it is only distinguishable from cream by its taste. 2. Ivy requires the same care that any other hardy plant in a house requires: moderate watering, and the leaves to be kept free from dust, by washing at least once a week with water and a small sponge.

Wild Rose.—1. Devonshire junket.—Make a quart of new milk lukewarm, mix half a teaspoonful powdered cinnamon, and a tablespoonful of white sugar with the milk. Stir till the sugar be dissolved; add a tablespoonful of prepared rennet. Stir well, and put into the dish in which it is to be served. In three or four hours it will be firm and ready. If possible, a little clotted cream should be spread on the top, and white sugar sifted over that. 2. To make a custard tart, put half a pint of milk into a saucepan, with a little thin lemon peel, or an inch length of stick cinnamon. Let it simmer gently till flavoured. Sweeten, let it cool, and take out the flavouring ingredients. Whisk three eggs lightly, and stir into the milk. Line a shallow tart-dish with good, short crust, pour in the custard, grate a little nutmeg over the top, and bake in a moderately hot oven.

Bessie Waterhouse.—A great prejudice with reference to potatoes appears to exist amongst a certain number of medical men—happily not in a majority; but the Irish for many generations made them a staple item of food, and their general healthiness and stature, their fine teeth, hair, eyes, and complexion, justified the use made of them. They contain from 53 to 56 per cent. of the saline constituents of potash, and thus they offer a cure for scurvy. 2. To save your house from the swarms of flies which are so seriously objectionable in summer, you should search for the very young ones hidden behind shutters, and such like dark places, early in the season. Like vermin, they should be destroyed, as they not merely worry people, waken sleepers, and dirty everything, but they are positively dangerous, for they spread contagious diseases, and their bite, after resting on offal, will produce fatal blood-poisoning.

N. M. Neville.—For a ginger cake take two cups of sugar, one cup of butter, three cups of flour, four eggs, one teaspoonful of baking-powder, one dessert-spoonful of ginger. Beat eggs, butter, and sugar well together first, then add ginger, flour, and baking powder. Mix well, and bake for one hour.

Alberta G.—Raspberry toffee requires two and a half pounds of extra best sugar, one pint of water, three-quarters of a pound of butter, a quarter of a teaspoonful of cream of tartar. Boil the sugar and water till nearly hard; then add the butter. Continue the boiling until a little of the toffee when cooled in water will break off sharp; and before pouring out flavour with raspberry essence.

W. F. S.—A penny vegetarian book on cookery, etc., is published by Nichols and Co., 23, Oxford-street, London, W., where you can obtain any information you want on this subject.

A. E. N.—Currant Cake.—In taking your cake out of the vessel in which you have mixed it, you will find that the last part of the mixture that you take out to put into your cake-tin has few, if any, currants in it. Spread this over the top, and as soon as the cake be well risen and begins to brown, put a buttered paper over it. Cakes certainly require a hot oven, but we think from your account yours must be rather too hot. The indexes, pictures, title, and contents which have been given with the monthly parts of vols. i., ii., iii., and iv., can be procured from Mr. Tarn, 56, Paternoster-row, price 1s.

Perplexed Bebe.—Caramel Pudding.—Your mistake is in constantly stirring the sugar when boiling. Sugar when so treated will always granulate. An occasional stir is enough to keep it from sticking. In almost any good cookery-book you will find directions for boiling sugar to the various degrees used.

Blanchiseuse.—You will find directions for the getting-up of collars and cuffs in a series of articles entitled "How to Wash and Iron," pages 18, 107, 219, vol. ii.

A Lover of Poultry.—Ducks generally begin to lay in February, and eggs may be set as soon as you have either a duck or hen inclined to sit. For rearing early ducks a hen is the best to employ. At first use the same methods as with chickens; but ducks are greedy eaters, and not fastidious as to the kind of food given them—in fact, they will eat almost anything and everything. Make your toffee in the usual way, and when poured on your slab or tin sprinkle on the surface some finely-powdered tartaric acid and a few drops of oil of lemon (we cannot give you the quantities, as we do not know what quantity of toffee you want to make. Three teaspoonfuls of tartaric acid and twenty drops of lemon is sufficient for ten pounds of sugar). Now turn the edges of your toffee in towards the middle; repeat the operation, and gradually make a lump of the whole batch till the acid and lemon be well mixed in, and then pull into lengths and cut.

BABY BUNTING.—Tripe is usually purchased ready dressed, but will require further cooking. Cut away the coarsest fat, and boil in equal parts of milk and water for three-quarters of an hour. Cut into pieces of about three inches by two inches. Have ready some onion sauce, dish the tripe, and smother it with the sauce. Tripe may also be cut in pieces and fried in butter, stewed in gravy with mushrooms, or cut into collops sprinkled with minced onions and herbs, and fried in butter. German yeast may be bought in various shops, bakers', grocers', etc. We have seen it for sale at an oilman's also.

WORK.

DAISY G. J. KERR (Ceylon).—We are glad to hear that our articles, "Dress: In Season and in Reason," are of such value to you. You will find an evening dress at page 409 in the new volume just commenced (1885), a bridal dress at page 345, and a whole collection of aprons will be seen in a forthcoming number. A whole article on dressing-gowns has also been already given.

F. SORABJI.—We received the work of the ten young ladies enumerated in your letter, and shall distribute it as arranged, regretting much that the articles arrived too late for the competition, being delivered on the 11th.

SUNDEN.—To make a cover for the back of a mirror, divide a long and wide piece of muslin in half, and gather it in the centre up into a puff, and trim the puff with lace-edged frills and pretty ribbon bows. Trim the muslin ends with similar frills, and loop them about the frame, covering its back with the muslin, and ornamenting the side of the frame with bows wherever the muslin is caught up. A "toby-jug" is a brown Rockingham-ware beer-jug, with the likeness of Toby Filpot embossed on its sides. It is only valuable on account of its quaintness.

ROSE and U. E. G.—Torchon lace materials come from Berlin. For bobbins and patterns write to F. Geutsch, 73, Friedrich Strasse; and for thread to C. H. Mewis, 27, Curstrasse.

CECILIA.—Half-square shawls are begun on one stitch, and increased in every other row, until the desired length is obtained.

DIANA VERNON.—The little fulness that there is in a riding skirt is plaited in at the back.

DAISY.—It is extremely difficult to mark off patterns upon plush. We find that the carbonised cloth (not paper) is the only material that will make any permanent outline. Accept our thanks for your information upon preserving rowan berries.

MISCELLANEOUS.

MARGERY DAW.—The name "Britain" is attributed by some to the Phœnicians, who designated the country after the tin and lead mines, with which they were found to abound—"Baratanac," or "Bratanac." The Phœnicians were Canaanites; and their country was divided into several petty kingdoms, Sidon and Tyre being the chief amongst them. Your writing is scarcely legible.

AN OLD SUBSCRIBER.—We do not know how you could regain your husband's affection, unless by gentleness and forbearance. Do not remonstrate nor appear to fret, nor grow sulky. Be considerate for his comfort, and gain his respect if not his love. Regard the terrible trial as a cross laid upon you by One who sees you needed it, unless the fault be your own.

VERA.—After a little consideration, we think we could make a suggestion of which you would approve. Did you ever hear of the Sea-shell Mission. You are living at the sea, and might collect some limpets and other little common ones. Some you might clean with muriatic acid and a little brush, making them as pearly outside as in; but you must keep a saucer of water in which to dip them frequently for fear of burning through. These shells are sent out from the office, 26, Tunstall-road, S.W., by the secretary, to children's hospitals, put up in small boxes; and if the sender would inclose threepence, it will pay the cost of transmission, by the secretary to the hospital, including a text card. You might supplement what you find on the shore with a few cheap ones purchased. There is a sister society, of which Mr. Charles Dakin is also secretary, at the same office. On wet days you might work with little expense for the Children's Scrapbook Society.

PRIMROSE.—You are just finding out by experience the truth of what the Prophet Jeremiah wrote so long ago—see xvii. 9; see also Prov. xxiv. 16.; Eccles. vii. 20; also Rom. vii. 15, to the end. All we are enabled to do by the grace of God obtained through prayer, and an earnest persevering battle with a fallen nature, is to avoid presumptuous and wilful sin; allowing ourselves no evil indulgence, whether of sloth, ill-temper, evil-speaking, or any other intentional sin. As a faithful soldier of Christ, you must strive at greater holiness day by day, hungering and thirsting after righteousness, satisfied with nothing lower than a perfect model. But do not imagine that you will ever attain to it until the battle is over, which it cannot be till you breathe your last in this world, see Hebrews vii. 25, and be comforted.

MARAH and Others.—The address is given at the end of the first page of "What Girls can do to Hush the Bitter Cry." It is Miss A. R. Martin, 4, Vanbrugh-terrace, Blackheath.

CLI.—Unprofessional work for the good of others, and more or less interesting and suitable to the powers of a man possessing independent means, is not difficult of attainment. He might be a poor law guardian, manager of a public library, gymnasium, cricket and football, or tennis club, of boys' homes and clubs, coffee taverns, combined with recreations for the working classes, debating and penny reading societies, sanitary and vigilance associations; and take an active part as a member of the Kyrle society, including in such work the search for, and appropriation of, open spaces and garden centres of squares. He might promote workhouse concerts and recreations for the sick and old, and the establishment of ambulance and other classes. There is more work besides, but these pursuits are specimens, and may be suggestive of others.

LYDENYANE.—We regret that your letter should only have come to the top of the heap too late to recommend a book. If you require a religious book Dr. Eadie's Bible Cyclopædia, illustrated, is very good, or some nice illustrated book, descriptive of foreign scenery. The ruling of your temper and tongue is an act of self-denial. To be ready to do a little kindness to others when you wanted to do something for yourself is another. But what you suggested is unnecessary, or to give pence to beggars in the street. Better make some clothing to assist the industrious, the sick, or aged. The lot of some is happy, and they are not called upon to make many sacrifices. But they should be ready to do so when the opportunity comes. Write small round-hand copies, and slope from right to left.

L.E.C. (Lowestoft) may wear steel ornaments after the first three months of mourning, if she wish it. Many thanks for the recipe.

ETHEL.—The atmosphere where your cactus was growing was probably uneven, or there were draughts; perhaps, also, you gave it too much water.

J's PUSSY.—We are glad to hear you are only seventeen, as you appear to have very little idea of propriety. At your age you cannot decide for yourself, nor would your feelings be the same at twenty as they are now. You had better either write, or say very distinctly, what we have said, and add that you are deeply distressed that you have already been so deceitful and disobedient to the parents who trust you.

LEUCONOE.—Your lines are not without merit, but lack originality, and in some of them you show the influence on your memory of certain well-known poets celebrated for their charm of versification. Persevere, however; you may do better.

MOTHERLESS BEE.—1. We have already told our correspondents that the names of the four Marys who were ladies in waiting to Mary Stuart were Mary Beaton, Mary Livingston, Mary Fleming, and Mary Seaton. The old ballad written about them mentioning Mary Carmichael as one of the Marys is erroneous. The author of this ballad is not known. 2. If already well grounded in knowledge, a year's study would be sufficient.

PINK.—William the Silent was the first stadtholder of the United Netherlands, born 1553. He delivered his country from the Spaniards, and established the Dutch Republic.

HOPEFUL.—We feel for you as an invalid; but patience must have her perfect work, and God is glorified by your uncomplaining submission to His will. Do you remember what the Angel said to the woman who wept at the Saviour's grave? "Fear not ye, for I know that ye seek Jesus." And so we say to you, weak and erring, feeble, like the woman, in faith, troubled with apprehensions, desiring to be better, to prove yourself a faithful disciple, "fear not," for you seek your Divine Master's favour and desire a revelation of his presence. That beautiful hymn by Charlotte Elliott would serve as a prayer for you, when at times you may lack the word you need:—

> "Just as I am, without one plea;
> But that Thy blood was shed for me," &c.

MANHATTAN YOUNG LADY.—It would be a great breach of propriety and etiquette, to say nothing of want of filial feeling and affection, to go out to dances six months after so awful and heart-breaking a bereavement as the death of a mother. If old enough to manage a large house and three servants, (not so very large after all) and to go out into society, you ought to be old enough to realise the full gravity and bitterness of such a loss; especially since she only died a fortnight ago. Have you got any heart? How can you be thinking about your warts and handwriting and party-going at such a time?

BESET WITH DIFFICULTIES. — As a Christian you are bound to fulfil your Saviour's last command. It must be paramount to all other considerations, and no rules and duties you form and lay down for yourself can set aside His command. Believe and trust only in Him, endeavouring to amend your heart and life, and to be in charity with all men. He invites and commands, and to decline on any pretext would be wilful rebellion.

VIRGINIA.—There are many that receive postulants and probationers free of charge to them. Write to the Deaconesses' Institution and Training Hospital, The Green, Tottenham, London, N. Write to the secretary, 131, Mildmay-road. They train nurses and give salaries from £14 to £25 per annum. In some sisterhoods, payment by the postulant lady nurse is a matter of private arrangement.

FRECKLEY FACE.—We are sorry to hear that you have any brothers so ill-bred and unkind and unmanly as to comment on your personal defects with a view to making you unhappy. Try "never to mind." There is no cure for freckles except to shut yourself up in a box. We regret we cannot help you to earn money.

BELLICE and KILKAT.—We give the story of the willow pattern a second time. The Chinese legend runs thus. A Mandarin having an old daughter who was enamoured of a fisherman, shuts her up in a room surrounded on three sides by water, and protected by a wall on the fourth. The lover climbs the wall, rescues the lady, and is carrying her off, and her jewel box, when the father pursues them with a whip. They escape, however, and take refuge in a small gardener's cottage, and finally embark in a small boat, land on an island, and build a house. Here the Mandarin discovers them, and, according to one version, the gods in compassion turn them into turtle doves to escape him; and, according to another, he kills the husband and his daughter dies of grief, and the gods then unite them in the form of doves. "Two souls with a single thought" is by Maria Lovell.

JULIET.—Andromeda was the daughter of Cepheus, King of Ethiopia, and Cassiope. Neptune drowned the kingdom, and sent a sea monster to ravage the country, because Cassiope had boasted herself fairer than Juno and the Nereides. The oracle being consulted, the order was given that Andromeda should be given up to the monster. Thereupon she was chained to a rock; but Perseus rescued her, and turned the monster into a rock by displaying the Medusa's head. Be in bed by nine o'clock, and rise at seven.

SOFA, A CONSTANT SUBSCRIBER will find directions for the treatment of rheumatism on page 219, vol. vi. Sofa will obtain the proper quantities mentioned in the article at any chemists.

MAY BLOSSOM.—We think you have improved, and your verses breathe a truly religious spirit; but they lack the requisite originality, and are some of them "sweetness" too "long drawn out." We think a central idea requisite in a hymn, to begin with.

PRINCESS CHARMING is good enough not to send us any poetry, but wishes to know of a book that will help her to versify correctly. We cannot recommend anything better than Dr. Angus's "Handbook of the English Tongue," 56, Paternoster-row, E.C.

SNOWBALL and CROW. — We cannot imagine one of our girl readers answering matrimonial advertisements. She would respect herself far too much, and also her prospective husband.

A. HANNAM, M. W., and B. B.—There is no such thing as "chance." You have been elected into all the privileges of a Christian church instead of being born a heathen. The mystery connected with "predestination" has not been explained to us. God does not reveal all His ways and plans; only "things revealed belong to us and to our children." We shall know more hereafter, yet not all. "Canst thou by searching find out God?" The nature of our own being is a profound mystery to us, much less can the finite grasp the knowledge of the infinite, and understand His ways, "past finding out."

ROSE OF CHELTENHAM.—We sympathise with you in your trouble. It is culpable prudishness, apart from a selfish disregard for your anxiety, to refuse consulting a doctor. She should sacrifice her own feelings for your sake, if not her own. Our bodies are not our own; they are lent to us by Him who made them, and we are bound to keep them in health and to sustain their strength for His service so far as we can. She is, apparently, dropsical, and the tissues are feeble, and the blue marks on the swollen legs seem to be extravasations of the blood. The bleeding of the nose considered in connection with them confirms us in this idea. But we can only offer you an unprofessional opinion, and, even were we doctors, it would be quackery to give an opinion or advice without seeing the patient. We can only warn you of the consequences of neglecting to consult a doctor at once.

CHARLIE HAYNES.—The sugar taken in tea would not blacken your teeth any more than its disuse some months past. That of tobacco, either in chewing or smoking, will discolour them. An excess in the eating of sweetmeats will tend to make the teeth decay, not merely from entering into the small interstices which may exist, but owing to the acidity produced in the stomach and whole system. We advise you to show your teeth to a good dentist. They may only need a more thorough cleaning. It is a pity that you take no milk in your tea.

HOUSEKEEPER POLLY.—We do not insert questions in our paper; we only give our own answers to our correspondents. Avoid making too much tea; but when you have any over, give it, tea-leaves and all, to some poor person.

A WILD ROSE.—To cure any skin complaint, external applications are usually insufficient. Internal treatment is essential, and to prescribe satisfactorily it would be necessary to see the patient and understand the constitution. Grease injures some skins; thus you may have done more harm than good, so far as the local treatment goes. Defective digestion may be the cause, rather than a taint in the blood or disease of the skin itself. You should go to a hospital for diseases of the skin, or a skin doctor, for an opinion and suitable advice.

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

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THE BELLE OF BIRCHWOODS; OR, THE USES OF ADVERSITY.

By SARSON C. J. INGHAM, Author of "The White Cross and Dove of Pearls," &c.

CHAPTER I.

ONE OF TENNYSON'S LADIES.

"The sun is just about to set,
The arching limes are tall and shady,
And faint, rainy lights are seen
Moving in the leavy beech."

BEAUTIFUL was the country around Birchwoods, a little village in one of our south-western counties which had taken its name from a planting of silver-stemmed birches on the estate of Sir Clifford Stopford, the gouty tenant of Birchwoods Hall. Near the ivied church and schoolhouse was the parsonage, where the o'er-studious vicar's peace was but little interrupted by his gentle wife and daughter, save at those intervals of time which were briefly designated as week-ends, and which brought with them a predominance of the male element. Two lads, students at King's College, came home by the evening train from London, and on Saturday afternoon their elder brothers arrived, the one from a solicitor's office in the Old Jewry and the other from a publisher's in the Strand. Their presence was specially welcome to Ella Parry, who had no sister to share her solitude, and was by circumstances deprived through large portions of her time of the companionship of her parents—her father spending long hours in his study, her mother taking on her parochial duties, in which she did not always invite her to participate. Ella was universally allowed to be the belle of Birchwoods. She was not so much a highly-accomplished young lady as she was a thoroughly well-informed young woman, and this was the reason why no one grew tired of her, and why she did not soon grow weary of herself or of her own thoughts. She had grown up in a kind of silent communion with nature, and, touching on genius in her use of the pencil, had a passion for reproducing some of the unexpected but happy combinations of form and colour that met her eye.

Ella made a very pretty picture herself sometimes while she was seeking others. When, with her face to the glowing west, she wandered out with the careless grace that so well becomes the country, and bathed her feet

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"ELLA MADE A VERY PRETTY PICTURE HERSELF."

in the long grass that whispered an invitation to her to come over the stile, the tall sentinel-like poplars, the small-leaved aspens, the thorn trees, and the wide-spreading beeches seemed as conscious of her as she did of them. If spirits are abroad in nature we may not see, it cannot be denied that they have the power of making themselves felt. Even the song of the birds had the strain of a good-night in it. Nature was preparing to open her great, grey, brooding wings and cover all living things with their shadow. The silver-bolled birches crimsoned beneath the kiss of the departing sun, and Ella felt the same token flung to her like a red rose from the sky. What she saw she could not always make the canvas tell. She was inclined to envy the poets the larger and more facile instrument of words. She could only deal, herself, in very small effects, which she wrought out carefully and patiently. Having done this she was sure of the impression first received, however strongly it might be doubted.

"Ella's pieces are worth hanging in the academy," said Wilfrid Parry to Kenneth one day.

"I don't know how with so much genius she can be so absolutely contented. I suppose it is because she lives in her affections, and is as fond of her freedom as a young colt."

"I would not say that she is without ambition," replied Wilfrid; "and no human being is absolutely contented; it is not natural. I have seen her depressed when she found little bits in the lanes and fields that she could not copy. If we, whom she loves best, could not look at things through her eyes sometimes, and admire her work, Ella would feel it keenly. She has the common sense, however, to bound her ambition, and does not imagine that because she can charm her own small circle, she is strong enough to take the world if she only tries."

With an air of profound meditation Kenneth watched his sister take her way down the lowest garden walk to the steps of a stone wall which separated it from the churchyard.

"She always seems to me like one of Tennyson's ladies," said Wilfrid, leaning over his shoulder.

"I don't know why she shouldn't."

"You know them, 'Mabel' and 'Adeline,' with

"'Sweet, pale Margaret
Rare, pale Margaret.'"

He took a miniature edition of Tennyson from the what-not, and turned over the leaves. "Listen to this," he said. "It is in 'Adeline':

"'What hope, or fear, or joy is thine?
Who talketh with thee, Adeline?
For sure thou art not all alone.
Do beating hearts of salient springs
Keep measure with thine own?
Hast thou heard the butterflies,
What they say betwixt their wings?
Or, in stillest evenings,
With what voice the violet woos
To his heart the silver dews?
Or, when little airs arise,
How the merry blue bell rings
To the mosses underneath.
Hast thou looked upon the breath
Of the lilies at sunrise?
Wherefore that faint smile of thine,
Shadowy, dreaming, Adeline?'"

"I always have to hear you read poetry, Wil, to be quite sure that I understand it. Now read 'Margaret.' If you are to be of the profession of Barabbas (Byron said he was a publisher), you'll have no end of reading to do."

Wilfrid read slowly through the music-laden ode.

"There are suggestions of Ella even in that. Oh, Wilfrid, does it ever occur to you to wonder who she'll marry?"

"No; she sees so few. She is like a violet holden in a globe of dew. When the dew exhales the violet will lose its purple. If ever a fellow has the presumption to think of her, being cursed with an utter inability to see her with the same eyes that we do, and that Tennyson would do, if only he had the honour of our acquaintance, I'll shoot him, and save her a great deal of misery."

Wilfrid spoke truly. Besides members of the Parry family there were not many visitors to Birchwoods Vicarage. Summer, however, brought a young brother of Mr. Parry's to Birchwoods, and with him a friend who had given him the pleasure of driving through the Midland counties in a phaeton. The younger partner in a wealthy firm of Manchester mill-owners, Mr. Stennett could afford to enjoy his holiday, and his methods of enjoyment were as rational as his business undertakings. The evening the two gentlemen were expected Ella was strolling between the hedgerows and over the faded grass that bordered Sir Clifford Stopford's enclosure. The brushwood seemed ready to ignite of itself, and the mavis and the thrush sang languidly. The foxglove reared its spotted hoods far above the daisies and speedwells, and the bee went away from it humming more drowsily than ever. The beetle boomed and the grasshopper whirred, with none to heed them but the curious, thoughtful Ella. Swinging her sun-bonnet in her hand, she left her brow bare to the first suspicion of a breeze that she had felt through the day, and repeated a mental process that she was wont to define to herself as "taking in."

Her attention, however, was soon disturbed by the ring of horses' hoofs and the grating sound of wheels as they passed over the flints in the road beyond.

"Why, it's Uncle Edward and Mr. Stennett!" exclaimed Ella to herself. "We did not expect them for another hour. If papa had not met them and taken them up they would have had to walk."

She was recognised by her uncle, for a hat was raised. She waved her sun-bonnet in acknowledgement and took her way home across the stile.

"So that is Miss Parry," thought Mr. Stennett. "What a pretty girl, and how simply and yet gracefully she is dressed!"

In general this man showed an unknightly indifference to young ladies, being under the impression that they were frivolous and unpractical, or domesticated and insipid. Not a happy classification, nor a fair one; but so far he had adhered to it, and he would certainly have defended it from a basis of experience.

Introduced to the little circle at the vicarage, Mr. Edward Parry was amused, and at the same time surprised, to see the unimpressionable man of thirty, who was all alive for business, and in taking his pleasure seemed to measure it out in careful drops, evidently embarrassed and laid under constraint by the novelty of experiencing some strange but undefined charm in Ella. With one shy glance she had photographed a handsome face with strong, but cleanly cut features, a clear, keen, penetrating eye, and an expression in the mouth and brow of great concentrativeness and strength of purpose. She credited him, accordingly, with considerable force of character, and did not like him less because she feared. Little duties interrupted her musings, and it was easy to perceive that she united the qualities which could make Desdemona hang on the story of the Moor, and anon send her away

"On hospitable thoughts intent."

Next morning as she stood before the open glass door of the little parlour, waiting for the family to come to breakfast, she seemed, in her cool, lawn dress, the very embodiment of youth and freshness. The song of the birds outside the trellised window-panes, the globes of dew that the lawn had caught upon its grassy spears were all in harmony with her. Even the prosaic "Manchester man," as he was fond of styling himself, with an insinuated contempt for "Liverpool gentlemen," felt his being vibrate, as if to the thrill of a full sweet chord sounding suddenly near him.

After spending the morning with the young people in the woods, and improving Ella's acquaintance under the happiest auspices, he was to be seen wistfully examining the finely executed paintings with which the walls were hung.

He liked himself to get a good thing in art when—softly be it spoken—he could get it cheap. Rich prizes in that line might be picked up by people who kept their eyes open. Who would guess the price at which he got that beautiful collection of Venetian glass which was now the glory of his drawing-room? or imagine that the sculptures after Flaxman that stood in the conservatory in which the entrance-hall of his house terminated were given him in payment of a debt which could not be discharged by a draft upon the banker?

"Good pictures, considering they are home-made," said Mr. Edward Parry. "My niece does not bury her artistic skill in needlework. She aspires, you see, to the brush."

"Oh, indeed! So they are hers? They might be sent with advantage to a public gallery. Miss Parry does well to devote herself to the brush, and, of course, no department in needlework would be beyond the young lady that could execute such paintings as these. Still," he continued, "I cannot say that they all strike me as quite natural. I do not pretend to be a critic, but I never saw a pond have that colour in any light, and that bird might be attempting a somersault. Also, the red light that mixes with the high lights in this piece—is it not a little overdone?"

"I should say so. I should never have dared paint them if I had not seen them," said Ella, eagerly, as, coming forward with an artist's enthusiasm, she explained the causes that led to certain effects; and then, at his request, produced her portfolio.

The keynote was struck for an animated conversation on art, and some of the paintings that had appeared in the galleries of Manchester and York were described by Mr. Stennett to Ella with what appeared to her a keen appreciation both of detail and general effect. She imagined from it that he had a sincere love of art, and that he greatly admired her pictures. So he did; but it was after a fashion that would have surprised and pained her if she had known.

He valued them chiefly as evidences of an ability that might be put to more practical uses. Some suggestion of it was in the remark that no kind of ornamental work was beyond the power of one so artistic. He said so because the larger circle includes the less, and women were not, according to his ideas, intended to move in a wide circle. He held it to be the duty and the privilege of young ladies to cultivate the accomplishments, but serious time must on no account be devoted to them after marriage. Their occasional use was like the revival of faded tapestry. Music might often be wanted for the entertainment of guests; the art studies executed in girlhood, on the contrary, could charm for a generation or two without receiving any addition.

Such sentiments must have alienated any germ of regard in Ella had they been readable. As it was, the only trait that struck her as unattractive was a sternness of manner, which she attributed to determination and hard thinking; and of course the hard think-

ing was of a high character. Men based upon principle and cherishing high ideals are not necessarily lovable. We need not indicate further the growth of their friendship. A year had not passed over their heads before they were married, and bright were the predictions of their future happiness.

(*To be continued.*)

AN INVALID'S ADVICE TO INVALIDS.

By MEDICUS.

FELLOW-FEELING makes one wondrous kind." It is, I believe, the immortal Garrick who is the author of that truthful line. An invalid writing for invalids: surely that would be *à propos* enough! And that is precisely what is happening to-night. Strange to say, though I dare say it is only human nature after all, we rarely conceive of the possibility of a workaday medical man being ill, downright ill, but nevertheless going about his multitudinous duties all day long, listening patiently to the weary plaints of patients, himself having far more need of a physician than he or she whom he seeks to heal. But such is the case many times and oft. You see that doctors are made of the same mould as other people, and are subject to like infirmities. It is, perhaps, for the good of communities that they possess no prophylactic against the thousand and one ills that flesh is heir to. The man who has himself suffered can the better understand and appreciate suffering in others, and is the less likely to be led astray in his diagnosis. One ounce of personal experience about any complaint is better than a pound of knowledge gleaned at the bedside of patients. If a medical man, for example, has had two attacks of rheumatism fever he might be perfectly justified in going and setting up as a specialist in that dire disorder. The papers I have written on popular medicine that have been most appreciated by my readers have always been those about complaints from which I have suffered—alas! they are numerous enough! Do I mention this because I seek for sympathy? No, indeed; I believe that those who have been real invalids would as a rule rather be spared the additional affliction of condolence. If I have commenced this paper with being personal, it is because I wish you to understand that the hints which follow are written *con amore*, so if they come from the heart they ought to go to the heart; that is all.

"What a deal you have to be thankful for!" This is a reminder we frequently hear administered to the complaining invalid. It acts as a damper for the time being, if nothing else, because the truth of the statement cannot be denied. Yet it sends the out-springing, yearning heart back upon itself, back into the darkness and gloom of its own thoughts, and still, for the life of me, I cannot perceive that it does an iota of good, but probably the reverse.

"Look around you in the world, my friend," says someone else, "and think of the thousands of poor wretches that are far greater sufferers than you."

No, Mr. Longface, with all due respect to you, we, the invalids, positively refuse to look around us at any such picture. Why should we find pleasure in gloating over the pains or sufferings of other fellow-mortals? Can doing so take the fever heat out of these hands and aching brow? Can it ease a single ache or restore my appetite? Can it help to pass away the long, weary hours of night, or bring sleep to the hard, hot pillows? No, sir; and if you had to occupy this so-called easy chair for a week you would then be able to fully understand the sickening senselessness of your would-be consolatory advice.

But why, Mr. L., do you not be candid with us and speak thus:—

"I would much prefer that while you sat there, you would give me no history of your complaint. It is human nature to look upon the sick as bores, and I would much prefer to imagine you perfectly well, while I stay here and talk to you."

The beauty of such a speech lies in its candour, a rare gift either in the sick room or out of it.

Mostly all invalids who have been any time ill are to some extent nervous—I will not say frightened—about their condition. This should be borne in mind by those who come into daily contact with them. I have often and often known a thoughtless remark, such as "Dear me, how ill you are looking!" have very serious results on the patient's state. Invalids are sensitive—morbidly so, and it is really not to be wondered at. Think of the long dreary nights they have often to pass; nights full of pain and a restlessness that is quite as bad to bear as pain itself. How slowly the lagging hours go by! How distinctly every sound is heard, even the ticking of the clock, the buzzing of a fly, or mouse behind the wainscot! The invalid is even glad when the cocks begin to crow; it must be nearly three o'clock then, and so much of the dismal night is gone. Exhaustion alone, though, will bring sleep, and therefore even exhaustion is welcomed as a friend! Sad, but true.

It is a change when morning comes at last—a change for the better; but after all the poor invalid's day is but one shade less weary than her night.

Now in the few hints I am about to give—as well as an aching head will let me—I will try to generalise as much as I can, for I cannot be individually useful. There are so many different forms of chronic illness.

I. The first thing, then, I would say is this: invalids, especially those who have been some time ailing, are very apt to be too self-engrossed; injuriously so to themselves, indeed. This habit grows upon them till it positively becomes a kind of second nature. But this is not the worst of it, for this actually militates against their chance of getting well. I earnestly entreat, therefore, of every invalid who may read these lines, to battle against this habit from the very commencement of her trouble. Come out of yourself, I say. I will not allow you to think a single useless thought about how you feel to-day, or what you may probably feel like to-morrow. Doing so is all wrong, believe me, and all hurtful. If you are in pain, do what you can under good advice to remove it; but having done what you can, don't let your mind rest on the matter. Remember that when one is ill, the mind looks on all things with a melancholy eye, sees all things dark and dim as through a glass, and that glass is a magnifying glass, too. This is so true, but it is, nevertheless very difficult to believe while you are ailing. I want to tell you, for your comfort, that nine-tenths of the miseries that chronic invalids suffer are imaginary. Yes, they seem terribly real, I grant you, because the mind makes bugbears of them. Now do you know that different portions of the brain preside over different thoughts and functions? Well, if you go on exercising the imaginative part at the expense of other portions, you will assuredly have it morbidly developed. You will go on from bad to worse, till there is not a hope of a cure. I tell you this not to frighten you, but to warn you. Again, I say, "Come out of yourself."

II. The more quickly you get the day to pass the better. If not in actual pain, you will be able to read, to knit, or to play. Music is a great comfort and solace to the invalid, only she ought to beware of music which stirs the sympathies too much. It is very pleasant, I admit, to sit down by an instrument and let your feelings run away with you, playing melancholy airs perhaps till the tears roll down your cheeks, but this is highly injurious to your welfare.

III. No confirmed invalid should be without a pet of some kind. Have whichever you fancy, but studying the tricks and manners of even a kitten has helped to while away many a long, weary hour in the sick room, and therefore done incalculable good. But there are birds of all kinds that make capital doctors, and are worth any amount of physic—Dr. Bullfinch, for instance, Surgeon Thrush, or Drs. Parrot, Starling, Magpie, and Jackdaw. Probably birds make better pets for the invalid than four-footed animals, because they can always be indoors, while a dog, for example, must have exercise in the open air; but if the owner can herself get out, then there is no better companion in the world than a faithful dog. I should recommend a big one in preference to a small. Big dogs are far more sagacious and infinitely more noble.

IV. *Patience.*—I am doubtful whether I can reasonably preach patience to the invalid or not. When the body is racked with pain or the mind ill at ease, patience is about the last thing you can expect. Yet it is a wonderful virtue; it breeds contentment, and this in its turn breeds hope, and we all know what hope can do. All I can say is cultivate patience, if you really can; it will be its own reward.

V. *Exercise.*—The more exercise the invalid has the better, so long as she can take it with a reasonable degree of pleasure, and without the least fatigue. Never attempt too much at a time. While quietly reclining in the house, or even out of doors in the sunshine, you naturally feel stronger than you are, and may be excused for imagining that a good long walk would do you good. Well, if you are perfectly sure in your own mind that you have the strength to walk, then try it; but if there be something apparently whispering to you not to venture, then do not do so. Everyone in the world possesses this inward monitor that never neglects to warn him what is safe to attempt and what is not safe. It is a kind of additional sense, if I might so term it, placed in our minds for our self-protection. Women have it more largely developed than men, and the lower animals to a far greater extent than human beings. With the latter, indeed, it often takes the place of reason. It is this instinct that causes a giant elephant to test the strength of a bridge with his fore foot before venturing on it, and that causes the horse to fight shy of a leap which, if taken, might possibly result in destruction to himself or his rider. Mind, I do not say that in certain cases it is not right to screw one's courage to the sticking point, and do a thing from which reason tells him good may accrue, but in all cases where there are any doubts about the

benefits to be derived from doing any particular thing, I say by all means obey the instinct—be guided by the warning voice within you. And remember this, too: you yourself know better what you are able to do than any friend can tell you. A friend can only judge of your looks, but you have your feelings to guide you, and they do not err. Forced exercise, then, is worse than useless, it is positively hurtful.

I have known invalids go away for a walk or a drive carrying with them cordials or stimulants to support them by the way. This is more than folly—it is sheer madness, and reckless expenditure of life and strength.

VI. *Food.*—The invalid nearly always errs on the side of taking too much sustenance. The system must be supported, she thinks, and so all day long strong soups, jellies, and every kind of sick diet is kept on being swallowed, and the poor body kept in one constant round of fever. People in the house need far less food than those who are working or walking out of doors all day. Even an invalid ought to have some little appetite before she ventures to eat. She too often forgets the fact that it is not what is swallowed, but what is digested, that goes to build up the strength, and that introducing food into the stomach which already contains undigested matter is ruinous to the constitution of even a person in good health.

VII. *Excitement.*—Excitement of all kinds should be carefully guarded against by the invalid if she regards present comfort and immunity from suffering, and wishes to draw on hopes of future good health. Even pleasurable excitement may do harm if carried anywhere near the boundary of excess. Recreation, on the other hand, never fails to do good. It takes the strain off the frontal lobes of the brain, and induces calmness and comfort to both brain and body. Recreation should therefore be studied in every way possible.

VIII. *Pain.*—We in this world know nothing at all about the mystery of pain. It is meant for some useful purpose, no doubt, but the more we think about it the more we get bewildered. As a medical man I may say, however, that pain is a depressant to the nervous system. Certainly pain is a sentinel that points to the organ or part of the body where mischief is brewing, and it is generally, though not always, equal in extent to the severity of that mischief. We should get rid of pain by all legitimate means; local applications are usually harmless. But as a rule anything taken internally with a view to relieve pain is hurtful in the long run, and may even prove a source of danger. No internal pain-killer should ever be taken unless prescribed by a medical man who knows the whole state of the case.

IX. *Am I catching cold?*—This is a question that an invalid is certain to ask herself very often. No one can be aware of the great value of fresh air to the system, but the puzzle is when one is ill how to take it without the danger of catching cold. The opinions of the medical faculty regarding the *rationale* of catching cold are many and varied, and subject to change. This much, however, has been proved over and over again, and may be considered quite axiomatic, viz., that colds fraught with danger to the system and to life itself are taken from any sudden lowering of the vital heat, however caused. The balance of the circulation is thereby disarranged, and if it be not speedily and effectually restored only harm can result. We are fearfully and wonderfully made. The capillary blood vessels which permeate through every portion of our frame and through every organ of the body are so numerous and of such minute calibre as simply to be uncountable. Well, any particular set of these—say, for example, the capillaries of the lungs or liver—being gorged with blood means temporary congestion, which may in its turn lead to inflammation. But this is precisely what happens when a delicate person is exposed to a draught or to draughts long enough to produce a chill: the blood is sent away from the surface and engorges some of the more delicate internal organs. Only, mark me, if the body at the time you are exposed to the draught has abundance of heat to spare there will be no bad result from such exposure. This accounts for the fact that people are much more prone to take colds at one time than at another; and so I say the feelings must be consulted; they are the only rational guide we have. If, then, you can really say, "I like this fresh breeze that is blowing on me, it is really doing me good," then in this case there is little or no danger of taking cold; but if the slightest doubt on the matter exists in your mind, then I have only one word of advice for you; it is this—beware.

X. *Rules for avoiding colds.*—You may not be able to obey all these, but do so as nearly as possible. 1. Take the morning bath cold or tepid. 2. Avoid overclothing, which tends so much to debilitate the body. 3. Be as much as possible in the open air all day long. 4. Have the windows of the living rooms wide open as much as possible. 5. Live temperately, and never overload the stomach. 6. Do not get into the habit of taking medicine. 7. Eat only when hungry. 8. Drink only when thirsty. 9. Never sit in a draught. 10. Avoid high winds and draughty streets and street corners. 11. Beware of damp feet and also of damp clothing, and remember that clothes may be dangerously damp from internal perspiration. 12. Beware of wet or damp feet.

XI. *Sleep.*—Nothing predisposes to colds and illnesses of all kinds more than a lowered tone of the nervous system; and the nerves must be weak if good refreshing sleep be not procured every night. The things that militate against the chance of good sleep are among others badly-ventilated rooms, too much bedclothing, too soft a bed, too warm a room, late suppers, acidity of the stomach, worry of mind, and want of sufficient exercise taken during the day. The rocks ahead that invalids troubled with sleeplessness have to steer clear of or suffer certain shipwreck are cordials, soothing possets, narcotics, and stomachic "nightcaps."

In conclusion, let me say that if this brief paper be not all that my readers could have wished it, I must beg of them to exercise forbearance, and to take the will for the deed, remembering it is an invalid who talks to invalids.

VARIETIES.

An Eloquent Preacher.

Kirwan, the celebrated preacher, whose eloquence drew together such immense crowds in the churches of Dublin, was so successful in his appeals to the sympathies of those who heard him that the sums which he collected for various charities were quite extraordinary—many among his congregation not only emptying their purses, but stripping themselves of whatever ornaments they had about them. Rings, watches, and even the epaulets of officers have been found on the plate handed round for the collection.

On one occasion while he stood in the pulpit to plead the cause of the orphan school, he was taken suddenly ill; he looked mournfully round, and then merely pointed to the children, who were ranged in the aisle beneath him, and almost fainting, he said—"Feed my lambs," and burst into tears. The simple appeal touched every heart, and the collection on that day exceeded any he had yet made.

A Muslim Custom.

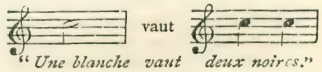
A Muslim Custom.—It is a universal custom of the Muslims to write the phrase, "In the name of God, the Compassionate, the Merciful," at the commencement of every book, whatever may be the subject, and to pronounce it on commencing every lawful act of any importance. This they do in imitation of the Koran (every chapter of which except one is thus prefaced), and in accordance with a precept of their Prophet.—*Lane.*

A Famous Norwegian Dish.

A famous dish in Norway—very common at the dinner table—is Stikklespersgröd. It is a jelly made from gooseberries, and is usually flavoured with some kind of jam, generally raspberry or strawberry, and occasionally with the juice of juniper berries. When the latter flavouring is used, however, it spoils the entire jelly to some English palates. It is eaten from a soup-plate, with milk, and is very cool, pleasant, and palatable. The following recipe for Stikklespersgröd is given by Mrs. Olivia M. Stone in her "Norway in June":—"Put four pounds of gooseberries and half a pound of raspberries into a saucepan; let them simmer till the fruit is quite mashed, then strain them through a cloth for jelly. When you have well pressed out all the juice, set it on the fire with half a pound of sugar and six ounces of corn flour or arrowroot; let it simmer till the corn flour is done, which it will be in about ten minutes; then take it off the fire, and pour it into cups or moulds previously dipped in cold water. To be served with cold cream and sugar, or custard. The proportions are one pint of juice to a quarter of a pound of corn flour or arrowroot. Sugar and spice to taste."

Black and White.

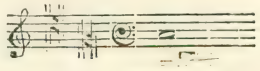
The ordinary French name for what we call a minim is "blanche," *i.e.*, white. In the same way the French call a crotchet "noire." In one of the sanguinary courts held during the French Revolution, David, the painter, and Grétry, the musician, were sitting together *vis-à-vis* to a remarkable-looking negress. David, after making a capital likeness of the black lady, handed it over to Grétry to set to music. The latter returned the portrait to David with the following repartee:—



"*Une blanche vaut deux noires.*"

A Musical Surname.

Gade, the Danish composer, seemed destined by fortune for a musical career. The four letters of his name are those which designate the four strings of the violin. His name may also, it has been pointed out by Schumann, be written in one note. This note is A in the treble clef, which becomes G in the tenor, D in the mezzo-soprano, and E in the baritone clefs:—



The Happy Traveller.

A grave discourse, a musing mind, a
Willing work or sport,
Do pains assuage, long journeys ease, and
Time make seem but short.

—*Old MS.*

Envious Girls.—The envious girl is an enemy to herself, for her mind is always occupied with her own unhappy thoughts.

Opportunity.

Opportunity flies, O brother,
As the cloud that quick doth pass;
Oh, make use of it: life is precious
If we let it go—alas! *Hafiz.*

THE PRINCESSES OF WALES.

QUEEN CAROLINE.

VII.—CAROLINE OF BRUNSWICK.

Train up a child in the way it should go.
—*Solomon.*

THE year 1764 had just dawned when the brave young Duke of Brunswick landed at the port of Harwich. Among the shouts of welcome that greeted him there is one especially memorable, because it was given by a member of the peaceful Society of Friends. "Thou art a valiant prince," cried the enthusiastic Quaker, raising his broad-brimmed hat, "and art to be married to a lovely princess." The beautiful bride was that little infant daughter of Princess Augusta at whose birth a serious rupture took place between her father, Frederick, and her royal grandfather, George the Second.

Caroline, the younger of the two daughters born of this marriage, was a May-flower of the year 1768. She was a warm-hearted girl, but with a self-will and pertness that required to be severely curbed; somewhat regardless of ordinary social rules, after the style of William Black's "Madcap Violet," fond of dashing games, and prone to say smart things without the least thought as to the infliction of a wound.

A fine example of her vivacious cleverness is preserved in her reply to a question put by her governess:

"In what country is the lion to be found?" the lady asked.

"Well, I should say, you may find him in the heart of a Brunswicker," was the answer of the quick-witted girl.

The stock of which she came was brave; her father was a distinguished commander, and one of her four brothers fell like a hero on the field of Waterloo. What with her martial predilections and her irrepressible spirits, Caroline turned out but a poor scholar; really and truly she could not even spell the simplest words when she was a middle-aged woman and occupied the lofty position of Princess of Wales. She always addressed her little daughter Charlotte as her "deer Angle." By the way, this reminds me of the too familiar and gushing manner in which she was accustomed to address people who were comparative strangers. Under proper control, and with a never-failing example of dignity and sweetness at home, her expansive and explosive tendencies might have been subdued into the thoughtful mercy that becomes a sceptred monarch better than his throne, and the sparkling, innocent gaiety that makes its owner the happy empress of courtly *levies*, and of a nation's heart. The useless step was taken of shutting her up for a time in forced seclusion.

"She is no fool," said her father; "but she has no judgment. She has been very severely brought up, as was very necessary with her."

The hand of more than one suitor had been rejected by Caroline when Lord Malmesbury arrived at Brunswick in November, 1794, to make observations, and, if he deemed her suitable, to bring her over to Britain as the bride of George, Prince of Wales, her second cousin. The deputy was a sharp and true observer, noting her internal as well as her external qualities. He saw that she was not a brilliant beauty; that she had a fine large head, flashing and expressive eyes, a good complexion, and a delicately formed mouth; but, on the other hand, that her pretty face lacked softness, that her figure was not graceful, that her voice was thin and plaintive, and that she did not pay sufficient attention to neatness and tasteful adornment of her person. He discerned also that she had the mischievous habit of indulging too freely in the luxury of "calling a spade a spade." He did not, however, doubt the fundamental goodness of her nature; and, hoping for the best, like St. Paul's charity, he, as deputy for the Prince of Wales, was married to her at Brunswick on the 8th of December.

The long journey, beginning at Brunswick on the 29th of that month, and closing in London at Easter, was extremely bleak and uncomfortable. The noble travellers were almost frozen to death by the severe winter weather. My lord was constantly impressing on her with grave wisdom the necessity of cautious and courteous speech, and reminding her that a princess's life in England was not a primrose path of dalliance, a mere round of pomp and pleasure, but a serious office involving much sacrifice and responsibility. Caroline was an excellent traveller; she was always cheerful and affable, and she won the seamen's hearts—a very proper conquest for a lady who was to rule the wooden walls of old England. Her sage mentor began to think that she had learned his lessons wonderfully well.

A picture taken by command of good King George the Third, representing the marriage in the Chapel Royal of St. James's on Wednesday, the 8th of April, 1795, shows the bride as dressed in white satin worked down the front with pearls, with a robe of rich crimson velvet hanging from her shoulders and lined with ermine. But, alas! the wedding, in spite of its gay surroundings, was perhaps the most melancholy in the whole nuptial calendar of royal England. The old King, who gave away the bride, his niece, to his eldest son George, was the only person who evinced any enthusiasm over the ceremony. Poor Caroline! In what high spirits she had left her father's house, telling Lord Malmesbury that she would reform the Prince; and he, the so-called "first gentleman in Europe," without

THE PRINCESS CHARLOTTE.

a heart to give away, had not even the courtesy to treat the lady with respect on the very first occasion of their meeting in fashionable London!

It is a sad, sad story—a bitter illustration of the folly of political marriages, where true respect and love do not form the basis of union between man and wife; a sorrowful contrast to three happy love-weddings that have since that unlucky day filled the country with pleasure—those of Charlotte, Victoria, and Alexandra.

A little heiress, bearing the name of Charlotte, was born on the 7th of January, 1796. From that time the Prince and Princess lived apart, the latter occupying a mansion at Blackheath for several years. She had one bright day in every week in the company of her beautiful and lively little daughter, whose affection towards her never faltered till the moment of her death. Nor did Caroline forget to impress upon the wayward and impetuous child that she should never in any day of her life "deviate from the respect and attachment" due to the Prince her father. The Princess's proud spirit sustained her under the cruel blows of neglect and calumny; her buoyancy of temper did not utterly desert her; she learned to take a kindly interest in the poor around her, looked after the education of their children, and even received an infant of humble parentage under her own roof and care.

In the summer of 1807, while visiting the court, she met her husband for the last time. They bowed to each other, stood talking for a few moments, and then parted for ever.

Among those who sometimes charmed away the melancholy that hung over Blackheath was Thomas Campbell, the poet, who has expressed a high opinion of the Princess. "To say what I think of her," wrote the author of "The Pleasures of Hope," "without being bribed by the smiles of royalty—she is certainly what you would call in Scotch 'a fine body';" in other words, a good, sensible, and kindly woman. Her attempts at affable address, however, sometimes missed the mark owing to her insufficient acquaintance with the English tongue; never more so than when, meaning to pay a compliment to a noble lord, she showed him a portrait of himself that she had hung in a place of honour in her pleasantly arranged mansion. "You see, my lord," she said, "that I do consider you one of my great household dogs." Of course this was an unfortunate mistake for "household gods."

As the years passed away, the opportunities she had of seeing her warm-hearted daughter became more rare, and sinking under the feeling of a terrible loneliness, she left the shores of England in 1814, though with a lingering and painful reluctance. She settled down for a time at Como, the most enchanting spot of beautiful Italy. Her heart, however, was too restless to permit her to remain there, and she set forth on an Eastern tour, visiting Jerusalem, Tunis, Constantinople, and other famous towns and cities.

While far away from England, she learned that the single tie that bound her to the world was broken. Her only child, the Princess Charlotte—so beautiful, so kind, so beloved by the nation—after a single year of blissful married life with Prince Leopold, in simple and peaceful retirement at Claremont House, near the village of Esher, by the Thames, had been suddenly cut off. Never was the whole heart of England touched with so deep a sorrow as when the bells of St. Paul's rang forth the knell of the "Expectancy and Rose of the fair State," and her body was borne to its last resting-place. The sorrows of her childhood, the story of her true love and happy marriage, the tales of her unbounded kindness to the poor, the hope that she would prove a second "Good Queen Bess," together with the fear that England would again have to go abroad for a Sovereign, made her loss a nation's inexpressible grief. Happily, however, this fear has not been realised; for the subsequent marriage of King George's brother, the Duke of Kent, was blessed with a little daughter—the noble lady who now sits upon the throne of England.

Claremont House, at this hour the residence of the Duchess of Albany, as it was years ago of Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne, still contains memorials of the short and happy year that Charlotte spent away from the gaiety of London, drawing, playing, visiting and clothing the poor. These are pictures of herself, of Leopold, and of her favourite dogs and horses. I am almost tempted—a temptation, however, that must be resisted—to wander away from my proper subject for a little, and talk about the life and hopeful character of the "Morning Star of the House of Brunswick."

Her unfortunate mother, long an aimless wanderer over the earth, arrived at Dover in the summer of 1820 to share the honours of the crown that had now devolved upon her husband's brow. There were millions of cheers awaiting her from the masses of the people, but love there was none in George's heart, and mercy there was none among the guiding politicians of the country. In vain did Caroline struggle to have her name inserted in the Liturgy. Scandal—trial—acquittal—a painful story; God grant that England may never hear the like again!

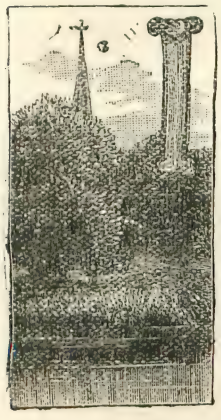
It was a bright summer morning, the 19th of July, 1821. On that day the crown was to be placed on her husband's head. Caroline was up with early dawn. Vast crowds cheered the courageous, injured lady who drove up to Westminster, with only three attendants, in a coach drawn by six horses. Now in tears, now in hysterical laughter, she tried door after door and was refused admittance. She went home to die, a broken-hearted and an uncrowned queen!

SERVANTS AND SERVICE.

By RUTH LAMB.

CHAPTER II.

FOLLOWERS (*Continued*)—HELPS AND SAFEGUARDS—YOUNGER SISTERS.



TURN gladly from the last quoted instances of selfishness in both mistress and maid, to recall much more agreeable pictures. I have pleasant memories of good and modest girls, who gladly appealed to the older and wiser heads of those they served, for the advice these were willing to give. Memories, too, of employers who, having first made careful inquiries into the characters of their servants' suitors, and satisfied themselves of their respectability, have given them the privileges of seeing the girls at home, at reasonable times and intervals.

Surely this is the best way of protecting our young servants from becoming a prey to the influence of bad or merely idle hangers-on, whose acquaintance could not possibly be beneficial. For, consider, it is no more unsuitable for our servants to look forward to marriage, as a woman's natural vocation, and a fitting end to service, than for our daughters to expect that they will be wives and mothers in their turn.

Should we like our own dear girls to meet their lovers or affianced husbands in the streets, or in the houses of persons other than parents, and who have no power to influence them in any way?

If our servants have parents living in the neighbourhood, the responsibility naturally rests upon them. If not, a mistress can scarcely rid herself of it, with respect to the young girls in her service.

I acknowledge that there are many drawbacks to the admission of the servant's suitor to the master's roof. One is often found in the shyness of a kindly, true-hearted young fellow himself, who means nothing but what is honourable and right to the girl who has won his affections. He has, perhaps, never crossed the threshold of such a house as she inhabits, and he fears that he should feel very bashful and awkward, especially in the presence of her fellow-servants.

As a rule, the girl's manners are superior to those of her suitor. She may have come from a home like his own, and be the less educated of the two, and yet he is sensible of a difference vastly in her favour, because daily contact with persons of superior learning, position, and refinement, has effected a great improvement in her speech and manners. So he is often the one to shrink from subjecting his country ways to the scrutiny of city eyes.

Again, as the kitchen is common ground for all the servants, there is often a difficulty about the apartment in which a girl may see her visitor. All such matters are for separate consideration, and fellow servants may act with kindly sympathy and true delicacy towards each other, under such circumstances.

I have seen difficulties overcome, opportunities a little out of the common, afforded for the young people to meet respectably. Even an occasional avoidance of a portion of the grounds by the family, has given Robert an opportunity of enjoying a pleasant stroll with Mary, or an hour of blissful quiet beneath the friendly shelter of the little summer-house, whilst the girl was actually within call the whole time.

I have seen mistress and maid go out together when the latter was about to begin housekeeping, that the former might give her the benefit of her greater experience in making purchases for the future home.

I well remember one girl who said, "My bit of money would not have gone nearly so far, if it had not been for my mistress's kind advice. I had never bought things for a house before, and I should have thought more about looks than service in my purchases. But she knew all about the quality and what would suit best, and she was so careful to see that I got my money's worth. I don't know how to thank her."

Was not this a pleasant experience both for mistress and maid? Was the lady less honoured for her womanly and motherly conduct by the rest of her domestics? Or did she receive less willing service, because she had devoted a portion of time to promote the comfort of the girl after she had passed from under her roof? Assuredly not. Every act that shows recognition of one common humanity, and sympathy with its best and holiest feelings, not only diffuses happiness, but brings it to ourselves, and wins for us more hearty service.

I never like to turn from a pleasant picture to an ugly one, but I feel bound to give both sides.

The rigid rule, "No followers allowed," is very often made and enforced, because the confidence of employers has been abused and kindness encroached upon. Trustworthy domestics pay penalty for the faults of others—and those who think the rule too severe, and are too upright to attempt evasion, will not take service where it is in operation.

I knew one young girl who applied for a situation, and was told by the mistress that no servants' visitor, male or female, was allowed under her roof.

"Then, I need not trouble you any further, ma'am," said the girl, very respectfully. "I have been engaged for three years to a young man whose character will bear looking into. We cannot marry for years to come, unless some change should take place, for he has a widowed mother to help, and two of her boys are not old enough to earn anything yet. But I am going to wait for him, if it be for ten years more. In my last place, James was allowed to come and see me at suitable times. He wanted nothing else, and he never had a crumb in the house except the lady herself wished him to stay to a meal and asked him. My own parents live a long way off, and James's mother too far for me to go to her house. He must come to me, and I have too much respect for him and myself to have a meeting-place, like many girls do."

"What do you mean by a meeting-place?" asked the lady, interested by the girl's frank words and honest face.

"You know, ma'am, that young people may meet in the street, but they can't stop there in all weathers, they must be under cover; and if they have no proper friends, they perhaps go to a public house, or some place of amusement. It must be a cheap one, as they cannot afford to spend much money, and sometimes it is not a very good one, either for young men or girls. But what else is there? Well, some woman—maybe your charwoman, or laundress, or greengrocer's wife—lets the young people have a place to sit and talk in, and they pay her for it, often enough with food or odds and ends that belong to their mistress."

The lady reflected for a moment. She remembered instances of mysterious disappearances and extravagances which could never be accounted for, and then began to ask herself whether it might not be worth her while to relax the rule about visitors. She had taken servants before, who professed to agree to everything and promised anything, but the result had been deceit and frequent changes. Here was this girl who brought a good character, whose honest face commended her at once, but who would not promise observance of the rule "No followers allowed." Surely she would be better worth having than many plausible, but unreliable applicants for the place, who professed to look shocked at the very suggestion of male visitors.

"I think I will see your late mistress," she said; "and if I find that you have never abused the liberty she allowed, I may give the same."

The girl's face brightened, as she replied—

"I shall be very glad, ma'am. You will find I have told you the truth. I should not be seeking a new place, but my mistress is giving up her own house to live with two unmarried sons at a distance."

Inquiry satisfied the lady, and she engaged the girl, who years afterwards married from the house, and carried with her to her new home many marks of goodwill from her employers.

In the matter of "followers" I do not for a moment presume to say that one rule could possibly apply in all cases. I merely give real instances and experiences, and leave mistresses and maids to act and judge for themselves. Only to the former I would say again, "Remember your own young days. Think of your own daughters, and, as you would lead them aright and shield them from evil, strive to advise and influence your servants. Not by continual preaching. Say the word in season, and say it in such a manner that the girls may be convinced that you speak from a real desire to benefit them, not yourselves."

And, dear girls, be true. Do not make promises for the sake of securing a place, when you never intend to keep them. But if the rules of a house are such as you could not conform to, follow the example of the girl I have told you about. Explain your position candidly and respectfully, and leave the lady to decide whether it is worth her while to relax a rule in your favour or not.

I might suggest one or two safeguards to young girls fresh from the country. Many of you have been Sunday-scholars, and some would like to continue such were the opportunity allowed you. Ask for it, and probably you will find that mistresses will make a little sacrifice, in order to promote what must tend to their servants' benefit. If girls of their own accord ask for continued opportunities of instruction in God's word, and prefer the Sunday-school or adult Bible-class to the streets when it is their day out, I think most mistresses would gladly encourage such a preference.

Young Welsh girls, in particular, will often sacrifice something in order to be near a place of worship where service is conducted in their native tongue, and they show how they value the Sunday-school, by continuing as scholars years after the usual age of leaving. Since those whom they meet must have similar tastes, this fact secures for them the kind of associates that Christian employers would choose for their servants.

The Girl's Friendly Society (see No. 168 of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER) offers great advantages to such as are members of the Church of England, and at a distance from home and friends. It is for the benefit of young persons in business, mill-hands, and even workhouse girls, as well as domestic servants; and I would advise all who are eligible to join it.

Above all other guides and helpers, however, let me impress upon you, dear girls, the importance of seeking the aid of the Holy Spirit at every step of your way. If there is one act which is all-important, surely it is that which links your fate and your future life with that of a partner who must be yours for better for worse, for richer for poorer, in sickness and in health. Do not, then, begin an acquaintance without considering the end, and asking yourself whether it will tend to your spiritual good; whether it will merely give you a husband, or unite you to one who will walk with you on the narrow path that leads to everlasting life, will strengthen your steps and help you, day by day, to love God more and serve Him better. Marriage is either the best and holiest of earthly ties, or it differs widely from what our loving Father in heaven meant it to be.

May all who read these chapters be kept from entering on such solemn obligations without earnest thought and prayer, and, whatever be the worldly advantages, may they only contract such marriages as they feel that God will indeed own and bless.

THE SISTERS OF OUR SERVANTS.

I have been much touched by the conduct of girls, themselves quite young, towards the still younger sisters left in the old home. The eldest of a family who gets a situation and does well, frequently sends for her sisters in turn, and helps them to obtain employment. Sometimes a first place has not been a success, or the younger girl has not had sufficient experience to fill it properly, and leaves, after a brief term of service. Then the elder has a painful sense of responsibility lest the young one should come to harm. I have known mere girls watch over such juniors with a tender care exceeding that of some mothers. Sometimes, they have deprived themselves of really needed articles to help out the newcomer's wardrobe; they have paid for decent lodgings for her, and even undertaken to settle the doctor's bill in a case of sickness.

I once remonstrated with a young girl about doing too much, as I feared that her sister did not appreciate her self-denial. "Had you not better send her home again?" I said.

Tears came into the girl's eyes as she said, "There are so many of them at home, and I brought her here to relieve father and mother. I will not send her back to them, if I can help it."

I admired the self-devoting goodness of this dear girl, and rejoiced with her when she at length saw her young sister in a good place and under the wise supervision of an excellent mistress.

In such a case as the above, a lady might render a real service to a good servant by allowing a young sister to spend a few days in her house, whilst on the look out for a fitting situation. A mistress might also assist her servants to save out of their wages by allowing a sewing maid to cut out a bodice pattern, and show a girl how to put the parts of a plain frock together.

VAILS, OR VISITORS' *PRESENTS*.

I have been urged to add a few words on this subject, or I scarcely think I should do so. The word "vails" is little used now, but it was common enough when I was a girl amongst people older than myself. I cannot tell why it was applied in such a manner, but, as "to vail" or "veil" means to hide, I think the name must have been given to visitors' presents, because the money was generally slipped quietly from hand to hand, so that no bystander would see the coin in its passage.

We use a much less pretty word now, and speak of giving "tips" to porters at railway stations, or any persons whom we wish to recompense for personal service.

I would first say a word on this subject to servants.

When you are engaged, it is an understood thing that visitors under your employers' roofs shall receive during their stay all the attention that would be expected were they members of the family. They are such for the time, and as the master and mistress generally show particular anxiety for the comfort of the guests, the right-minded, unselfish servant will do the same. She, too, will be extra attentive, if she only realises that she is a member of the family herself, and should act as entering into the feelings of those who fill the highest places in the common home. And if it should happen that in the end she receives no gift from the parting guest, surely she will not feel quite unrewarded? She will have pleased her employers, done as she would be done by when

under a roof not her own, and added much to the comfort of the temporary sojourner.

I do not for a moment intend to suggest what amounts should be given, or to which servants, when presents are made. But it often happens that when leaving, a visitor only sees one servant, yet feels that more have contributed to her comfort. Perhaps she does not like to ask for the others, or they are so engaged that she cannot see them, and she gives the amount she intended to divide to the one only, without expressing any wish as to its being shared with the rest.

Under such circumstances, whilst no one could deny a servant's right to keep what was given, I do think that a conscientious, unselfish girl would share it with such other members of the household as she knew had shared the extra work, caused by the presence of visitors.

It is quite a different matter where unusual services have been rendered by one above the rest, or in cases of illness, where the attendance has quite exceeded that to be expected under ordinary circumstances.

I can say, with true pleasure, that I have often seen these extra services rendered with such single-hearted kindness, such self-forgetfulness and devotion, that no one could imagine the thought of fee or reward to be associated with them.

And I have also seen a miserable spirit of jealousy amongst fellow-servants at any little preference shown, even when the recipient had well merited it by her thoughtful attentions. I have seen kitchen servants come forward when a visitor was leaving and ostentatiously profess to help with the luggage, when any one could see that such aid was not necessary. I have noticed others push to the front, and give some little, quite needless, touch to a visitor's wrap, in order to attract attention and gain a coveted "tip."

These are little meannesses, dear girls, against which I would warn any who may be guilty of them, and say: "Act fairly and unselfishly to each other when you receive gifts. Render service as if you found a pleasure in making all around you comfortable, and not as if your eye were directed towards the possible 'tip' whilst the hand ministered to the visitors' wants."

I have delightful memories of very different conduct: of smiling faces, feet quick to run, and willing hands; hands, too, that, instead of being eagerly outstretched to receive, have shrunk from receiving, and kindly tongues which have said, as if they meant it, "Indeed, ma'am, I don't desire anything. It has been a real pleasure to do anything for you, and I hope I shall soon have it again."

Bless the dear warm-hearted girls! It is sweet that I can call to mind the faces of many who have shown such a spirit as this.

Sometimes, however, servants can hardly have such a feeling towards guests, because they do not act so as to deserve it. If servants can display little meannesses, so do those who ought to set them a better example. They will not only receive, but exact, many attentions, and when the time comes to say "good bye" to their entertainers, they will not notice those who have ministered to their comfort, or even give what costs nothing, a word of thanks.

Now I hold that a true lady will show her good breeding all round, and that a true Christian will show consideration for the feelings of all with whom she has to do. When she is leaving a place, she will say a farewell word to the servants, and in bestowing her present, whether little or much, she will add to it the thanks for kind attentions which by a right-minded girl will be valued more than the money. Even if the parting guest's circumstances are such that she is unable to bestow money, do not let her on that account omit the thanks which show that she appreciates and is grateful for attentions received. By such neglect she would give pain, and probably be set down as "no lady;" not because of her want of money, but of the kindly courtesy which is equally becoming to those of high and low degree.

Servants should also remember that a small parting gift is often no gauge of the giver's generosity or good will. It probably costs the person of small means far more self-denial than does the lavish gift of some richer guest, who can bestow it without any personal inconvenience or being conscious of a difference.

To sum up the matter, let me repeat, "Care for your employers' visitors in the best way possible to you, and so give them increased comfort and yourselves the pleasure of contributing to the brightness of their sojourn." If you receive no other reward, you will have the satisfaction which generous, loving hearts always experience in having given good measure, whether it be of merchandise or of work. For, remember, "With what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again."

AUNT DIANA.

By ROSA NOUCHETTE CAREY, Author of "Nellie's Memories," "Not Like Other Girls," "Esther," etc.

CHAPTER XXII.

AUNT DIANA AT THE HOLMS.

MISSIE received the news of Aunt Diana's arrival with an exclamation of dismay, and a hot flush came to her face.

"Oh, Alison, it will be dreadful to see her. I always was afraid of her, you know; she is one of those painfully good people who make one feel small and horrid. Please don't let her come in to-night." And Missie sat bolt upright in a panic.

Now, Miss Carrington had quick ears, and she caught the most of this speech, and laughed to herself softly; for it is those who try hard to be good who are the most conscious of evil within, and Miss Carrington was one who had often cried with St. Paul, "The good that I would I do not." Her heart felt very soft towards the wilful little girl who had brought such misery on herself and others, even before she entered the room, but her first sight of Missie gave her a feeling of surprise. She said afterwards she ceased to wonder at Ainslie's infatuation for the child, for she was certainly a bewitching little creature.

The pink ribbons in Missie's dainty dressing-gown were not pinker than her cheeks, her blue eyes shone with uneasy light, and the soft, fair hair lay in delicate rings above the pretty, childish face; her frightened, appealing look would have touched a colder heart than Miss Carrington's, and it was with real affection that she bent over her. But Missie's tender conscience made her shrink from her aunt's kisses.

"Please don't be so kind to me, Aunt Diana—everyone is, and it is not right."

Aunt Diana laughed.

"My dear little girl," she said, in a droll voice, "we none of us want to see our poor little butterfly broken on the wheel; we are far too sorry for you. Of course, you have been a naughty child; you have been setting your small world on fire and have got your pretty wings singed. Well, now you have learnt wisdom through painful experience, and we must all help you to get the lesson perfect."

"I don't think anyone was ever so wicked as I, Aunt Diana," sighed Missie.

"Well, my dear," returned her aunt, briskly, "it is not my concern to go about weighing my neighbour's trespasses in a balance; I don't fancy human scales would be nicely adjusted; but I am quite sure of one thing, that I was a very naughty child myself—the red-cheeked apples I stole give me moral indigestion still."

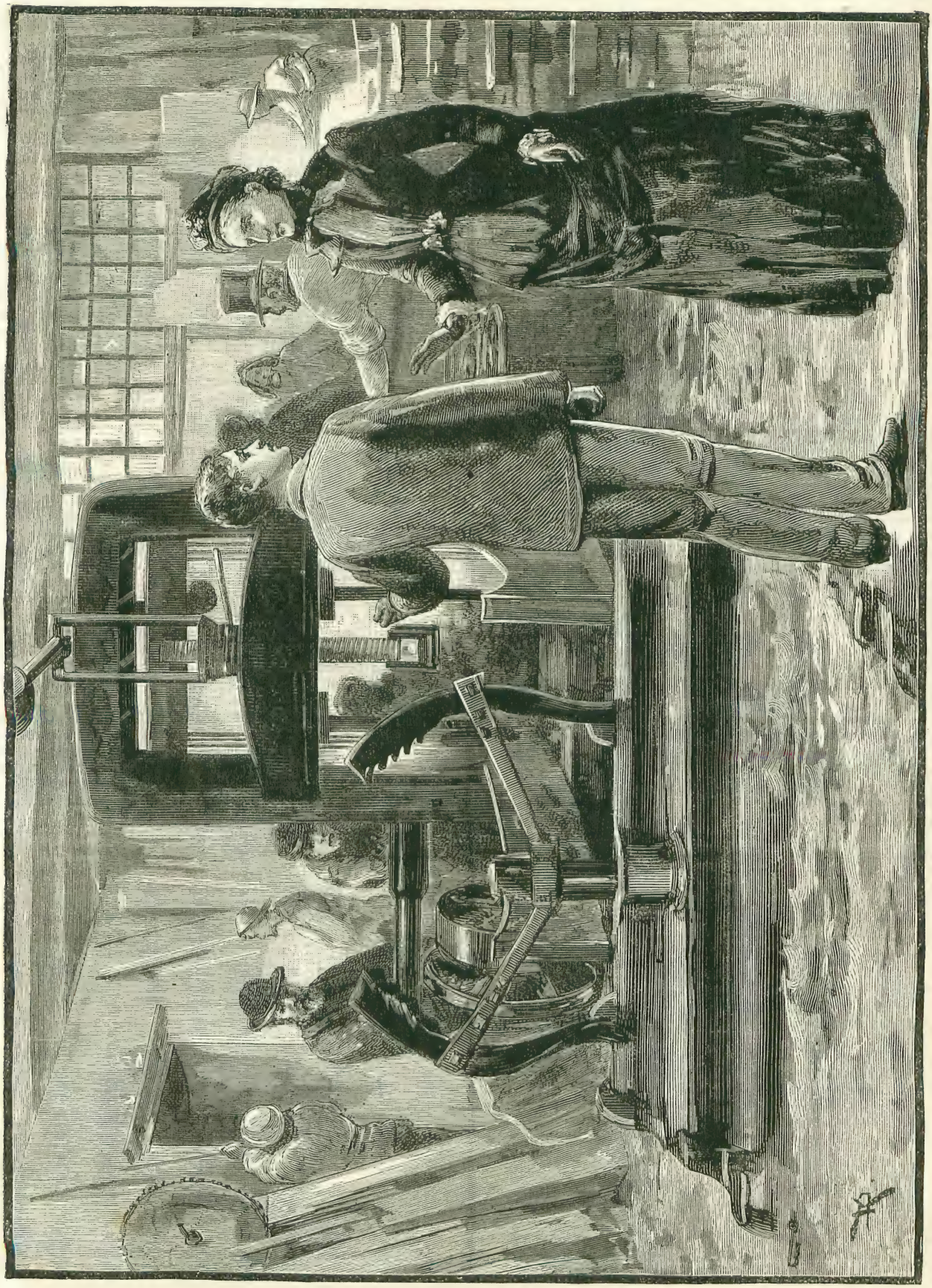
It was impossible to look grave over this; Alison's merry laugh was infectious. Miss Carrington stayed a few more minutes, questioning Missie about her arm and talking kindly to her, until the poor child was quite happy and at her ease.

"I don't know what it is," she said that night when Alison gave her her good-night kiss; "you all seem trying to make me believe that I have not been naughty at all, and that there is nothing to forgive."

"I thought forgiveness meant that," returned Alison, simply; "you know how the Bible speaks of sins blotted out—that means the page is white again—one can write freshly across the blank."

There never was a merrier supper-table than at The Holms that night; late as it was, Poppie sat up for it, and no one rebuked her for her chatter. Rudel kept up the character of a bashful schoolboy; but even he relaxed his wide-eyed gravity when Otter was admired and kind inquiries made after Sulky. Aunt Diana knew the way to a boy's heart, though she had never had a boy of her own; but there are some unmarried women whose large natures can embrace a whole world of little ones, and such an one was Aunt Diana.

But as she talked and laughed with



"SHE TOOK A GREAT INTEREST IN HIS WORK."

the others, her keen grey eyes followed Alison's every movement. It seemed to Miss Carrington that her darling was changed somehow—some of the brightness that had always lighted her young face had faded a little; she was graver and more in earnest—like a young knight who had finished his vigil in the church, where he had dreamed strange visions, and was now buckling on his armour that he might prove it.

"Ailie has laid aside her leading-strings and has learned to walk alone," she said to herself; "though she loves me as much as ever, she needs me less. I ought to be glad to know this, for I cannot expect to live for ever."

The next few weeks passed happily for Alison; she had her dearest friend with her, and what could she ask for more?

Aunt Diana had settled down quite comfortably in her niche, as though she were one of the family. Without making herself unduly prominent, or in any way trenching on the young housekeeper's privilege, she yet contrived, with quiet tact, to lighten Alison's burthen and procure her the rest she so much needed.

Alison resumed her walks with Roger, while Aunt Diana amused Missie or read to Mr. Merle. During the day Alison was too much engaged to enjoy much of Aunt Diana's company, but Miss Carrington insisted that she should resume her painting lessons as soon as Missie was able to be with her father; and she also contrived that she and Alison should have one of their old refreshing talks as often as possible—nothing rested Alison so much as intercourse with Miss Carrington's strong, vigorous mind.

Aunt Diana quickly found her way into Missie's wayward little heart, and she soon turned her influence to good account. One afternoon when Alison had been spending some hours at Maplewood, she found on her return that Missie had gone back into her old room. All Alison's pictures and books had been moved; Aunt Diana's loving hands had evidently been employed in her service—no one else would have arranged the bowl of dark chrysanthemums on the little round table, and the pretty fresh cretonne on the couch and easy chair spoke of the same taste.

Alison's voice quite trembled as she thanked Missie.

"You ought not to have done it, Mabel, dear; it is very good of you, but I would rather have waited until you were really well."

"I always meant to do it," returned Missie, solemnly. "I thought about it every night, and then I made up my mind to speak to Aunt Diana, and she said she would help me. Have you seen the beautiful illumination she has painted for you?"

Yes, Alison had seen it.

"Be not weary of well doing,"—that was the text that Miss Carrington had chosen—"for in due time ye shall reap, if ye faint not." Well, was not Alison reaping a rich harvest? Would she ever repent that she had come back to her own people for loving service and ministry, when she had won Missie's affection and found her way to her father's heart? That he loved and trusted her, that she was growing daily dearer to him, Alison, with all her humility, could not doubt; but Missie was still his petted darling—the very suffering she had caused him brought them nearer together.

It was a lovely sight, Miss Carrington thought, to see Missie sitting for hours patiently beside her father's couch, reading or talking to him. But for her aunt's vigilant care her health would have been permanently injured by her devotion to him; before she left she made Missie faithfully promise to take her daily walk and to resume her singing.

"You must leave something for Ailie to do," she said, with a smile; "I cannot sanction monopoly. We must watch against selfishness, dear child, even in our best actions; we must not be over-exacting in our affection—love sometimes compels one to efface oneself for love's sake."

Anna was a constant visitor to The Holms during Miss Carrington's stay; they had taken a great fancy to each other. Anna told Alison privately that she thought Miss Carrington was the most beautiful woman she had ever seen.

"I don't know about her features," Alison had answered; "I don't think people consider her handsome, but it is a dear face, and that is all I care about."

"I am never tired of looking at her," returned Anna, with girlish enthusiasm; "one sees the thoughts coming before she speaks; her eyes talk to one, even when she is silent. There is something harmonious, too, in her voice, and even in her walk; she never jars on one; I am sure there are no discords in her nature."

Alison repeated this speech; she thought it so prettily worded, and so true. But Miss Carrington shook her head over it and let it pass; she knew much better how the chords of her being had once been jangled roughly out of tune. "No discords in her nature!" when every note had been dumb and tuneless until the Divine Hand had brought the jarred chords into harmony.

"When God's will is our will, then we shall know peace," she said to herself; "I have learnt that now." But she spoke very kindly of Anna, and praised Alison's discernment in the choice of a friend. "She is a simple, lovable little soul," she said once; "it is quite a treat in this decided age to meet with a girl who distrusts her own judgment and believes other people's experiences before her own."

"Anna is really very clever, Aunt Di."

"I am sure of that, my dear; and she shows her cleverness by not advertising her best wares. In talking to her one is not dropping buckets into empty wells—there is good sense and a clear knowledge of facts at the bottom. Living in an uncongenial atmosphere has made her shy and awkward; she is like a poor little plant brought too suddenly into the light; in another year or so she will be less pallid and depressed; she will have learnt to believe in herself a little."

"I am afraid you think her plain," observed Alison, anxiously; for her artistic taste made her lay rather an undue importance on beauty; "but really when she talks and brightens up she is quite pretty."

"She has a lovely look sometimes. You are wrong, Ailie; I do not think her plain. Missie's apple-blossom face makes her a little colourless; but there is a delicate white rose bloom about her that is not without beauty; I like her face, my dear."

"Do you know, Aunt Di"—hesitating a little, as though she feared how her words might be received, for Miss Carrington had a horror of gossip—"I am half afraid there is a new trouble in store for poor Anna."

"You mean Eva's marriage. I think that will be a good thing for her: there is no real sympathy between the sisters."

"No; I meant something quite different. I have been at Maplewood a great deal this week, and Dr. Forbes is always there. I am afraid, from what I see, that Anna will soon have a stepfather; and, Aunt Di,"—in a voice of strong disgust—"Dr. Forbes is such an ugly, disagreeable man, I must say I do wonder at Mrs. Hardwick."

"Do you, Ailie? Well, wonder sits well on young people. I hate to see them taking everything as a matter of course. Your wonder will not hurt you, my dear."

"But if it should be true, Aunt Di?"—very solemnly.

"'There are no fools like old fools,' Ailie; and there is certainly no accounting for tastes. Now, in my opinion, one husband is enough for any woman; but I do not pretend to regulate the world. Don't trouble your little head about it. I have a notion that, stepfather or no stepfather, Anna will have her share of God's sunshine." And Miss Carrington smiled a queer little smile that mystified Alison; but she said no more.

There were some things of which Miss Carrington never spoke to young people. She often said: "A girl's mind ought to be as clear as crystal and hold no secrets—a crystal reflects everything. I wish older people would remember that." And nothing displeased her more than the careless talk of some mothers. "They don't seem to care what they put into a girl's mind," she would say, indignantly, "and then they wonder that it is choked up with rubbish."

Miss Carrington took a great deal of notice of Roger, and sought every opportunity to be with him; she had a great respect for his character, which, she said, was a most uncommon one.

"Roger differs from the young men of this generation," she said once to Alison; "he cares little for other people's opinion, unless he knows them to be in the right—mere criticism does not influence him in the least."

She took a great interest in his work,

and made herself acquainted with the details of the business. Roger wondered a little at the quiet pertinacity with which she questioned him; she even followed him to the mill and sat in the timber-yard, watching the men at work.

After a few conversations with Roger, she spoke very seriously to her brother-in-law; she told him Roger was very young for such a responsibility. "He is a good lad, and would wear himself out in your service, Ainslie, and that without a word of complaint; but he looks too old and careworn for his age; you must remember he is only two-and-twenty yet—he must have his play-time, like other lads."

"But how am I to help him, Diana?" asked Mr. Merle, fretfully. "It is not my fault that I am lying here like a log. The boy must work, or what would become of us all?"

"My dear Ainslie, you misunderstand me," she replied, gently. "Of course Roger must work; but surely he needs help for so large a business. Have you put no one in your last manager's place?"

"No, not yet," he returned, evidently struck by her practical good sense; "Roger never proposed it, and I was too indolent to think about it; but there is Murdoch, a Scotchman—he has been with us a long time, and he is an honest fellow. I dare say he would be glad of a rise in his salary: he has a large, young family. I will ask Roger what he thinks of putting Murdoch in the manager's place; I think he would watch over our interests."

"I wish you would do so," she returned, earnestly; "Roger is rather too hard-worked for his age. He tells me he has no time for cricket or tennis, or for skating in winter. I—I have set my heart, Ainslie, on his bringing Alison for a long visit to Moss-side in the spring. You will be better by that time, and if you have a manager Roger will be able to enjoy a holiday; he tells me he has not left Chesterton for two years."

"I am afraid I have been very remiss and neglected his interests," returned Mr. Merle, rather sadly. "You shall have your wish, Diana; I will manage to spare Roger for a month."

"Come, now, that is generous of you," she replied, brightly; "I shall owe you a good turn for that. Supposing I promise to come and spend my Christmas and New Year with you; shall you care to have me?"

"Try me," was his only reply. But he said it with one of his rare smiles, and Miss Carrington felt she would be welcome.

The prospect of having Aunt Diana for Christmas, and still more the promise of a long visit to Moss-side in the spring, went far to reconcile Alison to the parting when the day came for Miss Carrington to leave them; but when the last hour arrived Alison's heart failed her a little.

"You must not look so pale over it, Ailie," Miss Carrington said to her, anxiously; "you know if I had the power I would willingly take you back with me."

"Yes, but I could not come," returned Alison, slowly. "Missie is still far from well, and I could not leave papa lying there. There can be no question now about my duty; it is a comfort to know that."

"Yes, dearest, your place must be here a little longer; they could not spare you to me yet. Do you know I sometimes doubt whether the old days will ever come back."

"Oh, Aunt Di! Do you mean I shall never be able to live with you again?" asked Alison, in an alarmed voice.

Miss Carrington looked at her in a strangely moved way.

"I do not think you will live at The Holms always; Missie will replace you by-and-by. I am quite sure we shall be together, even if it be not in the old way. Don't look so perplexed, Ailie, darling; in this life, with its manifold changes and chances, things are seldom quite the same."

"You and I will never be different—I am convinced of that," exclaimed Alison, not in the least understanding the drift of Aunt Diana's strange speech. "Oh, Aunt Di, how delicious the spring will be! To think that we shall be rowing on the river again to Long Island, to hunt for forget-me-nots, and that we shall hear the cuckoo in Aspy Woods, and I shall be sitting in the studio watching you painting, and Roger will be with us."

"That's right; look forward, Ailie, darling; it is your birthright. The young must always look on to a happy future. Now say good-bye to me, for I hear the carriage coming round. Christmas will soon be here, and, God willing, we shall meet again." And pressing her tenderly in her arms, Aunt Diana bade God bless her, and turned away.

(To be continued.)

THE ESSENCE OF FAMOUS BOOKS.

By JAMES MASON.

VII.—White's "Natural History of Selborne."

A visitor to the lovely parish of Selborne, in Hampshire, about 1830, asked if any one remembered the Rev. Gilbert White and could tell what sort of a man he was. Many people remembered him; "he was a still, quiet body," they said, "and there was not a bit of harm in him."

Such was the fame in his native place of the author of perhaps the most universally read work on natural history in the English language. This "still, quiet body," of whose real worth no fellow-parishioners preserved even the ghost of a tradition, may fairly claim the honour of winning over to the study of nature multitudes of his countrymen who but for him would never have discovered what a charm exists in the varied life of the green fields and open air.

The most perfect harmony exists between the retired life of White and the unpretending book which has made him famous. He was born at Selborne on the 18th of July, 1720; studied at Oxford, and in 1744 was elected a Fellow of Oriel, which he remained till the close of his career. As to how he made his way through the world, just read, girls, the following lines, almost all the biography which his surviving friends thought of giving to the public:—

"Being of an unambitious temper, and strongly attached to the charms of rural scenery, he early fixed his residence in his native village, where he spent the greater part of his life in literary occupation, and especially in the study of nature. This he followed with patient assiduity and a mind ever open to the lessons of piety and benevolence which such a study is so well calculated to afford.

"Though several occasions offered of settling upon a college living, he could never persuade himself to quit the beloved spot, which was indeed a peculiarly happy situation for an observer. There his days passed tranquil and serene, with scarcely any other vicissitudes than those of the seasons, till they closed at a mature age, on the 26th of June, 1793."

He has sometimes been written about as if he had been "parson of the parish;" but this is a mistake. He seldom had any harder or more responsible duties than to watch how bats drink on the wing like swallows, with a description of a water-newt, or to take note of the manner in which different birds walk and fly.

The "Natural History of Selborne" was published in 1789, four years before the author's death. It consists of a series of letters addressed to Mr. Pennant and the Honourable Daines Barrington, well-known contemporary naturalists. These gentlemen seem to have had a high opinion of White's abilities as a careful observer, and to have often consulted him on subjects of common interest.

There are a hundred and ten letters altogether, and these constitute almost the whole of the writings of Gilbert White that have been printed. He was a single-volume author, and by one successful stroke secured a permanent place amongst the most respectable and most beloved of British worthies.

His book is one without pretence, as we have said. White never gives himself great airs, and, like a genuine enthusiast, loses himself, as a rule, in his subject. Occasionally, however, he strikes a chord of self-congratulation, as when he discovers that teal breed in the south of England. "I did not know it till then," he says, . . . "and was much pleased with the discovery; this I look upon as a great stroke in natural history." Of all the events of his life the two that perhaps afforded him most pleasure were that the

fauna of Great Britain was indebted to him for the first notice of the great bat, and that he was the favoured mortal who first discovered and described the little harvest mouse.

The pains taken by him in the collection of his facts may be seen from a letter to Daines Barrington. He is speaking to that correspondent of a communication he had sent him relating to the birds of Selborne. "If there is any merit in the sketch," he adds, "it must be in its exactness. For many months I carried a list in my pocket of the birds that were to be remarked on, and as I rode or walked about I noted each day the continuance or omission of each bird's song; so that I am as sure of my facts as a man can be of any transaction whatsoever."

White claimed to be an outdoor naturalist, one who takes his observations from the subject itself and not from the writings of others. This is his great merit. "To him," says the editor of one of the numerous editions of the "Natural History of Selborne," "belongs the distinction of having roused the observing faculties and directed the intellect of his countrymen to note and record phenomena coming under their notice. His humble and honourable career suggested a new path for research which was within the reach of thousands; to his example we probably owe the works of our Montagus, Selbys, Knapps, and Watertons. His example helped to substitute for the old 'book naturalists' who had been the laureates of science from the days of Pliny, a race of observers who only recorded what they had seen for themselves."

It must have been a pleasant life that our author led, riding his hobby-horse all about the country-side. He liked to amble along leisurely, and had no sympathy with those investigators who "post from place to place, rather as if they were on a journey that required dispatch, than as philosophers investigating the works of nature."

The only disadvantage he seems to have laboured under—and it is one often felt by those who live in out-of-the-way places—was that he had no companion to quicken his industry and sharpen his knowledge. "It has been my misfortune," he says, "never to have had any neighbour whose studies have led him towards the pursuit of natural knowledge."

The opening letters contain a general description of the parish of Selborne, the various soils in the district, the different sorts of stone, the fossils, the roads, lanes, rivulets, ponds, wells, waste land, wooding, rainfall, and so on. Having thus enabled us to picture to ourselves his surroundings, White begins with eagerness in the tenth letter to speak about birds, his favourite subject, and that to which the greatest prominence is given through the rest of the book.

Swallows received from him a great deal of attention, and if one subject puzzled him more than another, it seems to have been whether, though many of the swallow kind may migrate, some do not remain with us during the winter, "laying themselves up like insects and bats in a torpid state, and slumbering away the more uncomfortable months till the return of the sun and fine weather awakens them." It is a topic to which he returns again and again. All idea, however, of these birds hybernating has long since been abandoned by naturalists.

His observations on the notes and language of birds are of great interest. "Many of the winged tribes," he says, "have various sounds and voices adapted to express their various passions, wants, and feelings: such as anger, fear, love, hatred, hunger, and the like. All species are not equally eloquent; some are copious and fluent as it were in their utterance, while others are confined to a few important sounds; no bird, like the fish kind, is quite mute, though some are rather silent. The language of birds is very ancient, and like other ancient modes of speech, very elliptical; little is said, but much is meant and understood."

A musical friend delights him by trying all the owls that are his near neighbours with a pitch-pipe set at concert-pitch, and finding they all hoot in B flat. Another friend, who is said to "have a nice ear," remarks that "the owls about Selborne hoot in three different keys—in G flat, or F sharp, in B flat, and A flat. He heard two hooting to each other, the one in A flat, and the other in B flat."

In illustration of these and kindred subjects —such as the motions of birds, their food, their nest-building, and the order in which some of them come in spring and go away in autumn—White tells many anecdotes, and the quoting of two or three of these will give a good idea of the quiet and pleasant tone of his famous "Natural History."

Let us take the first, one connected with a small oak wood not far from the village of Selborne. "In the centre of this grove," says White, "there stood an oak which, though shapely and tall on the whole, bulged out into a large excrescence about the middle of the stem. On this a pair of ravens had fixed their residence for such a series of years that the oak was distinguished by the title of the Raven Tree. Many were the attempts of the neighbouring youths to get at this eyry; the difficulty whetted their inclinations, and each was ambitious of surmounting the arduous task. But when they arrived at the swelling it jutted out so in their way, and was so far beyond their grasp, that the most daring lads were awed, and acknowledged the undertaking to be too hazardous. So the ravens built on, nest upon nest, till the fatal day arrived in which the wood was to be levelled. It was in the month of February, when those birds usually sit, the saw was applied to the butt, the wedges were inserted in the opening, the woods echoed to the heavy blows of the beetle or mallet, the tree nodded to its fall. But still the dam sat on. At last, when it gave way, the bird was flung from her nest; and though her affection deserved a better fate, was whipped down by the twigs which brought her dead to the ground."

Here is a tale of a pair of flycatchers (*Muscicapa grisola*). "The flycatcher," says White, "builds every year in the vines that grow on the walls of my house. A pair of these little birds had one year inadvertently placed their nest on a naked bough, perhaps in a shady time, not being aware of the inconvenience that followed. But a hot sunny season coming on before the brood was half-fledged the reflection of the wall became insupportable, and must have inevitably destroyed the tender young had not affection suggested an expedient, and prompted the parent-birds to hover over the nest all the hotter hours, while with wings expanded and mouths gaping for breath, they screened off the heat from their suffering offspring."

Another anecdote deals with an instance of notable sagacity which he observed in a willow-wren that had built in a bank in one of his fields. "This bird, a friend and myself," he tells, "had observed as she sat in her nest; but were particularly careful not to disturb her, though we saw she eyed us with some degree of jealousy. Some days after, as we passed that way, we were desirous of remarking how this brood went on; but no nest could be found, till I happened to take up a large bundle of long green moss, as it were carelessly thrown over the nest, in order to dodge the eye of any impertinent intruder."

But though White's taste led him to pay most attention to the feathered folk, he turned a watchful eye on cats, mice, bats, crickets, toads, tortoises, bees, worms, and all other living creatures that crossed his path. He took note of their ways and put them in his book.

Puss formed an interesting subject of observation indoors. "There is a propensity," he says, to quote one of his remarks, "belonging to common house cats that is very remarkable: I mean their violent fondness for fish, which appears to be their most favourite food; and yet nature in this instance seems to have planted in them an appetite that, unassisted, they know not how to gratify; for of all quadrupeds cats are the least disposed towards water; and will not, when they can avoid it, deign to wet a foot, much less plunge into that element."

It was his kindly regard, perhaps, for the "crickets on the hearth" that resulted in these little insects becoming in his house at Selborne like Pharaoh's plague of frogs, "in their bedchambers, and upon their beds, and in their ovens, and in their kneading-troughs." He had to reduce their number at last, but enough were left, alert and merry, to enjoy the torrid zone of the naturalist's fireside. "As one should suppose," he remarks, when introducing his crickets to the notice of the Honourable Daines Barrington, "from the burning atmosphere which they inhabit, they are a thirsty race, and show a great propensity for liquids, being found frequently drowned in pans of water, milk, broth, or the like. Whatever is moist, they affect; and therefore often gnaw holes in woollen stockings and aprons that are hung to the fire; they are the housewife's barometer, foretelling her when it will rain; and they prognosticate sometimes, she thinks, good or ill luck, the death of near relations, or the approach of an absent lover. By being the constant companion of her solitary house, they naturally become the objects of her superstition."

He never himself kept a toad as a pet, but he knew of some ladies who did, and he tells, with a gravity worthy of the subject, how the toad they fancied was fed till after several years he grew to be of an enormous size. "The reptile used to come forth every evening from a hole under the garden steps; and was taken up on the table to be fed after supper. But at last a tame raven, kenning him as he put forth his head, gave him such a severe stroke with his horny beak as put out one eye. After this accident the creature languished for some time and died."

In 1770, White was visiting some friends near Lewes, in Sussex, and in their house there was "an old family tortoise." This poor reptile our author has rendered for ever famous. He had an opportunity a year later of watching "Timothy" making preparations for going into winter quarters. "Nothing," he says, "can be more assiduous than this creature night and day in scooping the earth and forcing its great body into the cavity; but as the noons of that season proved unusually warm and sunny, it was continually interrupted and called forth by the heat in the middle of the day; and though I continued there till the 13th of November, yet the work remained unfinished." His friends, however, seem to have fallen in with White's enthusiasm, and sent him word how the tortoise retired into the ground three days after he had left.

"No part of its behaviour," says White, looking back on the hours he had spent in the Sussex garden, "ever struck me more than the extreme timidity it always expresses with regard to rain; for though it has a shell that would secure it against the wheel of a loaded cart, yet does it discover as much solicitude about rain as a lady dressed in all her best attire, shuffling away on the first sprinklings, and running its head up in a corner. If

attended to, it becomes an excellent weather-glass; for as sure as it walks elate, and as it were on tiptoe, feeding with great earnestness in a morning, so sure will it rain before night."

"I was much struck," he adds, "with its sagacity in discerning those that do it kind offices; for, as soon as the good old lady comes in sight who has waited on it for more than thirty years, it hobbles towards its benefactress with awkward alacrity; but remains inattentive to strangers. Thus not only 'the ox knoweth his owner, and the ass his master's crib,' but the most abject reptile and torpid of beings distinguishes the hand that feeds it, and is touched with the feelings of gratitude!"

As fortune would have it, White had an opportunity some years later of enlarging his observations as to the tortoise's mode of life. In 1780 Timothy became his own property, and he carried him off rejoicing from Sussex in a postchaise.

"This tortoise," says Mr. J. R. Lowell, in a kindly notice of the "Natural History of Selborne," "might have been a member of the Royal Society if he could have condescended to so ignoble an ambition. It had but just been discovered that a surface inclined at a certain angle with the planes of the horizon took more of the sun's rays. The tortoise had always known this (though he unostentatiously made no parade of it), and used accordingly to tilt himself up against the garden wall in the autumn.

"He seems to have been more of a philosopher than even Mr. White himself, caring for nothing but to get under a cabbage-leaf when it rained, or when the sun was too hot, and to bury himself alive before frost—a four-footed Diogenes, who carried his tub on his back."

Harvest mice, as we have already said, formed another subject of observation for the Hampshire naturalist, and in one of his letters to Pennant he describes one of the nests formed by this smallest of British quadrupeds—a nest most artificially plaited, and composed of blades of wheat; perfectly round, and about the size of a cricket-ball, with the aperture so ingeniously closed that there was no discovering to what part it belonged. It was so compact and well filled that it would roll across the table without being discomposed, though it contained eight little mice.

Under the thatch of a neighbour's oat-rick about a hundred harvest mice were once found. White measured some of them, and found that from nose to tail they were just two inches and a quarter, and their tails just two inches long. Two of them put in the scales together weighed only about the third part of an ounce.

One summer, White got a great deal of entertainment out of a tame bat, which would take flies out of a person's hand. "If you gave it anything to eat," he says, "it brought its wings round before the mouth, hovering and hiding its head in the manner of birds of prey when they feed. The adroitness it showed in shearing off the wings of flies, which were always rejected, was worthy of observation, and pleased me much. Insects seemed to be most acceptable, though it did not refuse raw flesh when offered; so that the notion that bats go down chimneys and gnaw men's bacon seems no improbable story.

"While I amused myself with this wonderful quadruped, I saw it several times confute the vulgar opinion that bats when down on a flat surface cannot get on the wing again, by rising with great care from the floor. It ran, I observed, with more dispatch than I was aware of; but in a most ridiculous and grotesque manner."

A very interesting letter in the "Natural History of Selborne" is one on the subject of earth-worms, in which White anticipates conclusions of the late Mr. Darwin, published in his "Formation of Vegetable Mould through the Action of Worms;" indeed, Darwin's work may be taken as a response to White's suggestion that "a good monograph of worms would afford much entertainment and information at the same time, and would open up a large and new field in natural history."

"The most insignificant insects and reptiles," says Gilbert White, "are of much more consequence, and have much more influence in the economy of Nature, than the incurious are aware of; and are mighty in their effect, from their minuteness, which renders them less an object of attention, and from their numbers and fecundity. Earth worms, though in appearance a small and despicable link in the chain of Nature, yet, if lost, would make a lamentable chasm. For, to say nothing of half the birds, and some quadrupeds which are almost entirely supported by them, worms seem to be great promoters of vegetation, which would proceed but lamely without them; by boring, perforating, and loosening the soil and rendering it pervious to rains and the fibres of plants; by drawing straws and stalks of leaves and twigs into it; and most of all by throwing up such infinite numbers of lumps of earth called worm-casts, which form a fine manure for grain and grass. Worms probably provide new soil for hills and slopes, where the rain washes the earth away; and they affect slopes probably to avoid being flooded."

Botany as a science was, comparatively speaking, in its infancy when White lived, so it is not surprising to find that he did not regard the plants of his district with anything like the attention he bestowed upon the animals. He has, however, a good word to say for botany, especially the useful side of it. He would have special attention, he says, paid to the subject of grasses; "to raise a thick turf on a native soil would be worth volumes of systematic knowledge; and he would be the best commonwealth's man that could occasion the growth of two blades of grass where only one was seen before."

In a letter to Barrington he gives a list of the rarer plants of Selborne, with notes as to the situation in which they are found; but one can see that it is not done with half the enthusiasm with which he discusses the doings of skylarks, sand-martins, owls, or even of the torpid Timothy.

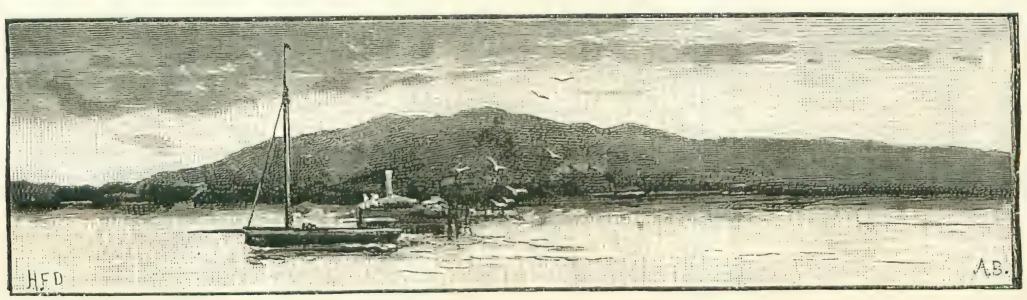
Four letters are devoted to the weather of the parish, and contain many interesting particulars concerning some of the great frosts, and a few respecting some very hot summers that had distinguished themselves from the rest during the course of White's observations.

"The summer of 1783," he says, for example, "was an amazing and portentous one, and full of horrible phenomena; for besides the alarming meteors and tremendous thunderstorms that affrighted and distressed the different counties of this Kingdom, the peculiar haze or smoky fog that prevailed for many weeks in this island, and in every part of Europe, and even beyond its limits, was a most extraordinary appearance, unlike anything known within the memory of man. . . . The country-people began to look with a superstitious awe at the red lowering aspect of the sun; and, indeed, there was reason for the most enlightened person to be apprehensive; for all the while, Calabria, and part of the isle of Sicily, were torn and convulsed with earthquakes; and about that juncture a volcano sprung out of the sea on the coast of Norway."

The human race does not cut an imposing figure in the "Natural History of Selborne." Everyone to his province; and to a genuine naturalist a man may be sometimes of less moment than, say, the tame brown owl with which the Rev. Gilbert White brags of having "a considerable acquaintance." But White seems to have taken a kindly interest in his neighbours. "We abound in poor," he says, "many of whom are sober and industrious, and live comfortably in good stone or brick cottages, which are glazed, and have chambers above stairs."

He describes their occupations in the woods, fields, and hop gardens, and devotes a whole chapter to the primitive rushlights with which they made cheerful the long winter evenings. With these rushlights he found that a poor man purchased eight hundred hours of light, a time exceeding thirty-three entire days, for three shillings. It is a letter worth reading, as showing how country folk carried on a then important branch of domestic economy.

The superstitions of Selborne are also dealt with, and an account is given of two gangs of gipsies who in the course of their rounds paid a visit to the parish twice or three times a year. But, merely mentioning these things, we must here take leave of a book which should be read by everyone who cares for natural history or who wishes to see how happy and contented one may be amidst the simple pleasures of country life.



WHEN WE WERE GIRLS TOGETHER.

A STORY OF SCHOOL-GIRL LIFE.

By SARAH DOUDNEY.

CHAPTER XX.

COMING HOME.

THE Christmas holidays came; and there was a quiet but very affectionate parting between Jennet Fowler and Charlotte Ashley. The good-bye was all the more tender because there was just a shade of uncertainty about their next meeting.

"I heard mamma say something that set me thinking;" said Charlotte, holding her friend's hands. "She has an idea of sending me to Paris; but I don't believe such a thing will come to pass. I do not want to go; I shall long to come back to the dear old college. Shall not you?"

"I shall long to see you again," Jennet answered, "but no place on earth can ever be as dear to me as my own home. I wish you were going there with me; and yet, perhaps, our plain country ways would scarcely suit you."

"I think they would suit me for a time. In certain moods I feel that a country life would content me better than any other."

"Not at this time of year," said Jennet, smiling. "But come to me some day when the roses are in bloom, and when you are a little tired of all your gaieties and triumphs."

"I will," cried Charlotte, eagerly. "How vividly I can picture the scene! I see myself, looking weary and worn after all my dissipations, coming to a little cottage covered with ivy and roses; and you are standing on the threshold with hands outstretched to welcome me."

Charlotte spoke with a slight dramatic action, caught from Madame, and looked as if she really beheld the vision she had described. It was truly a prophetic picture that she had seen; but the figures were reversed.

It wanted an hour to noon when the train started from the great London station, bearing Jennet Fowler back again to the faces and scenes of her childhood. Happy as she was, there was an indefinite feeling of unrest mingling with her joy; a vague fear that things might not be found to be exactly as she left them. Surely it was something like the dread of the child who has been snatched away from its toys, and is afraid that other hands will meddle with its treasures in its absence; this was the thought that occurred to Jennet, and made her smile. All the home letters had been written in good spirits; there had not been one word about shadows or changes; and Mabel's last little note had told of improved health. She shook off the momentary depression, and looked out with eager eyes at the wintry fields and trees.

The December landscape, dim and still, seemed to her to possess a charm of its own. These brief glimpses of meadows and villages set her longing for a sight of Brambletree; and the old farmhouse, standing all alone in the roadside garden, rose up distinctly before her eyes. How well she knew the winter flowers that tried to fill the place of summer's glories — the chrysanthemums with their warm yet sober tints; the monthly roses opening their delicate buds among the burnished ivy! She would get up early, and gather a little nosegay to-morrow morning.

The train stopped at last at a small station about three miles from Brambletree; and there she knew that Derrick would be waiting for her with the old chaise. Her heart beat fast with joy as she caught sight of his familiar face on the platform; but she fancied that the smile which answered hers was unusually grave.

"Derrick, is all well?" she asked, as he came to the door of the carriage.

"All is well at home," he answered, reassuringly.

"Then why do you seem so gloomy?" she demanded, putting her hand within his arm, as they crossed the platform. "Do you know, Derrick, that you don't look half glad enough to see your sister?"

"My sister ought to know how glad I am," he said, pressing the hand, and giving one earnest look at the beautiful face uplifted to his.

Jennet drew drew a long breath of relief as they came out into the quiet road where the chaise was waiting. Her box was to follow with the slow old carrier; but her travelling-bag was stowed away under the back seat of the chaise. Derrick helped her to seat herself, and carefully wrapped her in a thick rug which had seen a great deal of hard service. Then, taking the reins, he spoke a word to the steady mare, and she started off at an even pace along the silent lanes.

It was twilight, but there were red clouds lingering in the west, and the air was clear and still. At first Jennet was too happy to speak; Derrick, too, was silent; and the evening quietness reigned unbroken for some moments.

"It is so delightful to get away from those endless streets," she said, at last. "I hope we are going to have a dry Christmas. You must take me for a long, long walk to-morrow."

He did not reply, and she rambled on. "We will go and hunt for mistletoe in the woods, and we must get plenty of holly. I mean to dress the parlour quite splendidly for Christmas Day. Madame—our French teacher—has taught me to make the loveliest wreaths of evergreens, and I want to astonish you all. Oh, Derrick, I am so hungry. Has mother made a seed-cake for me."

"I daresay there is a cake," said Derrick, absently; "but, Jennet, the truth is that mother is away from home."

"Away from home!"

Jennet echoed the words with a look of blank dismay. All the joy had gone out of her face and voice in a moment. What would home be without the mother? And what dire necessity had called her away on the very day of her daughter's return from school?

"I thought there was something amiss," she said, struggling to keep down a sob. "You may as well tell me at once what it is; suspense is worse than anything. What has happened? Where is mother?"

"She is with Aunt Judith," Derrick replied. "Indeed, Jennet, the mother is well, and there is nothing wrong with any of us. But on Saturday Aunt Judith sent a carriage for mother, and she could not, of course, refuse to go to a sick sister."

"I did not know Aunt Judith was ill. No one said anything about her illness in a letter. Why was I not told?"

"We did not know till the carriage came, bringing one of her servants with a message from Mrs. Belfont, and a note from Robson. As soon as we had read the note, we knew that the matter was very serious. Poor Aunt Judith cannot live long; she will not last many days longer."

Jennet could not speak, but she shivered from head to foot, and Derrick bent towards her with anxious eyes.

"I am sorry for you, dear," he said, tenderly. "This is not a bright home-coming; but we must be thankful that there are no darker clouds. We had a note from mother this morning, and she says that Aunt Judith is asking for you."

"For me?"

"Yes, dear Jennet. You are to go to her early to-morrow, and I must drive you to Parkley after breakfast. This is a trial; you were expecting to enjoy the peace ad happiness of home, and you are called away suddenly to a death-bed.

My sweet sister, I wish I could spare you all sorrow."

"That is a kind wish, dear Derrick," answered Jennet, trying to speak bravely; "but it would not be good for me to be exempt from sorrow. You must pray that I may be strengthened for this sad parting; it is a parting, and I can't help dreading it. I have not known Aunt Judith well enough to love her very much, but——"

"She has been kind to you, Jennet. Her attachment to you was a sudden thing, but if she had lived it would have brightened and sweetened her whole life. She is feeling now that she learnt to love you too late."

"I know," said Jennet, sorrowfully. "One day I heard Miss Thornhill say that life was like a great garden, and some people never discovered the best flowers in it till they were just going to leave it. That is Aunt Judith's case, I think. She lived a long while in the Life-garden before she found out love."

"Miss Thornhill?" remarked Derrick: "she is the beautiful teacher who is so kind to you. You write a great deal about her, but somehow I like best to hear of that merry dark-eyed girl."

"That is odd," cried Jennet, well pleased. "She likes to hear about you, and she has made me describe you a hundred times."

"I seem to know her quite well," he said musingly; "I see the brilliant eyes, and the changeful brown face. Shall I ever meet her, I wonder?"

"Perhaps. But oh, Derrick, you and Charlotte would be sure to quarrel. I always feel that it would be a dangerous thing to bring my two favourites together, lest they should dislike each other, and make me miserable."

(To be continued.)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

G. E. R., Une Musicienne, Mary, should all join a correspondence class. Let them read the article on "Teaching" in "Work for All," in last year's G. O. P.

Queen Bess.—We know of nothing so good as the "Handbook to the Grammar of the Greek Testament," published at 56, Paternoster-row, E.C., price 7s. 6d.

Sweet Seventeen.—If you can get anything to do as a governess, and feel you could undertake the duties involved, you had better do so.

Oiseau.—The Hecatomphonia was a solemn sacrifice offered by the Messenians to Jupiter when any of them had killed 100 enemies. Aristomenes is said to have offered up this sacrifice three times in the course of the Messenians wars against Sparta. 2. The adventures and misfortunes of Electra form one of the tragedies of Sophocles.

Violet.—Ariel was a spirit of the air, and the guardian of innocence. He was the slave of the witch Sycorax, and afterwards of Caliban, and was liberated by Prospero.

La Fleur de Bertie.—We should consider fifteen too young for a nursery governess; but, as you say, you might at least be a companion and playfellow. Never take laudanum excepting under a doctor's orders.

Medicus. — Yes, there are two female medical mission training institutions. There is the Delhi and South Punjaub Zenana Medical Mission—sec., Canon Crowfoot, Minster-yard, Lincoln; and the Zenana and Medical Mission Home, 58, St. George's-road, London, S.W.—sec., Dr. G. Griffith.

Nina the Witch. — Pupil-teachers occupy the position of apprentices, learning only to become teachers. They should only have charge of a small class during the first years of their apprenticeship; and each is to be regarded as an assistant to the responsible teacher, and chiefly occupied in learning the vocation. In carrying out this primary object they have to examine the home lessons, hear tasks, superintend mechanical work, or the practice of some work already learnt—such, for instance, as a particular rule in arithmetic, or the formation of certain letters. As they acquire the art of teaching they may be intrusted with an increase of work, and they will be competent to take sole charge of a class during the last year or two. Their engagement is usually for a period of four years; they must be not less than fourteen years of age, and of the same sex as the principal teacher of their school; and they must produce the certificates and pass the examinations specified in the 5th schedule of the Code at the end of each school year.

Roley.—Home study may be assisted by your joining the Study Club. Write to the hon. sec., L. Ryall, Orpington, Kent. The spring term begins on January 1st, the summer one on April 1st, and the autumn on September 1st, ending on December 10th. Apply for membership either to the secretary, or to the honorary treasurer, L. Bristow, 2, Cedars-road, Clapham-common, S.W.

B. J. E. R., Bella.—The fullest particulars are given in the article by Medicus. The address of the registrar of the Pharmaceutical Society is 17, Bloomsbury-square, W.C. Lectures are given daily, women being admitted; and also at the South London School of Pharmacy, 325, Kennington-road, S.W. All the classes you require will be found by application as above.

M. L., Edith, Mary.—The editor of the *Cambridge Examiner* is always glad to give help to those who desire to pass the University Examinations. Address, with stamp enclosed, 405, Oxford-street, W.

Missionary may obtain any information on the subject of studying for medical missionary work from the hon. sec. of the National Indian Association, Miss E. A. Manning, 35, Bloomfield-road, Maida-hill, W. Read also the articles by Miss Hoggan at pages 281 and 324, vol. v.

Gladys Oliphant.—Write to the secretary, Polytechnic Institute, 309, Regent-street, W., for the syllabus of day and night classes. One is held there in the morning, we believe.

Gershom.—We do not think there is any need of saying sir, or ma'am, but we should suppose from your letter that your own good sense would be sufficient to guide you. Many stupid and untidy children can be reached only through personal vanity, at first; then by higher motives.

ART.

C. Mc. S.—Two glasses only are needed for ferns used as window blinds. They are fitted into a wooden frame, and the ferns are attached to the inner side of one of the glasses with gelatine. The ferns used are dried, then dipped into green dye and dried a second time between sheets of blotting-paper, by passing a hot iron over them. Unless the ferns be dyed, the natural colour of the fronds would fade by exposure, and turn yellow. The fern fronds can be dyed any shade of green, yellow, or brown.

Mignonette.—Gum is a bad fixative to use for photographs. It turns them yellow; gelatine only, or starch, should be used. To remove your photographs from the leaves, soak them in warm water until the photograph becomes detached and floats off the paper. The bare patches on the lawn should be sown in the spring with lawn grass-seed, and then well rolled. Autumn sowing is also good.

Poppie.—Wash the picture with clean soft water, and rub it dry with a soft old silk handkerchief. If washing has no effect, it should be sent to a professional cleaner; being valuable, no more home experiments should be tried on it.

Filopena is usually spelt Philopena. The colours should be mixed with gum, which should be the best gum arabic, dissolved in water, and strained through muslin before using.

Mansourah.—To mount a map on linen, you must stretch the linen in a frame, wet it thoroughly, and while it is still damp stretch it again; then apply a coat of strong size. Brush the back of the map over with ordinary paste, wait ten minutes, and then apply a second coat of paste; lay the map on the linen, and smooth it well down with a clean cloth, and then leave it stretched till dry.

Neddie.—If you wish to varnish paintings on satin, you must use spirit varnish. But you will always find it preferable to leave any article subjected to constant pressure unvarnished. From what you say, it is evident that the article you name is spoilt.

Sad Heart.—All such questions as that which presents a difficulty to you and to many others must depend, more or less, on whether that branch of art is to be made a life-study and profession, or merely a recreation. The study of medicine, surgery, and nursing must be regarded under some aspects as presenting somewhat similar difficulties.

A. A. P.—Melt the gutta-percha in hot water placed in a vessel over a spirit lamp, and kept on the simmer. Then cut the softened substance into petals and leaves with a pair of scissors; shape and model them with a blunt knife, and glue the design produced upon the pottery. Flower-petals must be fixed in a small round of the gutta-percha, and attached as a perfectly completed flower to the vase. To produce the stems, long, narrow pieces of the same are rolled together in suitable lengths and forms.

Amelia.—Use water-colours mixed with velouting. Write more in straight lines, and do not begin a letter in the first person and end in the third.

HOUSEKEEPING.

Joy.—German yeast cannot be manufactured by amateurs.

Evadne.—Failures with toffy-making generally arise from over-boiling or too much stirring.

Warwickshire Lass.—The article on the "Duties of Servants," contains those of the lady's-maid and nurse. See pages 534 and 646, vol. ii.

Lollypop.—Inquire at a shoe-shop for the bronze gloss.

E. B. C. will find instructions how to make jellies into which fresh fruit can be put at page 234, vol. iii.

One of Twelve.—We sympathise with you in your household troubles. Much of your difficulty might be got over by adopting the American plan of employing little hand-mops instead of the nasty dish-cloth, which as a rule should be burnt to ensure the sanitary condition and comfort of the house. With the little mops you can keep your hands out of water entirely, and with gloves you can clean grates and light fires, and do no harm to them. For cleaning pots, etc., you should have a bass brush. We are quite sure with a little care and thought the chapped hands and chilblains could be avoided by our busy girls who must do housework. You must check sinful thoughts by prayer, and with a firm hand. Keep yourself occupied for others, and count ten before you speak hasty and unkind words. Do not allow yourself to be overcome by too much work, and make a rule to have a rest every day. Divide the housework between the sisters.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Nina.—From the latest statistics published we gather that the total population of the British Empire, including the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, amounts to 305,859,182. This enormous Empire comprises India, British America (the Dominion of Canada included), Australia, New Zealand, South and West Africa, the West Indies, the Islands of the Atlantic, Indian, and Pacific Oceans, those of the Mediterranean, and the Chinese Archipelago. Thus you will see that the saying is a true one that "the sun never sets on the British dominions."

Forget-me-not, Daisy.—1. Certainly, in entering the reception-room, pass a hundred acquaintances, if need be, to pay your respects to your hostess. Look at no one else till you have spoken to her. But she, on her part, should spare you the ordeal of a long walk and search for her, and should stand near the door, to receive and welcome her guests, until all have arrived. 2. Yes, unless the mesmerism be confined exclusively to a limb or one spot, which may be rendered insensible under circumstances of great pain, or for a surgical operation. Neither loss of mental consciousness nor of will-power are involved under these last-named circumstances. Under any other, mesmerism is highly objectionable, and should not be trifled with.

A Lover of Old Ireland.—An "Analysis of In Memoriam" was published by the late F. W. Robertson, and there is a paper on A. H. Hallam (the subject of the poem) in Dr. John Brown's 'Horæ Subsecivæ." You will find it difficult to understand without some explanation.

Lizzie Richardson.—We do not see much harm in your driving alone with your sister, but it depends on the kind of country you live in—whether lonely or infested with tramps. Consult your father, and also some matron in whose judgment you have confidence. As people talk of you, you should be careful to give no occasion for it.

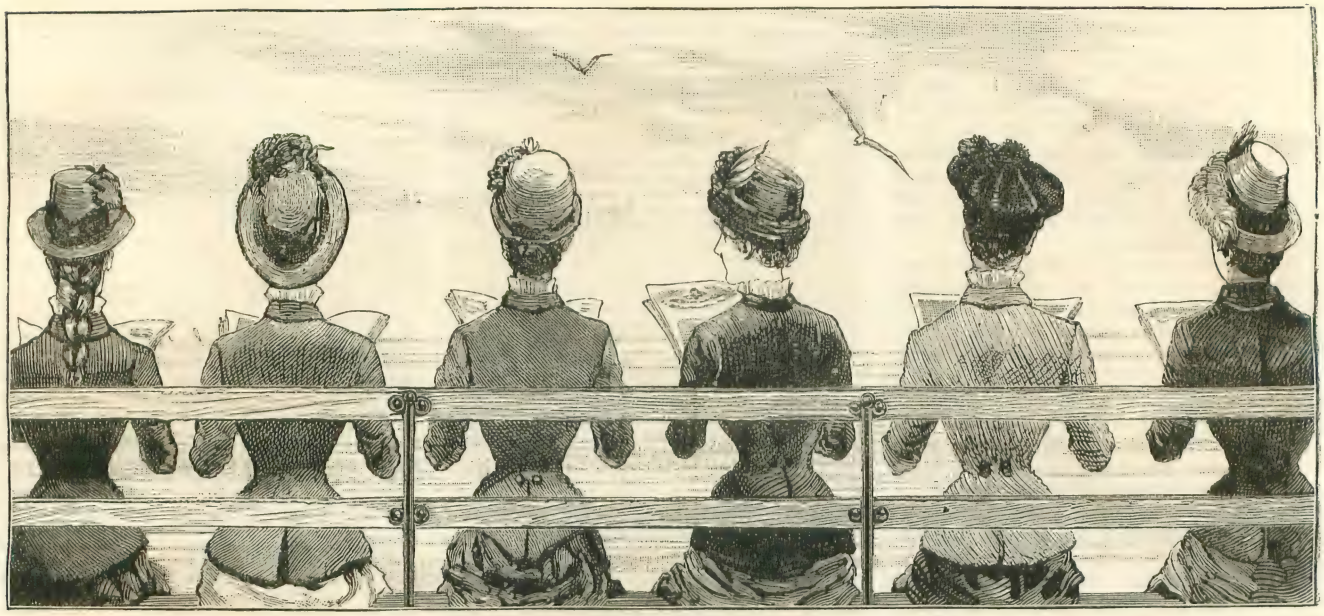
Zeolide.—Use a little vaseline to your hair, and keep it well washed, devoting at least ten minutes to it each morning and evening. You will find the constant wetting will do no harm to the hair if you follow these directions. Constant, good, steady brushing is the secret of keeping hair well.

Dorothea Brooke.—A cushion is what you require for your window-seat. You had better cover it with green, and embroider with red poppies; or find a poppy red material, such as serge or diagonal, and cover it with that. Obtain a small manual of botany. "The Flowers of the Field," published by the S. P. C. K., is a very interesting one for those who live in the country. You must refer to our many articles on painting, sketching from nature, and oil-painting

Myrtle.—We believe that the ostrich feathers are plucked twice a year from the living bird, and ostrich farming is a recognised branch of industry in our colony of South Africa.

A Dyspeptic had better obtain a shilling manual on food, and then she will know what to avoid. If exercise do her good, she must obtain it whenever possible, as, for instance, by getting up early. If needful, give up beer, take little tea, and that weak; and avoid cabbage, turnips, and unripe fruits. She must never eat later than 7 P.M. nor oftener than three times a day.

Emerald Isle.—Advertise in the English newspapers, and if you know the locality in Spain write to the English consul, who will advise you how to insert advertisements in the Spanish journals also.



MODEL GIRLS.

R.—The chief histories of the Crusades are those of Mills, Michaud, and Cox. The Children's Crusade took place in 1212, and was commenced under the auspices of a French shepherd boy, named Stephen, who appeared at Vendôme, and declared he was divinely commissioned to conduct an army of boys to the Holy Land. He collected 30,000 children and they embarked in seven ships at Marseilles, under the false protection of two merchants. Two of the vessels with all hands were lost in a storm, and the remainder, on reaching the Holy Land, were sold as slaves to the Saracens by their infamous protectors. Not one of these children is known to have returned to France.

A WILD DAISY.—1. No Christian should marry one who does not believe in Christ. 2. We do not know what you want in reference to belonging to a musical society. Do you mean a practising society? If so, we could suggest two or three. Address Miss Massey, 41, Park-street, Grosvenor-square, W.

MADGIE.—On no account take such a terrible poison as arsenic, excepting by a doctor's advice. It is impossible for us to judge of the skin disease you mention without seeing it; we advise you to obtain the best opinion at once. It is very pleasant to us to hear that our paper has encouraged and comforted you so much under your trials and difficulties. You have our best wishes.

MARIE.—You do not give a proper quotation, so we cannot be sure what you mean. Rosa Hardwick Thorpe wrote some verses entitled "Curfew shall not ring to-night," but there is a well-known poem by the poet Gray, called "An Elegy in a Country Churchyard," beginning with the line—

"The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,"

and it is to this famous poem that we suppose you refer. Your handwriting is not formed; you ought to write copies, and do not slope every line downwards at the end. Keep them straight.

LINTIE.—We imagine that you have exposed your birds to a draught, or too much cold from a window or door. Much green food is also dangerous to them.

IN THE NORTH COUNTRIE.—The author of the lines "Be good, sweet maid," is Charles Kingsley. Accept our thanks for the recipe and the letter.

JONQUILLE.—We should think it an impertinence to make the inquiry which you suggest, and even if we knew we should not tell you. Because royal and other personages live much before the public some people consider them fit objects for prying and useless curiosity. Do to others as you would wish them to do to you.

A YOUNG CROW had better make a confidant of her mother, and be entirely guided by her in all such things.

OLIVE.—The price of "A Crown of Flowers" is 6s.

ALLISON.—The 14th of May, 1869, was a Friday.

ZOE.—Such books are generally found at the railway bookstalls.

E. M. S.—The situation of useful maid would be most suitable to you, judging from your note and your account of your acquirements.

I. L. A.—There is no fear of infringing copyright in making quotations if you always put the quotation marks, or acknowledge your author.

DINORAH must live, as far as possible, in the open air, and not tire herself with too much walking, and must look on the sunshine and the air as her best friends. Live in the garden, well wrapped up and warm.

HARRIETT.—Stand the coral in a vessel filled with water, and leave it there till all the dirt be soaked out of the crevices. Do not use soda, as that would discolour it. We feel obliged to you for your kind letter. Your hand is fairly good and of the proper size.

A COUNTRY GIRL.—A flirt is one who keeps up a bantering, jesting intercourse with men—a sort of undignified and spurious love-making, tending to mislead them as to her serious intentions. Your handwriting is not yet formed.

HELEN.—You seem to require a free library. There is one at 106 High-street, Notting Hill, W., open from 11 till 1, and 7 till 10 on week days, and from 2 till 6 on Sundays. "George Eliot's" works are novels.

LADY NELL.—A simple remedy does not appear to be efficacious in your case. It is possible that something in reference to your general health needs attention. Sometimes soreness of the eyelids is constitutional. Your blood may need treatment, and you should consult a doctor, as the trouble may be a symptom of some other malady—not a local complaint only. The name Reginald should be accented on the first syllable. You confound your "m" and "n" with "u."

JEAN LOYOLA.—It is indeed a blessed thing that you should feel so much love for your Divine Master, and that you wish to lead others to feel the same. But the lines written on 2 Cor. v. 14 are neither in rhyme nor in blank verse, they are simply prose.

LONELY ONE.—Mr Tarn has only to do with our publishing department, not with any of our correspondence. There are medical homes in the following places in Wales:—The College Hospital Convalescent Home, Tenby, South Wales. The Sanatorium, Llandudno, North Wales; address Miss Roberts; if admitted by letter or nomination, price 6s. a week. The Cambrian Sanatorium, Penmaenmawr, for girls; 8s.; Mrs. W. Goode, Bryn Hyfnyd. St. Winifred's Hospital and Home, Rhyl, North Wales; price 5s.; address Miss Edith Vizard. This latter we advise you to inquire about as being most likely to suit you. We are not aware that there are any professedly free convalescent homes in Wales.

GIRL OF FIFTEEN.—Sensitiveness and shyness are not synonymous terms; one may exist without the other. Shyness may be described in French as *mauvaise honte*, a mixture of perpetual self-consciousness, timidity, and reserve. Sensitiveness means acute sensibility of the nerves and feelings; a quickness to feel kindness and the reverse; to perceive and to appreciate the signification of words, actions, tones of voice, manner, and changes of expression in the countenance, without being at all shy, and without necessarily being at all cross or resentful. Both are constitutional, but shyness and crossness may be more or less overcome, while sensitiveness cannot.

A DOCTOR'S DARLING.—You are a minor, under your parents' guardianship and authority. You cannot marry without their consent. Running away would be an outrage to them and disgrace to yourself, and is not to be thought of. If the man who has presumed to win your girlish affections contrary to their wishes (knowing you to be possessed already of independent means, the only child of rich parents, and a minor) can obtain the forgiveness of your parents, and still hold your regard and affection by the time you are twenty-one, all will be so far well. But whether you dismiss him permanently or not, you have the absolute right in a free country to refuse to marry any man whom you do not love, minor as you are. You could not take a false oath before God. No filial obligations could exact this perjury and sacrifice of you.

A SUNN.—We thank you for the offer of some verses, written with reference to one of our illustrations which appeared in April, 1883. We regret that they are unsuitable for our magazine.

NOBODY'S OWN.—We sympathise with you on the destruction of your umbrella. Your late mistress acted very improperly, and even dishonestly, in lending it to workmen, and until broken to pieces; but it will teach you not to leave things behind. We hope you will be happy in your new place. The name Carlisle is a corruption of the original Welsh name Caer Lliwellydd, by which the city became historical in the poems of the Bards. When surnames were adopted, the names of towns and lands were taken by many having some connection with the localities indicated.

GLOVE, CECILE PERCY.—No man nor woman should marry who is afflicted with epileptic fits. They would be incapacitated for the fulfilment of their respective duties to each other and to their children. Moreover, if they had children they would transmit to them a heritage of disease, probably of a similar character, and, in any case, of unhealthy blood. There is likewise a deterioration of the brain to be anticipated in course of time. "Glove" has no right to break off an engagement of two years' standing for a disease of which she was aware when accepting her lover. If he concealed it when he proposed, he acted most dishonourably, and immediately that she discovered it she had a right to cancel her promise, not after having condoned the imposition for a considerable time (unless his state grew such as to preclude the possibility of marriage). Has he or C.'s sister ever tried electric baths? Persons so afflicted should abstain from the use of meat, but otherwise live generously without excess. The disease may be greatly reduced in its severity, or quite cured, by careful regard to hygienic laws.

WATER LILY.—If you sincerely respect, as well as love, the man to whom you are engaged, you will not mind waiting, because you will believe you have chosen in the best and wisest way. No one can answer such a question for either of you.

THEODORA.—The "6th hour" of the Jews ends at our 12 noon. The Jewish "1st hour," sunrise, corresponds with our 6 a.m., but only at the equinoxes. The hours named by our Lord in St. Mark xiii. 35 denote respectively our twilight till 9 p.m., 9 to 12 midnight, 12 to 3 a.m. and 3 to daybreak.

MRS. ANNE COCKCROFT.—We are glad if we have been of any service to you, and thank you for your letter.

RAHMI OF FIRST WATER.—Pull up the plantain by the roots. Some pour boiling water on weeds, some salt, but to eradicate them in the simple way we propose, before seed-time, is the best plan.

MARIE LOUISE.—Persons in trade are rightly styled "Mr.;" but there are exceptions in this, as in most other rules. Real esquires are those by birth, officers holding the Queen's commission, barristers, and some others. A man may be an esquire by birth, as the eldest representative of a peer's younger son (in perpetual succession) yet his own brothers, as much gentlemen as himself, have no birthright to that title, which is therefore granted them only by courtesy. It is so commonly given in these days that it has ceased to have any significance. Certainly, help the head teacher first.

ELSIE.—M.B. means Bachelor of Medicine.

VOL. VI.—No. 298. SEPTEMBER 12, 1885. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

SWEET MOTHER, DEAR.

By W. NEWSAM.

SWEET mother, dear! Sweet mother, dear!
How flies my memory back to thee
And those bright days of thoughtless joy
When thou wert all in all to me.
Secure from every grief and care,
How calm and peaceful was my rest,
When folded in thy loving arms,
And pillowed on thy gentle breast.

Those halcyon days soon passed away,
And, as the years of life rolled on,
Sorrows came fast and faster still,
While pleasures faded, one by one.
The spring of life seemed bright and fair,
Its summer now will soon be o'er,
Its winter time is drawing near,
But springs returns to me no more.

Sweet mother, dear! long years have passed,
Long years of care, and toil, and strife,
Since, full of hope, I left thy side,
To launch upon the sea of life.
Now, buffeted by every storm,
By adverse winds and waves distressed,
Weary and worn with ceaseless toil,
I turn to thee and sigh for rest.

Sweet mother, dear! Perchance thine eyes
May pierce the veil so dark to me;
Perchance thou still canst lead me on,
And guide my faltering steps to thee.
Gladly I'll meet thee on the shore,
Where sighs no more disturb the breast,
Where all is peace for evermore;
Then shall I be for aye at rest.

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"HOW FLIES MY MEMORY BACK TO THEE."

AUNT DIANA.

By ROSA NOUCHETTE CAREY, Author of "Nellie's Memories," "Not Like Other Girls," "Esther," etc.

CHAPTER XXIII.

AMONG THE ROSES AGAIN.

"L'HOMME propose et Dieu dispose" is an old but true axiom. Miss Carrington indeed spent her Christmas and the opening days of the new year at The Holms, to the mutual enjoyment of herself and Alison; but it was not until the end of June that Alison and Roger paid their promised visit to Moss-side; not until the sweet fresh days of spring had passed into the glory of summer. Miss Carrington had written again and again, pleading the compact she had made with Mr. Merle; but neither of the young people had found themselves free.

"When we come it must be with a quiet conscience, and not with a burden of unfulfilled duties, dear Aunt Di," wrote Alison, at last. "Missie can do without me, but Roger cannot leave at present—there is such a pressure of business at the Mill; and if you do not mind, I would rather wait for him."

Miss Carrington's reply was curt and to the point: "Wait for Roger by all means. I am not young enough to fear deferring an unexpected pleasure, or old enough to dread that 'by-and-by' may mean never. There is danger in hurrying on things too much; we need not crowd our lives. I will have neither of you until you can put your cares in your pockets, and take the full meaning of these sweet, sunshiny days."

Aunt Diana's unselfishness and patience were rewarded when at last the desired letter from Alison arrived. Its bright sentences sounded to her like a ripple of soft laughter from youthful lips. "We are coming, coming, coming!" Could any repetition be sweeter than that?

It was one of the loveliest evenings in June when Alison and Roger arrived at the Riverston station, and stood for a moment looking round them in a pleased uncertainty, whether any familiar face would greet them. Miss Carrington had hinted that she preferred receiving her guests in her own porch—she hated the bustle and noise of a railway station. But still Alison's dark eyes would scan the platform and the sunny station room, half in delightful recognition and half in girlish curiosity.

"Ailie, who is that handsome fellow just getting down from a dog-cart?" asked Roger. "What a neat little turn-out. I like a chestnut mare. Holloa, do you know him?" as Alison smiled and bowed.

"It is Greville Moore," she said, hurriedly, and a bright look of pleasure crossed her face at the sight of her old friend, which was certainly reflected in the young man's countenance, as he came forward and greeted them.

"You are punctual to a minute," he said, joyously—"rather before your time, for I have only just driven up. Miss Carrington told me I might bring the dog-cart, and your luggage might go up by the omnibus. How are you, Miss Alison? You do not seem at all fagged by your long journey. I expected to find a pair of dusty, jaded travellers."

"Alison is as fresh as a lark," returned Roger; "she has been chirping like a whole nest-full all the way up. It is a good many years since we met, Moore. I should hardly have identified you the first minute, but for my sister's recognition."

"I believe I should not have known you," replied Greville, with a quick scrutinising glance. "You don't look first-rate, does he, Miss Alison? He has an over-worked appearance; we must give him plenty of tennis and boating, and make him look younger."

"All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," laughed Roger; "two or three weeks of idleness and fresh air will make a different fellow of me. I mean to forget that there are such things as saw-mills in existence."

"Come, that is sensible," returned Greville, heartily. "Miss Alison, will you take the front seat? Merle, the groom is going to look after the luggage; so you need not trouble your head about it;" and, springing lightly to his place, he touched the mare, and in a moment they were driving rapidly down the shady road.

"Oh, there is the river!" exclaimed Alison, in a tone of ecstasy. "Look, Roger, you can just catch a gleam through the trees—oh! the dear place, how I do love it!" her voice rising into a perfect crescendo, of which the top note was complete satisfaction.

"It is just a year since you have seen it," observed Greville. "Miss Alison, what made you steal a march on me in that fashion? I was quite hurt that you never gave me a hint of your intention of going home." He spoke in a low tone that Roger could not hear.

The quick, sensitive colour rushed into Alison's face—there was such implied reproach in Greville's voice. Had he really been hurt?

"Oh, you must not feel like that about it," she returned, with a sweet, candid look. "We had talked of the possibility, Aunt Diana and I, but nothing had been settled. I had put it out of my mind. I was so naughty, I could not bear the idea of going home and doing my duty. I should never have gone at all if Aunt Diana had not helped me."

"You did not think how I should feel when I came back and found you gone," retorted Greville, in a boyish injured voice, that reached Roger and made him smile, only Alison grew a little grave.

"I left a message with your grandfather," she said, quietly. "What could I do? Aunt Diana said it was my duty to go, and that it was no good putting one's hand to the plough and looking backwards. What is the use of loitering over a difficult task when it has to be done?"

"That is true, but——"

"Please don't talk of last summer," she interrupted him; "it makes me sad only to think about it." And he could see there were tears in her eyes as she spoke. "I made myself so miserable over it, I could not bear leaving Aunt Diana, and I missed everyone so." Alison broke off abruptly, though everything had turned out for the best. Though she would not have had it otherwise, still the memory of that struggle and the victory that had cost her so much gave her a pained feeling still. It is only in heaven, under the clearer light of a fuller and purer life, that the victor will dare to recall without pain the fierce battle and the scorching fires of trial through which he has passed.

"Miss Alison, please do not look sad over it," said Greville, earnestly. "What a clumsy fellow I am! I have silenced 'the nest-full of twittering young larks'"—referring to Roger's speech. "Come, I know you will forgive me, and look chirpy again, when I tell you I have passed muster and come off with flying colours."

"Oh, I am so glad!" exclaimed Alison, her smiles returning again. "Then you must have worked hard. How pleased Mr. Moore must be."

"To hear grandfather talk," returned Greville calmly, "you would think I was the Admirable Crichton at least. The dear old man makes no end of fuss, bless him. I tell him it is all your doing; you gave me such a terrible lecture that Wednesday."

"Oh, no," replied Alison, blushing; "it was your own good sense."

"I shall go in for 'Greats' next year, so I shall have to grind pretty hard. I am to have a coach down here this summer. Cheyne, of Balliol, is at The Crays with his people, and he is a rare fellow for that. I have to work all my mornings," he continued, rather dolorously, "but I shall have my afternoons and evenings free. Miss Alison, you are not listening to me."

"Oh, yes I am!" she cried, joyously, "but I *cannot* bear any more just now, though I am ever glad to hear it all. "Roger, do look, there is Moss-side—you know you have forgotten it—and there is Aunt Di in the porch."

"Ailie, you have eyes like a hawk. I see nothing but greenery and sunshine." Nevertheless, Roger did perceive a moment afterwards a tall figure in myrtle-green standing under a trellis of roses.

Miss Carrington had evidently heard the wheels of the dog-cart, and had come out to look. When they stopped she had the little gate open, and was helping Alison to alight.

"How are you, my dear child?" she said, as Alison put her arms round her: "actually not tired, Ailie! And you, Roger? Welcome to Moss-side, my boy."

"Aren't you going to welcome me

too, Miss Carrington?" asked Greville, half jokingly, but his eyes looked a little wistfully at the group.

"No, not to-night," she returned decidedly. "I must have my belongings to myself for this one evening; you may come in to breakfast, if you like;" and, knowing of old that Miss Carrington's decisions allowed of no appeal, Greville lifted his hat and wished them good-evening, and turned his mare's head in the direction of the Fernleigh stables, not without a backward glance at the slim dark-eyed girl looking affectionately in Miss Carrington's face.

"Now, Ailie, go to your old room and get rid of the dust, while I show Roger upstairs," observed Aunt Diana, in a brisk voice. "You will find me in the studio when you are ready."

Her old room! Alison gave a happy little sigh as she trod on the threshold. What a green little bower it looked, and oh, the roses!—roses in the quaint old china bowls that Aunt Diana so much affected; roses in the slender Venetian glasses on the mantle-piece and toilet-table; roses clambering into the window and pressing their pink faces against the swinging lattice; and on the window-sill, dropped by some thoughtful hand, a glorious Gloire de Dijon, with a background of maidenhair fern, such as Alison loved to wear in her white gown. She stood for a moment looking out thoughtfully. The long shady lawns of Moss-side and Fernleigh lay beneath her, and through the fresh foliage of the willows and acacias was the silvery gleam of the lovely river. Something in the Sabbath-like stillness, in the beauty of the scene, in the peaceful satisfaction of her heart, moved Alison to kneel down among the roses, and breathe a brief thanksgiving for the duties she had been strengthened to perform, for the Fatherly goodness that brought her back to the home of her adoption, and for the human love that was but a dim reflection of the Divine.

She did not hurry to go down, though her luggage had not yet arrived, and there was no possibility of changing her travelling-dress. But when she had brushed her brown hair, and put on her breast-knot of roses, she looked trim as ever; and her bright smiling face, as she opened the studio door, brought the name "Sunny" to Miss Carrington's mind, for she looked as all young faces should look—the very essence of a sunbeam.

"Oh, Aunt Di, the dear lovely room! And, oh, that is the new picture!" springing to the easel to gaze delightfully on golden cornfields, with scarlet poppies struggling among the wheat, like gaudy promises never to ripen into fruit, and under the hedge a little brown baby sleeping with its dimpled hand full of weeds and a sheep-dog watching its slumbers.

"Do you like the picture, Ailie? It is sold already. Lady Franklin fell in love with it, but I want it to hang in next year's Academy. The baby is painted from life; the original belongs to Barby, an old servant."

"Aunt Di, it is perfectly beautiful! Roger, come here and tell me if you do not think so."

"Nonsense, Ailie; Roger is far too hungry for art criticism at present. Come away, you foolish child, and let me give you something more satisfying than painted canvas. The chickens came from Barby's farm, with the strawberries and this jug of delicious cream."

Alison looked round rather bewildered, for none of these tempting viands were in sight; but Miss Carrington, who knew her love for meals *al fresco*, had had the supper-table laid in the wide verandah, and not only chicken and strawberries, but other delicacies were provided for the hungry travellers.

"This is better than your tea-table under the limes at home, Ailie," exclaimed Roger, as he carved for the ladies. "No wonder she was spoiled, Aunt Diana, and did not take kindly to the sooty ivy, and the music of the crane."

"Roger, I shall impose a forfeit if either you or Ailie mention the mill," observed Miss Carrington, as she handed him a cup of coffee enriched with Barby's yellow cream. "I want you two young things to forget everything but how you are to amuse yourselves. Ailie, shall we have our breakfast-table here as we did last year, while the blackbirds and thrushes take theirs? Roger looks as if he wanted to live in the open air. Do you know you have got thin, dear boy?"

"Never mind that, Aunt Diana; there is no fear of rusting, that is one blessing—work never hurt man or woman yet."

"No," she said, thoughtfully, "but 'moderation in all things' was an apostle's maxim; but you are right in principle, Roger. Now for the home news. What is really your father's condition? Letters are so unsatisfactory, and they never say half enough."

"Dr. Greenwood is delighted with the progress he has made, Aunt Diana; he gets across the room quite nicely on crutches, though he is not to do more at present. Of course the long confinement has made him look pale and delicate, but his spirits are first-rate. Dr. Greenwood told me the other day that in another year or so he might hope to be as well as ever. He says he is an excellent patient."

"And how does the book go on?"

"Very well, I believe; he manages to write without difficulty with the help of a sloping board."

"That was Roger's clever contrivance," interrupted Alison.

"Aunt Diana does not want to know that; you have broken the thread of my discourse. Father does seem happier lying there with all his books round him than he did at the mill."

"And we think," broke in Alison again, with a merry defiant look at her brother, "that papa's place is in his study, and Roger ought to be master at the mill."

"And a very good idea too," observed Miss Carrington, looking at her nephew with decided approbation. "How does Murdoch fulfil his duties?"

"Admirably; he is a very steady fellow."

"Then Ailie's plan will answer," she returned in her practical way. "There is no reason, Roger, why you should not carry on the business, and leave your father free for his literary pursuits. He was never fitted for a business man; he is too dreamy and unpractical. Believe me, he will be far happier and less irritable if circumstances allow him to follow his own particular bent."

"I am quite sure of it, Aunt Diana," returned Roger, quietly; "and now I have worked alone all these months, I feel more competent to carry on the business single-handed. It has been a hard pull—Fergusson had done so much mischief; but things are righting themselves now, and with Murdoch's help we shall get on capitally."

"That is well," replied Miss Carrington, heartily; "and now, how does Missie go on?"

This time Alison answered.

"Her arm is quite right, but she still looks rather thin and delicate. Mrs. Hardwick—Mrs. Forbes, I mean—wants to take her to Torquay, in October, for two months; she says she will be such a nice companion for Anna. Papa insists that she is to go."

"And how does my little friend Anna get on with her stepfather?"

"He is very kind to her, Aunt Di. Roger is rather pleased with him on the whole."

"Dr. Forbes is one of those men whose bark is worse than their bite," observed Roger; "he rather prides himself on being a bear; but I think Miss Anna has proved there is a soft spot in his heart."

"I am glad to hear this. Then the poor little girl is happy on the whole?"

"I don't think Anna is to be pitied, Aunt Di," returned Alison, in rather a peculiar tone; "she looks extremely happy." And something in Alison's manner made Miss Carrington change the subject; it certainly did not appear to interest Roger, for he seemed absorbed in his strawberries all at once, and his criticism on Dr. Forbes was given in rather a constrained voice.

"Miss Leigh tells me that Missie is wonderfully improved since her illness," observed Aunt Diana, after a pause, which no one seemed anxious to break.

"Indeed she is," returned Alison, with quick enthusiasm. "I have never seen anyone so changed; she is so much quieter in dress and manners, and so much more tolerant of Rudel. Poppie likes to be with her now, and Miss Leigh cannot say enough in her praise. It is easy to see how she tries to break herself of her faults, and it is so much harder for her than for us, as she has not a naturally good temper."

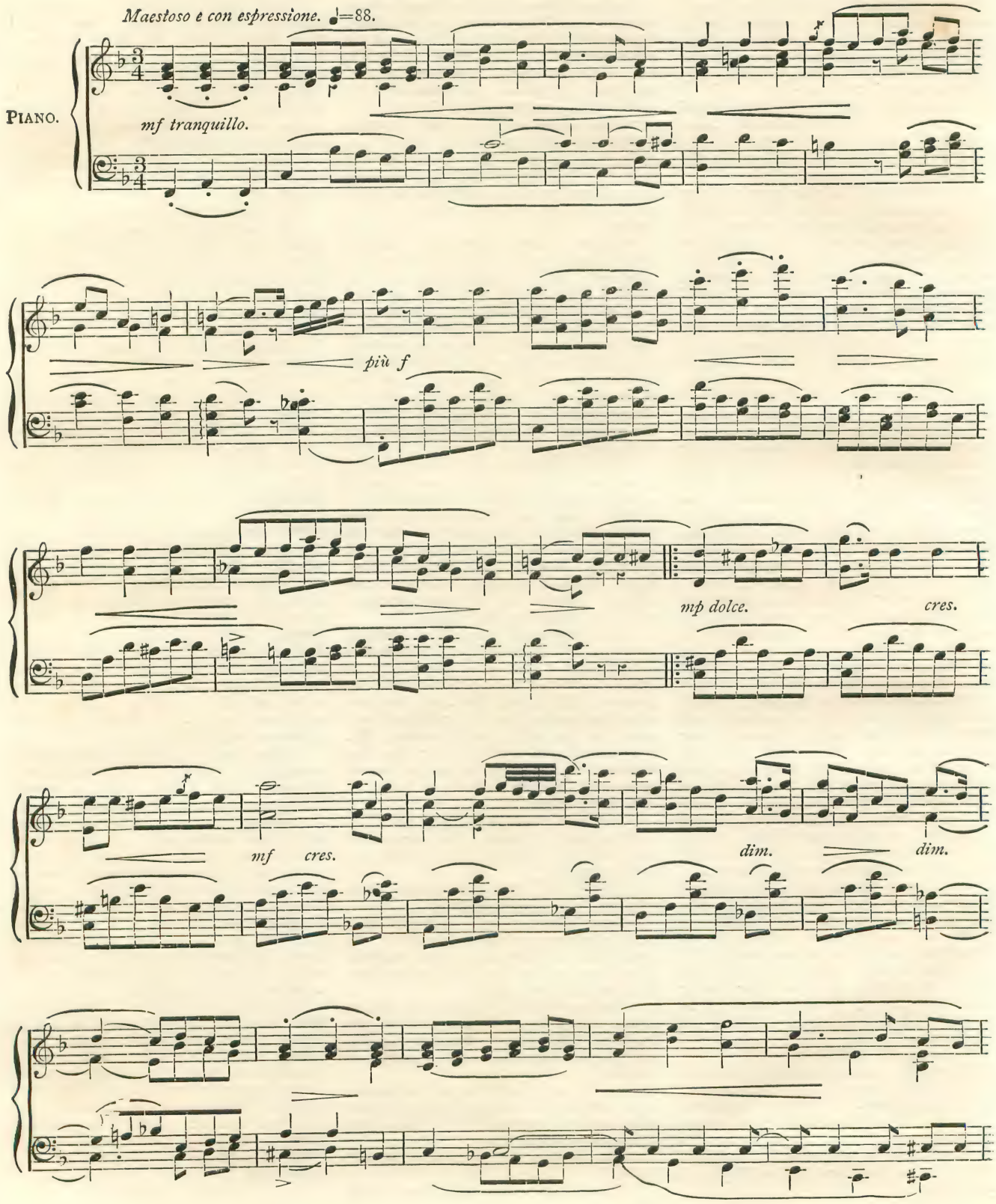
"Neither had I, Ailie. Many a girl has a sore fight to go through as well as Missie; it is so easy to contract bad habits, and so difficult to subdue them. I believe nothing but Divine grace can enable anyone to overcome a really bad temper." And so saying Miss Carrington rose from the table and proposed that Roger should go down to the river while she and Alison disposed of the unpacking.

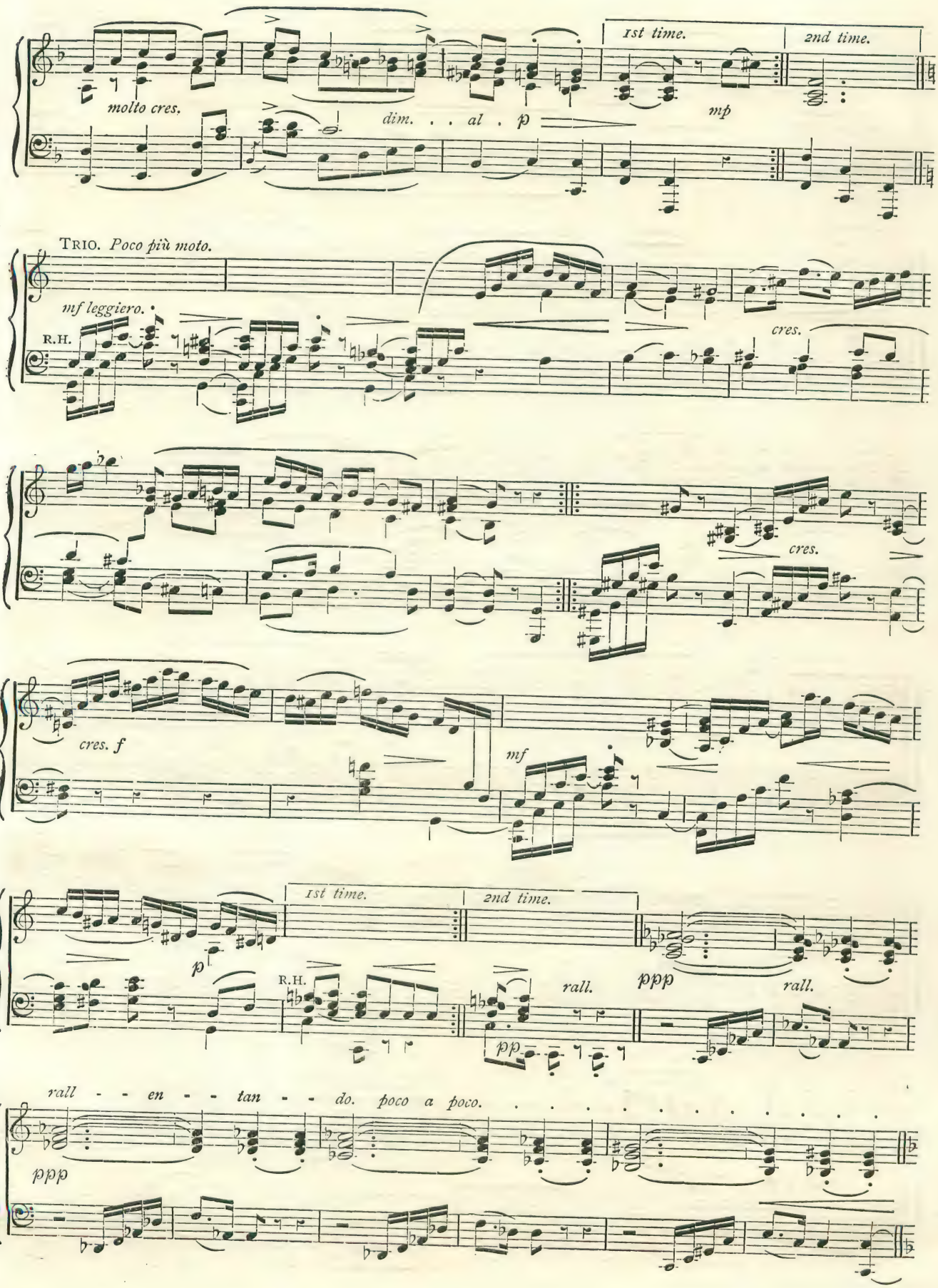
(To be continued.)

MINUET AND TRIO.

FROM A SUITE FOR ORCHESTRA.

MYLES B. FOSTER.

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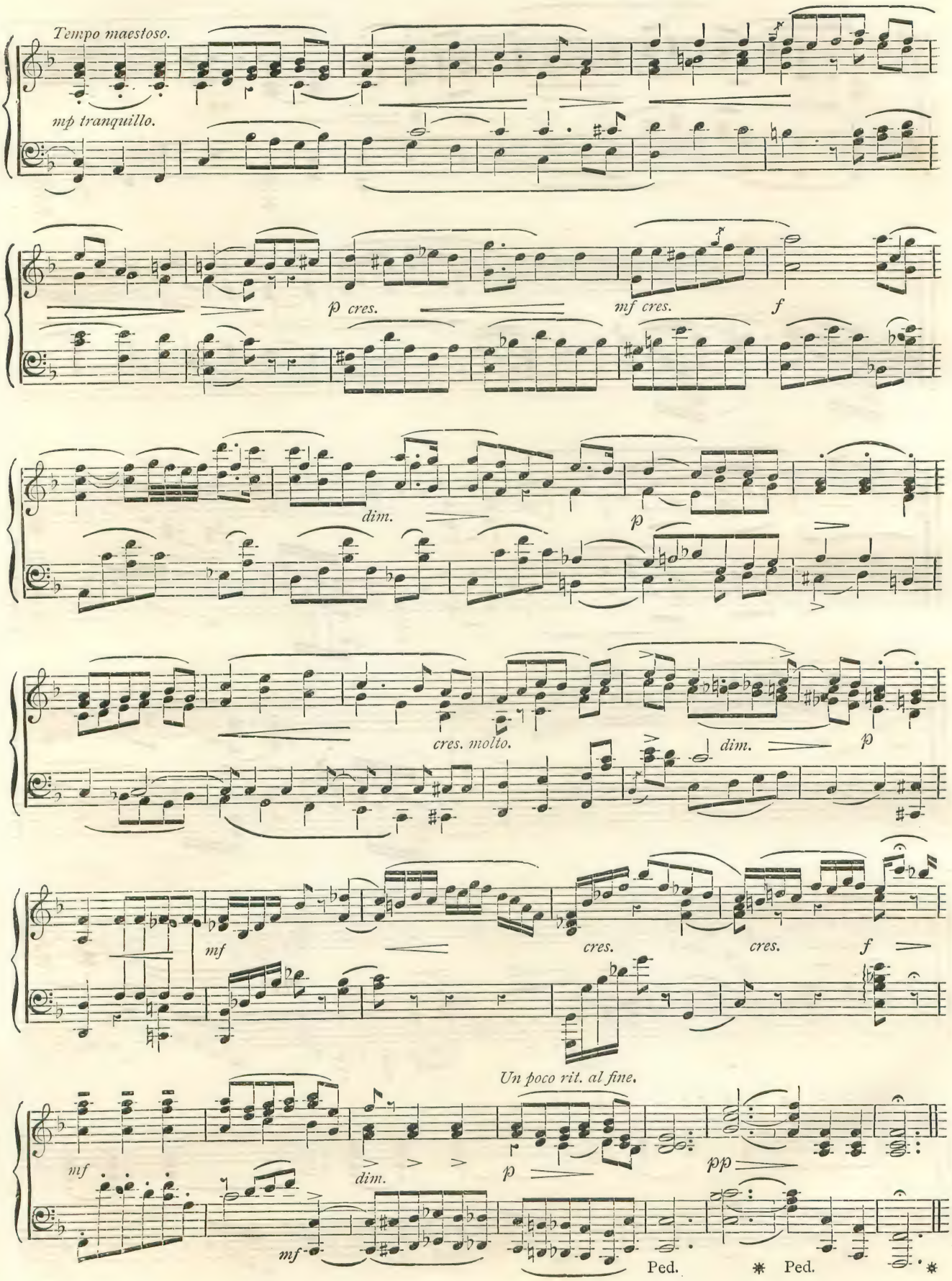
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WHEN WE WERE GIRLS TOGETHER.

A STORY OF SCHOOL-GIRL LIFE.

By SARAH DOUDNEY.

CHAPTER XXI.

FEARS.

THE dusk had deepened when the chaise stopped at the garden gate, and the blind of the sitting-room window was drawn up, revealing a bright, lamp-lit picture. In another moment there was a rush to the porch, a chorus of glad voices, with Hilary's shout of welcome rising above them all; and then Jennet was lifted out of the chaise by her father's strong arms, and held for an instant to his breast. Mr. Fowler was by no means a demonstrative man, and a great deal of unspoken feeling passed into that close embrace. Jennet understood afterwards all that was in his heart just then.

Hilary, forward as ever, was the next to greet her; then came Katherine's quiet kiss, and Mabel's whispered words of love; and last of all the two youngest children seized upon Jennet, and led her into the house in a tumult of delight.

"You must be dreadfully cold," said Ellen, drawing her towards the blazing fire.

"And tremendously hungry," cried Hilary. "Do leave off fussing, children, and let her take off that boa and cloak. Shall I carry your things upstairs, Jennet?"

"No," Jennet answered, rather wearily, "I will go up to my room at once."

"Don't be gone long," Hilary entreated. "The tea and buttered toast will get cold very soon. Perhaps I had better come with you."

"Sit down, Hilary, and stop talking," said Mr. Fowler, in a sterner tone than he often used. Katherine gave him a glance of gratitude, and Jennet's sigh of relief could be plainly heard. Hilary was becoming a great deal too much for them all.

With a slow step Jennet went up the familiar stairs to her own old room, and hastened to shut the door upon herself and her tears. She missed her mother's greeting more than words could say; and her heart was heavy with the thought of a sad to-morrow. It was no light thing to have to stand beside Aunt Judith's death-bed, and listen to her parting words; and the girl's sensitive spirit shrank from the ordeal.

Yet she thanked God that home was home still, and calmed herself with the hope that the mother would soon return, and that everything would go on once more in the old fashion. Then, hastily taking off her out-of-door garments, she wiped away her tears, and went quietly back to the expectant group downstairs.

"How good it is to have you with us again," said Katherine, beginning to fill the tea-cups, "and how well you are looking, Jennet. We were half afraid that London air would not agree with you; and the mother was always fearing that you would study too hard. But nothing seems to have hurt you."

"I am very well, Kathie," Jennet replied, "and I really got quite fond of the college. Only, you know, there were times when I was sick with the longing for home."

They went early to bed that night, and Katherine advised Jennet not to stay up for the business of unpacking.

"You ought to get a great deal of sleep to-night," she said; "I must call you early to-morrow. You had better wear your travelling dress, and leave me to take all the things out of your box."

"Why should you trouble yourself about my things, Kathie?" Jennet asked. "I shall come home after I have seen Aunt Judith. It is not expected that I shall stay at her house."

"I am afraid it is expected, dear, and your presence will be the greatest comfort to the mother. She says that Aunt Judith has been counting the hours till your return, and longs to have you by her side. Poor Jennet, I wish I could go to her instead of you."

"I wonder that she does not prefer you to me, Kathie. You are so much more unselfish and far more useful than I am."

"No, Jennet, I am not more unselfish. I don't know anyone who can lose sight of self more completely than you can. As to your usefulness, it has not been developed yet; but your gifts are of a higher kind than mine."

"Don't you think that father seems depressed?" asked Jennet, after a short pause.

"He misses the mother; it is the first time that they have ever been separated."

"Of course he misses her; but there is something else that seems to trouble him. Once or twice I fancied that he was concerned about me. Kathie, tell me if I am right?"

Katherine, who was usually the most straightforward of mortals, now shrank from meeting her sister's earnest gaze.

"Then there is something about me." Jennet laid her hands on Katherine's shoulders, and gave her a gentle shake. Both were tall girls, and the two dark-haired heads were on a level as they stood in the candle-light. "Oh, Kathie, why need we begin to have family mysteries? This is new and strange."

"There is no mystery, Jennet, dear." The tears rushed to Katherine's kind brown eyes. "Do not talk any more now; remember your early drive to-morrow, and all that you will have to go through. Don't you know that it is getting late?"

Jennet dropped her hands sadly.

"Kathie," she said, mournfully, "I am sadly disappointed in my home-coming. Something tells me that there are changes creeping over my little world, and I shall never be the same Jennet any more."

"You will always be the same," her sister answered, earnestly. "A change in circumstances does not mean a change in heart. I have perfect confidence in your stability, Jennet; I believe you will stand any test."

"Any test?" the girl repeated wonderingly; "am I likely to be tested?"

"Come," said Katherine, persuasively, "I thought we had settled that there should be no more talk now. See, the fire must be stirred, and more coals put on. You must sleep soundly, and get a long night."

Jennet had nothing to do but to submit. She was excited and tired, and to-morrow would be a trying day. Letting Katherine make up the fire, she began to undress in silence, and very soon her head was resting peacefully on the lavender-scented pillow.

At length a gentle hand touched her cheek, and a familiar voice softly recalled her from the world of dreams. She opened her eyes to see Katherine standing by the bedside, holding a cup of tea and a slice of toast. The day was only just beginning to break, and the room was but faintly lit by candle-light.

"Why, this must be the middle of the night!" murmured Jennet, drowsily. "I've been in bed about ten minutes, and you come and rouse me out of my first sleep. Do let me lie still a little longer."

"I'm very sorry to wake you, dear; it does seem cruel," her sister answered. "But it can't be helped, Jennet. No time must be lost in getting to Parkley; the mother entreated that you would use all speed."

"Why am I to go there?" asked Jennet, sinking back upon her pillow, and shutting her eyes before her sentence was finished.

"Because—oh, my dear child, you must not fall asleep again! Here is some nice hot tea; drink it, Jennet, and rouse yourself, for pity's sake!"

The heavy brown eyes slowly opened again, and the half-dreaming girl made a great effort to obey Katherine's summons. She sat up and drank some tea, still only partly understanding the reason for this early rising, until Hilary's voice was heard screaming outside the door.

"Is Jennet getting up?" she cried. "Don't blame me for coming to ask; Derrick wants to know."

"Oh, I remember everything," said Jennet, thoroughly roused. "Tell her to say to Derrick that I will be ready. Don't leave me, Kathie; stay here and help me as much as you can. I am a selfish, sleepy thing—ugh! How cold this room is!"

But at that moment Rachel entered to re-kindle the fire; and Jennet proceeded to rise and dress in its warm glow. No lady's maid was ever more attentive than Katherine; and her sister's toilet was completed before the tardy sun had shed his light upon the winter world.

(*To be continued.*)

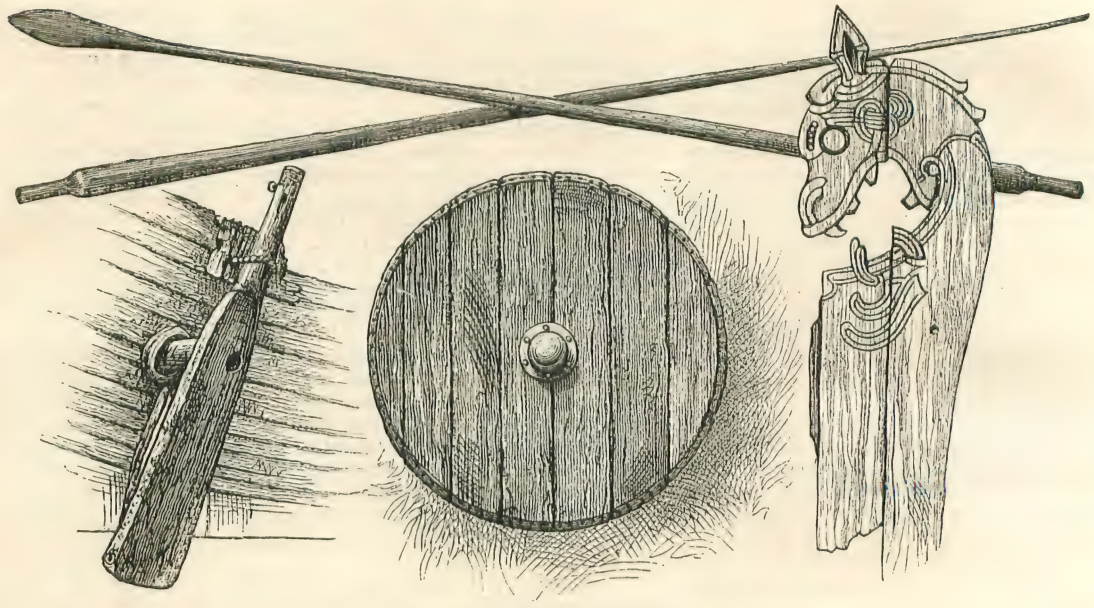
OUR TOUR IN NORWAY.

THE DIARY OF TWO LONDON GIRLS.

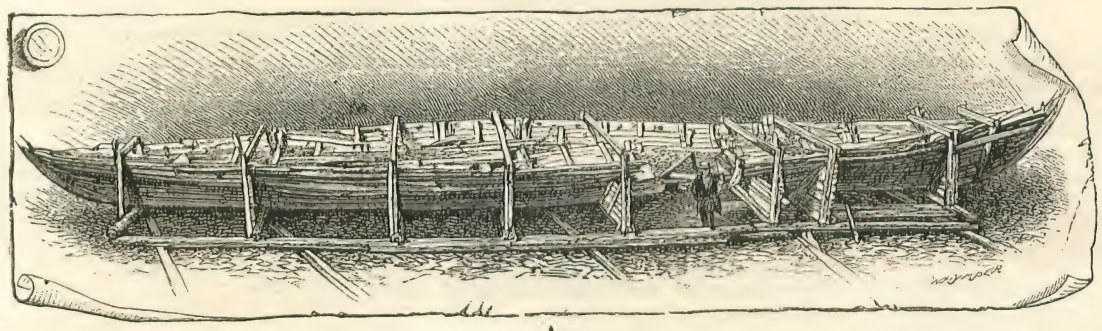
SITTING on the Tower, "Tryvandshoiden," about four o'clock, Wednesday afternoon.

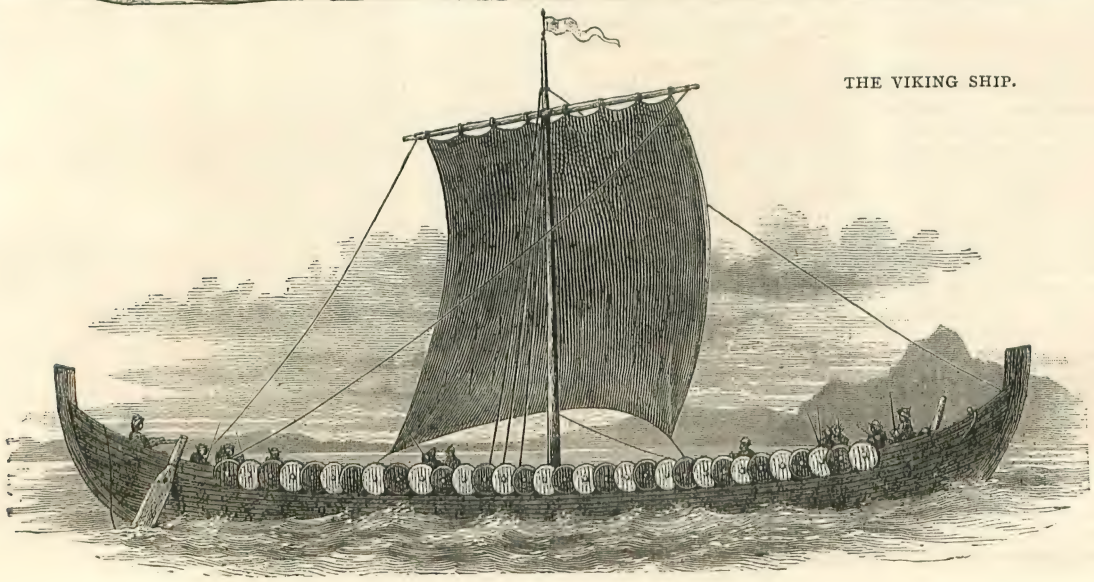
August 13th.

Sitting on a bench at the top of this tower of polished wood, which is thirty feet high, and boasts a flag-staff and seventy-three steps, we are delighted and amazed at the glorious views we obtain. This tower is erected on an open space in a forest 1,925 feet above the level of the sea, and is nearly two miles beyond Frognersœter. To the south may be seen the open sea outside Christiania, to the east the frontier of Sweden, to the north the vast forests of Nordmarken, to the west the mountains of Hallingdal and Thelemarken, of which the snow-clad peaks of "Norefjeld" (5,033 feet) and "Gausta" (6,300 feet) are especially observable, although about eighty miles distant. As I gaze, I am high above the top of magnificent forests sweeping fold on fold of deep green velvet o'er lesser ranges, and rolling about the distant mountains like rich fur mantles. Far away in the Tyrian haze glimpses of snow reveal its dazzling splendour. The mysterious Fjord, dotted with islets, and appearing as if it were enclosed by land, sparkles in the brilliant sunshine, and bears on its jewelled bosom gleaming sails and fluttering pennons. Many a silvery lake and solitary tarn embellish the landscape. Busy Christiania looks compressed and small; beyond, across the bay, amid dark trees, Oscar's Hall is but a tiny white speck. One streak of pale blue smoke rises beyond and below this vast forest. Five cows are grazing beneath us amid the fir-boles. They each wear a bell, whose harmonious tinkling makes sweet melody. It is most ravishing; the walk, too, was delightful, among strawberries, bilberries, variously coloured mosses, ferns, and overshadowing trees. We rested at Frognersœter (five miles from Christiania), which is a pretty châlet, and in the shrubbery, where we partook of milk, and fruit we car-



DETAILS OF THE VIKING SHIP.





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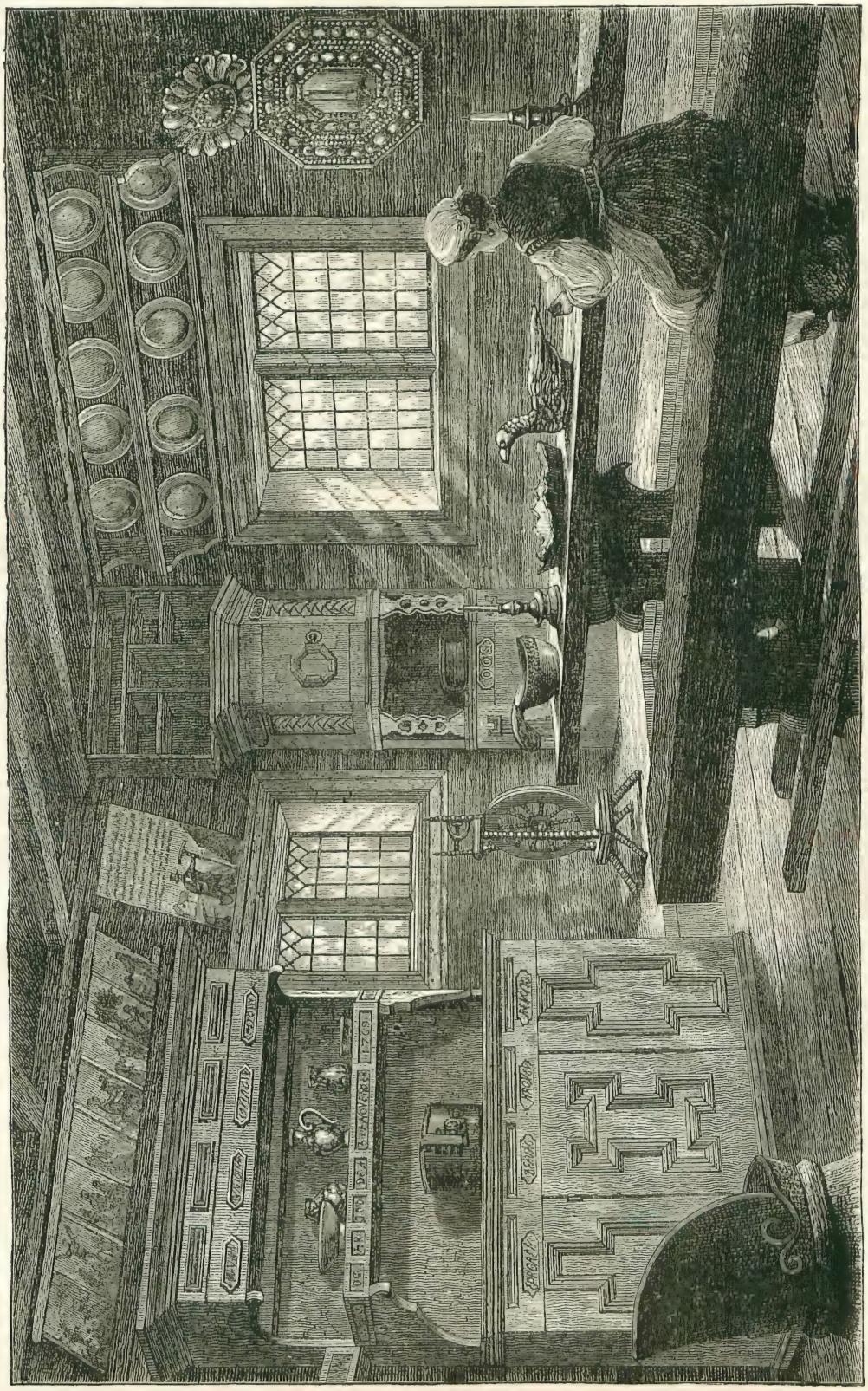

INTERIOR OF "HOVESTUEN PAA BYGDO."

ried from Christiania market. Soon after leaving the town we passed a space of ground enclosed by wooden palings, containing thousands of tons of ice in enormous blocks, covered thickly with saw-dust. There were two carts, each with two horses, removing eight or ten blocks at a time. This is a storehouse for summer, and is replenished in winter from the neighbouring lakes. The ice is sold to different parts of Norway, England, and other countries, and has to be cleared before the ensuing season.

	kr.	ore.
Fruit at market	0	75
Milk at Frognerscæter ..	0	60
Bill at the "Grand"	13	60

Grand Hotel,
Thursday, August 14th.

Last night every one was quite surprised that we had walked to "Tryvandshoiden." We remarked that many others, particularly gentlemen, went in a carriage and pair. We concluded we enjoyed the walk far more, and had plenty of time to ramble about and examine all the pretty nooks.

This morning we went to "Vor Frelsers Kirke" (St. Saviour's Church), on the "Stortovet," the large market place. It is a fine building, and holds the King's pew. A large new organ is in process of being made, which is very interesting to see. It will doubtless be a splendid instrument. The Industrial Museum, Sculpture Gallery, Art Union, and National Gallery claimed our attention for some time, and then we went to the University to see the "Viking Ship," which was discovered in 1880, at Gokstad, in the neighbourhood of Sandefjord, in a mound of blue clay, a species of earth undoubtedly selected for its excellent qualities as a preserver of wood. "We learn from several parts of our ancient history that it was a very common northern custom during the last centuries of heathenism (the Viking period) to bury celebrated men in one of their ships. The corpse was laid in the vessel, and a mound generally thrown over it. This ship dates back to the time of the Vikings, between the end of the 8th century and the middle of the 11th. Who the chieftain who was buried in the ship was, is a vain question. The length of the vessel from stem to stern is 23·4 metres (about 80 feet), and the width across the beams 5 metres (about 17 feet). It carried 16 oars on each side; and was, therefore, of the size called in the old Norse term a "Sextensesse." Sixty-three men were necessary to row a "Sextensesse," as each oar required two men, who relieved one another alternately. When fully manned the vessel probably numbered 80 men. It is entirely of oak, clinker-built, the boards connected with iron nails, and the seams caulked with oakum made of cow's hair spun into three-stranded cord. The planks and the frame timbers are fastened together with withes of trees' roots, which are passed through holes made in the under part of the frame timbers, and through corresponding holes in blocks projecting from the inner side of the planks. The workmanship is throughout very carefully and gracefully executed. All the planks have planed, moulded edges both inside and out, and many of the pieces belonging to the ship are adorned with ornamental designs. Both ends are very sharp, and have beautiful lines. There is no deck, but only loose bottom boards resting upon notches cut in the frame timbers. There is not the slightest sign of seats for the rowers; it would seem, therefore, they have rowed standing. Several of the oars are about 20 feet long. They have passed through holes about 18 inches below the gunwale.

In order to prevent the sea from washing through the holes when the oars were taken in, the holes are provided with a sliding board. There has only been one mast and one sail (a square sail). The mast was frequently lowered, for instance, when rowing against a head wind, or when preparing for battle. To provide some protection against the weather, it was customary to stretch a tent-cloth above some part of the vessel, under which most of the hands could find shelter.

One point wherein the old ships especially differed from those of the present day was in the construction of the rudder and its adaptation. Down to the fourteenth century the rudder was not fastened to the stem of the boat, but on the right hand side a little in front of the stem, which side is still called "styrbord" (steer-board). It resembles mostly an oar with a very long blade, and hangs in a rope which passes through a pierced knob fastened to the side of the ship. It was managed by a tiller fixed in a hole in the upper end; a thin rope which was probably passed through the iron ring near the bottom of the rudder must have been used to draw in the rudder when not required. Several of the ship's ropes were found. They are all made of bass; some are covered over with finer spun fibres of the same article. An iron anchor was found forward on the starboard side, but so corroded as to make it impossible to preserve it; only the wooden stock is kept.

The ship, although somewhat used and showing some signs of wear and tear, has been comparatively new when drawn on shore to be turned into a coffin. A sepulchral chamber of wood has been built from the mast to the stem. It is in the shape of a span roof, formed of round pieces of timber, which ascend from both sides of the ship up to the ridge-pole; the gable walls at both ends consist of erected planks. In this chamber the body of the deceased has been placed unburnt on a bed, together with such personal effects as custom required should be buried with him. Unfortunately, this ship-tomb had been visited by grave-robbers, in all probability during the Pagan era. The barrow was very large, of the usual circular form. The ship had been interred in the middle, on her keel, decorated with shields hung close together along the rail on both sides of the vessel. The marauders dug an entrance into the mound on the port side, and gained access through a large opening which they cut in the ship's side and the wall of the grave-chamber. The bones of the body had nearly all disappeared with the handsome weapons and equipments deposited with the dead chief. Only a few ancient relics were left. A number of bronze and lead mountings to belts and harnesses; the bones of a very little dog; and the bones and feathers of a peacock, supposed to be his favourite animals, buried with him. The bones of eight or nine horses and dogs which were sacrificed at his funeral; fragments of three oak boats; a landing stage; remains of bedsteads, two of which have been put together, and are much the same shape as those now in use among the Norwegian peasantry; and a great variety of kitchen utensils, wooden plates, finely carved wooden drinking cups, and many other articles. The cooking utensils were only of service while coasting when a harbour could be gained, as not any trace of a fire-place can be discovered in the ship."*

We then visited King Oscar's Palace, where he passes the month of February during the assembling of Parliament. He has so many fine palaces in Stockholm, the capital of Sweden, that his sojourn in Norway is generally brief. "Det Kongelige Slot" is finely situated on an eminence at the end of "Karl Johan's Gade." In front is an equestrian statue of King Karl Johan, cast by the Norwegian sculptor Brynjulf Bergslien. It was erected in 1875 by the voluntary contributions of the whole nation. The inscriptions on the two sides of the pedestal are, "Det Norske Folk reiste dette Mind" ("The Norwegian People raised this Memorial"), and "Broderfolkets Vel" ("The Sister Nation's Welfare"). Carl Johann, as he styled himself, though christened Jean Baptiste Jules Bernadotte, was raised by his talents and fortune to the dignities of Marshal of France and Prince of Ponte Corvo; and on the death of Charles XIII., in 1818, came to the Swedish throne under the title of Charles XIV. He died of apoplexy on March 8th, 1844, and was succeeded by his son Joseph Francis Oscar, who had in 1823, at Stockholm, married Josephine Maximiliana, daughter of Eugene Beauharnais, Duke of Leuchtenberg (whose wife was Augusta Amelia, Princess of Bavaria). Under the title of Oscar I. he reigned fifteen years, and died on July 8th, 1859, and was succeeded by his son, Charles Louis Eugene, who ascended the throne under the title of Charles XV. He died in 1872, and was succeeded by his brother, Oscar II., who had on June 6th, 1857, married Sophia, daughter of the late Duke William of Nassau, by whom he had four sons: the heir apparent, Gustavus Adolphus, Duke Wermeland and Crown Prince, born June 16th, 1858; also Oscar, Carl, and Eugene.

The succession to the throne is hereditary in the male line, according to the law of primogeniture. On the extinction of the male line the estates have full power to elect a king. The sovereign is of full age in Norway at the completion of his eighteenth year, in Sweden at the close of his twentieth. Before his coronation the king is required to take the inaugural oath, to subscribe an engagement to maintain inviolate the evangelical Lutheran religion.

Norway remains a free kingdom, independent and undivided. On the Norwegian coins the royal title is altered so that Norway is named before Sweden. Only the Crown Prince or his eldest son can be viceroy. A Norwegian or Swede can be appointed governor. The king has the executive power. The "Storthing" consists of the delegates of the nation, who deliberate and vote in two chambers called the "Odelsthing" and "Lagthing." The nation is composed of the clergy, citizens, and peasants, the rank of nobility having been abolished by the "Storthing" in 1821. Both in Norway and Sweden the peasants and citizens hold a higher rank than in most European states.

Education is compulsory, and the primary schools are numerous, so there are few who cannot read, or read and write. There are thirteen gymnasiæ or colleges for higher education, and six institutions for the training of teachers for the popular schools.

The University in Christiania has an attendance of about 650 students. Attached to it are a library, a botanical garden, and collections of natural history. At the same place there is a military academy, and a commercial institute.

The length of the Norwegian railway is 230 miles.

The Palace contains a very fine ball-room, and from the roof is a splendid prospect of the adjacent country and buildings. Afterwards we walked along the Drammensveien to Skarpsno, and ferried across the bay to Oscarshall, the King's villa, situated on a prettily wooded peninsula called Ladegaardsoen. Here we were charmed with everything, and beguiled the time most pleasantly, wandering about the park, the villa, and Hovestuen. The villa contains many curious and valuable relics, also a series of oil paintings by Tidemand, in the banqueting hall, depicting "the life of the Norwegian peasant from the cradle to the grave." From the round Tower of Oscarshall is a most beautiful panoramic view, comprising

* Professor O. Rygh.

the bright blue Fjord dotted with islands, and gleaming with white sails, distant mountains, forests, corn fields, and the imposing structures of Christiania. Everything is radiant with life and gaiety, and on so glorious a day one is filled with an indescribable sense of pleasure at so novel and bewitching a scene. Hovestuen, or the Hove Cottage at Bygdo, is a most interesting piece of old Norwegian architecture. It was built in 1738 at Lilleherred, in Thelemarken, and has for a long time been one of the principal attractions for tourists visiting Thelemarken, as one gets from it a true idea of how the people lived in Norway in the last century. Last year the cottage was presented to King Oscar II. by the owner, Mr. Ole Hove, in whose family it had remained since its erection. It is now placed in one of the prettiest parts of the King's Park at Bygdo. It is full of interesting furniture and antiquities, and is embellished with many curiously carved and painted inscriptions. Kate and I were delighted, and exercised great patience and perseverance in endeavouring to obtain a book containing the history of this extraordinary relic, which, when purchased, we carried with much care to Christiania.

	kr.	ore.
Fruit at market..	1	10
Cakes	0	45
St. Saviour's Church	0	50
King's Palace	1	0
Ferry to Oscarshall	0	40
Bill at the "Grand"	10	40

We did not return to *table d'hôte*, but ate our fruits and cakes in the King's Park, and came back to tea and cutlets about 9 p.m.

Steamship "Rollo,"
Friday, August 15.

This morning we concluded our purchases, went over the House of Parliament, and returned to *table d'hôte* at half-past two. We left the "Grand" about half-past four to come on board the "Rollo." The harbour was crowded with people, chiefly relatives of eighty emigrants who are bound for America. The farewells were conspicuous and touching, and tears very plentiful. Five pounds each will cover the whole of their expenses till they reach the New World. They mostly go for three years, then re-visit their native country; but, generally preferring the new land to the old, they return to America and settle there for life. The "Rollo" has carried 300 emigrants on some occasions. After tea one played a concertina, while the others danced. They stepped well to time and tune, and we were glad they could so soon banish the sorrow of parting, and appear so cheerful.

The Norwegians have the credit of discovering America prior to Columbus. "Herjulf, a descendant of Ingulf, and his son Biarn, subsisted by trading between Iceland and Norway, in the latter of which countries they generally passed the winter. One season, their vessels being, as usual, divided for the greater convenience of traffic, Biarn did not find his father in Norway, who, he was informed, had proceeded to Greenland, then just discovered. He had never visited that country; but he steered westwards for many days, until a strong north wind bore him considerably to the south. After a long interval, he arrived in sight of a low, woody country, which, compared with the description he had received of the other, and from the route he had taken, could not, he was sure, be Greenland."

Proceeding to the south-west, he reached the latter country, and joined his father, who was located at Herjulfsnæs, a promontory opposite to the western coast of Iceland. In 1,001, the information which Biarn gave of this discovery induced Leif, son of Eric the Red, the discoverer of Greenland, to equip a vessel for the unknown country. With thirty-five persons he sailed from Herjulfsnæs towards the south, in the direction indicated by Biarn. Arriving at a flat stony coast, with mountains, however, covered with snow, visible at a great distance, they called it Hellu-land. Proceeding still southwards, they came to a woody but still flat coast, which they called Mark-land. A brisk north-east wind blowing for two days and two nights, brought them to a finer coast, woody and undulating, and abounding with natural productions. Towards the north this region was sheltered by an island; but there was no port until they had proceeded farther to the west. There they landed; and as there was abundance of fish in a river which flowed into the bay, they ventured there to pass the winter. They found the nights and days less unequal than in Iceland or Norway; on the very shortest day (Dec. 21st) the sun rising at half-past seven, and setting at half-past four. From some wild grapes which they found a few miles from the shore, they denominated the country Vinland, or Winland. The following spring they returned to Greenland.

This description can only apply to North America. The first of the coasts which Leif and his navigators saw must have been Newfoundland or Labrador; the second was probably the coast of Brunswick; the third was Maine. In 1004 Vinland was visited by Thorwald, another son of Eric the Red, and in 1005 by Thorstein, another son, with his wife Gudrida and twenty-five companions; but they were driven by the contending elements to the remote western coast of Greenland, where they passed the winter in great hardships. This adventure was fatal to Thorstein, whose corpse was taken back to the colony by his widow. The first serious attempt at colonising Vinland was made in 1009 by a Norwegian chief, Thorfin, who had removed to Greenland, and married the widow Gudrida.

The voyage along the Christiania Fjord was replete with interest, and we remained on deck till about 11 p.m. We passed a store-house for ice on the coast close to the Fjord, the ice being conveyed and removed by boats.

It seems strange and yet pleasant to be returning to England; we are truly thankful for the enjoyment we have experienced, and yet long to be safe at home once more.

	kr.	ore.
Bill at "Grand"	10	0
Waiter, porterage, &c. ..	6	0

On the "Rollo,"
Saturday, Aug. 16.

A most lovely day, calm sea, and Kate not ill. I am so glad; it is such a relief to me. Between 6 and 7 a.m. we anchored at Christiansand for about an hour. The morning was thick with mist, so we did not go ashore, but watched the loading of cargo, &c., among which is a quantity of timber pulp for the making of paper. The fare on this boat is first rate; we have a most liberal table, and are well served by the steward and five assiduously attentive waiters. We have, too, marmalade, and the constant demand for it is cause of endless amusement. Captain Pepper is a capital organiser, most careful and kind. Steward and Mrs. Barrington are all that can be desired; the former is always ready with laugh and joke. The two mates have been most polite to us on the captain's bridge. There are about thirty gentlemen to nine ladies. I believe we two and one merry American girl are the only spinsters. I need hardly say we share with her the large amount of courtesy and attention we receive on all sides.

This morning on deck we formed a lively coterie. I produced my book on "Hovestuen paa Bygdo." A Norwegian gentleman recited, while an English gentleman wrote the English and put into form the few lines of verse. Several others listened and some took notes. The following is a translation of the inscriptions which are engraved on the walls, cupboards, and beds.

Above the entrance door we read, "God bless your entrance and departure from now till all time." Under this, on the broom-shelf (a shelf used in former times for the house-broom), is carved the date "1738," and underneath, "D. I O S." On the front cupboard to the right is carved, "O. O. S. T. S. D. 1738," and besides that there is painted on the same cupboard, "O. O. S. H M T D H 1837." On the first shelf to the left in the grate of the fireplace, and in succession to the same on the front cupboard to the left, which stands to the right of this shelf, one reads the following inscription: "I, Ole Olsson Enggrav (the valley grave), and my second wife, Kone Gunhild Ionsdatter Husthvet, came here to Hove the 10th December, 1818, and was born the 3rd November, 1769. 1821." Besides this there is on the same cupboard, partly above and partly underneath, the following inscription painted: "I, Ole Olsson Holla, and Mari Torgrinus datter (daughter) Holla, came here to the farm under Hove 29 March, 1828." On the cupboard behind the throne to the left there stands in carved letters, "Soli Deo Gloria, O. O. S." On the second throne cupboard stands further engraved in carved letters, "God with us, T. S. D." Round the bed one reads, "God guard from harm and danger house and ground, goods and gard" (the Norwegian word "gard" means the surroundings and appurtenances of a farm; the Norse root "garth," yard in Anglo-Saxon. It is found in place names in England—*e.g.*, Fishguard, Applegarth. "Yerde," in old English switch or twig, and a yard was a place inclosed by twigs. A similar idea is contained in "garth.") "people and cattle, everything which is here, in the name of Jesus. Amen."

Finally, there is above the entrance and the door of the linen-closet painted the following inscription: "Anlong Olsdatter (daughter) was born on the 10th Sept., 1875. Ingeri Olsdatter was born the 11th Nov., 1878. Ole Olsson was born 17th Jan., 1822. Anne Olsdatter was born 12th April, 1825." A small picture represents this: "King Charles XII. asked General Stenbuck which of all the country-people lived the best." The reply was in verse. Literal translation:—

"A peasant who has eight cows and a house,
God-fearing, honest, and a good neighbour besides;
Faithful to his God and King, with every man's confidence,
A little deferential, and a friend to his priest,
Knows nothing of the magistrates, nor anything of law,
Lives far in the mountains, keeps little company,
Uses well his field, hatchet, spade, and scythe,
Wears his homespun coat, leather trousers, and vest;
On good terms with his wife whom he himself has chosen,
And happy in his work. He lives the very best."

A young Englishman, who told us his *nom de plume* is "B. O. S.," kindly put the above in more rhythmic form:—

THE HAPPY MAN.

"An eight-cowed peasant possessing one horse,
True to his God, and his neighbours, of course;
True to his sovereign, and every man's friend,
Who speaks to his priest with a deferent bend;

Who lives far away in the mountain's fresh air,
Of laws and the rod he is not aware;
His friends call but rarely, no landlord has he;
From the sword, dearth, and illness he ever is free.
He tills his own field, and the mead for his cows,
And wears the rough cloth that is spun in his house;
Than he with his wife, the girl of his mind,
Not one upon earth can a happier find."

B. O. S.

This evening the gentlemen proposed a concert. We were rather shy of performing, but when they declared themselves to be passionately fond of music, and commenced by singing what they could remember, Kate and I determined to do our best, and recalled everything we possibly could, vocal and instrumental. Everyone was so generous, not in the least quizzical, and the hours flew by delightfully till eleven o'clock. Naughty "Miss American" cheated us, and retired before the concert began, so that she should not be asked to sing; the two married ladies bravely sat it out, so we did not feel quite deserted. Some of the gentlemen sang remarkably well.

S.S. "Rollo," Sunday, August 17.
5 o'clock p.m.

An unanimous raising of hats when we came on deck this morning, and we were soon engaged in pleasant conversation with the "Major," who has been in India and Tel-el-Kebir, and is full of information; Mr. "Hamilton," who is well up in London news; the "Melancholy Dane," who is full of fun; a clergyman, who has kindly presented us each with a copy of the New Testament in Norske; and others. Captain Pepper asked me to play the hymns for morning service, and at the same time handed me a paper with the numbers 257, 193, and 370, saying that if I liked to select something different, I might. I chose "The Pilgrims of the Night," which he laughingly suggested was not quite orthodox, being an evening hymn. The service was very short. Captain Pepper did most of it; he only accepted assistance from the clergyman present to read the lessons. The manner in which the steward rang the bell for service was truly comical. All the gentlemen attended naturally enough, and I wondered why in England men seem to think that women have souls to be saved and men have not, that the absence of the latter is so often conspicuous in churches.

We dined at half-past two. The weather is most glorious. We have made a tour of the ship, examining the quarters of the emigrants. The "Major" is so tall, I was constrained to ask him how "long" he is. He replied by asking if I desired his measurement by the yard, and added that he is 6ft. 3in. in his socks. By the bye, he sings very prettily "sotto voce."

We supposed we should reach Hull about half-past seven, and arrive at Ranmoor to-night, but we are still far from land, and not likely to get in till ten or eleven. Some advise us to stay on board all night, but the general impression is that doing so would be very uncomfortable, and that we should be wiser to go to the Station Hotel, Hull. We have all become so friendly, and the voyage has been so pleasant, that the pang of parting is again bitter.

Station Hotel, Hull, 12 p.m.

About half-past ten we left the "Rollo," in a small tug, for the pier. The Custom House officers came on to the "Rollo," and despatched the luggage in a very few moments.

This is a fine hotel, and we are thankful to be safe once more on the shores of dear "old England." We can scarcely forbear a secret wish to be going home direct, to tell our tales, although we are sure of a hearty welcome at Ranmoor.

	£	s.	d.
Bill on S.S. "Rollo"	1	11	6
Stewardess and waiters ..	0	5	0
Omnibus to Hotel	0	1	0

Ranmoor, Monday, August 18th.

Back again. This morning, at 7.30, we had a pleasant meeting at breakfast at the Station Hotel, Hull, and numerous farewells. "The Melancholy Dane" (he wished to be called this) was invaluable. What a genuinely kind, good-natured face he has! He accompanied us to the office of Messrs. Wilson, procured us our portmanteau and wraps, which had been so kindly conveyed by Captain Soulsby, of the "Domino," from Smeby's Hotel, Bergen. He, "the Melancholy Dane," then obtained a cab, and drove with us to the station. Not content with assisting us so much, he conducted us safely to Sheffield, and did not leave us till he saw us and all our belongings comfortably placed in little Lizzie's brougham. Not till then did we say good-bye! Is any language adequate to convey our gratitude to this young stranger? We must show our appreciation of such unselfish kindness and care, when he comes (as we hope he will) to see us in our English home, where we live unceremoniously, but happily, and are ever ready to give a welcome to those whom we have met in our delightful summer rambles.

	s.	d.
Bill at Station Hotel	13	0
Tickets to Sheffield, 3rd class ..	9	1
Porterage, &c.	2	6

We consider that the whole trip cost £30 each.

A DUET.

NEW MUSIC.

We have received the following from various publishers:—

Stanley Lucas and Weber.

Maytime in Midwinter. Words by A. C. Swinburne. Music by A. M. Wakefield.—An agreeable and prettily conceived song of moderate compass, presenting no difficulties.

Golden Grain. Words by Mrs. Charles. Music by C. A. Macirone.—A truly artistic and charming song, in which the composer manifests her usual fluency and elegance of style. The music carries out the spirit of the words, and there is true musical poetry in the treatment of the last words of each verse,

which is lingered over with unexaggerated pathos. We sincerely hope that this beautiful composition will be adopted and much sung by our intelligent girl-singers, for it will afford real pleasure to all lovers of music.

Liebe, Liebe, ach die Liebe. Words translated from the Hungarian of Alex. Petröfi. Music by Maude Valerie White.—The song before us is a pretty and simple composition, both melody and accompaniments being in admirable keeping with the words.

Golden slumbers kiss your eyes. Serenade for a choir of mixed voices. By Henry Leslie.—A charmingly descriptive part song. There are no difficulties to be surmounted by tolerably trained executants. The treatment requires great delicacy.

WEEKES AND CO.

The Song of the Wood. Words by F. E. Weatherly. Music by Mrs. Arthur Goodear.—A melodious setting to verses by the popular song-writer.

True as of Yore. By the same composer. Words by Clifton Bingham.—An agreeable song of average merit in the conventional style.

A Whispered "Yes." Words by Spencer Henry. Music by Edmund Rogers.—Pretty and vocal, and very nicely accompanied. Published in three keys.

The same may be said of *Not Alone.* Words by E. M. A. F. S. Music by R. W. Lewis.

C. B. TREE.

Songs for Little Ones. Words by F. A. R. Music by Merelina Gopp. Illustrations by C. L. Hardcastle.—In every respect a charming gift book. The rhymes, illustrations, and music are equally attractive. It contains twelve simple airs, most of them pretty. The book is got up in a most charming style, price 4s.

WILLIAM CZERNY.

Our Darling. Words by Ray Lotinga. Music by Lindsay Proctor.

My All in All. Words by E. Oxenford. Music by Theodor Bradsky.

CONRAD HERZOG AND CO.

A Love Lost and Found. Words by Arthur Holloway. Music by Thomas J. Mallet.

These three songs may be commended as being interesting, tuneful, and well written.

THE IMPORTANCE OF WOMEN'S WORK.

By the Rev. E. J. HARDY, M.A., Chaplain to Her Majesty's Forces.

BECAUSE women's work is done for the most part in the privacy of home we are not for that reason to undervalue it, or regard it as of less importance than the more public work of men. In the course of a conversation with Madame Campan, Napoleon Buonaparte remarked, "The old systems of instruction seem to be worth nothing; what is yet wanting in order that the people should be properly educated?" "Mothers," replied Madame Campan. The reply struck the Emperor. "Yes," said he; "here is a system of education in one word." Is there any work done by men so useful as that which is done by a good mother? The work of the Prime Minister or chief servant of England is no doubt very great, but it may be that the best mother of England, whoever she is, serves her country even more. One good mother is worth a hundred schoolmasters. She influences far more than does the father the action and conduct of the child. When people grow up and get fixed habits, clergymen can do comparatively little to reform them, but a mother can harden in goodness the pliable character of her child. Thus it is that posterity may be said to lie in the person of the child in the mother's lap.

After the work of training children, the next noblest and most useful employment of women is, in our humble and old-fashioned opinion, the skilful and economical preparation of food. If that man is to be regarded as a benefactor of his species who makes two stalks of corn to grow where only one grew before, not less is she to be regarded as a public benefactor who economises and turns to the best practical account the food-products of human skill and labour.

"The man may spend,
And money lend,
If his wife be aught;
But he may work,
And try to save,
And will have nought,
If his wife be naught."

Call cookery a department of chemistry, and cook herself a scientific chemist, and you can see at once the dignity of her work. Indeed, it would seem that the only reason why good cooks do not occupy the social esteem now enjoyed by medical men is the universal forgetfulness of the fact that "prevention is better than cure." Trained cooks prevent ill-health, while physicians, though they drive in carriages and appear much grander, only cure it. Nor is it only the physical nature that is benefited by good cookery. Its effect upon the temper and moral nature generally of a husband and children is very great indeed. Waste, impatience, quarrels, ill-health, are prevented when girls come to their husbands with a practical knowledge of cookery and other household duties.

Another department of woman's work which rivals in usefulness the physician's calling is the work of nursing the sick. The most skilful practitioner gives instructions in vain if they are not carried into practice by an intelligent nurse. In the majority of cases good nursing has more to do with the patient's recovery than good doctoring.

Mr. Ruskin said a girl's chief virtues were dancing, dressing, and cooking: he might have added teaching and training children. What did he mean? Dancing meant a girl was happy. It was her first business to be happy—a sunbeam in the house, making others glad. Dressing meant not buying only, but making dresses, and seeing that others had them: dressing the poor, and teaching them how to dress. Cookery included knowledge of botany, herbs, balsams, all sweet things that grew in the fields and woods for food—in short, the economy of our great-grandmothers, wedded to the science of modern chemistry.

No one who has an eye for beauty of form can avoid seeing the difference between an artistically dressed person, however simple the toilette, and one who is ill-dressed. The human shape is beautiful by nature, and ought not to be disfigured by its covering. Thus the work of dressmaking is really a form of art. It has been well said that "to throw a pot of paint at a canvas does not make a picture." So it is not making a gown to throw a quantity of material together in any slipshod fashion. The value of a gown consists rather in artistic make than in costly material; a velvet gown ill-made is a bad gown; a serge at 1s. 6d. a yard skilfully made is a gown that might be worn by the highest lady. A girl should desire to do her best on the simplest thing. It may be said of dressmaking, as of other work, that true greatness consists not so much in doing extraordinary things as in doing ordinary things extraordinarily well.

We often speak of "business men," but are there not business women too in the world? Certainly; for the management of a household is as much a matter of business as the management of a shop or of a counting-house. It requires method, accuracy, organisation, industry, economy, discipline, tact, knowledge, and capacity for adapting means to ends. All this is of the essence of business; and hence business habits ought to be cultivated by girls who aspire to succeed in life. Mr. Bright has said of boys, "Teach a boy arithmetic thoroughly, and he is a made man." Why? Because it teaches him method, accuracy, value, proportions, relations. But does not a girl require to learn arithmetic as much as does a boy? She does; for when she becomes a wife, if she is not up to her business—that is, the management of her domestic affairs in conformity with the simple principles of arithmetic—she will, through sheer ignorance, be liable to commit extravagances which may be most injurious to her family peace and comfort. Method, which is the soul of business, is also of great importance in the home. The unpunctual woman, like the unpunctual man, occasions dislike, because she consumes and wastes time. To the business man time is money; but to the business woman method is more: it is peace, comfort, and domestic prosperity.

We might go into other departments of women's work and show that they are quite as useful, and ought to be considered as dignified and as honourable as men's; but these few illustrations are enough if they set girls thinking on the subject. In all kinds of work a good woman can earn esteem and can find an opportunity of doing her duty. Only let her put conscience into her work, and remember that there is no work or position in life which cannot be raised, and none so high that it cannot be degraded. Is your work occupied with uninteresting trifles? Think what Michael Angelo said about trifles. One day a visitor at his studio remarked to that great artist, who had been describing certain little finishing "touches" lately given to a statue, "But these are only trifles." "It may be so," replied the sculptor; "but recollect that trifles make perfection, and perfection is no trifle."

We conclude with a few practical words of Rev. H. R. Haweis in reference to a girl's preparation for woman's work: "Order, neatness, cleanliness must first be learned. A slovenly girl will make a slatternly wife. Go home and look at your cupboards. How many things can you find without a hunt? Peep into those corners — drawers — nondescript places, where everything gets stowed away. Do you notice grease-spots quickly? Do you take them out or merely fold them over. A lady said to me, 'What can be worse than a glove that has been mended?' 'A glove that wants mending,' I replied. Every girl should be taught some trade or handicraft. You can never tell how soon you may want it. How do you know that your father is not spending his capital—has not speculated, and will not leave you all penniless? Half the women in the United Kingdom have to support themselves somehow, and not a few of them, I blush to own it, support the men."

THE BELLE OF BIRCHWOODS; OR, THE USES OF ADVERSITY.

By SARSON C. J. INGHAM, Author of "The White Cross and Dove of Pearls," &c.

CHAPTER II.

THE NEW HOME.

"The kindest and the happiest pair
Will find occasion to forbear,
And something, every day they live,
To pity and perhaps forgive."

—*Cowper.*

JOHN STENNETT introduced his bride to her new and more luxurious home with a calmly satisfied air, feeling that the young, earnest creature who had entwined the threads of her existence with his had reached her goal, and now nothing could be lacking to content her. Ella could not take in the details of its upholstering and furnishing all at once, and was wearied, perhaps, with having her attention drawn to them singly; but she appreciated the whole as evidencing her husband's love for her, and hoped that she might reign over her woman's kingdom wisely and gracefully.

"You must try your piano," he said to her on the first evening. "I gave a hundred guineas for that piano, and I want Simpson to hear you on it the first time he hears you play. Hitherto he has set his wife up as the star player of our set, and very proud he is of her performances on a forty-guinea kettle-drum which she tunes herself."

"Oh, don't put me into competition with others, John. I should hate it. Let me be glad and thankful to hear anyone who renders good music better than I do, and learn from them all I can."

"Learn? You are not a schoolgirl."

"I have coveted to sit at the feet of my superiors all my life," she said, with an arch smile.

"My dear Ella, as a married woman with a position to take and to keep, you must not indulge in sentiment. There is no one here at whose feet you may sit, unless you choose to indulge your husband when he wants a chat over his good-night meerschaum. Depend upon it, little girl, the world sets just the estimate upon us it sees us set upon ourselves. Discount your own worth and ability, and the world will take the remainder and discount it more liberally still."

Ella laughed, but even as she laughed she felt a pain at her heart.

To turn the conversation, she sat down to the piano and played one of Heller's Reveries. The soft, dreamy music floated her thoughts homeward. The spirit of the little vicarage at Birchwoods, and even the beautiful spirit of the woods seemed again to rest upon her. She thought of a sermon she had heard her father preach to the young on the cultivation of "whatsoever things are lovely and of good report."

He had warned his young hearers against the sanctimoniousness that makes war with things secular as if they were essentially common and unclean, and yet can carry rivalries and strife into religious services and works. He had shown them how it is the Spirit that sanctifieth, and the man that has in him the mind that was in Christ must work loftily, and amuse himself innocently, however he may be engaged.

She resolved to keep her course with singleness of heart, but it was not easy.

Mr. Stennett was hugely disappointed when, the much-to-be-astonished Simpsons spending an evening at his house, Ella, after opening the piano and playing a single piece, left Mrs. Simpson to follow with several, and actually put before her some studies which she was going to practise, that she might understand them better for hearing them.

"How could you?" sternly asked John Stennett, of her afterwards. "You may keep your place now as second fiddle, for you see she accepted all the superior merits you awarded her."

"Why not? Beside her, I am only an amateur."

"Well, have it your own way. The men who will be first in business, are first; and it's much the same in other things."

"The music itself ought to be first, John, and then all the professors of it will fall into their places naturally."

"Theory and fact don't work alike, and never did," he replied, testily.

Perhaps Ella found promise and fulfilment equally incompatible. The time soon came when she might have said of her pictures, "John never cares to look at them now." This discouraged as much as it disappointed her, and for a long time her easel was neglected, and her paint-box unopened. New duties and new cares diverted her attention, and the thought of her favourite pursuit when it obtruded itself became unwelcome, from the consciousness that it must henceforth be a solitary, and therefore a selfish pleasure.

But one fine spring morning, when the sight of daffodils below the window out of which she leaned set her heart dancing, and the nature all around her looked so busy that she, too, longed to be doing something, Ella shook herself free of a few vain longings, and again took up the brush with a resolution to devote as much time to it daily for the next few weeks, as she could spare without neglecting other duties. She thought, with half-closed lids, of the fine, bold scenery that lay around Stockport and the little village of Hazel Grove, the glimpses she had caught from her carriage of ingles and nooks that would make a ravishing picture for one who dealt in small effects as she did. She wondered, as the weather grew warm, if she might not spend occasional long mornings among them, and see what she could do. It would need some contrivance which results would surely justify.

As she mixed her colours for the glad, light green the birches were wearing now, a man's step was heard along the corridor, and her husband entered the room.

"Painting!" he said, with an intonation of surprise and something very like displeasure.

"I am setting to it this morning in good earnest; but what has brought you back, John?"

"That letter of Rammens'. He will call at the office to-day for an answer. I thought I left it here."

"So you did, dear, and finding you had not taken it, I was keeping it for you," she said, handing it to him.

"Thanks," and with another doubtful look at the preparations she was making for her work, he closed the door behind him and left her with the charm of it rudely broken.

Trying to keep down her uncomfortable feelings, she continued at her easel, and when she was called on by Mrs. Stennett, her husband's mother, she brought her back with her into the room.

"I declare," said Mrs. Stennett, "she's at her drawing and painting. When I was your age, child, at this time in the morning what a sight of things I had to do before dinner, if I didn't want everything to go to rack and ruin."

"I am not neglecting anything, mother, and, sad to say, I have not had a brush in my hand since I was married."

"If John saw you, he would not like it. He would say it was just like the south. In the north we believe that a lady should devote her mornings to her proper work, because there is the afternoon and evening for her to give to her paints and piano, or books, if she is a reader."

"I like the morning best for painting; not only for the light, but the hand is steadier, and I am conscious of a spring and energy that I lose a little through the day."

"A painter might say that who had to get his living by it, and had nothing else to do; but you are the mistress of a house; painting with you ought not to be a serious pursuit."

Ella heaved a deep sigh.

"Shall I dismiss one of the maids and do her work? Would that be the best investment of my energies?"

"If you've nothing to do in the morning but draw and paint, I don't see why you shouldn't. I always told John that you young folks were beginning where we old ones left off. I know ladies in Yorkshire, and in this county too, whose husbands have a thousand a year clear to their income, and yet they keep only one servant and have all the washing in. They know what being a good wife means, and their husbands and children will remember how they slaved and saved for them when they're dead and gone. John doesn't hold with that, and goes in for appearances; but he'd like to think while he was sweating his brain to make the money, his wife was spending her best hours in looking after affairs at home—putting her shoulder to the wheel, as a woman ought."

"I was hoping I had grown to my duties," said Ella, softly. "If the winch wanted putting on anywhere John would know, and he never finds fault."

"Well, my dear, I wouldn't be the one to begin to set him to it; but you'll never keep to your duty if you take to drawing in the morning, and nothing would give John greater uneasiness than to see you do so."

So the work must be discarded or done under protest. Ella gave Mrs. Stennett one keen look and took courage.

"Such a woman as you have been holding up as an example must be of those whose minds rise not. She misapplies her energies; for if she had no intellectual tastes to gratify. What good her money and time would enable her to do in the village or parish where she dwelt!"

"True; but the same might be said of us all," said Mrs. Stennett, virtuously. "Let us get into that way of thinking, and we may regard all the time we spend on ourselves as so much taken from the poor."

Mrs. Stennett, nearer sixty years of age than fifty, with a past behind her which she felt she could regard with complacency, even if pride were sinful, felt herself privileged to

moralise upon any deviations in others from the course which she had herself pursued. She was fond of reminding them that she had known difficulties that would have quenched most women, but her spirit and energy had never failed her. Small mention was made of an over-ruling Providence who had given her strength according to her day. A certain egotism and appreciation of herself was to be seen peeping out in all directions. Her rich satins and furs were worn with an air that said that, though highly unbecoming to some women, they had come to her as a patent of the wise foresight and diligence by which she had built up her late husband's fortunes.

A Yorkshire woman, she was not unkindly, but Ella feared her for her prejudices and the influence she had over her son. When she thought of her own dear mother, she felt stifled by the narrower horizon which was drawn round her, and which threatened to hem her in.

Withal, how inconsistent was the proscription of the drawing! This same lady had often looked in upon her in the morning and taken up valuable time with careless chat, and Ella having accompanied some of the pattern ladies of her acquaintance in their shopping expeditions, had been in her turn impressed with the value of time, and had wondered at the patience of the men behind the counter. The idea, then, that her drawing was to be made a scapegoat and sent off with all the sins of unimproved hours bound around its horns! She resolved, in spite of it, to persevere.

Her happiest achievements, however, were but coldly looked upon by her husband. He appeared to forget them in five minutes, and again if he saw her in her pretty morning dress mixing paints and preparing her canvas, he contracted his brows and favoured her with a look that might have been dangerous to himself had Wilfrid been near to shoot him. The golden haze through which her brothers fondly imagined a discerning, not to say a poet's, eye must regard her, did not bewilder John Stennett's keen optics.

Ella grew sensitive upon the subject. Even the inconsiderate remarks of friends made her feel that she was liable to be misjudged.

"Edward tells me that he has met you out twice with your sketch-book," said pretty little Mrs. Clivers to her at luncheon, Mr. Stennett happening to be present. "My dear, however do you manage it? Not one girl out of a hundred finds that she can draw after she is married."

(Mrs. Clivers was an inveterate novel-reader.)

"My wife has an enthusiasm for drawing; that makes all the difference," said Mr. Stennett, grimly. "Your enthusiasm is, I suppose, your husband and your house."

"I don't know for enthusiasm, but I find I've neither time nor strength for any division of interests."

Perhaps Ella was mistaken in thinking that her husband's words conveyed any reproof to her. Like most gentlemen, he was fond of teasing his wife; but one thing and another had contributed to make Art a sore point between them, and Ella could not smile. The irritation was kept up. Pointed allusions were made before her to the fascinations of those women who laid themselves out for society, and cultivated the art of pleasing; although it did not occur to John Stennett that the borrowed light the husbands of those ladies moved in would hardly have been agreeable to him. The virtues of other estimable women, who absorbed themselves entirely in domestic details, and embalmed their love of the beautiful in ornamental needlework, were chanted in recitative by the elder Mrs. Stennett, and between her husband's ideal and his mother's there seemed no room for Ella to have any of her own.

Still, if there was friction, caution avoided any breach until one unfortunate day, when from morning till night the genuis of mischief ruled in the house, and things did somehow or other determinedly go wrong.

Ella's parlour-maid was ill, the cook disabled her hand, the butcher mistook his orders. Ella rose with a bad headache that did not enable her to grapple successfully with the general conspiracy against the household peace. There was an east wind. John came home earlier than usual, and brought two unknowns to dinner.

The chimney of the smoking-room assisted the gentlemen in smoking, much to their host's disgust.

Before the mantle of oblivion had settled over the house that night, the master of it had said some words to his wife which held her eyes weeping, and caused the easel and all the appurtenances thereof to be relegated next morning to the lumber-room. The words were unjust, but that made them all the harder to bear, and she was determined that the demon of jealousy that wrought so much mischief with her unoffending paintbrush should be laid. He had told her, in answer to a very meek explanation, that it wasn't an artist that was wanted to maintain family peace and order, it was a housekeeper.

From that time John Stennett's housekeeper kept to the line of her duties. His eye was not again offended by the sight of the graceful figure bending over the canvas in the fresh, cool, morning light.

Without offering any atonement for his harshness, the peace again seemed perfect between them, and the elder Mrs. Stennett spoke of Ella to her gossips as a paragon of sweetness and docility, "only needing guiding, and so easy to guide, dear thing."

One day, though, John startled her, and brought a rush of colour into her cheeks, by suggesting that she should send a couple of her pictures—"two of the Hazel Grove bits that I pointed out to you from the carriage, and that you succeeded with so well, you know,"—to the Gallery, as they were beginning to hang that season's pictures.

"I had rather not, John. I never have exhibited, and it would be like affectation to do so now, when I have discarded painting. Home appreciation always contented me, and perhaps I have had as much of that in my time as has been good for me."

She took up the "Art Journal," as if her answer was final, while he, too proud to court a second refusal, thought—

"How peculiar she is! how fastidious! I suppose it's because she is a clergyman's daughter. Most unpractical men, the parsons. Nothing ever does present itself from the standpoint of a little business to the clerical mind."

As soon as he could get a holiday, he took his wife up to London to see the Academy, and they managed a little run to Birchwoods. Both of them were in such fine holiday spirits that the dear father and mother imagined their home heaven was blue, without a cloud, and felt more assured than ever of their child's wedded happiness. Had Ella been questioned, she would have said she had nothing to complain of, and perhaps she had not very much.

In the autumn Mrs. Parry visited Ella, and then she became aware of a little change in her which she had hardly expected to find. Ella appeared to have abandoned the old interests and to have a struggle in keeping up with new ones. Her character had not ripened so much as it had merged itself into the individuality of others, with more loss than gain from any point of view. She might have had no interests apart from her husband's. Among the guests they assembled at their house she was emphatically, if gracefully, as one who serves; but she never, as the hostess is privileged to do, gave the keynote to the enjoyment. She simply followed where others led, while her own thoughts and reflections were like a sealed book.

Mrs. Parry divined that the change in her must be the outcome of a want of sympathy, but she did not speak of it, for fear of treading on forbidden ground and hurting her feelings.

Early one evening, however, when, awaiting Mr. Stennett's arrival for dinner for the lighting of the lamps, they sat watching the tawny foliage of the trees in the garden turn into gold as the rays of the westering sun fell upon it, and birds dart with a faint twitter into the bright-fruited privet hedge, Mrs. Parry asked Ella if she had no new paintings to show her. Ella archly reminded her mother that she was married, and had other things to engage her; but there was a ring of emotion in her voice that did not escape the mother's ear.

Still her mother rallied her on the neglect, telling her that with four women-servants in the house, there could be no excuse for her. In conclusion, she said she should appeal to John.

"No, mamma," said Ella, in alarm; and then followed a flow of timid words of explanation which gave Mrs. Parry a key to the whole situation.

"I cannot say that there was not a little temper in it, mamma, when I put all that belonged to the drawing out of his sight, but he never asked me to restore them to their place. He took no pleasure in anything I did, and yet wanted me to exhibit in the Gallery; but I declined, and now the subject is dropped between us."

"My dear, have you no Master but John?"

"Yes," said Ella; "but wives are to obey their husbands——"

"And stewards to improve their talents."

"But my drawing, mother—if my husband does not like it—is not of all that importance."

"We are too short-sighted to be judges of that, Ella. God knows our needs and His own purposes concerning us. He who gave the bee and the beaver their separate instinct did not leave man the mere profiter by a happy accident. We ought not to depend on the appreciation of others for support, but think what our duty to Him who endows us for His service may require. Resume your drawing, then, and if your husband remonstrates, tell him candidly what your own views are."

"He will not remonstrate: he never does."

"Did you conciliate him by declining to exhibit? If it would please him better to see a picture of yours in the Gallery than on his own walls, give him the pleasure. It may lead to more indulgence on his part after awhile."

A conscience regarding the neglected talent was created in Ella. Next morning, having shown her mother the Hazel Grove views, she consented to have them framed and sent next season to the Gallery. Her husband was pleased, but affected not to see that the easel had been brought from the shades of obscurity, and put up in its usual place.

She exhibited regularly after that, and John Stennett, standing in the shadow of her laurels, forebore to wound her by open disapproval or implied reproaches. Still, the bond of sympathy was not perfect between them, and though she grew accustomed to the ice of indifference, she was never wholly proof against its depressing influence.

(*To be continued.*)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

COOKERY.

STING and TOPSY.—To prepare the cocoanut for making cocoanut chips, remove the outside shell with a sharp hatchet, then carefully peel off the dark skin that covers the meat; quarter them, and boil them for about fifteen minutes; they are then ready to cut into chips, which should be rolled in confectioner's sugar and dried in a slow oven. The 7th December, 1868, was a Monday.

MINION.—Genoa Cake.—Ingredients: Half a pound of flour, half a pound of sugar, half a pound of butter, four eggs, a small glass of brandy, and a little salt. Mix the flour, sugar, eggs, brandy and salt well together in a basin with a wooden spoon; then add the butter (merely melted by the side of the fire), and when this is thoroughly incorporated with the batter pour it into an appropriate-sized baking sheet (previously well buttered) to the thickness of about a quarter of an inch, and bake in a moderate oven. When done, turn out on a sheet of paper, cut into any shapes you like, and decorate with icing.

WHITE ROSE.—To make a plain plum cake, take half a pound of beef dripping, butter, or lard, a pound and a half of flour, a pound of raisins (stoned and chopped), a teaspoonful and a half of mixed spice, one teaspoonful of carbonate of soda, two eggs well beaten, and half a pound of brown sugar. Beat all together for ten minutes, and bake in a well-buttered tin, being very careful not to move the cake after you have put it in the oven.

GRACE ELLEN.—If the caramels became sugary they were cooked too much. You had better get another recipe and try it. If it proves a failure, then the fault must be yours.

M. E. S.—Icing for Cake.—You do not make your icing thick enough, and to make it smooth the sugar should be rolled; also add a little cornflour to your icing, and when smoothing it keep dipping your knife in hot water. We give you a recipe for icing which you may like to try. Take one small tablespoonful of gelatine dissolved in two tablespoonfuls of hot water, mix it with fine powdered sugar till quite stiff, and spread smooth with a knife on the cake, dipping your knife in hot water while doing it. Dry in a cool oven.

HOUSEWIFE.—Bread from Self-raising Flour.—We know of no reason why your bread made with this flour should be heavy if you carefully follow out all the directions given with it. Do not make your dough too stiff, be very expeditious, and be sure that your oven is very hot before you begin mixing your bread. Only a small quantity should be made at a time. Divide two pounds of flour into three or four loaves. About half an hour ought to be sufficient to bake them in a hot oven.

WORK.

CHROMO.—We fully intend to give amongst our paper patterns some for cutting out underclothing. So much change has passed over this part of dress that all our girls are inquiring for new patterns and new ideas.

ENID.—Baskets of fircones are made in two ways. The cones are strung on wires to form a basket, or they are firmly glued on wooden or cane baskets as ornaments; then they are stained, and lastly varnished; or if of a good brown they do not need re-colouring.

KATE H. G.—Indian ink is used for "spatter work" on white jean.

IGNORANT MATTIE.—We should use the silk like the pattern for the underskirt, knitted or plain, as the quality allows. Turn up the side of the tunic with the same, and have a full front also. The material for tunic and bodice should be black cashmere of good quality. The breast of the turkey is stuffed with forcemeat, and the skin of the neck is sewn over at the back to keep it in while cooking.

IRIS.—We think a Tam o' Shanter in Eis wool would be a very foolish thing to make. The backs of looking-glasses may be covered with white muslin or lace drapery, the same as that which drapes the frame in front; or else the panel may be painted in oil colours as a landscape or group of flowers. A large fan may also be fastened on it, and save much trouble.

MISCELLANEOUS.

DIDDIE.—If your mother objects, and you do not show her the letters you receive, we think the correspondence should cease. But why ask advice? You are sufficiently sensible to consider the matter and make up your mind. The first question is, what end is served by continuing to correspond? If no good end, then give it up.

QUATORZE.—Girls of fifteen and boys of eighteen should have something better to do. This is what is popularly called "calf love," and if you consult your mother she will, if a wise woman, put a stop to it at once.

DISCRETION.—Dear Discretion, your poetry may be good, but your ink is so bad and your writing so dreadful and full of flourishes that we cannot tax our eyes in deciphering it. The tails of your "g's" and "y's" are exactly an inch long in some cases (we measured them). Get some roundhand copies at once, and set to work to improve; and dismiss poetry for the present, as there is no use in writing it if no one can read it.

A MADRASSEE.—We have read your most interesting letter with great pleasure; but we fear we cannot promise to insert your contributions, as our columns are already over-crowded. The music decidedly shows a promise of better things hereafter.

M. BATSFORD.—The word printed "salt" at page 348, vol. i., should be "soft" water. Make the bath every day, or every second day, and be sure to get the right ingredients only.

PYRACANTHUS.—We do not recommend the use of depilatories—only extraction and rubbing with pumice-stone. Premature greyness may result from constitutional delicacy, hereditary tendency, the use of improper hair-washes, and severe headaches. We cannot tell from which cause your hair has lost its colour.

STUDIOUS OBSERVER.—Two more silly questions were never sent to us. We repeat them that others may give you all the credit due to you, *i.e.*, first, whether birds think, and "in what language they do so?" Secondly, "The name of the race of beings who can do more than their best?"

PENZANCE MAY BLOSSOM.—So far as we can judge from your description, you are suffering from intermittent fever and ague; but we could not make such a statement with any degree of certainty. There may be complications, and you may be suffering from hectic fever. You should place yourself under good medical treatment.

IVANHOE had better cease to take in a paper which she appears to value so little. Her subscription is not an object to the proprietors. We fear that some encouragement must have been given to the very "green," as well as dishonourable young man who ventures to write to a little schoolgirl of fifteen without the sanction of her parents. She should forward his letters to her mother, and she will put a stop to the nuisance, and relieve her daughter of all difficulty and annoyance.

VILLETTE.—1. Madeira belongs to Portugal, not Spain. 2. You have quoted a number of verbs, and the terminal "ing" marks the active participle. Try to improve your spelling.

SNOWDROP.—As a rule, all lakes surrounded by mountains, or high hills having gaps through the chain, are more or less subject to sudden squalls from the rush of wind from such openings. Thus, in stormy, uncertain weather the sails should not be securely fastened to the boat, but the sailor should keep the sheet in his hand, to let it fly in a moment. Cold may affect the heart and interrupt the circulation, and cramp may result, or apoplexy, if bathing too soon after a meal.

DIANA.—The mother of the bride-elect tells the family friends and near relations, and the girl her own companions.

MADELINE.—Use chalk in the morning, and the best unscented soap at night, and occasionally a preparation of carbolic acid, specially sold for the teeth. Possibly you may need a dentist's assistance in cleaning them in the first instance. Wear a veil and use a parasol. Why do you not cross your "t's"?

HAREBELL.—See page 582, vol. i. (September, 1880), for the skeletonising of leaves.

PRISCILLA will find full directions for the making of pot-pourri by referring to our indexes. The aquamarine is a fine variety of the beryl, so distinguished on account of its colour, which resembles the blue-green of seawater under certain lights and conditions.

APPLEBLOSSOM.—We do not recommend the adoption of the vocation you name. Perhaps you know enough to be a mother's help.

ELSINORE.—If the skin be tender from sunburn, bathing with a decoction of sage tea will heal it. See our indexes in connection with the complexion. Your handwriting is not yet formed.

JULIET.—Although the railway between Darlington and Stockton was the first made in England (1825), railway traffic really commenced with the opening of the line from Liverpool to Manchester, which took place on September 15th, 1830.

MISS E. THORNTON will find the missing article on page 174, vol. ii., the date of the number being 11th December, 1880.

PATIENCE.—Everyone who keeps birds should, in justice and kindness to these poor feathered victims, get a manual, costing from 6d. to 1s., giving full information as to their management and diseases. Half their troubles arise from mismanagement. Draughts are most injurious, also a room lit by gas at night, which becomes much over-heated, and cools during the night to a freezing point. Your canary apparently has asthma, and must have change of food. Leave off giving hempseed, and give rape instead, lettuce, endive, and watercress, and a very little bread or biscuit boiled in milk and sweetened, made fresh each day.

SEMPER FIDELIS.—Cut the melon by the quarters from the centre, and help each guest to a quarter. Pine-apples are cut in slices, the tops being loosened before they come to table. Serve castor sugar with both, and use dessert knives and forks.

GRIMPIES.—The word "Nephelococcuquia," the heading of a chapter in Charles Kingsley's "Hypatia," is from "The Birds" of Aristophanes.

A. P.—"Occupy till I come," "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might," "*Doe the nexte thynge*," would all be suitable mottoes.

A "MASHER'S" SISTER.—Dog biscuits are the best food for any dog as its chief diet; but you may sometimes give it some small rabbit or chicken bones, or a little broth, when any may have been left that is free from grease. You would injure yourself very seriously if you drank vinegar to make yourself slight.

LITTLE COUSIN.—We regret that we have no recipe for making little girls "as tall as the door!" but she might aspire to reach that of a rabbit-hutch, if not raised above convenient reach. Perhaps she might draw some consolation from the old proverb that "Ill weeds grow apace," and that to be a little lowly "bachelor's button" might be preferable to them.

DAISY MILLER.—We could not venture to prescribe for you, even were we professionally qualified to do so, without seeing and knowing more about you. We can only refer you to the general advice we have given to other correspondents troubled with dyspepsia, and recommend you to make a personal application to the authorities at the King's Cross Hospital.

A DROOPING LILY.—You have our kindliest sympathy in your trying sickness, and are greatly gratified by what you tell us of the influence for good exercised by our paper. Do not let your sister take arsenic. Let her consult some good doctor as to the rash on her face. Her digestion and diet need attention, we imagine. If from poverty of blood, she may need a tonic or cod-liver oil. May God sustain your faith and patience, and grant you a joyful entrance into that land "where the inhabitants shall not say, 'I am sick.'"

EASTER DAISY.—We thank you for your kind letter. Your handwriting is good, but the "s" might be improved and the "t" crossed. The verses you send are very incorrect. The first and third lines, and the second and fourth lines, should contain the same number of feet respectively, and they should correspond in the placing of the beat or emphasis. In the fourth verse, to be correct in the number of feet, the line should be reduced thus—

"Gentle Zephyr, she kisses the pop,"

for "lar leaves" make the line too long. This example may suffice. Besides, these verses do not constitute an ode. The lines entitled "Nature's Gift" are merely disjointed prose.

GINA H. (Manchester).—We fear we could not add any more to our already over-burdened shoulders.

FRANK (Tasmania).—A widow retains her husband's name on her visiting card, or on luggage labels, etc., but in matters of business, legal papers, cheques, and all banking transactions, she uses her own Christian name. In the first instances named she is "Mrs. William Brown," in the second she is "Mrs. Mary Brown." It is contrary to our rules to give private addresses.

SPARROW.—If you have read the advice given by "Medicus," and all our replies to correspondents respecting the care of the skin, we can tell you no more. Some people have coarse skins, and these cannot be made fine by any treatment. We cannot give you a recipe for "winning love" if you have already tried the grand specific of unselfishness, tact, and affection on your own part. You ought to write copies.

AN AXMINSTER MAID.—July 15th, 1862, was a Tuesday, and August 9th, 1864, a Tuesday.

FIDELIS.—Pronounce Chopin with the French nasal sound of "in," and Cho as "Show;" Berlioz as "Bear-le-oz;" Wagner as "Vag-ner;" Bach with a gutteral "ch," as in German.

ALICE HOY (Leytonstone).—We charge nothing for the answers we give to our correspondents.

WUR BLUDGEON.—The 27th January, 1756, was a Tuesday. It was Leap Year.

THE GROCER.—At seventeen your duty is to obey your father and mother; but your love must be a poor thing if you cannot wait in faith and patience a few years, and your lover has no right to persuade you to disobedience.

SOMEBODY.—One of the best and simplest methods of strengthening a weak back is to use sea salt. Put a handful in a quart of cold water every night, and in the morning dip a towel into it, lightly wring it out, and get someone to rub your back with it for five minutes, not too hard, but just enough to cause a redness. Do this every morning for the next three months, and your back will be much improved. You may use the same sort of regimen to your whole body with advantage. Sea salt may be procured of any chemist in boxes or bags.

SWEET SIXTEEN.—We do not see why you should object, at your age, to be dependent on your father. It is quite natural that he should be the provider until your education be finished. You had better consult your mother on the subject of earning money, as she might object to the plan. Home employment of a money-making kind is, we fancy, a very difficult thing to obtain in all parts of the globe, and you had better be patient and contented.

APPRECIATION.—Your kind letter, just and poetical views, and acknowledgments of good derived from our paper, are appreciated by us, and deserve the thanks which we now offer you. May you some day realise the brightest of your anticipations, in the faith of which you derive so much comfort now. We are surprised.

EISSILL.—Your verses show much promise and considerable originality. Persevere patiently, read good poetry, and study the form and model of the best masters while preserving your original ideas.

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

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WHEN WE WERE GIRLS TOGETHER.

A STORY OF SCHOOL-GIRL LIFE.

By SARAH DOUDNEY.

"THE WIND WAS STILL, THE LIGHT CALM AND CLEAR AND THE ROBIN'S SONG WAS THE ONLY SOUND THAT BROKE THE SILENCE OF THE PLACE."

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CHAPTER XXII.

A LAST INTERVIEW.

THE fresh morning air dispelled the mists of sleep from Jennet's brain, and Derrick's cheerful talk strengthened her nerves, and braced her for the coming trial. But when they drove into the High-street of Parkley, and stopped before a tall, gloomy-looking house, her spirits began to sink again.

"Remember that mother is here," said Derrick, as she got out of the chaise.

Some one had evidently been on the watch for her arrival. Before her hand had touched the bell the door was thrown open, and a grey-headed manservant appeared. Close behind him came Robson, pale and worn with long vigils in the sick-chamber, but visibly brightening at the sight of the expected guest.

"How is my aunt?" was Jennet's first question.

"She has had a restless night, and has spoken of you continually, Miss Jennet," the woman answered. "We all feared that you would not be in time, she has got so very weak."

While Robson was speaking, she led Jennet into the breakfast-room, and proceeded to supply her with hot coffee. The girl glanced around her at the costly things that met her eye on every side, and thought of the long years of solitary grandeur which Mrs. Belfont had spent under this roof. How bright Aunt Judith's days might have been if she had opened these doors to her young kinsfolk, and filled the dull house with their vigorous life! Everything was luxurious and comfortable; and yet a close observer could see that little use had been made of the luxury and comfort.

"You must be very cold after your long drive, dear Miss Jennet," Robson was beginning to say, but she was interrupted by the girl's sudden cry of delight.

"Mother, dear mother!" she exclaimed, darting towards the door; "how I've been wearying for a sight of you! Home is not home when you are not there."

For a few seconds Mrs. Fowler was incapable of speech; she could only fold her daughter in her arms, and look at her fondly, while Robson stood and watched them with tearful eyes. And then, with a sigh, the faithful servant remembered the dying woman upstairs, who had never in all her days experienced the sweetness of such love as this. Mrs. Fowler, poor as she had ever been, and encumbered with the cares of a large family, was a far wealthier woman than her sister.

She stole away quietly to the sick-chamber, and left the mother and child together. But they did not converse long; there were a thousand things to tell and to hear that had to be deferred till a more convenient season. Mrs. Fowler's first thought was for Aunt Judith; her hours were numbered, and at any cost her last wishes must be obeyed.

"You will come to her room at once, Jennet," said the mother, earnestly. "And you will listen to her last words, and never forget them, dear. You can hardly realise how much she has thought of you. Come quickly; she will be waiting anxiously; Robson has told her you are here."

With gentle force Mrs. Fowler took her daughter's arm, and conducted her upstairs and through a long corridor. To Jennet, accustomed to the sound of young voices and many footsteps, the silence of the house was oppressive, and the gloom of the winter day lay heavily upon her spirit. She began to tremble a little when they stopped before a closed door, and Mrs. Fowler, still holding her arm, led her quietly into the sick-room.

But at the first glimpse of the wasted face upon the pillow all consciousness of self departed. She could only take in the fact that it was Aunt Judith, her mother's sister, and her own benefactress, who lay there, waiting for the call of death. Instinctively, she answered Mrs. Belfont's eager look with a smile of tenderness, and bending over the bed, softly kissed the thin cheek.

"You look well, and beautiful," said the weak voice. "Jennet, I wish I had seen you sooner. If I had, I should have been a happier woman. I have missed a great deal of true happiness, child."

"Don't think of the past, dear Judith," put in Mrs. Fowler, gently. "You know not all that God has in store for you in His eternal future."

Mrs. Belfont gave her a grateful smile. In these last days she had learnt to set a high value on her sister's words, and had found in their simplicity a deeper wisdom than wealth and worldly knowledge had ever taught her. And then her glance came back to Jennet, and lingered on the girl's lovely features with affectionate pride.

"What I have to say must be quickly said," she continued. "My child, I have left all I have to leave to you. God will teach you how to make a better use of wealth than I have ever done. You will not, of course, be mistress of your fortune till you are of age; but I have given instructions which will ensure the granting of your dearest wishes. Derrick—ah, I know all that you have felt about him!—Derrick will be sent to college."

The unspeakable joy in Jennet's face was reflected in the dying eyes that looked deeply into hers. But it was clear to her faithful watchers that Mrs. Belfont's strength was exhausted; and at a sign from her mother, the girl whispered a tender farewell. She did not try to put her gratitude into many words; nor were they needed. Aunt Judith understood all that she felt, and was satisfied.

During the rest of that long day Jennet was left a good deal to her own devices, as neither Mrs. Fowler nor Robson could bear to be absent from the sick-chamber. To those who watched her it was evident that Mrs. Belfont had been sustained by a fictitious strength until her niece's arrival. Sustained by her intense desire to see Jennet and speak to her again, she had rallied her failing powers with one last effort; but now that her desire was accomplished she sank into a state of lethargy, from which she could scarcely be aroused, even by her sister's voice.

Left to herself, Jennet wandered from room to room, trying to realise the wonderful change in her circumstances, and conscious of a strange regret for the humble country girl, Jennet Fowler, who seemed suddenly to have vanished out of life. Everything would be altered now, and with wealth would come the heavy responsibilities of wealth. But Katherine had believed that her sister's nature could stand any test, and Jennet prayed that she might always be worthy of Katherine's trust.

The great house, with all its costly furniture, would soon be her own; and the thought was so overwhelming that she began to try to forget it altogether. The library, in which the late Mr Belfont had spent most of his time, was a room which had special attractions for her. Not only were the walls lined with valuable books, but everything in the apartment was intended to promote comfort and repose. A bright fire was burning in the tiled grate; on the bear-skin rug stood a low velvet-covered easy-chair; and here Jennet established herself, and gave her mind up to reading and rest.

She had a visit from her mother now and then; and it was an unspeakable comfort to Mrs. Fowler to find her so composed. Jennet was pale as a lily; the peach tints so much admired by her schoolfellows had fled from her smooth cheeks, and her eyes looked heavy. But her manner was calm, and she begged that no one would be concerned about her. She would write a letter to Katherine, she said, and tell her all that had passed. But the mother desired her not to close the envelope till evening.

Just when the day was ending, and the last lights had died out of the December sky, Aunt Judith's spirit fled. And Mrs. Fowler added a postscript to the letter saying that on the next day a carriage would convey Jennet back to the farm.

She passed a sleepless night, and could eat little at breakfast; and the mother hastened her departure. The morning was grey at first, but as the day advanced the sun made its way through the clouds and shone on a cheerful winter world. Birds chirped and twittered merrily in the sere hedgerows, and here and there a cluster of scarlet berries glistened when the light touched them. The fresh air, and the knowledge that she was going home, revived Jennet, and dispelled the gloom that had crept over her young spirit. And when the carriage stopped at last before the old garden gate, her heart swelled with thankfulness, and she met Katherine with a burst of tears.

"Oh, Kathie!" she whispered, with her head on her sister's breast—"you will not let my wealth come between us? Your Jennet is the old loving Jennet still!"

CHAPTER XXIII.

CONCLUSION.

A WEEK later, Mrs. Fowler returned to the farm, and there was a great deal of quiet joy when she took her old place in the family. Her own heart was still full of thoughts of the sister who had been given back only to be taken away. The dream of years had been realised; Judith had turned once more to the old sisterly intercourse for comfort and strength, but the reunion had been brief.

"What might have been!" The words were ringing in Mrs. Fowler's ears while her girls were rejoicing over her return. It was not to be expected that they could understand all their mother's quiet sorrow for the dead. They could not remember the days when the sisters had dwelt under the same roof, practised the same economies, enjoyed together the few luxuries that their simple lives had then afforded. A crowd of trifling recollections came trooping back into the world of to-day, bringing sudden tears into Mrs. Fowler's eyes when her children talked of other things; and then the young voices would be suddenly hushed, and even Hilary would be subdued by the signs of a grief which was a mystery to her.

So, for a couple of days they left the mother to the father and herself, and pursued their own devices. Derrick and Jennet, the two whose fortunes had suddenly undergone the greatest change, had much to say to each other, and could talk best out of doors.

"Let us be off to the woods," Derrick proposed, one afternoon. "We never have enough of winter sunshine, and the weather is kind to-day. The hollies are splendid this year; I have never seen such a brilliant show of berries."

"There go the heiress and the parson," screamed Hilary, as the pair were passing out through the garden gate. "The most distinguished members of the family," she added, greatly to Katherine's annoyance. "Why do you frown at me, Kathie? You know I'm speaking the truth."

"You have a very unpleasant way of speaking truths," said Katherine, with some severity. "Don't you see that you have given them pain? They want to forget distinctions."

But Hilary was as irrepressible as ever.

"There ought not to be distinctions," she exclaimed. "Only yesterday I heard the curate telling father that it was a pity Mrs. Belfont had not divided her property into equal parts, and left a share to each."

"The curate ought to mind his own business." It was seldom that the grave Katherine betrayed so much indignation. "And you will find, Hilary, that you are to derive certain benefits from Jennet's fortune. I happen to know that she has the power to do something for you."

"Oh, Kathie, what is she going to do? Are you bound to secrecy? Am I to have some of those jewels that were locked up in the strong box? Make haste and tell me."

"You will soon have to be told," Katherine replied, with a quiet smile, "and you may as well know at once; the knowledge will sober you a little, I fancy."

"Well, speak out; how slow you are."

"After Christmas you are to go back to school with Jennet. The whole thing has been arranged, and it is quite settled. We shall begin to make your outfit next week."

The blank look of dismay with which Hilary received this announcement was too much for her sister's gravity. At the sight of Katherine's mirth her face crimsoned, and she burst out angrily, "You are trying to tease me. How ill-natured of you, Kathie."

"No, I am not teasing," said Katherine, recovering her composure. "Indeed, Hilary, in time to come you will be very grateful for the advantages that Jennet will give you Of course, her fortune is not yet in her own hands, but the yearly sum allowed for her expenditure is so liberal that she has it in her power to help those whom she loves. It will be pleasant for two sisters to be at school together."

"It will be anything but pleasant!" Hilary was in a suppressed passion. "I don't want to go to school. You know I have always had my liberty."

"A great deal too much liberty, Hilary."

"Restraint isn't good for me, Katherine. It may agree very well with Jennet, but her nature is not like mine. I have such a strong love of freedom" (here Hilary began to whimper), "that I believe I shall pine away and die in captivity."

"Like the wild bird in a cage? Don't be afraid, Hilary; girls do not pine away and die at the college. They get into good habits, and come home looking bonnie and bright."

But these reassuring words did not check Hilary's tears, and, on the whole, Katherine thought it would be wise to let them flow. It was not often that Hilary wept, but her sharp tongue often made others weep. It was good for her to be a little saddened and subdued.

Left to herself, Hilary's grief became violent for a few moments, and then the sobs ceased, and were followed by two or three heavy sighs. Could it be really true that she was going away from the dear old home, where she had had her own way so long? Yes, it must be true. Katherine had been terribly in earnest; there was not the slightest hope of escaping from her cruel fate.

A fit of self-pity followed her first burst of indignation. Her younger sisters were with their mother; Jennet was out of doors, Katherine had retired to the pantry, and was discussing culinary matters with Rachel. It occurred to Hilary in her mournful mood to take a solitary ramble all over the old house, and bid the familiar rooms a long farewell.

"Who knows when I may have another opportunity?" she wailed to herself. "All next week and the following weeks they will be at me about my clothes, cutting and snipping and trying on, until I shall hate the sight of everything that's worn. There will be no peace, I know, till they have fairly packed me off, and got rid of me."

Poor, stormy Hilary, who had often harassed every member of the household, had never lost an atom of its affection. As she paced to and fro in the waning sunshine of the winter afternoon her self-pity gradually faded in the warm glow of family tenderness. She did not like the thought of school any better, but she ceased to resent the wise kindness of those who were going to send her there.

Meanwhile Jennet and Derrick had sought their favourite nook in the woods, where the hollies were showing all their wealth of scarlet berries. The wind was still, the light calm and clear, and the robin's song was the only sound that broke the quietness of the place. They stood on rising ground, and a gap in the trees afforded a view of the grey old village church, with its ivy-grown tower and peaceful graveyard, and the sister saw that her brother's eyes were resting on that sacred spot.

"Many prayers that we have prayed there have been answered," she said, laying her hand lovingly on his arm. "Oh, Derrick, how thankful I am that you will have your heart's desire!"

His smile was full of quiet happiness. No one save Jennet had realised how intense that desire was, and her sympathy had been his greatest comfort when the wish had seemed utterly unattainable. They were all over now—those years of distasteful labour and unsatisfied longing, and the new work and new life would soon begin.

"But we must not stop praying because the prayers are answered," he said, after a pause. "A Christian life is a prolonged supplication. When the desire comes, the grace of God must come with it, or it will never be a 'tree of life.'"

"Sometimes," whispered Jennet, with sudden tears, "I feel as if I were crushed down to earth under my load of good things. Derrick, we know that money is not always a good thing; it may be a clog that breaks the wings of the soul. Tell me, brother, have you many fears for me? Do you think that I can ascend in heart and mind as I did before I was weighted with this burden of gold?"

"While you fear, Jennet, you are safe. This holy fear is your safeguard against selfish indulgence and inordinate love of earthly things. Be happy, dear, and 'let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven.'"

There was a pause; the robin filled up the hush with a burst of louder song, and the two young hearts were silently sending up a psalm of thanksgiving. But when they were about to leave the spot, Derrick lingered a moment, and, lifting his hat, looked upward, and repeated, in a solemn voice, the old familiar words, "In all time of our tribulation, *in all time of our wealth*, in the hour of death, and in the day of judgment, good Lord deliver us."

THE END

HOW TO A MANTEL

By FRED.

MANY of my readers, I daresay, have tried lustra painting, *i.e.*, the painting of velvet or silk with metallic colours or bronzes, and in giving a few hints on the carrying out of the design of mantel border accompanying these hints I thought I would take the opportunity of giving my readers the results of some experiments I have recently made in painting on velvet. I was never quite satisfied with the effect of these bronzes* on velvet, owing to a certain vulgarity and garishness that seemed to result from their use, and when one of my pupils at the Crystal Palace expressed a wish to paint a velvet mantel border, I determined to use the bronzes in connection with ordinary oil colours. It seems to me that metallic colours and metals should be used to give brilliancy and richness to decoration rather than to do the decoration itself; for the more sparingly metals are employed, providing they are used with judgment, the greater will be their value in the decorative scheme. An outline of gold round a design is very often more effective and in better taste than a mass of decoration executed entirely in gold. The fault of so much of the lustra painting one sees is that there is no repose about it; all is bright and metallic, and the various coloured bronzes seem to clash with each other. I advised my pupil to put in the whole of the design in ordinary oil colours, used very thinly and diluted with Adolfi medium. This Adolfi medium (sold by Messrs. Rowney, Windsor and Newton, and many artists' colourmen) makes the colour very elastic, and in paintings executed on silk or other textiles which have to be folded the use of this Adolfi medium will be found almost indispensable, as there is no danger of the colour cracking or peeling off. The Adolfi medium is very volatile, and quickly evaporates, so that it is advisable to pour out into a tin dipper only enough medium to wet the brush.

The first thing to be done, of course, is to make a pounce of the design when enlarged, by pricking it with a needle, and rubbing over the tracing some powdered chalk if the material be a dark one, or powdered charcoal if the material be a light one. It will be noticed that only half the design is given in the cuts, and it is not necessary to draw the whole design, as when half of it has been painted the tracing can be turned over and the other half pounced. The material my pupil used was a dark red plush, as short in the pile as it could be procured, for reasons that will be evident later on. The plush was made long enough to go along the front and round the two ends, so that when fixed the design finished round each end, and in order to show it to the best advantage the corners of the mantel board were rounded instead of being left square. As soon as the design was pounced, it was carefully outlined in white, to prevent the design being obliterated should the pounce marks get brushed off. The whole of the stems were put in in burnt sienna and white, the leaves in warm greens, and wherever the back of the leaves showed, and also the ornamental bracts growing at base of leaf stalks, were put in a light grey green; flowers in a pinkish white. Now the secret of painting velvet or plush is to only tint the upper surface of the pile with colour, and not, as so many do, put the colour on quite thickly, and so completely obliterate the pile. Use the colour thinly, and just pass the brush lightly over the surface of the velvet, producing the shadows by letting the colour of the velvet show through the colour painted on it. In the case of the flowers, for instance, in the present design, the outer edges of petals were light, while the centre was quite dark, *i.e.*, the colour was painted on more thickly on the outer edges of petals than in centre. In the case of leaves, of course, some difference must be made in the colours used: thus in dark rich greens there must be more indigo or Antwerp blue and less white or yellow, in the greys an excess of white, and in the warm greens an excess of yellow.

The shorter the pile is the better does it take the colour, and for that reason velvet is better than plush, as the pile of velvet is more stubborn and is less likely to get stuck together with colour than plush. When the whole design had been treated in this way with oil colour, the bronzes were employed to complete the work. The whole design was, first of all, outlined in gold. This outline must be very carefully done, as so much of the effect depends upon this outline. The brilliant lights on the leaves were produced with some of the metallic greens, such as emerald for the light grey greens, and citron for the darker ones. The gold was also used for putting in the spines on stems and the stamens in the flowers, these latter being just dotted in almost on the plain plush, and, as I have before said, very little colour was painted on the centre of the flowers. Here and there the veining in the leaves was suggested by the metallic colours; and, in fact, the metals played, as it were, about the design, sometimes emphasising a form, sometimes indicating a light, and at other times being introduced to give richness and decorative completeness to the design, for I hold that, in executing such a design as that given in the cuts and on such a material as plush, the chief thing to be studied is decorative completeness, and anything that adds to the decorativeness of the design is not only admissible but desirable. You are not painting a spray of wild roses from nature, but decorating a piece of velvet with a design suggested by the wild rose.

One word in conclusion as to the design itself. The subject chosen is a very familiar one, and the treatment of it particularly simple. The first point to be considered is the direction and position of the main lines of the design, which, in the present case, were governed by the shape of the mantel border itself. These having been decided upon, the next thing is to clothe the skeleton with leaves, though previous to that the position of the flowers and fruit must be fixed; for, when these have been placed effectively, the leaves fall into their places almost of their own accord. It will be noticed that I have endeavoured to break up the stems as much as possible by bringing the leaves over the stems in the majority of cases. If the stems are not broken up in this way, they are very apt to look "wiry" and thin. In designing, always study the principal lines first, and don't do anything else until these have been fixed, as you think, pleasingly and effectively. Then distribute your spots of colour, formed in the present case by the flowers and fruits. See that these fall agreeably, and to this end avoid getting them in the same line, or too much in one place. Lastly, add the details, such as leaves, etc., and avail yourself of any ornamental suggestions, as I have done in the case of the stipules at base of leaf stalks, and the bracts at base of flower stalks. This design could be effectively worked in crewels and silk.

One word as to colour. Avoid crudity, and to this end study the ground. In painting on red grounds, for instance, the greens must be kept low in tone, as the red has a tendency to make the greens crude. It may be as well to say that colour is the result of contrast, and a colour that may look well on the palette may be very ineffective or harsh on the material to be painted. All the colours in a design should blend together, and have a certain unity—linked together, as an artist might say; and be very careful to avoid patches of colour. Where you use bronzes and metals, rely upon these for obtaining brilliancy, and keep the painting itself very subdued. It will be quite sufficient to mix

* The bronze or metallic colours are now sold by most artists' colourmen.

PAINT BORDER.

MILLER.

up the various tints on the palette with a brush and the medium, and in many cases a little pure colour, put on thinly, will be found to give good effects. Greens can be made in this way on a green ground with yellow, used thinly.

VARIETIES.

The Essence of Religion.

A little before his death Locke, the great philosopher, was asked how a young man could "in the shortest and surest way attain a knowledge of the Christian religion in the full and just extent of it."

He answered, "Let him study the Holy Scriptures, especially the New Testament. Therein are contained the words of eternal life. It has God for its author, salvation for its end, and truth, without any mixture of error, for its matter."

Applause.—Applause is the spur of noble minds, the end and aim of weak ones.

Petrified Women.—It is stated that five petrified women were recently found in a small village in Colorado. Their husbands gave them money for bonnets without grumbling, whereupon the women were petrified with astonishment.

Unhappy Marriages.—The stags in the Greek epigram whose knees were clogged with frozen snow upon the mountains came down to the brooks of the valleys, hoping to thaw their joints with the waters of the stream, but there the frost overtook them and bound them fast in ice, till the young herdsmen overtook them in their stranger snares. It is the unhappy chance of many men, finding many inconveniences upon the mountains of single life, they descend into the valleys of marriage to refresh themselves; and there they enter into fetters and are bound by the cords of woman's peevishness. — *Jeremy Taylor.*

Among reigning sovereigns and their consorts who are authors may be counted Queen Victoria; King Oscar II., of Sweden; Dom Luis, of Portugal; the Shah Nasr-ed-Deen, of Persia; Queen Elizabeth, of Roumania; Prince Nicolas, of Montenegro; Don Petro II., of Brazil; and, so, it is said, King Louis II., of Bavaria; and among other literary royalties are the Imperial Crown Prince Rudolph, of Austria; the Duke of Edinburgh, Prince Albert Victor and Prince George of Wales, the Princess Christian, the Imperial Crown Princess of Germany, Prince Lucien Bonaparte, and several others. The Princess Theresa of Bavaria, a daughter of Prince Leopold, and consequently a cousin of the king, has just published her "Sketches and Impressions of a Tour in Russia." There are also many royal artists, musicians, and priests. There is, probably, however, but one royal doctor. Duke Charles Theodore, of Bavaria, is in practice at Munich, and is a surgeon-oculist of high reputation in his own country.

A Solitary Wedding Trip.

Several years ago, in a well-known wholesale house in New York, an old bachelor book-keeper who had been years with the firm, suddenly announced that he was to be married. The partners gave him a week's holiday, and his fellow clerks raised a little purse and presented it to pay the expenses of his wedding trip.

A couple of days after the wedding, one of the members of the firm went down to Newport, and there, lounging about the "Ocean House," and apparently enjoying himself immensely, he saw his recently married old book-keeper, but alone.

"Where's your wife?"

"She's at home."

"But I thought you had money given you for a wedding trip?"

"So I had, but I didn't understand that it was intended to include her."

The Advantage of Good Company.—No man can be provident of his time who is not prudent in the choice of his company.—*Jeremy Taylor.*

A Good Life Made Easy.—Pitch upon the best course of life, and custom will render it the most easy.—*Tillotson.*

Lasting Remembrance.—Since the life we enjoy is short, let us make the remembrance of us as lasting as possible.—*Sallust.*

Help from on High.—It is impossible for anyone to despair who remembers that his Helper is Omnipotent.—*Jeremy Taylor.*

A Profitable Journey.—Rather go a hundred miles to speak with one wise man than five miles to see a fair town.—*Lord Essex.*

Double Acrostic.

An empire, of which very little is known.
For 'tis jealously held 'gainst attempts to explore;
But her people have such ingenuity shown
In their arts, that our trav'llers would like to know more.
Her capital city, on wide sandy plain,
Between two large rivers conspicuously stands,
And though shattered by earthquakes, has risen again,
To be conquered and plundered by foreigners' hands.

1. The original market of old London Town
Before shop and emporium were found ev'rywhere;
But its rows of irregular booths up and down
Made it less like a market, perhaps, than a fair.

2. When the best of the gifts that the gods could bestow
Were allowed to escape from the grasp of mankind,
(Who were left, by their fleeting, to suff'ring and woe),
One last, only blessing was left them behind.

3. Embosom'd in mountains, a fair city lies,
And its picturesque beauty draws many that way;
From the fame of an Inn and an innkeeper rise
Many int'rests that tourists feel during their stay.

4. A brave tribe, against whom Julius Cæsar made war,
When he sought to annex all the Belgian frontier.

5. A Scotch river that sparkles past boulder and scaur,
To the sea, as the Cumberland mountains are near.

Ximena.

VEGETARIAN FOOD.

CERTAIN worthy, enthusiastic, well-meaning people are very busily occupied just now in telling us that we ought to give up eating animal food of all kinds, and to confine ourselves to a non-flesh diet; and they endeavour to convince us that if we did so we should be much healthier, and should live a much more natural and more enjoyable life, because, as the result of the use of plain vegetable food simply prepared, our blood would be purer, our brains clearer; we should lose the taste for stimulating drinks, and we should not have one tithe of our present difficulty in connection with the cost of living.

There is no doubt that so far as expense is concerned this is true. If we were all to make up our minds to live on vegetable foods alone we should find it much more economical. Yet I am not a vegetarian. I should never dream of saying that I believe it would be well for man to try to live on a purely vegetable diet. I agree with Professor Lankester that it is just in proportion as people get good animal food properly cooked that they are strong and able to do their work. Indeed, I should be quite prepared to subscribe to the opinion that it is vain to expect a man to get through intellectual or physical labour without an abundant supply of the material of thought and of physical power, and also that animal food is one of the readiest means of affording this supply. At the same time, I am inclined to think that we should benefit if we were to adopt the methods of the vegetarians in a modified form. By doing this we might not only save expense, but we might also effect an improvement in our health. Vegetable foods are more easily digested than animal foods, and there is no doubt that numbers of people who now suffer from dyspepsia, indigestion, and all their attendant evils, would find half their difficulties vanish if they were to lessen their allowance of animal food. Vegetarians are doing a good work, because at the present day the tendency is to rely too much on animal food and to undervalue vegetable foods. On all sides we hear the demand for a flesh diet. Domestic servants think they are badly treated if they do not have animal food three or four times a day; and in one of the monthly periodicals Lady John Manners has shown that the rich and fashionable fall into exactly the same error. In all questions of conduct like this people are so apt to go to extremes, whereas moderation should be the rule. It is a mistake to give up animal food altogether, just as much as it is a mistake to think we cannot get nourishing food apart from it. Yet as there are numbers of reasonable folks who would be glad to adopt partially the vegetarian diet if they knew how to cook the foods, I propose to-day to describe how some of the vegetarian dishes should be prepared, and what are the vegetarian methods, so far as I have understood them. I hope the information thus given will be of use.

Although vegetarians entirely exclude all flesh from their calculations—flesh of fish, beast, and fowl—their choice of foods is by no means limited. They have all vegetables and fruit at their disposal, all cereals, such as wheat, oats, barley, rye, rice, maize, sago, tapioca, arrowroot, cornflour, maizena, semolina, &c.; peas, haricot and other beans, lentils, potatoes, turnips, carrots, artichokes; Italian pastes, such as macaroni and vermicelli; eggs, milk, cheese, and butter; tea, coffee, cocoa, &c. They seem to place special value on peas, beans, lentils, oatmeal, barley, eggs, and milk, as substitutes for meat. It cannot be denied that these foods supply much of what is needed, and in a cheaper form than could be obtained from meat. It is, therefore, very desirable that we should know how to cook them.

Oatmeal and peas every one knows what to do with; but lentils, haricot beans, and maize are comparative novelties. Of late years vigorous efforts have been made to induce people to use lentils and haricot beans, yet, it must be confessed, with only partial success. Everybody acknowledges their value, and authorities tell us that they are the most nourishing of all foods; and yet most people are glad when allowed to leave them alone.

The most usual way of serving lentils is in the form of soup, and there are two ways of making this soup, both of which are excellent. The first way—the ordinary way—is to soak the lentils in cold water overnight; then boil them in four times their bulk of water, with carrots, turnips, onions, and celery till quite soft; rub them, and the vegetables boiled with them, through a sieve; boil again; add a cupful of milk, if liked, and serve. A great many persons like this soup exceedingly; others cannot tolerate it at all. I wish those who are not partial to it would try the second way of making it, and see if their opinion does not alter. Some German friends of mine make it in this way, which I consider a great improvement on the other. With shame and humiliation I confess that I do not like ordinary lentil soup. I know that I ought to do, but I do not. Yet German lentil soup I highly approve. It is made as follows:—

German Lentil Soup.—Soak a breakfast cupful of German or green lentils in cold water all night, and take away any that float. Next day pour off the water, and wash them again, for these are generally very earthy; look them over carefully also to see if there are any small stones among them, as there frequently are amongst German lentils. An easy way of finding this out is to drop them, a few at a time, on a plate; the stones will then sound differently to the lentils. Put them into three quarts of water, and boil them for about three hours, till they are quite soft. During the last half-hour add about a pound of potatoes which have been peeled, and cut into pieces convenient for serving. Melt a slice of butter in a separate stewpan, and mix an ounce of flour with it. Add gradually about half-a-pint of the soup, and then stir the mixture in with the rest. Boil all up together; add plenty of salt and pepper, and serve. If liked, a basinful of mixed vegetables—turnips, carrots, celery, and onion — may be cut up small, and boiled in the soup, instead of, or as well as, the potatoes. The flour and butter are added to bind the ingredients together. Unless they are used, the soup will be thick at the bottom and thin at the top. When potatoes are used they will answer the purpose partially; but it is better to employ a little flour as well, because so many potatoes would have to be boiled in the soup if it had to be thickened entirely with them, that the flavour of the lentils would be lost.

Of late years authorities have been accustomed to recommend that Egyptian, or red, lentils, should be used instead of German, or green, lentils; and it has been said that the Egyptian lentils are the more nourishing of the two. The consequence has been that the German lentils have almost been driven out of the market, and there is now so little demand for them that they are twice as dear as the red variety. This is unfortunate, because really the green ones are the more agreeable in taste, and as far as nourishment goes there is not much difference between the two sorts. However, advertisers have been so hard at work, that it is quite possible that green lentils will not be procurable in certain districts. Where this is the case the red lentils may be used instead, and the same recipe followed. In the same way peas or haricots may be taken instead of lentils, or if preferred, the beans may be rubbed through a sieve to form a purée.

So highly do the vegetarians esteem beans that they obtain their substitute for beef tea from them. They stew half a pint of kidney beans in the oven in a quart of water for some hours, strain off the liquid, season it with pepper and salt, and use it as required. Very often bean-tea, after being long stewed thus, is considered too rich, and has to be diluted with water to make it palatable. It should be made in small quantities as required.

Peas, beans, and lentils may be cooked in other ways besides being made the basis of soups. I give a few of the vegetarian recipes.

Boiled Lentils, or Windsor Beans.—Soak the lentils and wash them overnight as for soup. Pour off the water and boil the beans in about three times their bulk of water. When they are quite soft drain them. Melt an ounce of butter in a stewpan, and throw in a small onion finely chopped. Mix in smoothly a teaspoonful of flour and gravy, or milk, to make a thick sauce. Put in the lentils, simmer them gently till hot through, and serve. Haricot beans may be prepared in the same way.

Baked Haricots.—Soak and boil the haricots in the usual way till soft. Drain them, and put them in a pie-dish; pour over them a tablespoonful of oil and a tablespoonful of water, and set them in the oven till hot through.

To make variety, boiled haricots may be served with parsley sauce, flavoured with lemon juice poured over them, or they may be mixed with one quarter of their bulk of onions which have been parboiled, then chopped, fried in butter till lightly browned, and stirred into brown sauce.

Haricot beans and lentils which have been cooked and left over are improved by being warmed up a second time, or they may be tossed in oil and vinegar and served as a salad. Haricot bean salad is excellent with tomatoes, either raw or baked, put round them. Or boiled beetroot may be substituted for the tomatoes.

Boiled lentils, haricots, or peas which have been beaten to a paste in a mortar, flavoured with mushroom powder and a very little grated cheese, seasoned with pepper and salt, and mellowed by the addition of butter, is used as a substitute for potted meat as a breakfast relish or in making sandwiches. The appearance of the preparation will be improved if it is pressed into a potting jar, covered with clarified butter and garnished with parsley.

The number of vegetarian soups which may be made is almost endless. Almost all roots and all vegetables may be converted into soup by simply frying them in butter to make them tasty, stewing them in water and rubbing them through a sieve. According to this method may be made carrot soup, parsnip soup, turnip soup, celery soup, green-pea soup.

It must always be remembered, however, that when soup is made of materials which are not of a starchy nature, such as peas, beans, and certain garden vegetables, something must be added to them to give them consistency and bind them together. Unless this is done, the thick part of the soup will sink to the bottom of the tureen and the liquid part will

be at the top; and the result, altogether, will be eminently unsatisfactory. Anything which serves to bind together the different materials of which soups and sauces are made is called a "liaison." It may consist of flour, eggs, sago, cornflour, arrowroot, &c. When grain is used as a liaison it should be washed separately, sprinkled gradually into the stock when boiling, and stirred well the whole time, then allowed to boil till cooked. When flour or meal is employed it should be made into a smooth thin paste, with a little cold water, milk, or broth, according to the nature of the dish for which it is required. A little of the boiling soup should first be put into the basin with the paste, which should then be poured through a strainer into the rest, and the soup should be stirred without stopping while the addition is being made, after which the soup should be allowed to boil. When a liaison of egg is used for soup the egg should first be beaten separately in a basin, and the boiling soup should be taken off the fire and cooled a minute or two before the eggs are introduced. After they are put in, the soup may be stirred over the fire again till the soup nearly boils, but not quite. Unless these precautions are taken the eggs will curdle.

Onion Soup is excellent. It is made as follows:—Peel half-a-dozen good-sized onions, slice them, and fry them gently till they are yellow. Pour about three pints of water over them and stew them gently till quite soft, and press them through a sieve. Put with them their bulk in fine bread crumbs which have been soaked in milk. Season with salt and pepper, and serve very hot. This soup will not taste nearly so strong of onions as one would expect. The bread crumbs will tone it down, and it is very strengthening and wholesome. Most people will consider it an improvement to sprinkle in a spoonful of grated Parmesan (to be bought in bottles at the grocers') at the last moment.

Rice Soup is also to be highly recommended. Wash two tablespoonfuls of Carolina rice in one or two waters and then boil it in a quart of water till soft. Pass it, liquid and all, through a sieve, and if the rice should collect in lumps beat these out carefully with the back of a spoon. When the mixture is quite smooth, then put it back into a saucepan and make it hot once more. Beat in a bowl the yolk of two eggs, and add pepper and salt and a little cream or milk. Let the soup cool slightly, put a little of it with the liaison, return the whole to the stewpan, stir all together over the fire for a minute, and serve.

Green-pea Soup is so very delicious, so elegant, and so nourishing that it deserves to have a recipe all to itself. Take a pint of freshly shelled peas and throw them, with a small handful of spinach and a sprig of parsley, a few young onions, a lump of sugar, and a few mint leaves, into a pint and a half of boiling water. The colour of the soup will be improved if very young peas are used, and when this is the case some of the best of the shells may be boiled with the peas, because when rubbed through a sieve they will furnish some of the green pulp required for the soup. Of course the lid must not be put on the pan whilst the peas are boiling. When the peas are tender rub them and the shells through a sieve and throw away what cannot be passed through. Boil the pulp and the water together again, stir in gradually a tablespoonful of arrowroot which has been made into a paste with cold water, cook a minute or so longer till the arrowroot is incorporated with the liquor, add pepper and salt to taste, and serve. In this recipe the spinach is put in to help the colour of the soup. It is scarcely possible to say exactly how much water should be taken, because some peas are more solid than others. There need not be much difficulty, however, if it is remembered that the soup should be of the consistency of good cream. Authorities disagree very much about whether or not cream should be added to green-pea soup. M. Francatelli, whose opinion always commands respect in such matters, says that its introduction is improper. Other very clever cooks say it is an improvement. When people who ought to know differ in this way, humble individuals generally feel at liberty to do as they please. I would advise my friends, therefore, to make the soup both ways, try which method they like best, and follow that.

Vegetable Soup.—Into three pints of water slice five good sized potatoes, two carrots chopped small, three large onions which have been cut into dice and lightly fried, and four tomatoes and a crust of bread; simmer gently an hour and a-half, pass through a sieve, add pepper and salt to taste, and serve. A little celery or a little chopped cabbage will improve this soup, which will, however, be spoilt if material be thrown in indiscriminately just because it happens to be there. The mistaken idea about vegetable soup is that you can put in anything—it does not signify what.

Barley Soup (Vegetarian Recipe).—Wash three ounces of barley, put it into a stewpan with water to cover it well, boil it for ten minutes, then strain off the water and throw it away. This will make the barley clean. Put it into an enamelled or well tinned pan, add an ounce and a-half of bread crumbs, and boil it gently from two to four hours. Half an hour before it is to be served add an ounce and a-half of chopped parsley and a little pepper and salt.

Hotch-potch is a very favourite dish with vegetarians. It may be made as follows:—Put two quarts of water into a stewpan and set it on the fire to boil. Meantime, prepare a good quantity of vegetables, say a pint basinful of mixed carrots, turnips, and cauliflower which has been broken into sprigs. Take also two good sized onions, half a pint of Windsor or broad beans, a pint of freshly shelled green peas, and half a lettuce cut small. Put the various ingredients, excepting half of the peas, into the boiling water, and boil gently for two or three hours. When the vegetables are nearly ready, add the rest of the peas, salt, pepper, and a little sugar. This soup should be quite thick, and the peas which were first put in should be reduced to mush. If dried beans and dried peas are used they should be soaked overnight. It is a good plan to throw the tenderest vegetables in last. Mr. Kettner says that English people have an idea that barley should be put in; but that this is a mistake, for hotch-potch will accept almost any addition except barley.

In speaking of good nourishing soups which can be made without meat, the great difficulty one has is in knowing when to stop. It would, however, be incorrect to convey the impression that vegetarians live only on soups; indeed, some vegetarians disapprove of them, as they think overmuch liquid food unwholesome. Ordinary fruit pies and puddings, and omelets are of course open to them, however, and these may be made to furnish great variety. In order to increase their list of savoury dishes many use vegetable pies, in which onions, herbs, potatoes, mushroons, and a mixture of vegetables form the contents, and a plain crust, made usually of bread dough, with very little butter, is put over the top in the ordinary way. I have been told that potatoes, carrots, turnips, and a little onion to supply flavour, make a good pie, as do also potatoes with a little onion and tapioca. It cannot be expected that these preparations will be very tasty; but then one of the ideas of the vegetarians is that the desire for tasty dishes is factitious, and that "to live a sweet healthy life implies the use of simple nutritious food, cooked in a plain simple manner, and as nearly in its natural relations as possible."

The stricter vegetarians object, I believe, even to the use of butter, or grease of any sort, and they say that these foods produce biliousness. They think it right also to confine themselves to three, and in some cases to two meals per day, and one of their rules is the rule of "Not too much." They hold that the object of eating is the attainment of health and strength, and that "full feeding and other voluptuous habits" tend to weaken the intellectual, moral, and physical powers.

One lesson which they try to teach us is exceedingly valuable: it is that certain vegetables are excellent eaten alone. The French know this well, and they make most appetising dishes from artichokes, French beans, asparagus, haricot beans, tomatoes, peas, cauliflowers, mushrooms, &c., &c. With one or two recipes for preparations of this sort, out of many which might be given, I will conclude.

French Beans.—Procure young beans, and, without cutting them, boil them in the usual way. Drain them thoroughly and put them into a stewpan with two ounces of butter, the juice of a small lemon, and a little pepper and salt. Shake them over the fire for about ten minutes, and serve. Green peas may be served in the same way.

Cauliflower with Parmesan.—Boil a cauliflower in the usual way. Trim the outer leaves from it, and either put it on a dish whole, or divide it into sprigs and lay these on a dish. Make a sauce by melting into a small stewpan half an ounce of butter, mixing half an ounce of flour smoothly with it, adding gradually a quarter of a pint of cold water, and stirring the same till it boils, when a little salt and pepper, a tablespoonful of cream may be added, and, off the fire, an ounce of grated Parmesan. (This Parmesan may be bought ready grated in bottles, price 6d.) Lay the sauce over the cauliflower, sprinkle another ounce of Parmesan upon it, brown the preparation before the fire, and serve. It will perhaps be remembered that *macaroni*, boiled till tender, may be treated in the same way; and this also makes an excellent vegetarian dish, and most nourishing, served alone. Dried peas, haricot beans, and lentils are all good, boiled till soft, then shaken over the fire in a little butter, pepper, salt, and lemon juice, as the beans were; or served with parsley and butter sauce, onion sauce, white sauce, or plain melted butter to which an egg has been added off the fire.

Stewed Mushrooms.—Pick and peel half a pound of fresh mushrooms. Wash them well and put them into a stewpan, with milk to cover them, till they are quite tender. Season with pepper and salt, and if approved, with a little mace also. Thicken the milk with arrowroot or flour, stir it carefully till it boils. Simmer a minute or two longer, and serve.

There is still one more article in the vegetarian creed which is worth knowing. It is that fruit should be eaten freely by people who are troubled with difficulty of digestion, especially for breakfast. "The introduction of ripe, stewed, or preserved fruit at breakfast," a vegetarian teacher tells us, "will be an improvement both to the appearance of the table, and the healthfulness of the meals; while an orange or a ripe pear, *eaten first*, is far preferable to a pill, and often much more effective.

MY LOVE AND I.

By ARTHUR CLIVE.

My love and I, we sailed along,
  The sea was smooth, the day was bright;
And echoes of a distant song
  Came faintly from the Isle of Wight;
In graceful curves, on idle wing
  The seagull floated softly by;
And all the fragrant warmth of spring
  Lay on us then—my love and I.

Sweet Solent, thou canst give no more
  The joy that thrilled us long ago;
Let happier lovers seek thy shore,
  But we must wander to and fro
With eyes that only see the past,
  And hearts weighed down with many a sigh;
And yet, on brighter waves at last
  We two may sail—my love and I.

MUSIC AND SCRIPTURE.

Music is so associated with the accomplishments and graces of life, that we are hardly aware of its standing as a moral and spiritual power. It is no mere art or science, according to the general acceptation of these terms; it is a language, not particular to one people, or one age, but universal, everlasting, a language of deep, mysterious fulness, that touches our nature with an invisible power; awakening us to emotions and capabilities of which before we had not been cognisant; even as the winds of heaven that sweep among the strings of the Eolian harp call forth responses from an hitherto silent and unconscious instrument. Yet, while on some natures it exercises an almost magic spell, affecting them so strongly that it is wellnigh unbearable in this their mortal state, on others it falls powerless, awakening no response either of pain or pleasure; while again (though rare) in some there is so positive a dislike to it that, if possible, they will escape it! Whence this difference?

Though man has rendered music amenable to laws and regulations, it is independent of all, is bound by none, and reigned in its own illimitable sphere long before man or science had any connection with it or with each other.

Music runs through the Scriptures like a golden thread, accompanying and aiding every office and position, whether of prophet, priest, king, or people.

The first mention of it, as a science in connection with our world, is when Jubal is called "the father of all who handle the harp or the organ" (Gen. iv. 21). But "the morning stars and the sons of God had sung together," in praise of God's creation glories, long before then (Job xxxviii. 7). And the prophet Ezekiel speaks of its use in far remoter ages. (xxviii. 13.)

One is continually struck by the allusion in Scripture to music, as holding court among the inanimate things of creation, thereby showing that it is the language of Nature. "The trees of the wood sing out at the presence of the Lord" (1 Chron. xvi. 33). "The pastures are clothed with flocks; the valleys are covered over with corn; they shout for joy, they also sing" (Ps. lxv. 13). "Sing, O ye heavens; shout, ye lower parts of the earth; break forth into singing, ye mountains, O forest, and every tree therein" (Is. xliv. 23).

Music is supposed to have been in high cultivation long before the deluge, though we have no history of the fact to bear us out.

The Hebrews must early have brought it into familiar use, and given it a very prominent place in public and private life; as evidence of its influence, we see it used for rousing, sustaining, restraining, and calming the emotions of the human heart. Moses employed it as a means of expressing his gratitude to God for the deliverance of the children of Israel through the Red Sea (Ex. xv. 1-20). And it is interesting to notice that the same song is sung by those who obtain victory over the "beast and his image" (Rev. xv. 3). Miriam, catching the inspiration, in her character as prophetess, took her timbrel, and, infecting her train of women, continued the strain of praise in song.

In like manner Deborah and Barak brake forth into song, as the natural impulse of their heart, after their people's deliverance (Judges v. 1).

In the schools of the prophets music was taught, and used as an assistance and handmaid to prophecy (1 Sam. x. 5, 6). Elisha invoked its aid. "Bring me now a minstrel," said he; "and it came to pass, when the minstrel played, that the hand of the Lord came upon him" (2 Kings iii. 15).

David and Solomon each made music an elaborate part of their religious services connected with the Ark, the Tabernacle, and the Temple; and we are told that "David separated to the service those who should prophesy with harps," &c. (1 Chron. xxv. 1-3).

In the removal of the Ark from Kirjath-jearim, "David and his people played before the Lord on all manner of instruments made of fir wood, even on cymbals" (2 Sam. vi. 5). And he says that four thousand persons praised the Lord with instruments which he had himself made to praise thereon (1 Chron. xxiii. 5). There are other allusions to the instruments made by David (2 Chron. xxix. 26.; Amos vi. 5). Solomon also made "harps and psalteries for singers, such as were never before seen in the land of Judah" (2 Chron. ix. 11).

In 1 Chron. xxv. 7, we read that the number instructed in the songs of the Lord was two hundred and eighty-eight, "even all that were cunning," and that they had a special master of song as teacher. "Chenaniah, chief of the Levites, was for song . . . because he was skilful" (1 Chron. xv. 22). So we see that superiority was looked for in this service. David says, "Praise the Lord with harp; sing unto Him with the psaltery and an instrument of ten strings. Sing unto Him a new song; play skilfully with a loud noise" (Ps. xxxiii. 2, 3).

The systematic arrangement of the musical service is seen throughout. 1 Chron. xxv. 1 shows that those who were employed in the service were separated to it, and that self-

"AND YET, ON BRIGHTER WAVES AT LAST
WE TWO MAY SAIL—MY LOVE AND I."

consecration was expected (2 Chron. xxix. 31). Special places of distinction were accorded them, for we read that in the removal of the ark "the singers went before, the players on instruments followed after; in the midst the damsels playing with the timbrels" (Ps. lxviii. 25).

In the Temple service the musicians had their special position; "the singers were in their place according to the commandment of David" (2 Chron. xxxv. 15), at the east end of the altar (2 Chron. v. 12); also they wore a special dress "of white linen." They were to stand when they sung God's praises (2 Chron. vii. 6, and xx. 19). "They stood up to praise the Lord God of Israel . . . and the Levites, with instruments of musick of the Lord . . . and the priests sounded trumpets before them, and all Israel stood."

Women were employed as well as men (Ex. xv. 20). Heman's three daughters were instructed in the songs of the Lord, together with their brothers, for service in the Temple (1 Ch. xxv. 6). And Neh. vii. 67, tells us that "they had two hundred and forty-five singing men and singing women"; many were employed in the service at night (1 Chron. ix. 33). David addresses these in Ps. cxxxiv. 1, "Bless ye the Lord, all ye servants of the Lord, which by night stand in the house of the Lord." That honour was attached to their work and position is evident. Nehemiah (xi. 22) says, "The singers were over the business of the house of God," and the Prophet Habakkuk dedicates his prophecy "to the chief singer of my stringed instruments" (iii. 19). Special chambers in the inner courts of the Temple were assigned them (Ezra xl. 44), special cities, and villages to dwell in (Ezra ii. 70, Neh. xii. 29). They were to be exempt from all taxes. "Also we certify you, that touching any of the priests and Levites, singers, porters, Nethinims, or ministers of this house of God, it shall not be lawful to impose toll, tribute, or custom upon them" (Ezra vii. 24).

That God recognised and appreciated music as a means of communion with Himself, both in public and private, is evident from 2 Chron. v. 13, 14, where it seems to have brought Him down into their very midst. "The glory of the Lord filled the house of God as a cloud, so that the priests could not stand to minister by reason of the cloud;" and when Jehoshaphat was in trouble, through fear of the enemy, immediate relief and victory was the answer given to a musical ascription of praise to God, under whose banner they were fighting. "When he had consulted with the people he appointed singers unto the Lord, and that they should praise the beauty of holiness, as they went out before the army, and to say, Praise the Lord, for His mercy endureth for ever. And when they began to sing and to praise, the Lord set ambushments against the children of Ammon, Moab, and Mount Seir, which were come against Judah, and they were smitten." Job says (xxxv. 10), "God giveth songs in the night." David says (Ps. xcv. 2), "Let us come before His presence with thanksgiving, and make a joyful noise unto Him with psalms." "In the night His song shall be with me" (Ps. xlii. 8). St. Paul says, "Making melody in your heart to the Lord" (Ep. v. 19), and "singing with grace in your hearts to the Lord" (Col. iii. 16).

The number of instruments said to be in use among the Hebrews was thirty-six, many of which are specified in the Scripture; but how far they stand related to ours of the same names there is no space here to discuss. Probably the harp and organ mentioned in Gen. iv. 21 are generic terms for all stringed and wind instruments.

The influence of music on man seems manifold. In war it has ever been used to incite to bravery and action. "When I blow with the trumpet," said Gideon, "I and all that are with me, then blow ye the trumpets also on every side of all the camp, and say, The sword of the Lord and of Gideon" (Judges vii. 18). "In what place therefore ye hear the sound of the trumpet, resort ye thither unto us: our God shall fight for us."

It is used to express *victory:* "I will sing a new song unto Thee, O God; upon a psaltery and an instrument of ten strings will I sing praises unto Thee. It is He that giveth salvation unto kings; who delivereth David His servant from the hurtful sword." (Ps. cxliv. 9-10).

Also *triumph:* "I will sing unto the Lord, for He hath triumphed gloriously" (Ex. xv. 1). Indeed, where is the emotion that it cannot express?

Praise for God's goodness: "I will sing unto the Lord, because He hath dealt bountifully with me" (Ps. xiii. 6). "The redeemed of the Lord shall return and come with singing unto Zion" (Isa. li. 11).

Great joy: "Let the saints be joyful in glory; let them sing aloud in their beds" (Ps. cxlix. 5).

To cheer monotony: "They trode the grapes and made songs" (Margin, Judges ix. 27). "In the vineyards there shall be no singing" (Isa. xvi. 10).

In the treading of grapes nowadays music is deemed indispensable, but for it the work would be unendurable; and in the present day, as then, it is an invariable accompaniment. In a wine-press in Portugal that the writer once visited, there were as many as seven different musical instruments being played at the same time, besides a variety of eccentric vocal endeavours to enliven the dreariness and monotony of the task.

To sustain in trouble: "At midnight Paul and Silas prayed, and sang praises unto God, and the prisoners heard them" (Acts xvi. 25).

Mourning: "My harp also is turned to mourning, and my organ into the voice of them that weep" (Job xxx. 31).

The greatest trials: "Awake and sing, ye that dwell in dust" (Isa. xxvi. 19).

Under all circumstances: (Isa. xlii. 10 12).

Then there is a peculiar mystery in the power of music over spirits, whether good or evil. We have already spoken of the spirit of prophecy in connection with Elisha, and now we would point to Saul. "When he was troubled by an evil spirit, which, it is said, took the place of the Spirit of the Lord, his servants begged him to send for a cunning player on the harp, and that he should be well" (1 Sam. xvi. 14). This was done. "And it came to pass, that when the evil spirit from God was upon Saul, that David took an harp, and played with his hand: so Saul was refreshed, and was well, and the evil spirit departed from him" (xvi. 23).

Here we see the evil spirit quenched, and driven away by music, while in Elisha's case it called into action the Spirit of the Lord.

On the animal creation we know that music exercises a very powerful influence also. The horse, when excited by its strains, will almost seem to be carried beyond its own nature. The dog, whether from dislike or the reverse we cannot tell, but that its nervous system is strongly affected by it there can be no doubt; for it will howl as if in great distress, when in close company with singing, or any musical instrument, and, if possible will escape from it. The snake is known to be restrained from destroying its victim by music, so quickly and entirely does it become spellbound by its influence. But all this, though fact, is inexplicable to our reason and understanding; we can only wonder and admire so beautiful a problem.

Branchines, in his work on music, tells us that the Egyptians, Hebrews, Greeks, and Romans used it as a remedy for diseases; and in the greater or less civilisation of the early nations, much is attributed to the cultivation or neglect of music.

Ancient historians and philosophers, Homer, Petrarch, Pythagoras, and Thucydides, all agree as to its influence for good on morals and manners. "Female chastity has been preserved, men harmonised, their manners softened, and their civilisation promoted by music." Polybius says, "The Cynarthians, though Arcadians, were noted for their roughness and cruelty of lives and manners, and they had thrown away that institution which their ancestors had established with great wisdom, the discipline and exercise of music."

The Lacedemonians and Cretans first substituted flutes and harmony of verse for trumpets to animate their soldiers in time of battle. Herodotus says that, in the feasts to the worship of Diana, they used the pipe, tabor, singing, and clapping; also in processions of Osiris and Bacchus singing and flutes were used.

The Romans were among the latest of great nations in cultivating music and arts, owing to their treating with severity those who exhibited it, and abandoned all arts to the slaves.

The traditional origin of the lyre is that Mercury, when walking on the sea shore one day, struck his foot against the shell of a tortoise, which produced so musical a sound, that he afterwards made a lyre in the shape of a tortoise, and strung it with the dried sinews of dead animals.

The Abyssinians have a tradition that the lyre was brought from Egypt in the first ages of the world, and the drum and trumpet from Palestine by Solomon. The Theban lyre was one of the most curious and elegant of ancient instruments.

The music of the early Christians was almost entirely confined to the voice. After the Passover the Jews are said always to have sung the 111th and five following Psalms, and we may fairly infer that Jesus Himself took part in the hymn which was sung together by His disciples, after their last supper, before they went out to the Mount of Olives (Matt. xxvi. 30). What that hymn was one would like to know.

Paul and Silas enlivened their prison sojourn by singing their praises at midnight (Acts xvi. 25), and he (St. Paul) afterwards tells his brethren to employ singing as a mode of expressing their feelings towards each other and towards God (Eph. v. 19). He speaks of it also as his own mode of expression (1 Cor. xiv. 15). St. James says: "Is any merry, let him sing psalms" (James v. 13).

In these two last quotations we may notice that both St. Paul and St. James make a distinction between prayer and praise—the latter only to be sung.

Tertullian, Justin Martyr, and Origen speak of "singing hymns to the supreme King and His Son." In mentioning Pliny's persecution of the Christians, Tertullian says that "to neglect of sacrifice they added the holding meetings before daybreak and singing in honour of the Church of God." Philo says: "After supper" (speaking of the Christians) "their sacred songs began, now singing together, now answering each other by turns."

Eusebius tells us that the first Christian choir was established at Antioch, in Syria, in the time of Constantine, and that by common consent at consecration of churches throughout the Roman dominions services were chanted and a place set apart for youths and virgins to sing.

Some of the Fathers affirm "that the music of the Christians drew the Gentiles into the churches, and often produced conversion," thereby going to show that music and religion are indebted to each other.

The antiphone is said by Socrates to have been suggested by St. Ignatius; and the Fathers aver that this mode of performance was revealed to him in a vision, where choirs of angels thus praised the Trinity. I cannot but think myself that this mode of singing is what Ezra speaks of (Ezra iii. 11): "And they sang together by course in praising and giving thanks unto the Lord."

The organ was again introduced into the religious services before the time of Julian the Apostate (fourth century). In an old missal of the tenth century it is mentioned as accompanying a part of the "Song of the Three Children." After 27th verse, "Here the priest begins to sing with the organ," showing its establishment throughout Christendom.

Holinshed, in his "Chronicles" (vol. I.), says: "Also, whereas beforetime there was, in a manner, no singing in the English churches except it were in Kent, now they began in every church to use singing in Divine service after ryte of Church of Rome."

Some of the instruments used by the Hebrews were considered more sacred than others—or maybe that we, from association, count them so; though in the times of Moses and Joshua the priests only were allowed the use of the trumpet, and this instrument seems specially connected with our Lord.

Zech. ix. 14, speaking of His first coming, says, "The Lord God shall blow the trumpet," and at His second coming, the trump of God is to descend from heaven with Him. (1 Thess. iv. 16).

The angels use trumpets, and the trumpet's sound heralds many of God's actions.

It was brought originally from Egypt, and supposed to have been there invented.

Again, the harp is specially dear and holy in association. It is the first mentioned musical instrument in Scripture, and also the last. Of all instruments it seems best able to express all and each emotion of the human heart. How often David used it as a means of pouring out his heart to God: "Yea, upon the harp will I praise Thee, O God my God," (Ps. xliii 4). "I will open my dark saying upon the harp" (Ps. xlix. 4).

The prophet Isaiah says, when lamenting for Moab, "My bowels shall sound like an harp for Moab" (xvi. 11).

The captive children of Israel loved their harps as a part of their lives, and would not desecrate them to the gratification of their enemies, by singing one of the songs of Zion in a strange land, but hung them up in silence on the willows that skirted the river side (Ps. cxxxvii.).

The harp was the constant associate of prophecy in the Old Testament, and equally prominent is it in its connection with the redeemed Church in the future, where it is spoken of as God's instrument (Rev. xv. 2).

After having studied the subject of music connectedly with Scripture, one leaves it with the convicton that it is an attribute of God and His kingdom, lent to this lower world for a time, where it is neither understood, nor appreciated, often blasphemed, and desecrated to the devil's service, yet always bearing about with it the unmistakable brand of being a Divine and glorious mystery, soluble only in the hand of Him who created it, and whose servant it is. Music accompanied God, as we have shown, in the creation of this world (Job. xxxviii. 7). It ushered in the birth of the world's Saviour and Redeemer (Luke ii. 13, 14), and as the closing scenes of this world pass before our eyes, we carry with us that chorus of harpers harping on their harps (Rev. xiv. 2), and those new songs of the redeemed all unmarred by the jarring discords of earth.

The association of music is entirely with heaven and its happiness, and though it had connection with Satan (judging from Ezek. xxviii. 13), before he rebelled and lost his position there, we cannot but notice that there is no word throughout Scripture to authorise the idea that there is music in hell.

E. B. LEACH.

THE BELLE OF BIRCHWOODS; OR, THE USES OF ADVERSITY.

By SARSON C. J. INGHAM, Author of "The White Cross and Dove of Pearls," &c.

CHAPTER III.

IN THE DAY OF TROUBLE.

"Straight is the line of duty,
Curved is the line of beauty;
Keep thou the first, and thou shalt find
The second follow thee."

YEARS passed on, bringing to our heroine new duties and new cares. Three beautiful children now clustered around her, and as she did not delegate her solemn responsibilities to others, their culture and training demanded nearly all her time and energy. She early put them, her husband said, in the way to good manners, and did not presume, as some parents appear to do, on the classic adage, "The way to good manners is never too late."

She was blessed with health and prosperity, and her children drew her out of herself too completely for her to brood over minor causes of discontent.

Alas for human prosperity! It cometh up like a flower, and like a flower it falls. A dark cloud was gathering over Lancashire; for the white-winged argosies that brought the staple of its merchandise from the continent of America were kept to the Western shores by an invincible blockade. The convulsive struggle that was to save California from being made a Slave State, and finally to break up the commerce in human chattels which had so long been the disgrace of the South and of the United States, was daily gaining strength; and in the prolonged agony there were the darkest fears as to how the issue would affect the interests of both countries.

The whirr of spindles was silent in many mills; the crowds of men, women, and children that in clamping clogs had poured down the cobble-paved streets of factory-villages at the clang of the factory-bell, and who had wrought for their daily bread amid the thud and vibration of their terrible machinery, were dispersed, and were gloomily regarding from the corners of the streets or their own door-steps the terrible poverty that was marching on them like an armed man. The faces of the erewhile affluent employers of labour grew stern, as bankruptcy threatened them on the one hand, and on the other the misery of their unfortunate dependants wrung their hearts.

John Stennett said little about his worst anxieties to his wife. Ella readily acquiesced in the necessity for retrenchment; for why, while others lacked, should they abound? She thought it was only the burden of others cast its shadow over her husband, and did not know the sickening fear which made him shun her face and the faces of his children. The right to be liberal was, she thought, purchased by self-denial, and in distributing tickets for soup-kitchens and assisting clothing clubs the greater part of every day was spent.

One day the eldest little girl climbed on the arm of her father's chair, and said, coaxingly—

"Dada, the money in my money-box is all gone, and there's something at Tyke's I do so want to buy for my doll's house—two little dormice stuffed and dressed up like gentlemen, and playing chess at a wee table. Will you give me half-a-guinea, papa?"

"No, Tricksey; there are so many little girls like you going without their breakfasts this morning, because their dadas have no money, that I cannot give my child ten shillings for an expensive toy."

The child blushed, and tears came into her eyes. At seven years of age one does not keep the miseries of the outside world in mind. The denial hurt her father more than it hurt her.

"But if I give you ten shillings, Tricksey, to spend among the children in mother's district as she advises, will that do as well?"

"Oh, much better, dada. I had forgot—indeed, I had."

Little did either the mother or the happy child suspect that the little gift was a sacrifice to the donor.

"No man now must be his own Providence," said Mr. Stennett, to himself, as if in justification of his generosity.

"The poor fellows are so patient," he had said to his wife the evening before. "It is as if they understood our position so well, and knew that the English Government was not to blame."

Relief was now pouring in from all sides, and yet men were seen prowling about like hungry wolves, and shivering children hung by their mothers' skirts, looking wistfully at the fireless hearth and the empty pot. But not less miserable than any of these did John Stennett feel, as after one long and weary day spent by himself and his partners in considering their position, he returned home. Fever was in his veins; his brows were throbbing painfully; and the sight of his stately home, with the embrasure of the bay windows, the shadowed angles that rendered it poetic, the golden lichens, quaintly-cut yew trees, and neat flower-beds, was more than he could bear.

"How shall I tell her," he said, "that we must leave it, and that every nice thing we have must be sold?" The inevitable could no longer be delayed, but because he was so ill he deferred the painful communication till the morrow.

The morrow found him tossing about in brain fever, and it was by snatches of his delirium that Ella learned what would soon come to her from other sources. They were ruined, in the worldly acceptation of the term—ruined. Life was to begin over again on a lower plane, toiling with those who serve and not with those who rule. After the first shock Ella felt that she could bear anything if only her husband's life was spared to her. How good he had been! how thoughtful of her! how uncomplaining! She was ready to take to herself all the blame of any misunderstanding that had ever come between them. Long hours of weary watching were before her, and in those hours her brain was very busy. What was there that she could do to keep her husband from sinking and reconstruct a home from the ruins of the old? Her

special gift, of course, came to her mind; but how to make use of it? It might be easy for her to get a few pupils, but to be so successful as to be a bread-winner for her family during this time of disaster and failure, was it not too much to hope for? How amused John had been when rich old Mr. Clees had offered to purchase the first pair of pictures she had ever exhibited, not knowing who the artist was! Ella decided that Mr. Clees should have the offer of those pictures again.

The very thought of doing, and bearing, and showing, by God's help, how little privation hurt her, helped to keep Ella up during those long days of suspense and uncertainty.

The fever ran its course, the crisis was past; but her husband lay long in a kind of stupor from which she did not seek to rouse him, because his best nurse, Nature, might be in this way giving him a rest.

At last he rallied from it, and said to her, with a faint smile, as he feebly returned her kiss—

"Make me savoury meat such as I love, and bring it to me; or, if there's a fatted calf at hand, serve it up to me whole."

"You are surely not wanting veal, John?"

"No; I had forgotten the relation of veal to calf. Association of ideas confused. There is one thing, however, I am quite clear upon: I want to eat; and you may keep your little invalid cates for the babies; I'll have none of them."

Ella was so thankful for the little gleam of brightness when she had feared a terrible rush of depression that she thought the worst was over with him, not only physically but mentally. "It may be he feels like a woman when she has had her cry out," said Ella to herself.

But when the inevitable craving was satisfied, the links that bound him to the outer world were strengthened and interest in it was rekindled.

"Poor thing! she little knows," he murmured, turning his face from his wife and burying it in the pillow, with the old impulse of hiding from her what might give her pain.

Softly she came round to him; gently she laid her cheek against his own.

"Yes, John, I do know; but I cannot be unhappy now you are given back to me."

"Know what?" he nervously inquired.

"I know all that made you ill, all that you made the sad mistake of keeping from your wife—as if she could not help you. Now, believe me, John, when I say that you won't find the reality half as bad as the anticipation has been."

"But we have lost all."

"Lost all! That would be an unmitigated calamity. Think of all that God leaves to us!"

"You don't know what it means."

"Don't I? It means that instead of one bread-winner in the house there will have to be two. The bread that we buy will be plain, but it will be wholesome and sweet. What we must leave behind us here is not to be counted in the sum of our real happiness."

"You are a dear, brave, little woman. I had feared—— But there! I might have known," he said, with a gasp. She would not let him say any more then, and through half-closed lids he watched her as she moved gently about the room preparing for the doctor's daily call.

Everybody was saying: "Don't you pity that poor Mrs. Stennett? I wonder however she keeps up. Whatever will she do? They say she has not a rich father to fall back upon."

If they could have known what a rich bank of mercies she felt she had to fall back upon provided by her heavenly Father, they would have seen that even bankruptcy did not mean ruin. Her mother was with her, and no one could have been the comfort to Ella that Mrs. Parry was.

Mr. Stennett's convalescence was more tedious than it at first promised to be. A troubled mind, perhaps, retarded it. To leave the sick-room was to face an altered world, and he dreaded it.

"Dearest," said Ella to him one day, "think how often you have praised the poor for their patience. It will always be remembered how the Lancashire operative behaved in these dark times."

"I know. But the more a man has, the more he feels the loss of his all. We have not been acclimatised to poverty, and the humiliation of it is greater to us than it is to our inferiors."

"Ah, but, John, when it comes to their not having the bread that their children cried for, do you think they ever become acclimatised to that?"

It made her cheek burn to name the coldly-looked-on paint-brush as the tool by which she hoped to wrest from the world's close fist the substantial gains of industry, and when she did, it called a look of disapointment into his face that he would fain have kept back if he could.

"Bless you, my darling! However they might be planting, and courting, and amusing themselves up to the Deluge, when the floods came it was all over. We've got our deluge here. People have so much to think of besides drawing and painting, and money is so scarce that you'll never get any pupils. Fathers of families will not pay for their daughters to learn."

"Why, John, you have not looked at the thing all round. So many young girls now will want to qualify for governesses who never expected to leave home unless to be married, that lessons in any accomplishment at a moderate price will be eagerly sought for."

He looked at her with a strange kind of wonder in his eyes. New depths in her, new possibilities, were being revealed to him; and while he, the strong man, was broken and bowed down, she was like the frail reed that bends to the storm and then rises to meet it.

The storm gathered and broke on them with a crash. Bankruptcy was declared and an execution was put into the house, and John Stennett, whose reputation no one could touch, was left upon the ruined heap careful of his integrity. A few weeks at Blackpool, a few in her sweet home at Surrey, helped him to recover his bodily health, and during all that time Ella was making her plans, and building, as she termed it, her new home. Her children were adopted for the nonce by the two grandmothers, Grandmamma Stennett suffering herself severely in her son's failure, and yet not losing her all.

Rich old Mr. Clees had paid Ella for her pictures double what he first offered for them, and had given her orders for more. The reputation she had won as a local artist assisted her in getting pupils, though seeking and waiting for them was uphill work. Her husband would have had her leave Manchester altogether: "Let them begin again where they were not known." With nothing to be ashamed of, Ella thought it was better to remain where they were known. All over England weary tramps were singing in the streets and lanes—

"Help us, for pity's sake,
We are come from Manchester."

The melancholy refrain was chanted after another fashion by higher applicants for employment who went up to other large centres. Among them were even ruined capitalists who could not stoop to serve at home, to say nothing of many of the upper class of their subordinates. Partaking of their spirit, John Stennett tried hard to procure a situation in London. But instead of Ella's joining him, he had to join her, for he met with no success, and a clerkship of £80 per annum being offered him in Manchester, he was fain to return. The mere certainty of bread was like a fortune now.

He found Ella pale and tired-looking, but full of hope. She told him of the pupils she had in promise—the decorative work, such as painting panels and screens, she had undertaken to do.

So they sent for the children, and were soon all together again, trying life under new conditions, and finding it less hard than they feared, but terribly anxious. Mr. Stennett's earnings were sure; his wife's depended on floating contingencies, yet bravely she held on her way. If her dwelling was small and mean, there were ways of making it look bright quite obvious to her artistic sense, and they must make the best of things for the sake of keeping their spirits up. She was anxious, too, to keep her children above their disadvantages and educate them for better days. The strain upon her was not a light one, but she had given her heart to One who has said, "Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

(*To be concluded.*)

USEFUL HINTS.

To Stew Veal White.—Take two pounds of breast of veal, wash it, dry it, and then rub a little flour over it, cut it in pieces about two inches wide, put two tablespoonfuls of cold water into a tin-lined stewpan, place the pieces of meat in it, add six or eight boned anchovies, according to their size, pour in sufficient milk to cover the veal, and keep it stewing gently two hours. Then take out the meat, mix a tablespoonful of flour with the yolk of an egg, a little cold milk, salt, and cayenne; stir this into the liquid in the stewpan, put the meat back to get hot, but do not let it quite boil for fear of curdling; serve. This quantity of veal takes a pint and a half of milk. The stewpan should be kept well-covered all the time the meat is cooking.

Italian Cake.—The following recipe I purchased when in Italy from an Italian cook. The cake is always so much liked that I have translated the recipe for the readers of The Girl's Own Paper. The instructions must be followed exactly or the cake will not be a success. Ingredients.—The yolks of twelve eggs, fourteen ounces of dried and sifted flour, fourteen ounces of very finely pounded sugar, seven ounces of butter, the whites of five eggs. Method.—Stir the yolks of eggs together, strain them, then beat them for half an hour with the fine sugar. It is important that the sugar should be very fine. Beat the whites of eggs to a stiff froth, then add them to the yolks; next sift the flour in slowly, melt the butter, but do not oil it, add it gradually, stirring all the mixture all the time, but do not beat it after adding the whites of eggs. Butter a cake mould, and sift as much pounded sugar into it as will adhere easily to the butter, put in the mixture, and bake in a moderately hot oven. When baking be very careful not to shake or jolt the cake, or it will not be nearly so large as it should be. When put into the oven the mould should be about half full.

Magic Plate Cloths.—These are sometimes very handy, and are very easily prepared thus: Boil two ounces of hartshorn powder in a pint of water, pour it over some pieces of soft rag, let them soak, then hang them out to dry, without wringing them; when dry they are ready for use, and can be put away until required.

THE GIRL'S OWN:

AN OCCASIONAL PAGE OF AMATEUR CONTRIBUTIONS.

TO THE PRINCESS OF WALES.

Belfast, May, 1885.

WELCOME, our own Princess, to
Erin's Isle,
Welcome to every heart within
our land;
Now has the sweetness of thy gra-
cious smile
Gladdened the dwellers on our northern
strand.
Fairest of all beneath the English sky,
Brightest and best of all thine ancient line,
Bound to our hearts by every loyal tie,
Princess, our nation's love is ever thine.

Long have we waited for thy presence
bright,
Long have we hoped thy form indeed to
view,
Though we but heard of thy sweet smile of
light,
Though we but heard that thou wert fair
and true.

Now have our brightest hopes by thee been
crowned,
Now do we see and know thee as thou art;
In thee our star, our sunshine have we found;
Thine be for ever every Irish heart!

Norseland, thy home among the Northern
waves,
Loved thee, but gave thee to fair Albion's
land;
Albion, when Erin for thy presence craves,
Lends thee to those upon her longing
strand.

Would that that presence ne'er from us
might fly!
Would that thy sunshine ever here might
smile!
Loud shall our hearts to thee in greeting cry,
Welcome, our own Princess, to Erin's Isle!

Beatrice Ethel Grimshaw, age 15. Certified by her mother.

The above was printed on white vellum, and graciously accepted by the Princess of Wales on her visit to Belfast.

VISIT TO THE BUDDHIST TEMPLE AT KANDY.

IT was a clear, cool, moonlight night—one of those so often to be enjoyed in "The little Emerald Isle of the East"—with the moon so full and radiant, that one almost felt it as one does the sunlight, when we paid our visit to the grand old Buddhist Temple at Kandy.

We started at the hour of the evening offering and ceremony, so that we were well assured of seeing something interesting. Nor were we disappointed.

As we ascended the worn stone steps of the venerable building the Sinhalese Buddhists poured into the temple from all directions. Some were carrying trays of sweet-scented flowers, others bearing delicate sprays of cocoanut blossom, and some few rummaging out a tiny copper coin from their motley-coloured garments.

The temple is constructed somewhat on the principle of a Norman castle, a large expanse of rooms opening on to an outer court, which is flanked by a broad, deep moat defended by a stone parapet. A broad stone staircase forms the ascent to a little circular tower, surrounded by a loop-holed balcony. This tower is in reality the Buddhist library, for in it are preserved the sacred writings, and many hundreds of books in the Sinhalese and Sanscrit languages expounding the doctrines and teachings of Buddha.

To this tower we first bent our steps. A Buddhist priest, clad in the sombre yellow habit of his order, was, by the aid of a friendly rupee slipped into his hand by the gentleman who escorted us, induced to become our guide. Our escort was a gentleman who had resided for some years in Ceylon. He spoke Sinhalese with ease and fluency, so that we were in no danger of having our curiosity unsatisfied, he forming a most able interpreter.

The priest, talking volubly the whole time, led us up, and was most assiduous in calling our attention to the various points of interest in the library. Most of the sacred writings were on leaves called "oola," which, when dried and smoothed, resembled a very dark parchment; others were beautifully engraved on sheets of metal (an alloid of copper and brass, the priest informed us), and all looked as if they must have taken years and years of labour for their completion, so beautifully exact was the caligraphy. Our guide said it was a part of the education of every Buddhist priest to read all these, and that many of them were learned by heart. The leaves were written upon one side only, and joined together, somewhat like MSS., with a hole bored through the left-hand corner, and secured by a clasp, beautifully worked in gold, and embellished with glistening jewels. In several we noticed handsome articles of jewellery, such as finger, ear, and nose rings, bracelets, etc.; and these, our guide told us, were the gifts of pilgrims from different parts of the world, who had come on a "haj" to adore the sacred tooth of Buddha, which this temple is supposed to contain. Many had presented things such as silken cloths, books, silver candlesticks, oil vessels, and ornaments in carved wood or metal. A table in wrought iron we especially noticed, it was so curious, representing the signs of the zodiac upon the slab of the table, while the border and legs were exquisitely carved with designs of sea dragons and other monsters.

When we had feasted our eyes to our heart's content on this collection, which would indeed have excited the envy of many an antiquarian, our escort proposed to the Buddhist priest that we should visit the curiosity of the temple, viz., great Buddha's tooth. To this our guide slightly demurred, but an extra rupee placed in his all too-willing hand settled the matter.

He led the way down, through the spacious outer court, where tom-toms (the native musical instrument) were now being loudly beaten, so that the sound almost deafened us, and we ascended a filthy winding wooden stair, worn by the toiling feet of weary pilgrims ever since the year 600 B.C.

We were conducted into a little room, already crowded with Buddhist worshippers; some of them had prostrated themselves before a silken curtain, which, though fearfully dirty, was richly embroidered with gold thread and jewels, while others, standing apart, muttered prayers to themselves, now and then interrupting their devotions to look askance at our English party. Here and there stood a priest busily preparing a tray of white and scarlet flowers, whose rich scent pervaded the little room. The scent of the flowers—champa and

jessamine—did not, however, overpower that most disagreeable one of cocoanut oil, for quite a dozen little earthen vessels containing a liberal supply of that fluid, with one dim taper floating in the midst, were placed about the room.

We began to weary of standing in the crowded, hot room, and the heavy scent of the flowers was making us faint; accordingly our escort begged the priest to make haste and admit us to the sight of Buddha's tooth. At last he did so, and we stood on the other side of the silken hanging, looking at a huge cage with solid iron bars, within which it is confined, in a shrine of pure gold about two feet high, its base about one foot square, gradually narrowing to a peak at the upper end. The gold was elaborately carved, but owing to the distance of the shrine from us, by reason of the extent of the cage, we could not distinguish the exact devices, but doubtless they one and all represented scenes from the life of Buddha. A sight of the tooth, I think, we should hardly have been allowed, but as it was being exhibited to some great native chief, we were fortunate enough to see it. The monstrous padlocks were unfastened, the massive bolts and chains withdrawn, and there before us was the object of worship of the whole Buddhist world for centuries - a piece of ivory about the length of a first finger! Verily there is but one step from the sublime to the ridiculous. Evidently it is the tusk of some animal, a monkey most probably; and it is certain that the majority of the Buddhists do not believe it to be anything more. The Sinhalese prostrated themselves with the greatest reverence before the relic, while the priests heaped up masses of pure white flowers into a curious mystical pattern upon an iron disc placed before the cage.

Much as we had longed to see the relic, a curious sensation of disgust and faintness crept over us. We were glad to follow our guide into the antechamber and descend the narrow wooden stairs as quickly as possible. We would have at once gone out into the open air but that the priest was anxious that we should see somewhat more. So we followed him into a side suite of rooms, where, ranged on tables, were figures of Buddha, in his usual cross-legged position beneath the Bôdhi tree. One of these, about a foot high, was of pure crystal, and the priest evidently thought we ought to have been highly delighted when he lighted a candle and placed it behind the figure so that we might see the effect.

We did not linger here, and, crossing the outer court, now desolate but for the tom-tom beaters, were soon descending the steps, the hideous sound of the tom-toms almost stunning us as the beaters seemed to perform their work louder and louder, as if in triumph at our departure from the Buddhist temple.

ETHEL SWANSYER (aged 17),
Kandy, Ceylon.

Certified by Dorothea Mary Maunsell and Frances Maude Greason.

A LETTER ON GERMAN SOCIAL LIFE.

DEAR ALICE,—You have asked me for a description of German social life, but in endeavouring to comply with your request, I am met with this difficulty, namely, that there is so great a difference not only between North and South and neighbouring provinces, but even extending to the towns. And, indeed, how could it be otherwise, when for centuries the German provinces have remained politically entirely separated? And even yet there is no common social centre. Berlin does not hold the relative social position to the Germans that Paris does to the French, or London to ourselves, and the Germans strive to retain their own local and individual customs.

My experience of German life, however, is, as you know, only that of a schoolgirl, and to such experience and its impressions upon me my reply must be limited.

Taken as a whole, my experience was very pleasing. It took some little time to overcome the natural English prejudices to things Continental, but after surmounting these and adapting myself to the new circumstances and manner of life, I began to enjoy the different order of things.

Being one of the elder girls in the school, I had a free choice at table of all the dishes, and followed my English notions as to a meat diet for some considerable time. I then adopted the German custom, substituting to a great extent a vegetable diet for one principally of meat, my object being to compare the effect of the two systems upon my health, and I arrived at the conclusion that the German manner of living is of the two better suited to the climate. In conforming to the German diet, I found I could study better, I was in better health, and could endure more mental or bodily fatigue.

Our school life was very active; our occupations were changed frequently during the day—the change affording rest. We took part in domestic work, made our own beds, washed up the china, and assisted in household affairs generally, as a necessary part of a good German education. I found from my school companions that in the best circles it is the custom for the mother of the family to undertake a great part of the housekeeping, and the daughters upon leaving school are thoroughly instructed in cooking, dressmaking, and housework, for only so is it possible to become a thorough and capable housewife, and, according to Goethe, to attain a perfect feminine character. He did not disdain to represent his most beautiful female character as a simple, helpful girl; for who does not know and admire the lovely Dorothea?

With this cultivation of the home life, the mental faculties are well trained in the higher branches of education in a more thorough manner than in England; and you know yourself to what a degree music is cultivated—how it accompanies the German through his whole life, from the little child listening to the many beautiful cradle songs, to the old man rejoicing in the melodies of his grandchildren.

In our school we learnt very industriously and thoroughly, not only music, the three languages, drawing, and other accomplishments, but also history, geography, and natural science. We prepared every subject in writing—first in questions and answers, afterwards in compositions—the more advanced girls helping the others. I have reason to believe that the method of our school teaching was original, as it was quite unknown to girls coming from other schools.

I was struck with the little difference made with, or assumed by, girls of rank and title and those of the humblest parents, in comparison with similar conditions in an English school.

What I heard of life in other schools, as well as the general method of education in Germany, proved to me that the intermingling of ranks is the ideal of the German system of education, as the universal school compulsion already intimates.

In this respect our school held a prominent position; there was no exalting the clever girl to the prejudice of the less gifted; there were no cliques, though the school was large and the nationalities various; the greatest freedom in religious thought prevailed, and such a thing as intolerance on account of any special faith was quite unknown.

The English way of keeping the Sabbath was allowed to the English girls; and though the church forms are not so strictly observed in Germany, yet there is amongst the people a simple faith and the spirit of Christian charity. I am, therefore, thankful that my lot led me for the completion of my school education to Germany, and that I there found a school the recollections of which will ever belong to the dearest experiences of my life.

ETHEL.

DEFENCE OF THE L.L.A. SCHEME.

The nine parts of speech I can easily teach,
Let the learned logician now say,
French, German, and Greek, I can readily speak,
For I am an L.L.A.

I can reason like Berkeley, like Spencer, like Huxley;
I can scribble a poem like Gray;
I can handle a broom, and sweep up a room,
Though I am an L.L.A.

I've a very large store of all sorts of lore,
Believe it or not as you may;
And the stocking of blue suits me very well too,
For I am an L.L.A.

I'm a famous logician, and first-rate musician,
The harp and guitar I can play;
I can argue like Locke, and make a child's frock,
Though I am an L.L.A.

And I only deplore that there aren't more
Who add to their knowledge each day,
Take me for your sample, profit by my example
And you'll be an L.L.A.

F. L. McC. (aged 17.)

I certify that the above is the *bona fide* production of Fanny Luisa McCorkendale.—D. L. McCorkendale, father of the above.

"LET THERE BE LIGHT."

"And God said, Let there be light; and there was light."—Gen. 1, 3.

I could not see the way to Christ,
Though oft I read, and prayed, and wept,
When lo! one night I had a dream
As in my bed I soundly slept.

I dreamt the earth in darkness lay,
When lo, a voice from God was heard,
"Let there be light!" and quickly came
Bright day, obedient to His word.

I looked once more, and saw a man
With doubts and fears and sin oppressed;
God spake again, "Let there be light!"
And soon that soul found perfect rest.

I woke: "Lord give me light," I cried,
"To make Thy way all clear to me;
I will not doubt, for say those words,
'Let there be light,' and I shall see."

ALICE LEAKEY (Maude),
(aged nearly 18).
Ravensthorpe Vicarage, Northampton.

I certify this to be the unaided work of the above.—Elizabeth Leakey (parent).

THE ORIGIN OF THE FORGET-ME-NOT.

One beauteous smiling summer day,
Beside the castle moat,
A knight and lady wandered slow,
To watch the lilies float;

When suddenly the lady spied
A blossom growing there;
Of turquoise blue, like starry eyes,
A floweret passing fair.

Unto her faithful knight she turned,
And bade him pluck the bloom;
Alas, she little guessed the depths
Would prove his crystal tomb!

The brave knight leapt into the stream,
Filled with hope's tender ray;
He gained the spot, he plucked the flower,
But strength swift passed away.

At his love's feet he flung the bloom:
"Forget me not!" he cries,
As, with a last despairing look
Of love, he closed his eyes.

And at her feet the blue stars fell,
Upon the far-off shore;
While 'neath the stream the brave knight sank;
He sank—to rise no more.

And still the flower for which he died,
In love that cost his life,
Is ever called Forget-me-not,
In memory of his strife.

* * * * *

When God the plants their names had given,
Before the throne there came
A little flower, with heaven-blue eyes,
And asked Him for a name.

The Great Creator smiled on it,
And blessed its humble lot;
For He bestowed the sweetest name,
That of forget-me-not.

And favoured is the little flower;
In garden and in wild,
It humble and contented grows,
Like to a blue-eyed child.

On heaven is fixed its trustful eye,
As if its gaze were bent
On proving to the sons of men
The emblem of content.

JULIA MICKLE
(Aged 17 years and 6 months).

Certified by M. Mickle, mother of the above.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MUSIC.

AN IRISH GIRL.—Why do you not learn the Irish harp, your national instrument, if you wish to learn a stringed instrument?

AMATEUR.—You can purchase a book of scales at any musicseller's.

RUBY.—The Society of Arts, John-street, Adelphi, W.C., holds local examinations in harmony and counterpoint, singing, and instrumental music, at centres all over the country, as well as in London, for first, second, and third class certificates. Fee 2s. 6d. Apply to secretary.

UNKNOWN TO FAME YET evidently began to use her voice too soon, and now will do well to give both it and herself entire rest, fresh air, nourishing food, and perhaps some cod-liver oil. There is no difficulty in standing, walking, and sitting upright, if you will to do so. Throw your shoulders back and your chest out, and your back curved inwards; take a long breath, and make up your mind. It all rests with yourself.

AN IRISH GIRL will find the lives of all the great musicians, and a mention of their works, in the new "Dictionary of Musicians" by Grove.

BRUNETTE.—Why do you take a breath on striking every chord when you know it exhausts you? We cannot tell you how to break yourself of the trick; we can only say cease to do so; hold your breath until you have struck several in succession. Your handwriting is not yet formed.

EVA LENTON.—Dr. Oliver W. Holmes, the author of the hymn, "Oh, Love divine, who stooped to share," is an American, and is the author of "The Autocrat of the Breakfast-table," and other works.

HOUSEKEEPING.

FLO.—Rub your furniture well with oil, using a soft piece of flannel. If this does not succeed use French polish.

A READER OF THE G. O. P.—Grease spots on velvet may be removed by holding the velvet over a hot iron, with a piece of blotting paper between the iron and the velvet. After this apply (lightly) a little benzine or ether, with a soft piece of old flannel, rubbing the spot very gently, both on the right and wrong sides.

TOTY.—Use glycerine to remove the tea-stains. For directions for reviving dresses, etc., see "The Fairy of the Family," page 779, vol. iv.

A TROUBLED HOUSEWIFE.—Your question as to what your weekly housekeeping expenses ought to be is much too vague. You give us too little information to enable us to form an opinion on the subject. You neither mention your income nor the style of your living.

FAUST.—Imitation bronze should only be dusted with a feather brush or soft cloth. Washing takes off the bronze. Stephens's stain for floors—oak or walnut stain—can be procured at any oilshop. The varnish, which is put on when the stain is dry, can be bought at the same place.

WORK.

N. E. E. S.—We should doubt your being able to earn much money by doing crewel work. It is now out of fashion, and most people do fancy work for themselves.

EDITH MAUD.—Any large dealer in sewing machines who keeps all kinds would repair your machine for you.

LILIAS.—You will find a ready-made pelisse of piqué or sateen, trimmed with work complete, for a moderate price.

MARY.—We know of no such club in Liverpool, but you might look in a directory of that place. Why not use the address you have, and send your gifts to London by Parcel Post?

LILIAS (2) will find a thankful reception given to her offering at the East London Hospital, Shadwell, E. Address the secretary.

BONNIE BAIRN will find "Indian Outfits," a small manual published by L. U. Gill, 170, Strand, W.C., price 2s. 6d., contains all she requires in the way of information.

INQUISITIVE MARGUERITE must rub one stone on the other, using plenty of water; but we fear she will find it a long business. Acorns and cups may be used in leather work.

MARJORIE DAW.—Lay a damp towel over the back of the work and iron it. If you slope your writing a little more it will be improved. As yet it is not quite formed into a running hand.

WESTWARD HO.—We recommend you to take out the "Dictionary of Needlework" (Gill, 170, Strand, W.C.), rather than a collection of little manuals of work, as this contains every known description of work, patterns, and directions for cutting out.

PAULINE MARIE.—We have given no designs for macramé lace, but they are very easily obtained from numbers of other magazines. You might cut out the patterns you know.

O. H.—Indian muslin may be used for dresses; but unless with great care, will not wash well. But you may have it cleaned. Red in various shades, and yellow, maize, or canary, are suitable for dark persons.

A WEEKLY READER OF THE G. O. P. will find the "Dutch heel" described at page 486, vol. i.

A PUPIL-TEACHER.—A knickerbocker stocking should be ribbed, or plain and purl throughout—not all plain.

KEGGIE, TRY, TRY AGAIN will find the pattern of a knitted baby's boot at page 96, vol. iii. She should purchase a small knitting manual.

ANNIE BOOKER makes a mistake in thinking that we have given the pattern she sends. The "ringed valance" will be found at page 269, vol. ii.

PRINCESS IDA.—What is known as the "glacier window decoration" is a very pretty substitute for painted glass. The prices of the volumes are, vol. i., 6s.; vols. ii., iii., iv., v., 7s. 6d.

OUR MARY ANNE.—Marie de Sombreuil was a famous girl heroine of the French Revolution. Her father's life was offered to her on condition she drank a cup of human gore, to which she consented; but we think this awful proof of devotion was not exacted from her.

COOKERY.

GIRL JANET.—Honey Cake.—Take one large cup of sour cream (rich), half a large cup of sugar, two large cups of flour, half a teaspoonful of soda, and honey as required. First mix the cream and sugar, add the flour by degrees and enough honey to flavour; mix well, add the soda and beat a little longer, then bake for half an hour. To be eaten warm.

MEG DODS.—To make Lemon Marmalade, squeeze the lemons, boil the peels in water till soft, then take out the pith, and pound the rest in a mortar till quite fine, and pass it all, with the remainder of the juice, through a sieve into a preserving-pan. For every pound add three-quarters of a pound of loaf sugar; boil it for half an hour or more till it be set, when cold, into a jelly, when it may be poured into jelly-pots for future use.

JERNE.—To make breakfast coffee for a family of three, rinse the percolator well with boiling water, leaving the water in till the vessel be quite hot. Allow a small tablespoonful of coffee for each person, put it into the percolator; have the water in the tea-kettle quite boiling, and pour it very slowly over the coffee till you have what you consider sufficient. The whole secret of making good coffee in this way lies in having the percolator very hot, the water in the kettle boiling, and pouring the water very slowly over the coffee. It should take from five to ten minutes, and the coffee should be kept hot till required for breakfast.

LYNTON.—Break six eggs into a basin, leaving out the whites of three. Beat them till very light, then add two ounces of sifted sugar and two ounces of butter, which should be melted but not hot. Beat all well together. Make two ounces of butter quite hot in a small frying-pan, and pour in the eggs, etc., stirring them till they begin to set. Turn the edges of the omelette over to form an oval shape, and finish cooking. Turn out on a very hot dish and sprinkle sifted sugar over it. There is merit in your poems, yet they lack originality.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A LOVER OF NATURE.—Land lizards require a mild temperature, and to live when possible in the sunshine. They feed chiefly on insects, especially flies, are easily tamed, and seem happy in captivity. They are extremely gentle and familiar, and apparently show affection to their owners. We are much obliged for your small book.

I. T. M.—We thank you for your manuscript poem, and regret that we can make no use of it.

HELEN BEAUCHAMP.—A will is revoked by marriage, and a new one must be made. 2. Your constant headaches after eating are caused by some errors of diet, or manner of eating. Do you rest before eating, or come to dinner tired? Do you drink beer, eat too much meat, and too little fruit and vegetables? Putting the feet or hands in hot water is sometimes good for headache.

EDIE.—We regret that the verses are not suitable to our columns. The first verse is untrue, as a matter of fact, for General Gordon had not a single Englishman near him when he died. He was indeed far from having his countrymen around him.

A. B.—We do not quite know what you mean by nervous fears in connection with literary work. We suppose all people in all pursuits are anxious for success, and with perseverance and a well-grounded faith in their own powers, such as Charlotte Brontë or Anthony Trollope possessed, they generally do succeed. Anxiety is a better word than nervousness.

TENNIS RACQUET.—You do not repeat any question requiring an answer, for, as to an opinion about your handwriting, you have only to read our special articles on the subject, and our repeated instructions on the rules for your guidance, you must know any errors or inelegancies in your own.

AN UNBELIEVING ONE.—What a foolish little girl you seem to be! If you think yourself so insignificant that you might, according to Topsy's theory, have growed, at least, when you look up at the sun or the myriads of worlds above you at night, multitudes of them bigger than our own, do you think that they growed accidentally too? "Who are they that say, There is no God?" See Psalm xiv. 1. Go on your knees to Him who made, preserves, and died for your redemption, and entreat Him to pardon and to grant you saving and fruit-producing faith. You ought to be ashamed of being so silly and ignorant, not to say wicked and ungrateful.

FROGGIE.—Brush back and plait your front hair at the back, and if necessary wear a half-circular comb in front, to keep back the short hair growing over the forehead. 2. See page 272, vol. i., April, 1880, for advice concerning styes in the eyes.

M. I. B. S.—We regret that the printed verses entitled "Alice Lee" are not suitable for our paper, and also that it would be quite impossible for us to undertake to collect and despatch foreign stamps for our readers.

NANCY PERPLEXED.—There are those in all ranks who deserve to be considered of Nature's nobility. These may act honourably, bravely, and nobly, although their association from birth with coarse and ignorant people, if not the depraved, must tend to destroy any natural refinement and delicate sense of honour. "Blue blood" is a term by which to denote that for many generations a family has been noble, and thus been trained, from father to son, in good manners, high principles, and with a superior education, accustomed to be ruled by a strict code of laws, especially the women. These laws of society preserve them from coarse habits, hearing bad language, and mixing with, or marrying, those not similarly trained. If there be "black sheep" amongst their own class they are avoided (if the fact be not concealed). A man cannot make himself a gentleman in its true sense by merely making money; natural refinement and education, or birth (by the ordering of Divine Providence) must make him that. Yet a poor day-labourer might vie with any gentleman in the land in high principle, generosity, and kindliness. 2. The words you name are French, and must be pronounced in accordance with the sounds of the French alphabet.

ENNA.—See our article on "Letters of Invitation" recently given. See number for June, 1885, page 534. Your handwriting is not formed.

NANCY.—Read 1 Cor. vii. 34. But, in any case, He who "hath made everything beautiful in His time" (Eccles. iii. 2), and grants the gift of good looks, has given them to be used for a good purpose; a certain amount of attraction and influence amongst those around us to be used for their benefit and His service, as well as for our personal advantage, not to be abused, as it too often is, as food for silly vanity. Always regard "your body," as well as your spirit, as "the Lord's" (1 Cor. vi. 20). You write a pretty hand.

IVY LEAF.—There is St. Raphael's Home for respectable women and children at Torquay, Devon, at 10s. a week; and there is the Babbacombe House of Rest for over-worked women in business; charge from 5s. to 10s. weekly; apply to Miss Skinner, Bayfield, Babbacombe, Devon. And there is St. Elizabeth's Convalescent Home and Home of Rest, Ridgway, Plympton, Devon, from 10s. to 12s. weekly.

A NEW FRIEND, and EARLY SPRIG O' HEATHER'S verses are very good, but very romantic for their ages (thirteen and twelve). We cannot admire, however, the thistle as either a love token or a keepsake; but the bonnie bluebell, meaning "constancy," is very pretty and suitable.

AN APPRECIATOR OF THE G. O. P. must also put her own shoulder to the wheel, not in vague aspiration, but in honest endeavours to serve God. We are ever beseeching God of His great goodness to make our lives of service to His children.

ALISON.—We do not see that Alison can avoid returning by a slight bow what is merely meant as a civility. There seems no cause for annoyance, and "bowing acquaintanceships" may go on without advancing into further intimacy for years.

GIPSY.—A recipe for pot-pourri was given at page 256 of this year's volume.

JEANIE DEANS.—"It was impossible for God to lie" will be found at Hebrews vi. 18. The term "Bohemian" means a gipsy, from the French idea that the first gipsies came from Bohemia. So a Bohemian's life means an irregular, restless, and wandering one, like a gipsy's.

GOLDFINCH.—Maudlin is a diminutive, or perhaps a corruption, of Magdalen. Johnson derives the word maudlin in this way, and says it originated from the habit of painters to depict her with swollen eyes and disordered hair. See the series of articles on "Girl's Own Pets."

MANITOBAN SQUABBLES.—Apply a little spirits of ammonia to the mosquito bites. We are glad you like our paper.

JACK.—It is very undesirable that any animal should share your sleeping room. Secure your dog in some suitable place downstairs, and punish him should he howl. It is both a dirty and an unwholesome thing to have a dog in your bedroom. Write to Mr. Tarn for information respecting back numbers. We thank you for your card.

DIAMOND DUST.—No man could lawfully marry a second time while his first wife was still living, unless legally divorced, and that for one cause only.

CHILI, VALPARAISO.—Your position is a painful and difficult one. Ask your father to permit you to go to church on a Sunday morning, and tell him you will be at his service and your mother's the rest of the day. Entertain his friends of an evening cheerfully, letting him see that you wish to please him, and are a dutiful daughter as well as a God-fearing one. Remember, for your comfort, that you are not your own mistress, but under subjection so long as you are under your parents' roof, fed, clothed, and protected by them, and you are not a free agent.

SNOWDROP MAUDE.—The best and probably cheapest way of going to Ratisbon would be by Antwerp or Rotterdam to Cologne or Frankfort-on-the-Maine, and thence direct to Ratisbon.

ANXIOUS ONE.—A general servant's place is usually the first introduction to service. If you have the good fortune to find a kind and patient mistress you will learn much.

LUCY.—We could not say whether the Bath waters would do you any good. The hospital there is free, but a deposit of £3 is required with a doctor's certificate. The 6th January, 1866, was a Friday. It was Leap Year.

PERSEPHONE.—"Sam Slick" was the pseudonym of Judge Haliburton, of Nova Scotia; "Currer Bell" of Charlotte Brontë; "Christopher North" of Professor John Wilson; and "George Sand" that of Madame Dudevant. An acquaintanceship begun in a railway carriage between a young man and woman had better end in the same place, unless they have mutual friends.

AN ANXIOUS SISTER must make application at the Princess Louise Home in person.

ONE IN TROUBLE.—You have the right to demand a detailed account; but if you have not kept a cash account yourself you will have no proof against the shopkeeper, unless you have a witness to your payments. You have been very unwise to have a running account in this way.

MURIEL HELSTON (New Zealand).—We thank you for your nice, well-expressed letter, and are happy to give your description of the "hot lakes," in the centre of the island. "Some of these are of intense heat, but are not uniformly so. You might catch a fish in one lake and cook it in another. Visitors often throw in twigs of trees, marking the spot, and in course of time find them petrified; and such-like beautiful specimens are seen under glass shades in many a drawing-room in New Zealand. Some of the mountain terraces are difficult of ascent; the 'Pink' one has no rival for its beautiful colour and picturesqueness."

B. B. S.—We are glad to hear of your satisfaction at receiving the "Crown of Flowers." For the price of the index, covers, etc., you must see our frequent notices at the end of the monthly numbers, or else write to Mr. Tarn. The Editor has nothing to do with that department.

ETHEL BROOKES need not expect an answer to any letter "the next day." It may not follow, in its turn, for six months. It is quite an exception when an answer can be given at once. We give them gratis, so your *having no money to pay for them* does not preclude your being a correspondent.

A LOVING SISTER.—The bride's own sister is, of course, the principal bridesmaid, and must stand next behind her to take her glove and bouquet when the ring is to be put on her finger.

ANGELA.—The Arum, or Lily of the Nile, *Calla Æthiopica*, first brought here from the Cape of Good Hope, is a sub-aquatic plant, and should be well supplied with water, more especially when about to flower. The use of liquid manure is desirable, viz., one ounce of guano, in one gallon of water. This will produce a succession of flowers of extra beauty. The size of the pot is a consideration. One of six inches will suit a small plant, while large ones will require those of nine or eleven inches. Arums blossom from Christmas to Easter. The soil should be a mixture of equal parts of sandy peat and maiden loam, or the latter combined with old decayed manure and a little sand. Plant the offsets in the autumn, and water them well. Cut down the flower-stems when the blooms are faded. Heat and liquid manure may produce blossoms almost at any season.

A. S. S. T.—The prohibition given to the early Christians recorded in the Book of Acts xv. 20, has been a subject of much discussion. That, living amongst the Jews, and many of the former being Israelites by birth, special consideration had to be shown towards the religious scruples of those still under the law of Moses there is no doubt (see I Cor. ix. 19, 20, 21, 22). St. Paul, even as a Christian, returned to some of the rites of Judaism, shaving his head, purifying himself, after their manner, making a vow, and showing himself in the temple that they might observe it. Still, the prohibition to eat blood (because it is the life thereof) is classed with a law of moral obligation, specially and permanently binding on Christians, and thus there is ground for questioning its temporary character. A frightful disease is induced by eating raw flesh and blood; but there is, remember, scarcely any blood in poultry, game, and fish. "Let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind."

DAISY.—We recommend you to send for our "Bible Cyclopædia," by Dr. Eadie. This will enable you to study with new interest, and will throw light on much you do not understand. Get a little book called the "Daily Round," also. If you desire to be a faithful servant of Christ, pray continually for grace and help in His name. See St. John vi. 37.

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

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AUNT DIANA.

By ROSA NOUCHETTE CAREY, Author of "Nellie's Memories," "Not Like Other Girls," "Esther," etc.

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"ALISON WAS SITTING AT HER WINDOW."

CHAPTER XXIV.

"HE WILL HAVE SUNNY TO COMFORT HIM."

THERE was a merry breakfast in the verandah next morning, and Alison, in her white dress, with some dewy roses as a breast-knot, looked the picture of happiness as she poured out the coffee.

Directly it was over, Greville took her and Roger to see his grandfather.

Mr. Moore was eagerly expecting them; even before Alison's foot had passed over the threshold his sightless eyes were turned to the window, and his "Welcome, Sunny," reached her ears.

In another moment Alison was occupying her old footstool at his feet, and his fine, wrinkled hand, a little more trembling than of old, was placed on her hair, with a half audible blessing.

"Dear Mr. Moore, I am so glad to see you again——"

"Have you missed us, little one? Not half as much as we have missed Sunny." And as she pressed her lips to his hand in mute contradiction of this, he said, half sadly, "Child, I never thought to have heard your sweet voice again, but the good God would have it otherwise; before the message reached me, it was recalled, the gates were almost closed in my face."

"Thank God for that," she whispered, "but they never told me that you were ill until you were well again."

"Ah, Miss Carrington is a wise woman; she thinks it wrong to burthen young spirits with sorrows that do not belong to them. My boy there nearly broke his heart about the old man; can you believe it, Sunny?"

"You are like his own father," she returned, softly. "He is outside on the verandah with Roger. Are you well enough to speak to Roger?"

"Aye, ready and willing; he has grown a fine lad, I hear." And as Alison beckoned to them, the two young men came in through the window, and Roger sat down by the old man's side.

It was pleasant to Alison to see her brother's quiet respectful manners, so full of reverence for that wise and dignified old age, and the evident gratification with which Mr. Moore listened to him. She might almost have believed herself forgotten, but that every now and then the thin hand passed lightly over her hair with a caressing touch, which told how he loved to feel Sunny near him again. Greville kept a little aloof from them, but not a movement escaped his notice. Once Alison glanced in his direction, and met a grave, touched look in his eyes, as though something moved him.

Miss Carrington presently came in to see after her charge, for such she evidently considered the old man, and dispersed the little group. Mr. Moore must have his noon-day rest, and then he would be well enough to play to them in the evening, but he had talked to them sufficiently for the present.

The rest of the morning was spent in tennis, and in the afternoon Miss Carrington joined them, and Greville and Roger rowed them to Long Island, that Alison might revisit her old haunts; and the evening was spent at Fernleigh.

This was Greville's only idle morning; for the future he adhered steadily to his determination to work until luncheon, and as Alison resumed her old habits of painting under Aunt Diana's supervision, or playing to Mr. Moore, or reading to him, Roger found himself left to his own devices.

He took Miss Carrington's advice, and lived in the open air, either lying on the lawn with a book, or paddling himself lazily in a canoe, till his face was brown and ruddy with health, and he grew as light-hearted as a boy.

In the afternoons and evenings the three young people were always together. Tennis and boating, or drives in Greville's dog cart, filled up the afternoon. When Mr. Moore was pretty well, the evenings were always spent in his room; sometimes he played on his violin while Alison accompanied him, or one of the young men read aloud while the ladies worked.

The old man always retired early, and then sometimes Greville would tempt them to a moonlight row or stroll, or if Miss Carrington refused this for herself and Alison, Roger and he would pace the garden in animated conversation.

The young men had become great friends. Greville, who was a few months older than Roger, always acted as though he were younger. Roger was full of quaint drollery, and loved fun in his own way, but Greville's spirits were liable to carry him away; he had plenty of character, but Roger's grave solidity and greater thoughtfulness were uncommon at his age; nevertheless Greville's gaiety and natural exuberance covered a depth of feeling that would have astonished people. "A man is a man for a' that" he would have said if anyone had accused him of too much love of play; that he played well in his youth was no argument against his working well by-and-by. "Young growing things must stretch themselves," Miss Carrington used to say in loving extenuation of her favourite.

When a good woman thinks well of a man, there cannot be much amiss with him. Miss Carrington always said Greville was a fine creature, and she had a tolerably shrewd judgment of her own.

Aunt Diana had resolved that Roger and Alison should have as much play as possible, so she not only revived her Wednesdays, but she gave a boating-party and a large picnic. Roger was a great favourite with the ladies, old and young, though he could not compare in good looks to Greville, but his honest face and courteous manners—the manners bred of a perfectly kind heart—won golden opinions; but Miss Carrington, who had reasons of her own for watching him, could not fail to notice that though he was pleasant to all the young ladies, he did not single out one as an object for any special attention, while on the contrary Greville was always beside Alison.

She drew her own conclusions, but made no remark. She always said "it was like brushing the golden dust off a butterfly's wing to speak of such things to young people before the time." But her heart was very full sometimes when she looked at Alison. "I will not speak to her; when the time comes, she will seek me of her own accord," she thought; "there are some things I cannot teach her, that every woman must learn for herself."

That time came sooner than she expected.

One evening she was sitting alone in the studio, writing a letter to her brother-in-law, when she caught a glimpse of Alison's white gown flashing between the shrubs, and in another moment the girl came swiftly through the conservatory, and stood beside her.

"Aunt Di, I want to speak to you."

"One moment, Ailie; I have just finished my letter to your father. Have you any message for him?"

"Yes—no—oh! I cannot think of one just now," she said, in such a trembling voice that Miss Carrington looked up quickly, and what she saw in Alison's face made her drop her pen.

"Come and sit here, darling, and tell me all about it;" and as Alison hid her burning face, drawing down Aunt Diana's hands, as though they would shield her effectually, she continued, tenderly, "Don't be shy over it, Ailie. Of course I know what it is; Greville has been speaking to you?"

"Yes, Aunt Di."

"Well, I will scold him presently for not speaking to me first." But there was no anger in Aunt Diana's eyes. "I dare say his grandfather encouraged him; he is so set upon this. Well, Ailie, and what did our boy say to you?"

"Oh, Aunt Di, don't ask me," returned Alison, desperately, "he thinks too highly of me. I am not as good as that; I don't deserve it all."

"We must allow for a little exaggeration under the circumstances," returned Miss Carrington, smiling, and managing to free her hands, and so get a glimpse of the hidden happy face.

"But, Aunt Di," almost whispering, "are we not too young? Greville will have to be at Oxford another year, and—and——"

"Too young to marry, just yet, Ailie; but I think under Greville's peculiar circumstances, his grandfather's great age and precarious health, and his loneliness, having no parents or brothers and sisters belonging to him, that an engagement might be allowed. It will make him happier, and give him heart for his work. In general, Ailie, I do not approve of long engagements for young people, they are so unsettling; but you know Greville's circumstances as well as I do. He is his grandfather's heir; in two years he might well marry."

"Then you approve?" raising her eyes at last to her aunt's face.

"Do you know Greville is my own boy? he is even dearer to me than you; you must not be sorry to hear that. One day I will tell a sad little story about myself, how a girl's self-will and temper lost her the noblest lover a woman could have."

"I guess who it was; I always knew," murmured Alison.

"Greville is dear to me for his father's sake," returned Miss Carrington, almost solemnly. "No more of this just now, Ailie. If you love me, dear child, you little know how happy it makes me to know my two darlings are to be united."

"Really and truly happy, Aunt Di?"

"Yes, surely, dearest, and this has been the wish of Mr. Moore's heart. Ah, here comes Greville; he looks almost as shy over it as you do, Ailie."

But, shy or not, there was no mistaking the expression of proud happiness on the young man's face. A look passed between him and Miss Carrington, and then she held out her hand.

"Well, Greville, have you come to be scolded?" she asked, playfully.

"Yes, but you would not have the heart to do it," was his reply. "Cara," with a pause on the old name, "how could I help it?" And his glance at Alison was sufficiently eloquent.

"Well, Greville, I think you are worthy even of her;" and now something like the glimmer of unshed tears softened the keen grey eyes. "God bless you, my boy; you have fulfilled the great wish of my heart."

There was a little more talk after this, and then Greville said, "Alison, I think we ought to go to my grandfather; this will make him very happy." And then Alison obediently rose.

There was a touching scene with the old man. "Now I can sing my 'Nunc Dimittis,'" he said, raising his sightless eyes towards heaven, and a beautiful smile played round his lips. "When the messenger comes, my boy will not be left desolate, he will have Sunny to comfort him," and again his hands were placed on her bright hair to invoke a blessing.

Roger's turn came next. He had been out all day on a fishing excursion, and on his return Greville had waylaid him, and told him the news. Alison, who was sitting at her window trying to compose her fluttered spirits, saw them coming up the garden-walk together, and a few minutes afterwards there was a hasty step at her door, and Roger burst into her room.

She knew how glad he was by the way he took her in his arms and kissed her, even before he had uttered a word.

But it came at last.

"Ailie, I never was so pleased in my life. Of course I knew it was coming. He is a fine fellow; you are giving me just the sort of brother I wanted, and I am greatly obliged to you."

"He told you then?" a little bashfully.

"Yes, he had been waiting ever so long by the river bank. It is my belief that, like King Midas, he had been whispering his secret to the rushes. I wish you could have heard what he said about you. He has thoroughly convinced me that he fully appreciates Ailie."

"I am so glad you will be friends," returned Alison, simply, quite ignoring the latter part of Roger's speech; in her modest opinion of herself she never ceased wondering at Greville's lover-like speeches; it was dear and kind of him to say such things, she thought, but she did not deserve them.

She said as much to him one day, when their engagement was but a week old, but he turned decidedly wilful.

"I shall think of you just as I like," he said, quietly, "and I know I shall never alter my opinions. I don't care what your faults are, you are perfect in my eyes, just because you are Alison." And after this she gave up the point.

But on the evening before she left Moss-side, she and Aunt Diana had one of their long talks. Greville had just left them grumbling, in spite of an invitation to breakfast the next morning, and though he knew that he was expected at The Holms in six weeks' time, to make acquaintance with Alison's home, and to introduce himself to Mr. Merle. But Miss Carrington paid no attention to his boyish discontent; this hour belonged to her, she said, in her decided manner; Greville might talk to Roger, but she wanted Ailie to herself.

So while the two young men paced up and down by the river, Alison and Miss Carrington sat in the dim studio, looking out into the moonlight. There was so much that they had to say to each other on this last night.

"You do not think me too hard-hearted to insist on a two years' engagement, Ailie," Miss Carrington said, presently. "Mr. Moore has begged me over and over again to reconsider my decision; but, indeed, I think Greville is too young for such a responsibility. In two years he will be five-and-twenty."

"I would not have it otherwise, Aunt Di," returned Alison, quietly; "in two years' time papa will be well and strong—at least, Dr. Greenwood tells us so, and Missie will be older; I can be spared then, and can leave home far more happily."

"Is Greville content with this?"

"I have talked to him, and made him see that we are both right. Of course we shall both feel the separation a little hard, but now I have promised to spend at least two months next summer at Moss-side, and he is to pay flying visits to The Holms, I think we ought to be content; and then there are the letters—letters are such a pleasure."

"And in two years, Alison Merle is to be Alison Moore."

"I hope so, Aunt Di."

"Darling, that day will be a happy one for me. I love you both so much, and then I shall have you near me. Think of Fernleigh being Ailie's home."

"A beautiful home," she returned.

"Roger will miss you the most, dear."

"I hope not by that time, Aunt Di. Perhaps I ought not to speak of it; he has never given me the right to do so, but I think—I hope—Anna may be able to comfort him for my absence."

"What makes you think so, dear?" she asked very quietly, and yet the same thought had occurred to her.

"It is Roger's manner. It has changed so much of late; once he used to be as friendly as possible with Anna, but now he never mentions her name if he can help it; but when anyone talks of her, I can see the way he listens, and the look that comes into his eyes; he is always so pleased when I tell him she is coming to The Holms, and he is so nice with her, speaking so gently to her, and anticipating all her wishes; you could not doubt what it meant if you saw them together. And she is just as sweet to him as one could wish—very shy, but so simple and childlike."

"She is a dear little thing, and I daresay she has improved."

"Yes, indeed, even Missie owns she is almost pretty sometimes; not that that matters, when she always looks so sweet and good. Oh, Aunt Di, I have grown to love her so."

"Roger is a wise man," observed Miss Carrington, thoughtfully; "if he chooses Anna for his wife, he will find her certainly 'above rubies.' There is the law of kindness in her lips; I never knew anyone so perfectly gentle."

"Missie is actually growing fond of her; they will be nice companions for each other when I leave home. Oh, Aunt Di, how beautifully everything has turned out. Papa is better, and Missie is growing more amiable every day; Rudel is not so rough, and Poppie is the dearest little soul, and Miss Leigh is so much more cheerful."

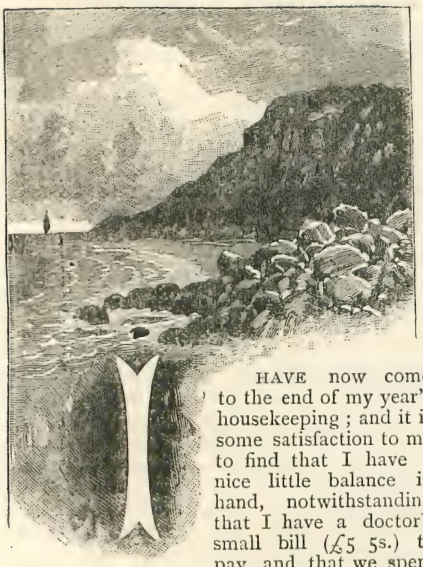
"God has accepted our sacrifice, Ailie," returned Aunt Diana, solemnly; "a blessing has come down on your efforts in a way we never expected."

"'Give and it shall be given to you again,' is the divine law of love."

"Darling, I never loved you so much as when I sent you from me to do your duty."

[THE END.]

HOW I KEEP HOUSE ON £250 A YEAR.



I HAVE now come to the end of my year's housekeeping; and it is some satisfaction to me to find that I have a nice little balance in hand, notwithstanding that I have a doctor's small bill (£5 5s.) to pay, and that we spent the full amount I had calculated on, on our holiday, and only one pound less than estimated on entertaining. However, I saw when I made up my books at the half-year that I should make both ends meet without any trouble, as I was keeping well within the income; so that when a little accident occurred necessitating medical attendance in the house, I did not fear the extra expense.

We have certainly been fortunate in escaping illness. I do all I can to keep our house healthy. Our arrangements are good so far as the builder can make them; but I think in a great measure the general health of the household depends on the housekeeper; therefore a few words on this subject are not out of place here.

The first and most important things to be attended to are pure water and air.

With regard to the former, I am very careful—first, to have our cisterns cleaned out frequently, during the summer once a week. We have not a constant supply, so they have to be done early in the morning before the water comes in. The cisterns are swept and the water moved about with a soft broom, kept exclusively for this purpose; the taps are turned on to let all the water run away; a little water is then let in, and the balls hooked up while that runs away again, then the cisterns are allowed to fill. Of course, where there is a constant supply of water from the main, a cistern can be cleaned at any time by hooking up the ball, and so turning off the water while it is being done. I always keep two filters in use—one upstairs and one down; these are emptied and refilled every morning, and are cleaned from time to time with a solution of permanganate of potash.

With regard to air, it is also very necessary to be careful; for frequently what is not positively injurious causes a good deal of discomfort. People who do not sufficiently ventilate their rooms are apt to suffer from headache, languor, and depression; these often mean loss of appetite, and consequent indifferent health, so ventilation must not be neglected by the mistress of a house. I am no advocate of cold rooms; I like good fires; but I have frequently noticed on going down to breakfast in different houses in the winter that the air in the room felt heavy, and generally a glance at the windows has shown me that they were still bolted; if servants open windows in the morning to air rooms they never (in my experience) stay to bolt them when they shut them.

A very small escape of gas often causes a most disagreeable smell in a house, unrecognisable as gas. This happens sometimes from the inside tube of gasaliers being worn; and it is then difficult to discover where the escape is, as one cannot ignite the small quantity of gas that is escaping.

I do not know whether it is necessary to remind readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER that it is requisite to let water down traps and pipes; also that a kettleful of boiling water should occasionally be poured down when the dish water is emptied, as the pipes are apt to get choked with grease. Many sink-pipes are cut off outside the house; if this is the case, it is as well also to pour boiling water direct into the outside trap.

With regard to upstair or housemaids' sinks, these are frequently causes of annoyance. Servants do not think it necessary to be particular about them, as only "soapy water" is poured down them; but soapy water decomposes and smells very quickly; they should be scrubbed round every day with a little clean water. Next I must mention what I consider as the great nuisance in many places—I mean dust-bins. This nuisance is greatly lessened by having a portable galvanised iron dust-bin, which is emptied by the dustman direct into his cart, thus saving a great deal of very unpleasant dirt. I never allow anything but ashes to be thrown in our dust-bin; all vegetable refuse is put under the kitchen stove at night to dry, and is burnt immediately after breakfast; bones and tea-leaves are also burnt—the latter, even if they have been used for sweeping, have to go in the fire, as they smell so soon if put in the dust-bin. *Apropos* of dust-bins, I think it is a pity that ashes are not more used; they cost nothing, and for many cleaning purposes are most useful. Our kitchen kettle, a large tin one, is always kept bright by being rubbed with fine ashes; pie-dishes, if burnt at the edges, are cleaned in the same way; ashes in soda and water boiled in a burnt saucepan will clean it thoroughly. Besides these, there are many other purposes for which they are not to be despised.

I am anxious to impress on my younger readers how important I consider the prevention of waste. I believe that in many houses where the tradesmen's bills are extravagantly large it is owing more to the amount wasted than to what is consumed. Probably with proper management the living would be quite as good and every member of the household have quite as much at a very much smaller cost. If there is to be no waste it is of primary importance that everything, whether for the kitchen or dining-room, should be well cooked. Ill-cooked or ill-seasoned things are sure to be wasted in the end. Then, of course, there is some knowledge required to know how to use up scraps of all sorts. The subject is too large for me to enter into here, but I must call attention to the things most often wasted. They are—bits of bread, crusts, liquor from boiled meat, poultry, and vegetables, skimmings, pieces of fat, trimmings from raw and cooked meat, and shank bones. With regard to pieces of bread, these are used in so many ways that I rarely have any to spare for puddings; the bits of crumb are dried white, pounded, and kept ready to be used as bread-crumbs for frying, or else raspings are made of them; the pieces of crust are well toasted and put in the stock-pot. Liquor in which meat, poultry, and some vegetables, such as celery or carrots, have been boiled forms the base of soup; skimmings are purified and used as fat; fat trimmings from cooked or uncooked meat are placed in a brown jar, lightly covered, and put in the oven to bake—no water should be added, as the fat does not melt as quickly with water; the fat can be poured off from time to time, and will be quite white and fit for anything. The favourite way of putting bits of fat in an open tin in the oven is most wasteful and objectionable in every way. It often makes an unpleasant smell, and you only get some brownish dripping that is almost useless, instead of the whitest and best you can have.

Then another extravagance is to put bones in the stock-pot without taking all the meat off them. There is often enough left on them to make some nice little rissoles, or some little breakfast dish that would be appreciated, whereas it does not make any perceptible difference to the stock. The shank bones that come with legs of mutton are sometimes boiled a little while and the liquor used to make gravy for the mutton. They might as well not be used at all as boiled for a short time; whereas, if boiled three or four hours some nourishing broth is obtained from them. While speaking of gravy, I would remind my readers that this should be made for roast meat by first carefully pouring the dripping off, then putting some boiling water into the pan, stirring it about with a spoon to get the gravy that has dropped from the meat off the tin, then pouring over the joint. Some cooks, instead of making the gravy in the pan, just pour some water over the meat, and waste the contents of the pan when they have taken the dripping.

As I said, I have a little balance this year. This is not from any difference in my arrangements, but simply from many things having been cheaper—though when I made the remark to a friend a few days back, "How cheap bread and sugar have been!" she said, "Do you think so? I have paid the same all this year that I paid all last year." To those who keep house with their eyes shut I suppose that living is never any cheaper, though sometimes, in times of scarcity, it must be as much dearer for them as for me. Flour, and consequently bread, meat, eggs, sugar, potatoes, fruit, and vegetables, have all been lower in price. I have found poultry and fish dearer. We have had less poultry in consequence.

The following is a copy of my accounts for the year, commencing with the commissariat:—

	£	s.	d.
One year for meat and poultry	39	0	0
Fish	11	0	6
Butter and eggs	10	8	8
Bread	9	0	0
Flour	1	4	4
Greengrocery	9	0	0
Grocery	17	0	0
Milk	6	10	0
Bacon	4	6	9
Cheese..	2	10	0
Laundress, for washing done out	7	10	0
Total	117	9	9

With these amounts the weekly average of each article is as follows:—

	£	s.	d.
Meat and poultry	0	15	0
Fish	0	4	3
Butter and eggs	0	4	0

	£	s.	d.
Bread	0	3	6½
Flour	0	0	5½
Greengrocery	0	3	5½
Grocer	0	6	6½
Milk	0	2	6
Bacon	0	1	8
Cheese	0	0	11½
Laundress	0	2	10½
Weekly total	£2	5	3

On reference to my first paper on housekeeping it will be seen that I calculated my household accounts would average £2 8s. a week, whereas they have only averaged £2 5s. 3d.; so that instead of being £124 16s. for the year, the total is £117 9s. 9d., leaving a balance of £7 6s. 3d. on this part of my account—to which I ought to add the value of the present contents of my storeroom and jam cupboard: I began with both empty, but fruit and sugar being cheap, I have taken the opportunity to make a good stock of preserves and jams.

The following is a copy of my general account for the past year:—

	£	s.	d.
House rent	40	0	0
Inhabited house duty	1	10	0
Parish rates (rated at £35) ..	7	10	0
Water rate	1	16	0
Pew rent	3	0	0
Fire insurance on furniture ..	0	10	0
Gas	3	19	0
Coals	8	0	0
Cook, 6 months at £14 then £15	14	10	0
Girl, 6 months at £5 then at £5 10s.	5	5	0
Entertainments	11	0	0
Extra expenses during summer holiday	12	0	0
Wear and tear on house linen, crockery, etc.	3	0	0
Charities and subscriptions ..	5	0	0
Newspapers, periodicals, stationery, etc.	2	14	0
Chemist	1	15	0
Doctor	5	5	0
Garden	0	15	0
Board and washing	117	9	9
Total	£244	18	9

So it now stands thus:—

Income	£250	0	0
Expenses	244	18	9
Balance	£5	1	3

By referring to No. 249 of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER my readers will see that this account differs very little from my estimate there given of the annual expenses; but of course there are no sundries in my present list—at the end of the year sundries must have become items. This year the garden has taken some of the money allowed for sundries. We are our own gardeners, but it is sometimes requisite to have a little manure or some seeds for it; this we have done this year.

I shall begin my new year with a well-stocked cupboard, my stock of glass, china, brooms, brushes, and house linen rather improved than otherwise, and £5 1s. 3d. in hand. I consider myself, taking all things into consideration, £10 better off than I was twelve months ago. I should not care to have more in hand, for £250 is the income we think ourselves entitled to spend and to get as much happiness out of it as we can; and when that is the case, I think it absurd to try and save. We have had very few breakages (one of my reasons for raising the servants' wages); I have improved my stock of house linen—and while writing of this I would impress on young housekeepers always to buy good house and table linen; the best dinner would, in my opinion, be spoilt if served on an untidy cloth. I am most particular about mine being good and clean. I always have them brushed on the table and folded very carefully—never shaken, as that creases them and makes them look untidy. I buy double damask; it is, in the first instance, more expensive than single, but it wears better and does not need washing so often; being firmer, it does not soil or crease so quickly.

Before closing these articles I want to say a few words to my younger readers, more especially to those who are about to begin housekeeping. First, do not be discouraged by being told that this or that is impossible without going into the matter carefully yourself, for what has been done can be done again; nor must you think that it is more difficult to keep house on £200 a year than on £2,000. I have had experience in housekeeping on £250 and on six times that amount. The difficulties were not the same, but the petty troubles and vexations were as numerous in one case as in the other. Nor must any young girl fancy that she will be exempted. Do what she will, there are times when tradesmen will make mistakes or will send late, when servants will be careless or out of temper, when chimneys will smoke, when visitors will come into clean halls and on to new carpets without wiping the mud from their boots. Then, again, there are days when those for whom one has to provide lack appetite, and blame the dinner; but worst is the very hot weather, when nothing keeps, and people are apt to be cross about nothing. All these, and many more little worries, fall to the lot of the housekeeper, even when she is fortunate in her servants. Altogether, I think more philosophy and patience is required of her than is generally supposed. She is most successful who, when she has finished her household duties, can put aside all her little troubles, not to think of them again until needful. If advice is wanted it should by all means be asked for; but nothing can be more trying and tedious to those around than to make petty household matters the subject of conversation. You must remember that, whatever may be said or written to the contrary, housekeeping is not and never will be all *couleur de rose*.

If you make up your mind that you will live on a certain sum, you must remember that it is not mean not to do what you cannot afford; nor must you spend money unprofitably. A thing is not to be bought simply because it is nice or pretty, but because it is wanted. This rule must be strictly adhered to if you are wishing to do your best with a small income.

However, notwithstanding the difficulties, and that management is not as easy in reality as on paper, there is much pleasure in feeling one's house well ordered; and I often wish that more young people had the courage to begin life together quietly on their small incomes, instead of wanting to commence with large houses and superior servants.

MARY POCOCK.

COTTAGE MEETINGS.

By ALICE KING.

THERE is no strain complete without some part of the melody falling, for at least a few bars, into a minor key; it makes up the fulness and entireness of the whole composition, and if it was wanting we should miss something that nothing can replace. Our model village will, in truth, be wanting in the highest and sweetest note that will make up the harmony of its daily life, and fill its homes with household music, if there are in it no meetings in which pure, tender thoughts and feelings, that deal with things beyond this earth, are taught and spoken of, and brought earnestly and simply before the minds of our village people.

In the above paragraph the words "earnestly and simply" have been used, and they are two words which need to be used over and over again in a paper on the present subject, for simplicity and earnestness are the very two things we have most to strive after in organising, and carrying out, cottage meetings. Their very name, which stands at the head of this article, tells us that it should be so. Simplicity belongs, by right, to a cottage, and real, downright earnestness is, and always has been, a marked characteristic of the religion of our rural districts, whatever outward form of demonstration it may take. Those who set about establishing a course of cottage meetings may feel thankful that these are the two most essential things in their undertaking; for "simplicity and earnestness," if striven after simply and earnestly in their turn, are not things to which it is very hard to attain.

When we first resolve to start our series of cottage meetings, there are many things to be thought of before they can begin; they are not at all a matter to be taken in hand lightly, easy though the enterprise may appear when we turn our earliest cursory glance towards it. We must not try to establish them in the summer months; far from that, they should cease when the longer spring days are laughing in the land, for then our village folk need to spend their extra hours of daylight in their gardens, after their work in the fields or on the road is done. If we would have well-filled cottage meetings, we

must confine them to the winter, when the labouring men have always some empty time of an evening. The position of the cottage where the meetings are to be held should be as central as possible; for when our agricultural labourer is induced to turn out of an evening, one of the first standards by which he will measure the attractions of the place to which we bid him come will b , the fewness of the steps he has to take thither from his own fireside.

It is well for several people to be engaged in the business of getting up a series of cottage meetings in our village. If the cottage meeting is nothing but a lecture given by one speaker, it will soon begin to fail to draw, however eloquent and brilliant the lecturer may be. Indeed, a lecture is exactly what we want to avoid in a cottage meeting; there should be nothing in it in the remotest degree connected with one. Three or four voices at least should be lifted up in different ways to interest and instruct the village people gathered there, and nothing should be long or tedious. Each person who takes a leading part in it should be thinking of the hearts and minds around them, and not of his or her self, and the limited knowledge and learning of those present should be kept constantly and distinctly before his or her mental gaze. There must be no idea of display or effect, no dream of satisfying morbid vanity, but a warm, strong purpose to do faithfully and truly all the good that can be done to the listeners.

The inhabitants of country regions, far removed from cities, always need a singular degree of plainness and straightforward simplicity in all their religious teaching. They love their Bible, in most instances, with a great, reverent love, but many of them have remarkably misty notions with regard to all the more difficult passages in it, and even the simpler sentiments of Scripture are sometimes twisted by them into the most incredible shapes. We know an old clergyman who was holding a cottage meeting, part of which consisted in himself and those present reading alternate verses of the Psalms. All went on swimmingly and smoothly enough for a while, until the old dame who, by reason of the possession of a pair of spectacles and an extra large Bible, led the responses of the rest, finished the verse with the following very original reading of the text, given in a loud and majestic voice, with a most authoritative air—

"Let us break their *bones* asunder."

This old lady is but a fair sample of her class in many retired country villages, strange though the fact may seem in these days when the schoolmaster is supposed to be abroad in the land. The fact is, in rural regions the scheme of national education has not yet permeated much beneath the surface of the masses. The people are taught, but threequarters of them at least do not in the faintest degree understand what they are taught. It should be one of the objects of cottage meetings to make Holy Scripture clear and intelligible to our village folk.

Before they enter the room where the cottage meeting is to be held, those who have the management of them should arrange some regular course of proceeding. The thing should be done in a quiet, orderly fashion, and nothing should take place to encourage smiles on the faces of those assembled there; this is one point in which the cottage meeting should essentially differ from the village entertainment. It should be a bright, happy meeting, it is true, but the brightness and the happiness must be of a serious kind. The people must be given tacitly to understand that this is no place for jests and laughter, and that they are come thither not to be amused, but to be helped to gain higher and clearer thoughts about sacred things. We must recollect that village people, and especially village boys and girls, are moved to mirth by small things that would scarcely excite a playful, passing thought in persons of higher cultivation, and those who manage the cottage meeting must therefore be peculiarly careful not to let any trick of voice or manner disturb the serious impression which it should be their object to produce. This is why, at a cottage meeting, simplicity should be the rule with those who speak or read at it; there should be no laboured change of voice, no striving after dramatic play of features; for it is quite possible that some of our village lads, sitting on a back bench, might interpret the thing in an entirely wrong way, and go off into a fit of giggling, which would quickly infect the whole room.

This strong tendency of country people to laugh when they are not in the least meant to do so must also be recollected in choosing subjects to be spoken about, and books to be read, at a cottage meeting; it must be all thoroughly serious and in earnest, and the words, both of the speaker and the printed page, must plainly show that this is the case; there must not be the smallest possibility of a funny thought finding its road into the mind of the merriest schoolboy present. Anyone who has been used to hold village cottage meetings will know how difficult it is to rivet the grave attention of at least the younger portion of the assembly, and will, in consequence, fully understand how needful it is to use extreme care and caution on the point of which we have just been speaking. Let but one little spark of mirth filter into the room where the meeting is being held, and its whole result will be neutralised, if not spoiled altogether.

Week-day evenings are, on the whole, preferable to the evening of the Sabbath for holding cottage meetings. The public worship of the Sabbath-day has generally given a labouring man and his family enough subject for serious thought if it has been attended in a right spirit; and anything that can be said or read at a cottage meeting will only put more ideas on religion into their heads than they can carry at once, and thus their minds will be more confused than enlightened, and no real, distinct recollection of what they have heard will be borne by them, to help them, into the week's work. On the other hand, if the cottage meeting is held on a week-day evening, towards the middle of the week, the Sabbath teaching will have been fully digested even by the slow mental process of rural intellects, and our village folk will be ready for another set of serious ideas. The cottage meeting will then bring religion simply and naturally into the midst of the daily lives of the people, and will cause them to turn to it for strength and comfort in their commonplace cares and worries, and in the hard realities of their ordinary toil. It will be, as it were, a little green island, where the work-worn man and woman will be able to put on shore in the midst of life's deepest current, and find rest, and cool shade, and a supply of pure, sparkling water, and wholesome food to take with them for their further weary journey. They will learn to love the cottage evening as a precious thing among them, and to look forward to it as a bright spot of peace and refreshment.

Those who set on foot a series of cottage meetings must never be discouraged by the most varied fluctuations in the numbers of those who attend them. There are a hundred reasons why, in a village, the cottage meeting should be crowded one evening, and the following week thinly attended. There is the appearance, or non-appearance, of the moon, a circumstance which has always so much to do with the arrangement of all village gatherings that take place after sunset in winter. There is the falling of a sharp storm of sleet or hail just when the labouring man, having with some difficulty separated himself from his warm fireside, goes to the door to look out at the night, and linger a little, and stretch his work-stiffened limbs before he starts for the cottage meeting. There is the coming of some small unexpected misfortune or indisposition to the baby; just as the mother had established it in the cradle under an elder sister's guardianship, and had gone upstairs to put on her bonnet. There is an inability in the working man to overcome the weary languor which, in some less robustly-knit frames, follows frequently on the day of ceaseless toil. There is the utter impossibility for the mother of a large family, struggle onward as she may, to get the day's work finished in time to get to the evening meeting, however much she herself may desire to be there. All these things should be taken broadly and tenderly into consideration by the cultivated people who begin a course of cottage meetings, and should make them willing to continue them even if the room is, on some evenings, scantily filled; they will have the joy of knowing that at least a few have had the opportunity of profiting by their efforts.

We have spoken much of the necessity of banishing everything that can possibly be construed into jest from the cottage meeting; but, on the other hand, we must be careful not to make it a dull, insipid affair. The books chosen must be light and readable, no ponderous, theological work will go down for a moment. No heavy, lengthy address must be given; such things as these will simply end in sending the poor, tired working-folk around into a deep, comfortable slumber. To illustrate more fully our meaning in this respect, let us glance at a cottage meeting in our model village one fine, bright, frosty winter's evening, when it is likely to be at its best.

The cottage where it takes place every Wednesday evening at 7.30, is one of the largest in the middle of the village street; it has a large, roomy kitchen, and its mistress is a brisk, tidy, middle-aged woman, with the sunshine of a cheerful spirit in her eyes, and with a rare aptness in her hands for putting everything in its place and finding it again. To this latter capacity is owed the fact that her day's work is always finished an hour before that of any other woman in the village. She has a bright word for the holders of the meeting as they arrive, the kitchen looks decidedly like a place to be comfortable in, with the mingled glow of fire-light and lamp-light, making the pewter and china on the dresser twinkle like the ornaments in a well-kept doll's-house, and playing round the texts and prints that adorn the walls; with the little table at the further end, on which lie a Bible and hymn-book; with chairs and benches ranged in rows which are not too close together for legs, that are tired with much walking and standing, to be stretched out a little.

Those who are going to take an active part in the meeting take their seats round the little table before mentioned; there is a bright lamp upon it, and other lights are so disposed on the chimney-piece, on the dresser, and in other parts of the kitchen that anyone who pleases can see to read as they sit on the chairs and benches. This point of lighting should be always well attended to at a cottage meeting, for it gives an impression of cheery warmth to those who come in out of the dark and cold; and, moreover, the younger part of the assembly generally like to join in the hymns, and follow in their Bibles any Scripture-reading that may form a feature of the

evening's proceedings. They soon begin to drop in; men and women with weary faces that look as if they wanted God's sunshine to brighten them, so they have come hither for it: lads with eyes that tell of the first gusts of wild storms of sin and passion, such as only God's power and love can still and change into the music of Christian life; girls who will find here, if they listen aright, armour to put on before they go forth into the world's warfare.

The little group round the table wait till a few minutes after the appointed time for commencement; for our village people, what with the distances which some have to come, and what with their other hindrances, must always be given a little margin in this respect. Then one of them rises and gives out a hymn, and begins it in a clear voice that is soon responded to by many in the room, for it is a sweet melody of praise that finds a ready heart-echo. The hymn is followed by an earnest but not too long prayer, and the prayer by the reading of a bit of simple poetry or a pathetic little tale, but whichever it may be it has a distinctly religious teaching. The reader's manner and voice are very earnest, but there is not the smallest attempt at effect. The reading ended, a passage of Scripture of more or less length, and one that has difficulties about it for untaught minds, is read and explained in forcible yet very simple language, in which the speaker seems rather to be talking to the people present than giving them a regular address. Eastern ways are explained and Eastern scenery described, and Bible pictures are brought in words vividly before the listeners' eyes. Finally, there is a recitation very quietly yet distinctly given of a short sacred poem, and the meeting terminates, as it began, with praise and prayer.

When a cottage meeting is such as has been here described, it will not fail in the long run, if repeated bravely and patiently week after week with hearts and minds in the work, to go far towards turning every village, with God's blessing, into a model village.

VARIETIES.

A KIND INVITATION.—A lady was asked by another with whom she was not on the best of terms, where she and her husband had taken up their abode. "Oh," she replied, "we are living by the canal at present. We should be delighted if you would drop in some evening."

GOOD-HUMOURED PEOPLE.—Persons who are always innocently cheerful and good-humoured are very useful in the world; they maintain peace and happiness, and spread a thankful temper among all who live around them.

A GOOD REASON.

"I'm from Mr. Brown, mum—gentleman what lives across the way. He says won't you please shut them windows when the young lady's a-playing."

"But I thought Mr. Brown was musical himself?"

"That's the reason, mum."

DOMESTIC ACCOMPLISHMENTS.—No girl, whether in the lowest or the highest position, is fit to become a wife, a mistress of the home, who has not been carefully educated in all the accomplishments and details of the kitchen.

WHAT MARRIAGES ARE LIKE.—Marriage resembles a pair of shears so joined that they cannot be separated; often moving in opposite directions, yet always punishing anyone who comes between them.

A LESSON IN MANNERS.

A gentleman sent a present of a turbot to Dean Swift. The servant who carried it entered the doctor's study, and laying down the fish, said, "Master has sent you this turbot."

"Heyday, young man!" exclaimed the dean, "Is this the way you behave yourself? Let me teach you better. Sit down on this chair, and I will show you how to deliver such a message."

The boy sat down, and the dean, going to the door with the fish in his hand, came up to the table, and making a low bow said, "Sir, my master presents his kind compliments and begs your acceptance of this turbot."

"Does he?" answered the boy, assuming all the consequences of his situation. "Here, John (ringing), take this honest lad down to the kitchen and let him have as much as he can eat and drink; then send him up to me and I'll give him half-a-crown."

AN ECCENTRIC CLOCK.

A man in one of the Midland counties had a clock which must have involved its owner in habits of serious calculation.

"Why, Mr. Jones, your clock is not quite right, is it?"

"Well, you see, sir," said Mr. Jones, "nobody don't understand much about that clock but me. When the hands of that clock stand at twelve, then it strikes two, and then I know it's twenty minutes to seven."

What the real time was when Mr. Jones's clock struck half-past five, would be a not unreasonable question for a Civil Service examination paper.—*Rev. J. C. Egerton.*

MANAGING THE MIND.—To have the management of the mind is a great art, and it may be attained in a considerable degree by experience and habitual exercise.—*Dr. Johnson.*

OUR OWN INFLUENCE.—No human being can come into this world without increasing or diminishing the sum total of human happiness, not only of the present but of every subsequent age of humanity.—*Burritt.*

AN EXERCISE IN R'S.

Rough rolled the roaring river's stream,
And rapid ran the rain,
When Robin Rutter dreamt a dream
Which raked his heart with pain.
He dreamt there was a raging bear
Rushed from the rugged rocks,
And strutting round with horried stare
Breathed terror to the brocks [badgers].

But Robin Rutter drew his sword,
And rushing forward right,
The horrid creature's throat he gored,
And barred his rueful spite.
Then, stretching forth his brawny arm
To drag him to the stream,
He grappled grizzle, rough and warm,
Which roused him from his dream.

Anon.—1791

ANSWER TO DOUBLE ACROSTIC (p. 805):—

1. C h e a P (*a*)
2. H o p E (*b*)
3. InnsbrücK (*c*)
4. N e r v i I (*d*)
5. A n n a N

China. Pekin.

(*a*). The Saxon word for market; the houses built beside it were called Cheap-side.

(*b*). When the inquisitive Pandora opened the casket given to her by the Olympian deities, all their gifts flew out, and she had only time to close the lid and retain Hope.

(*c*). On the river Inn and capital of the Tyrol, a province belonging to Austria since the thirteenth century. By the Treaty of Presburg in 1805, Napoleon assigned the Tyrol to his allies, the Bavarians, but the Tyrolese, led by Andreas Hofer, a wealthy innkeeper, rose in defence of their rights, and defeated the French and Bavarians in several engagements. Hofer was betrayed to the French, conveyed to Mantua, and there shot. The Emperor of Austria placed a marble statue to his memory in the cathedral at Innsbrück.

(*d*). A warlike people of Belgic Gaul, in the country now known as Hainault and the Department Nord.

USEFUL HINTS.

TO REMOVE THE SMELL OF NEW PAINT.—Place in the room painted a large basin of cold water with a good handful of hay in it. This is a plan frequently adopted in large hotels, where they are almost always painting somewhere.

TO MOUNT AND UNMOUNT PHOTOGRAPHS.—Place the photographs in a dish of cold water, and leave them twelve hours at least; they will then generally float off the cards when slightly agitated. But sometimes the cards and photographs are waterproof from the wax on them; in that case, when they have been twelve hours in the water, the backs of the cards must be peeled off to let the water under the glaze. Never try to unmount photographs in a hurry, and never use hot water, as it rots the prints. To remount them, dip each photograph in water, lay it face down on a sheet of white blotting-paper, then with the finger rub thick boiled (but cold) white starch over the back place on the leaf or mount, dab with a piece of soft linen, cover with a sheet of white writing-paper, and place under a weight. In mounting views in an album it is best not to do too many at once, or the leaves will warp before you put them under pressure.

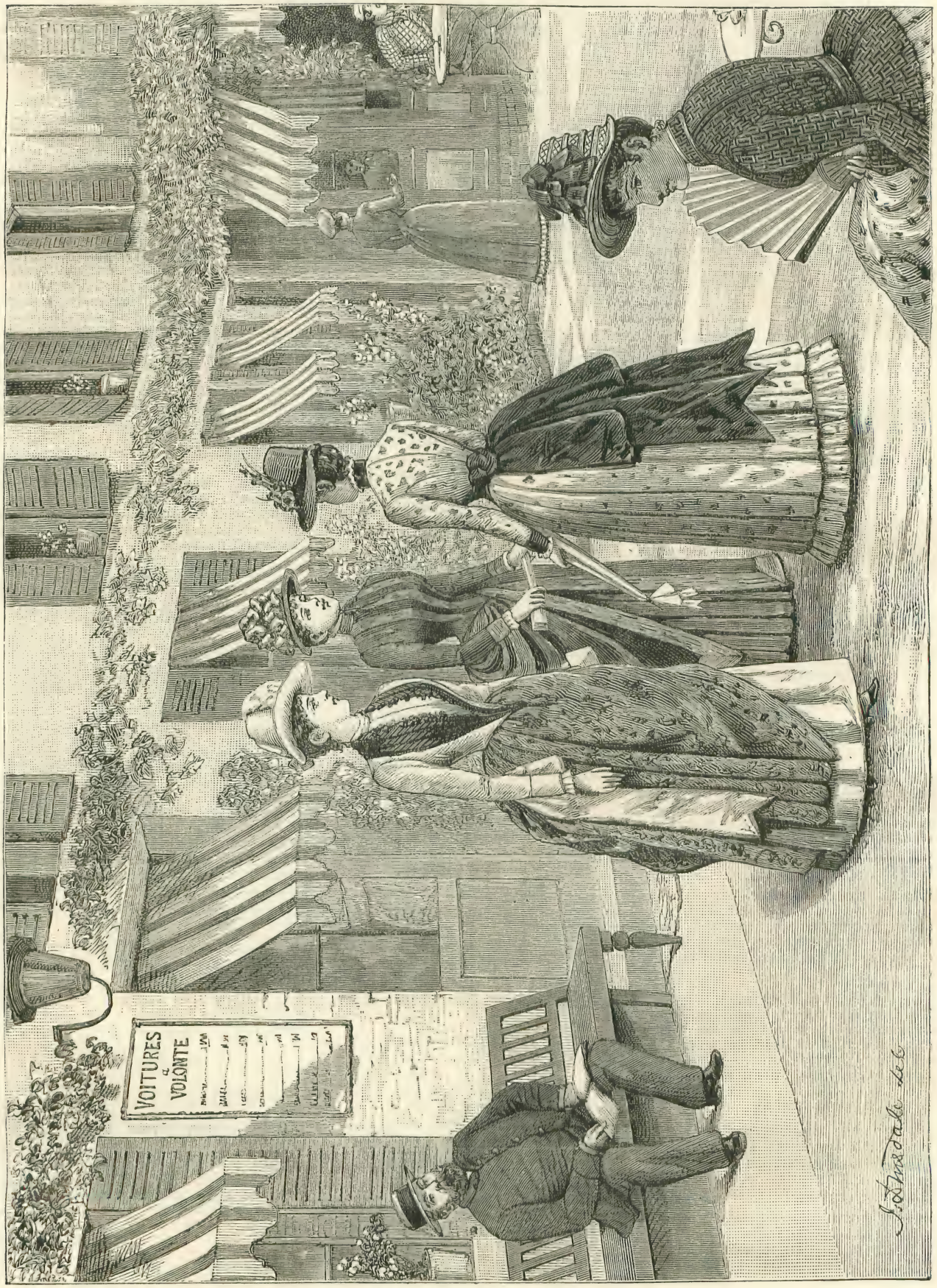
KEEPING FURS.—A furrier told me a short time ago, in answer to the question, "How to keep moths away from my furs?" that there was "nothing like work for it," by which he meant that the best way was to take them out very often, and cane and shake them. He added that in the trade nothing else was done; for, if they used turpentine, creosote, or other supposed preventives, customers would not purchase the furs afterwards; and if they employed arsenic or colocynth (bitter apple), the poisons might do them as much harm as they would do the moths.

A GOOD WAY OF DRESSING COLD FISH.—This recipe is suitable for dressing cod, haddock, plaice, turbot, or brill. Remove the skin and bones from the fish, and break it into flakes. Have ready two or three hard-boiled eggs, some white sauce made rather thick with milk, butter, and flour, a little salt and cayenne, also some well-mashed potatoes. Take a hot flat dish, and place a bank of mashed potatoes two inches high round near the edge of it, lay the cold fish evenly over the middle of the dish, cut the eggs in quarters, and place them on the top of the fish, then pour in the sauce, which must be quite hot, fill to nearly the top of the potato bank, and put into a brisk oven to brown.

GIRL'S OWN HOME

SUBSCRIPTION LIST.

A.C.S., 5s.; An American Friend, Cincinnatti, 4s.; A Domestic Servant, 1s.; Editor's Collecting Card, No. 2 (including Miss Macirone £3 3s., Mr. R. Taylor £2 2s., and other smaller amounts) £8 11s. 6d.; A Provence Rose, 10s.; Miss E. *Knolleke*, 5s.; Miss E. Clark, 10s.; collected by Miss M. Becket, 16s. 9d.; Grace, 2s. 6d.; collected by Miss S. Pigott, 10s. Total amount received to June 30th, 1885, £1 006 12s. 5d.



OUTDOOR COSTUMES.

DRESS: IN SEASON AND IN REASON.

By A LADY DRESSMAKER.

Now, in the last days of summer, we are already beginning to have an eye to the future; and the cool September and colder October are being prepared for on all sides with thicker materials, deeper colours, and new ideas as to fashion. It is reported that the thick dresses in the Princess Beatrice's trousseau are so many of them trimmed with fur bands, that that style will be very popular next winter, and also that white furs will be used again after their long eclipse.

A new very heavily-ribbed Jersey cloth has been introduced, and is being much used. It is all wool, and is woven in ribs quite as large as those of the Cardigan jackets worn by gentlemen as under-vests. These new jerseys are intended to be worn with silk skirts of dark colours in the country and at the seaside. They are made without lining, but they have the darts and side-forms of the usual basque, and are trimmed with cords, or a bead trimming of a corded kind, the beads being metallic, copper, lead, or steel. A very pretty one was made of navy blue, with a dark blue galloon on it, with steel beads of the blue kind known as electric. This was to be worn with a skirt of blue surah silk. Red jerseys promise to be very much worn this winter, with black or dark skirts.

The woollen canvas dresses for use this autumn are made up of two kinds of canvas. The overskirt and vest of embroidered, or canvas with stripes of velvet or moiré woven in, and the plain canvas for the basque and pleated skirt, or for the deep pleated flounce on the skirt, which has for trimming many rows of satin or velvet ribbon. The canvas that is of pure wool wears fairly well, but the cheaper and mixed kinds of linen and wool do not stand the damp air of the sea, nor the rougher wear of country lanes. Bison cloth, with woollen lace for a trimming, will be much used for the autumn, and blue and red is still the favourite mixture of colours for seaside and country wear, blue being for the dress itself, and red woollen lace to form the trimming. Sometimes blue woollen lace is laid over a red silk skirt, with a blue basque and overskirt.

So far as I see at present, we shall have an influx of all kinds of metal braids this autumn; but if they are to be worn, and look well, they must be of the very best and most expensive kind. These are called waterproof, and

SPOTTED VELVET AND SATIN BODICE AND ZOUAVE JACKET BODICE.

wear as well as look well, especially the copper now so much employed for white serges and flannel costumes. Wide woollen braids will also be made use of for trimming dresses, and the old taste for white woollen braids bids fair to be revived.

A new mantle, a kind of large Spanish cloak, called by various Irish names, and made full from a neck-yoke, like the very old-fashioned cloaks, has been made lately, and worn by H.R.H. the Princess of Wales. Serge cloths are used with velvet collars, and the colour most liked is the Irish shamrock colour. Of course they will not become very general, but they will form most delightful wraps.

Amongst the newest ideas in out-of-door jackets, I see an exact copy of our pleated bodice shown in our August number made in a rather rough tweed with knotted ends of wool thrown up to the top surface. The edges are finished with a double row of machine stitching—the novelty being that the jacket has cuffs, collar, and belt of leather, which matches the tweed in colour, the cuffs and collar being stitched on with the machine. The effect is very pretty. Plaid is also used for out-of-door jackets, to slip on. These have velvet fronts, which button back at each side; when desired, they are brought forward, one buttons over the other, and the jacket is turned into a double-breasted one. The fronts are loose fitting, of course, but the backs fit snugly to the figure. In fact, the pattern of the braided jacket issued in April would answer, as most people could repeat the side of the front, and turn it into a double-breasted one. Our pattern is arranged so that the fronts are either tight or loose fitting, according as the darts are taken in or not.

While speaking of waterproofs, I must mention that the shape and cut of the new ones are far simpler and plainer than they were. Speckled and spotted tweeds are a good deal used for them, and I see that "bois," or wood colour, or what is called by some people the "natural colour" of the wool, a sort of yellow-brown, will be a very popular hue this autumn. Some of them consist only of a loose paletot, with a deep cape all round reaching to the hands, and one or two of the old "Colleen Bawn" pattern have been made by a fashionable firm. This shape, it will be remembered, consists of a cape, which is caught up by rosettes.

I have had several queries as to the difference between the "housemaid skirt" and what some fashionable periodicals call the "peasant." They are really both the same, excepting that the latter must have a few narrow tucks and be edged by a lace of about fourteen or sixteen inches wide to finish it. The "milkmaid overskirt" I have fully described at page 68, in the number for August. There is really no need for a pattern of it, as it is quite plain and straight. The newest development of it is called the "fishwife," or the "Caller Herrin'" tunic, and it merely consists in a difference in the drapery, the "Caller Herrin'" being turned up on the wrong side of the stuff upon both sides to show a striped lining; the lower points shown nearly reach the skirt-hem, and the edges at the top are brought under the bodice at the hips. I will try to give an illustration of this tunic next month, as it seems probable that it will be popular for children and young people during the autumn and winter.

Sashes are much used, and are of enormous width. They are now worn tied round the hips below the basque, and end with a knotted bow at the back, the ends falling in long loops to the edge of the dress. The old "housemaid dress" is much fuller, and the presence of this wide sash makes it a much more harmless garment, especially as people have given up wearing the round-belted bodice with it, and use a basque or waistcoat-bodice, which seems to alter its character entirely.

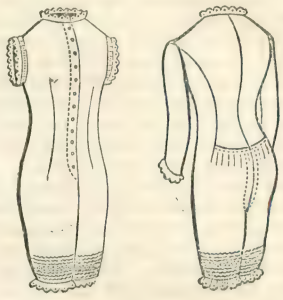
All bodices are of the waistcoat or jacket nature, and in many of them, when the dress is trimmed with stripes, the stripes of the waistcoat and cuffs are horizontal instead of being downwards, as we have usually worn them; otherwise the cuffs and collar are cut on the cross in order to show as much of the stripe as possible. The collar and cuffs may be of the stripe if the waistcoat be made of it likewise.

One of the new revivals of old materials which I must chronicle is that of our old friend and ally, alpaca; a most useful, well-wearing, and pretty fabric, that fashion, in her usual foolish manner, dismissed some years ago from our wardrobes, just after we had all tried it and fully decided on its merits. The new alpacas are not, as an American friend of mine says, "a patch on the old ones;" they are neither fine nor silky-looking, but I daresay a few weeks will remedy that, and we shall see better ones manufactured when there is sufficient demand for them. The Princess of Wales was seen the other day in a navy blue one that looked very pretty.

At the present time everything striped is approved, and stripes are being much used as trimmings to plain materials. But as at the July sales the shopkeepers were disposing of striped materials at very cheap rates, I fancy they will not be so much worn this winter. There will probably be a revived feeling in favour of velveteen, and there is a new kind of embossed variety shown at present which is not pressed down on the surface only to form a pattern, but the design is really woven throughout in the substance of the fabric, and will not therefore wear out, nor look shabby. The excellent wear of the ordinary velveteens is too well known for me to speak of it here.

In our illustration of out-of-door costumes, the housemaid's dress and large sash is shown, also the pretty model of pleated Norfolk jacket I have mentioned, which will be a popular garment this autumn. The new way of trimming the front of the bodice is with straight bands up and down of braid or material. The distant figure shows the new plain ulster. The indoor costumes in the "Musik Zimmer" give the zouave jacket of the autumn, which will be a charming way of making winter dresses. The figure with her back turned wears a jacket bodice of spotted velvet or satin, a style which continues very popular, being so useful for either day or evening dress. One of the figures sitting down wears a new kind of bodice with velvet fronts and a coat collar.

The paper pattern that we have chosen for this month's issue is that of a "combination gar-



ment," which means a chemise and drawers in one. It is suitable for any material—flannel, union-flannel, swansdown, cotton, or even thin fine tweed, and camel's hair, which some ladies choose to wear. The pattern is in four pieces, the front and leg forming one piece, back piece and sleeves. I have given this pattern with long sleeves and high neck, as I consider that the most sensible and hygienic style to adopt, especially for elderly people and invalids, and I feel sure they will never regret its adoption. The even temperature secured by this garment prevents colds and rheumatism and sudden chills. The ends of the legs of the drawers may be closed to secure greater warmth, and the hems made for elastic to be run into them. This pattern, like all our others, is for a medium figure—*i.e.*, for a bust measure of thirty-six inches, for a material measuring one yard wide, the amount required will be four yards. No seams are allowed, so allowance must be made for seams of one quarter inch. If tucks be needed in calico, some allowance must be made also for them. The notches must be closely observed, and their indications followed before cutting out; when cut out, tack the garment together and try it on. I think any careful person need not fear failure with our paper patterns to guide them, as they are so well planned and considered. In applying for the paper pattern, the addresses should be legibly and carefully written, and the description clear to avoid mistakes.

The patterns issued already can always be procured, as *The Lady Dressmaker* constantly shows, in her article, how they can be used. Each one can be had for one shilling, postal order, from *The Lady Dressmaker*, care of Mr. H. G. Davis, 73, Ludgate-hill, E.C. The following is the list of those already issued:—April, braided outdoor loose-fronted jacket; May, velvet bodice; June, Swiss bodice; July, mantle; August, pleated or Norfolk jacket; September, plain skirt; October, combination garment (underlinen).

IMMANUEL KANT.

By EMMA BREWER.

We all like to know something of the struggles, the disappointments, the self-denials, the industry and perseverance which lead a man upward to fame; and an insight into the domestic life will often bring the writer nearer to us and enable us to understand much that is dark and difficult of comprehension in his works.

In order to be on the scene of Kant's life's duties we must journey northward to Königsberg, on the Baltic.

It was here that his father, who was of Scottish extraction, had settled as a saddler and earned for himself a high place in the esteem of his fellow-citizens by his straightforward and honourable dealings.

The wife whom he married was an extremely clever and religious woman, and it was considered no small privilege to be classed among her friends.

It was on the 22nd of April, 1724, that a son was born, to whom they gave the name Immanuel—much to the surprise of their acquaintances, who thought he would have

been called, after his father, Johan George. It is easy to understand the loving care bestowed upon his early years by such parents.

It was a constant habit of the mother to take her boy into the country for walks, and make him observant of the beautiful things in nature, and speak to him of the wonderful works of God. This she did in so sweet and attractive a manner as to make these walks the happiest part of his young life and always remembered by him as such.

The child was sent early to an elementary school in the town, where he remained until he was ten years old, when he was considered sufficiently forward with his studies to be received into the Königsberg High School.* Here he studied with great success for seven years, and it was during this period that he was called upon to bear his first great sorrow, the loss of his mother, whom he so tenderly loved: she died in 1737, when he was only thirteen years old.

In 1740 Immanuel entered the University of Königsberg, with the purpose of studying theology, guided, no doubt, in this direction by the teaching and desire of his mother.

It was a practice at this university that students, before entering definitely upon the studies necessary for the path they had selected, should, during the first two semesters, occupy themselves with philosophical lectures. Kant chose mathematics and logic, and so absorbed did he become in these subjects that his original purpose was either forgotten or set aside, and, after much thought, he decided to devote himself to the profession of teaching.

After quitting the university he undertook a situation as tutor in a family, while he prepared himself by further studies for the position of academical professor. In this way passed nine years.

This long and weary time spent in strange families, subjecting him as it did to a variety of conditions and positions, together with the endless demands upon his time which the conscientious performance of his duties exacted, exercised a very important influence upon his later life, and helped to develop the marvellous variety of his talent.

It was during this period of his life that Kant's first literary production appeared—"Thoughts upon the True Value of Vital Forces," 1747.

From 1755 to 1770 he was private teacher in the Philosophical College of Königsberg, and at once commenced his course of academical lectures upon mathematics and natural philosophy, and in connection with these he gave also lectures upon logic, metaphysics, and moral philosophy. Never were lectures so popular, interspersing them, as he did, with wit, humour, and personal experience.

In the meantime he became known as an author, chiefly, by his book, "Universal Natural History and Theory of the Stars," as well as by short articles in the Königsberg newspaper.

When he had sufficiently established his literary fame, and made manifest in an undoubted manner his talent for teaching in the university, he applied, in 1756, for the vacant extraordinary professorship of mathematics, logic, and metaphysics. He was, however, not successful. Think what that means to a sensitive, laborious student! Failure in the object of his life!

Again he resolutely plodded on, and at the end of another two years the ordinary professorship of the same became vacant. Surely he would obtain this! He applied again, but without success.

Who can express the depression and utter weariness which came over him in his quiet, lonely hours at the apparent loss of all for which he had suffered and striven! Fortunately for him in this time of trial he had work to do which could not wait upon his humour: the lectures must be given and the articles written, even though his heart were breaking.

And thus for twelve years more he was compelled to continue the uninfluential and unremunerative office of private teacher.

From 1760 to 1769 he gave a course of lectures on natural theology, or the philosophy of religion, anthropology, and physical geography, repeating them in regular order.

At the same time he gave special lectures, criticising the statements or proofs of the existence of God, and made them public through the press.

Among other writings of his which appeared about this time was a treatise, in answer to a prize question given by the Academy of Science in Berlin, entitled "Researches into the Evidence of the Principles of Natural Theology and Ethics." This work obtained for him the notice, not only of the Königsberg philosophers, but also of the scientific men in Berlin, and, in answer to inquiries, there came to the Prussian capital very favourable reports of his lectures, which were said to be successful beyond the circle of students.

The immediate result of this was that in 1762, the professorship of poetry being vacant in the University of Königsberg, it was offered by the Berlin authorities to Kant without his having applied for it.

It was a satisfaction to him that he should be honoured with the offer; but considering himself quite unsuited to the post, he declined it, begging to be remembered at a more favourable opportunity.

It was not until he was forty-two years old (1766) that he succeeded in obtaining a permanent employment—that of sub-librarian at the Royal Library of Königsberg—not at all a remunerative office, the salary being scarcely £20 per annum.

From this point, however, his circumstances began to improve; his lectures were not only numerously attended, but he was often compelled to give private lectures. By the receipts from these the necessary expenses of his simple life were provided. His reputation had by this time extended beyond the Prussian kingdom; he had offers of position from the universities of Erlangen and Jena, but to these he unhesitatingly preferred one offered to him at home, as being certain and better suited to his peculiar studies.

At length, in 1770, he reaped the reward of patient waiting and steady perseverance; the object for which he had worked through many weary years, and for which he had relinquished everything that men hold dear, was attained. He was appointed professor of mathematics and logic in the University of Königsberg, with a salary of £60 per annum, and, notwithstanding that many a tempting and honourable offer was made to him, subsequently, by other universities, he remained faithful to his own well-loved Königsberg.

At the time of his instalment as professor he was forty-six years old, and for the next twenty years the regularity and amount of his work stand out as perfectly marvellous.

His lectures on physical geography, ethics, and anthropology were the most numerously attended, probably because they were most easily comprehended by his audience and given with an accuracy and brightness which rendered them most attractive not only to the students but to men of all ages and position.

You had only to look into the lecture-hall to be fully convinced of the sympathy existing between the professor and students. The love and respect in which he was held commanded silence and attention the moment he appeared in the rostrum. The earnest way in which he performed his duties as professor, deacon, and rector, did not at all hinder him from being a true friend and protector to the students whenever occasion presented itself.

Unlike most professors, Kant held very liberal views on discipline; he was wont to say that "trees grew better and stronger in the open air, and produced more abundant and perfect fruit, than those which grew in hot-houses tended with all that science could do for them."

His influence as an author was, as we all know, not less important than that he exercised as lecturer.

In 1783 he became the proprietor of a modest two-storied house, in which he lived the remainder of his life. The subsequent owner had a marble slab let into the wall with the inscription, "Immanuel Kant lived and taught here from 1783 until the 12th of Feb., 1804."

He took great pleasure in furnishing this little home, which was remarkable for its simplicity and neatness. Here he lived alone with the utmost regularity, never deviating from the rules he laid down for himself except in very exceptional cases.

It will be readily understood that our professor was never married. In the early part of his life he had scarcely the means to support himself, and later on, when his income increased, he feared to marry, lest it should interfere with the strict regularity of his domestic life. He spoke with great respect of women, but he reproached them in general with an ambition to rule and tyrannise.

He was fond of society, and it was curious to notice the sort of woman he would single out for special attention. He took no notice whatever of the merely accomplished, and was most attentive to those of good common sense, of unaffected manner, of cheerful habit, or of cleverness in household matters.

It is a curious fact that Kant had never in his life been further than a few miles from his native town, which he loved better than any spot in the world. During the last period of his life old age compelled him to restrain his activity somewhat, but his system of teaching was adopted in most of the German universities, irrespective of creed, Catholic vieing with Protestant for the honour of treading in his steps. The interest he excited was not confined to Germany, for in Holland, England, and Paris his works became known; in the latter, however, but superficially, in consequence of the Revolution.

Among the famous men of the day, Schiller, Goethe, and Jean Paul took a lively interest in what was called "Kant's Philosophy."

While Kant exercised the most undoubted influence in all German universities, and stimulated the highest in the land to intellectual efforts, and while in foreign countries he was looked upon as the most talented man of the century, and the founder of a new philosophical era, yet, in his native land, he was, as a public teacher and author, menaced with disgrace, and this, too, when he was an old man of seventy-one.

It seems that a book of his, entitled, "Religion Within the Limits of Mere Reason," called forth the censure of the ecclesiastical department of the government in Berlin.

He was accused of spreading heresy, and forbidden, under pain of displeasure, to issue any more such writings.

Kant replied to this in a manner worthy of his high position as a public teacher and scientific man; but in the impulse of the moment he unfortunately promised more than was required of him, and thus deprived himself of the pleasure of giving henceforth any public lecture upon religion, be it natural or revealed.

* Collegium Frederianum.

The grief and pain this matter gave him were not fully known until after his death, when a paper found in his desk revealed the struggle within. One of the passages ran thus: "Retraction and denial of one's conviction is infamous, but to be silent in a case like this is the duty of a subject."

He was never again the bright, earnest, vigorous man of former years; he no more appeared in society, but confined himself entirely to the house, receiving occasionally a few friends to dinner.

He could not recover from the shame and sorrow which had fallen upon him; old age came on apace; torpor of mind and weakness of body increased rapidly, and compelled him even to relinquish the one hour's daily lecture on logic and metaphysics which he had clung to.

In 1802 he lost the power of memory, and it was painful to notice the difficulty he experienced in keeping up a train of thought. Even the names of people and places most familiar to him escaped his memory. He tried to supply this infirmity by the use of little note-books, in which he wrote down his occupations and news of the day, the guests for dinner, and the dishes to be set before them. He also noted in them the most interesting points of the conversation of his guests and visitors, as well as the titles of books which interested him.

The studies which afforded him most pleasure at this period of his life were natural history, travels, and politics.

He was not unaware of the gradual decay of his mind and body, and frequently said to his guests: "Gentlemen, I am old and weak, and you must treat me as a child." This was so pathetic, coming as it did from one who had stood alone in the power and variety of his intellectual gifts, that it frequently drew tears from them.

He spoke without reserve about death, saying he did not fear it, and knew how to die.

In January, 1804, he seemed to lose all interest in his favourite occupations, his debility increased, and on the 12th of February, 1804, he breathed his last.

"His death," says Frauenstadt, "was merely a cessation of life—no sudden effort of the soul to rid itself of the body."

Great was the sorrow when his death was known throughout the Prussian kingdom, epecially so in his native town of Königsberg, where for thirty years he had been regarded with pride and love.

It was a solemn day that of his funeral; all the church-bells in the town sending out their mournful sound, and the inhabitants of all ranks taking part in the procession, each one feeling that the loss was personal.

Kant was of sweet and benevolent disposition; he had, like all great men, something of childlike simplicity in his character; he honoured and regarded the variety of powers in every man with whom he came in contact. When asked to form a judgment upon the merits of others he did so with great modesty, and in every case he tried to discover the good rather than the bad, and thus won all hearts.

He was liberal and kind to those in need, but always upon sound principles, from which he never deviated. Indiscriminate almsgiving was considered by him as most pernicious, promoting wickedness among the recipients.

His fortune had considerably increased of late years, so that his old age was not only free from anxiety, but he had the happiness of being able to help relations, some of whom were very poor, and to show in his will that he remembered faithful services.

THE BELLE OF BIRCHWOODS; OR, THE USES OF ADVERSITY.

By SARSON C. J. INGHAM, Author of "The White Cross and Dove of Pearls," &c.

CHAPTER IV.

"MY CUP RUNNETH OVER."

"Your honour and your goodness is so evident,
That your free undertaking cannot miss
A thriving issue."

—*The Winter's Tale.*

Two years pass over, leaving our hero and heroine still in a hand-to-mouth struggle. John Stennett feels that he ought to be able to get on a higher rung of the ladder and release his wife from her drudgery, and Ella thinks she might trade with her talent to more advantage if only she could be employed as a designer for curtains or tablecloths or tapestries. She has long been trying to qualify herself for this, but any designs she sends to manufacturers are always returned to her.

This would be very sad were there not a bright side to the picture. Anyone can see that the Stennetts have gained as much as they have lost. Even the little ones, perforce enlisted into the family service, have acquired habits of self-reliance which they will never lose. Withal they have learned the sweetness of self-denial and of work for others in a world where there is always a great deal of work to be done.

And does John Stennett ignore his wife's gifts, or remind the artist of her duties as a housekeeper? We think not, but let us wait to hear if he will speak for himself before we say good-bye to them.

It is a long lane that has no turning. An old woollen manufacturer in the West Riding of Yorkshire, who had known the elder Mrs. Stennett in her youth, and had heard with a pang of her son's failure, being anxious by degrees to withdraw his hands from the network of business care and responsibility, wrote to John Stennett asking him if he would take a post in his mill which would relieve him of many of his duties. He asked him, also, if he would consent to put his wife in it as designer, since she had really offered for the situation. Her patterns were fully equal to Moorhouse's, and that was saying a great deal. The joint salary to begin with was £600 a year, and further advantages might accrue. They were kindly invited to come over and see for themselves before deciding anything. Need we say that the invitation was accepted? John Stennett was fully equal to the oversight of the business, widely as it differed in some respects from the trade of Manchester. His own father had been a wool-stapler. But how, in the name of wonder, had Ella come to apply for the situation?

It so happened that Mr. Hudson, their correspondent, had been in the Piece Hall at Swaleham listening to a discussion of yarns and prices, and examining some specimens of the staple brought in from the Punjaub, when he was met at the door by his designer, who was going abroad because he could no longer live in England. Mr. Moorhouse was in search of him, and withdrawing with him to a retired part of the hall, confessed to having recently discovered an omission which he had made six months ago.

"I have overlooked a parcel of patterns sent here six months ago by Mrs. Stennett, of Manchester, who was probably not aware that you employed your own designer. Such patterns have always been handed to me to inspect and return. She is no doubt the wife of that John Stennett who failed. Her patterns are remarkably good. I have not written to her, as I thought you might possibly accept them and encourage her to send some more."

It was an excellent idea, and, as we have seen, it energised some other ideas that had been languidly circulating through the great mill-owner's brain.

Ella felt as if her feet had indeed been put into a wealthy place when she entered her new home. The river that wound its way through the little town was a mighty money-making power. The plain, but comfortable, many-roomed house which was their home was sheltered by an orchard on one side, while the elegant shadowy birches with which she had been so familiar in her girlhood grew on the other, and the garden between promised to become the children's paradise.

Success did not make the earnest worker careless. She took infinite pains with her designs, and some of the Hudson carpets won prizes in the exhibitions. Her work was now not only remunerative, it was less toilsome than that to which she had so faithfully adhered during those years of struggle and privation in Manchester. Swiftly two fat years followed on the lean, and Ella had recovered so much of her spring as to appear almost girlish.

"I have got carpets on the brain," she would say, as her foot pressed the soft green turf. Where is the poetry of other days when fronds of fern, little cushions of moss, and feathers of palm, make me exclaim, "Now I know what to put into my next pattern!" It was a great comfort to Mrs. Parry when she could visit her daughter in her beautiful Yorkshire home, and see for herself the abundant compensation which her day of ad-

"ELLA'S EXCITEMENT COOLED DOWN AS SHE WALKED HOMEWARDS."

versity had brought her. Though Mrs. Parry began to feel some of the infirmities of age, her heart was as full of affection and warm sympathies, her brain of wise counsels, as they had ever been. Other children than Ella's clustered around her and called her grandma, and whispered their little secrets, from a conviction that, like the fairy godmother of German folk lore, she was a person of infinite resources and unbounded goodwill.

She had been drawing largely on the stores of memory for their benefit one afternoon, when autumn was beginning to pinge upon summer, and tea was long delayed because dada had not returned from the mill, nor mother from the village.

We will see how it was that they came to be detained.

Ella had been assisting at a mothers' meeting, which was held every Thursday afternoon by the vicar's wife in the Swaleham schoolhouse. As it had devolved upon her to give the Bible-lesson, she had had much to say about the shaping of life; God's hand in shaping it, and man's desire to shape it for himself; the marring effect then of self-will and distrust of God's Providence. "He cares for us—oh much more than we do for our children," said Ella, earnestly; "and if we put our life into His hands, poor as the gift may seem, He will accept it as something costly, He will take care of us, and shape us into vessels of honour, or vessels of use, or, indeed, both, just according to the purpose He had in His mind concerning us, before ever we were born."

She then told them of the transformation of a lump of clay by the potter's wheel as she had once seen it at Etruria, in Staffordshire, and the women's faces grew thoughtful. The truth came home to them that among the far-off saints in white were women who had worn clogs and wool handkerchiefs, who had nursed their children in toil and tears, and had been to all appearances of as coarse a mould as they were. It was God's hand upon them that had lifted them into all the light and beauty; and now all the darkness and din, the moil and toil of the world's great mill, were forgotten.

Ella spoke as one who knew, who had felt and proved for herself the truth of the words she was saying.

When the meeting was over, she went to her husband's office, intending to walk home with him. On the way she met Mr. Hudson. He only touched his hat to her, but his face was wreathed with smiles, and she wondered what he was so specially jubilant about to-day. Two or three gentlemen, who were well known to her by name, Mr. Tigas, the lawyer, and others, were before the counting-house door as she approached the mill.

She went to her husband in his office, and was surprised by his immediately taking her hand, and shutting the door with an air so impressive, that it almost amounted to solemnity. But for the pleased look in his eyes, she would have been frightened.

"Ella!" he said, "Ella! Guess what has come of our going into Egypt to buy corn. Dear old Mr. Hudson is taking me into partnership—me, with no capital! and all he cares for now is to slip the whole concern off into my hands, with a proper provision for himself, you know. Wife, I may soon be one of the richest men in the West Riding. The other mill did not turn out near the money this does, and there were three to divide it with. Our days of servitude are over. Our children will be among the aristocracy that commerce makes. Better than all, I shall soon be able to pay to the last farthing of the debts that were compounded with."

"Oh, how glad I am! Though we could have been happy without wealth, it is good to rise in the world, especially after one has gone down. We ought to be very thankful."

"Do you think I had forgotten that? Oh, Ella, if you had heard all Mr. Hudson said to me about you—the dear wifeless, childless, old man! Ella, I am thankful for everything, but oh how thankful my dark days made me for my wife." He stood with her near the window of the dingy room, holding her hand in his. "Little woman, you will no longer have to tax your brain for designs. I shall dismiss you; you may go back to painting pictures."

"And will you love my pictures and praise them very much, John?"

"Ah, what a fool I was, when I disesteemed them, Ella! As if you did not know better than I when you should paint. I had many ideas, founded on tradition, which you revolutionised. The beautiful and useful were distinct in my mind. I did not see how the beautiful could be made to serve; I did not acknowledge that the elegancies and refinements of life were earnest things, which ought never to lose their hold on us, however poor we are, or however full of work our lives may be. I was sordid, I was vulgar. I must have been very irritating to you."

"Nay, John, I shall run away without you, if you begin calling yourself hard names. I had need be as thankful for my mother as you are for me, for it was she who rescued me from some very grave mistakes. Are you coming home now?"

"I have to step into Tigas's, and I may be kept there half-an-hour. I shall hurry home, for I have promised to dine with Mr. Hudson. You will get tea without me."

Ella's excitement cooled down as she walked homewards through the wood of birches that skirted one side of the acres of well-tilled ground her house stood in. The seriousness of a deep content followed the smiles upon her face. The silvery stems of the birches with the last rays of the sun upon them made them like tapers in a vast cathedral. They looked lovely now with the light tracery of the boughs above which kept up a perpetual whisper, and they would look beautiful in winter when the silvery white was warmed by bands of red. Birds were singing in the branches, and Ella was singing in her heart.

"My cup runneth over," she kept saying to herself.

"Mamma," she said, when she had sent the children to look out for dada, "Mr. Hudson is taking John into partnership."

"My dear child! Well, we had reason to think that he would some time. So you will be rich again, Ella, and you are pleased."

"Of course I am. Money and position are good things in their way. One would wish them for the children. They certainly give us increased influence and power for doing good."

"And you have learned to estimate them at their true worth. I think you are to be trusted with them, my dear."

"And, oh, mother, if you had only heard what John said to me when he told me, and the way he said it. It was too much; it really was too much, for at best I have only done my duty. But, mother, do you remember how you got me to set up my easel again, and told me that for every talent God gave us there must be a reason and a use, and that the improvement of it was a part of our duty? I have often thought of the truth of those words, when I have seen what I had to do with mine."

"Indeed you have; and it would be true, even if you had not seen."

"I have learned, too, how good it is for women to work and take care of others. I was a great deal too sensitive, and easily offended before real trial came. I had been too much shielded, and found my life too easy. My maidenhood passed like a beautiful dream."

"And I have learned," said another and a deeper voice, "that 'a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth.' May I never forget that lesson, for oh, amid all our anxieties and privations, how happy we often were!"

THE END.

MY PET.

By SYDNEY GREY.

I HAVE a pet,
A pretty puss, with such a winsome way,
That very often she and I forget
The world is meant for anything but play.
In fact, she never seems to realise
That graver duties must at times be done;
Unless she's fast asleep her big bright eyes
Are always begging for a little fun.

I've heard folks say
That puss can scratch, and even swear and spit;
That she will hunt a mouse's life away,
That tender birdlings should beware my kit;
But, owning frankly there may be some cause
For these grave charges, I am true to her;
'Tis pussy's nature, and those cruel claws
Are ever sheathed for me in velvet fur.

Also I fear
When tea-time comes and milk, she's not above
Increasing her caresses, till we hear
A whisper now and then of "cupboard love."
Yet need not puss distress herself at that,
For we are not so blameless that we can
Consistently condemn my little cat
For foibles which are sometimes shown by man.

So puss and I
Will keep our fond alliance, undismayed
By dark suggestions, though they half imply
Such confidence may be one day betrayed.
Ah! kitty mine, if we were only slow
To hear against another word of blame,
How often would affection firmer grow,
And friendship prove more worthy of the name.

CUPBOARD LOVE.

See "My Pet," page 830.

ON BOILING EGGS.

ANNIE W. ALLEN writes to say: I read with much interest the exhaustive article by Phillis Browne on "Eggs, and How to Cook Them," published in the current April number of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, and I quite agree with her that there is more culinary art in boiling an egg than most cooks wot of. My present object is to supplement her useful remarks and directions by narrating, as far as I can in his own words, the experience of the Rev. Dr. Badger, the famous traveller and Orientalist, on the art of boiling eggs as practised in the East. He said, "It was in the year 1844 that for the third time, accompanied on this occasion by my wife, I crossed the Euphrates at Birejik, where, in 1836, I first met the late gallant General Chesney, in charge of the Euphrates and Tigris Expedition, and after a ride of an hour or more had my tent pitched close to a Turcoman encampment. Our Syrian servant Habîb, a most excellent caterer in such localities, soon made his way into their canvas dwellings and returned laden with a couple of fine fowls and a basket of splendid eggs. He had already rigged a rude stove of stones near the entrance to our tent, when the sun became suddenly obscured, and on looking out upon the desert I noticed that the deep shadow was caused by an immense flight of long-pinioned grouse then migrating eastward. Seizing my gun I sallied forth hurriedly, and on passing the tent-door noticed a saucepan full of eggs, apparently on the boil. Returning ten or twelve minutes later with an empty bag—the cautious birds soared too high for my shot—I observed the identical saucepan, with its galaxy of eggs, still simmering on the fire. Calling to Habîb, I inquired whether the eggs were the same as those which I saw when I left the tent. On his answering in the affirmative, I remarked, 'Then we are to have hard-boiled eggs for dinner to-day.' 'Not so,' he answered; 'and as you have hitherto made no complaint on that score, rest assured you will have none to make to-day.' In due course, the eggs were served in a dish, and cutting one through with a knife I found that while the white was thoroughly cooked and fixed, the yolk was soft and quite ready to flow into the plate before me; and, as to the taste—a peculiarity which I had not noticed before—it was most delicious. The white was utterly devoid of the raw taste of half-boiled eggs, and the yolk had a mellow flavour peculiarly its own. On asking Habîb to describe to me his successful process, he forthwith put another dozen of eggs into the saucepan and allowed them to boil fully ten minutes. He then took out six of these and immersed them for three or four seconds in a basin of cold water, remarking, 'You will find this ready for present consumption, the remaining six, which I intend to be hard and to be eaten as your luncheon while in the saddle to-morrow, I leave as they are, not dipping them in the cold water.'" Dr. Badger told me that he had himself repeatedly surprised English people with the simplicity and perfect success of this process; and I can add, from my own experience, that it has scarcely been less successful with me. When it has failed, I was led to the conclusion that the eggs were not fresh. Whereupon Dr. Badger mentioned that Habîb had strongly insisted on the eggs being fresh when boiled, as he boiled them for immediate use, with the additional souse into cold water. Perchance "Phillis Browne" will give the process a fair trial, and be able to add her testimony to mine as to the simple and admirable Oriental mode of boiling eggs. *Ex oriente lux!*

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MUSIC.

BESSIE.—If this be your first attempt at writing a hymn tune, we can only advise you to "try, try again." Such compositions are, after all, merely exercises, and are worth little.

ADMIRER OF BEETHOVEN.—1. We could not undertake to say that you will derive benefit from the use of the instrument you name. 2. See our article respecting the hands, entitled "Lissom Hands and Pretty Feet," page 348, vol. i. No wonder your uncle objects to so much playing. The piano has become one of the greatest of nuisances. Students, writers, invalids, and people with either sensitive nerves or sensitive ears, or possessing a cultivated taste in music, are worried to death with the practising of neighbours—above all, when it is carried on in the adjoining houses on each side at the same time!

EVA.—The habit of playing for others will tend to lessen your nervousness. Perhaps you attempt pieces rather beyond your powers of execution. Such pieces should be kept for private practice. Our contributors are not expected to reply to questions. In prescribing a tonic a doctor should see his patient.

ART.

STAPLETON.—The principal parts of drapery are painted on the plain glass, and such minor items as lace trimmings, jewellery, and ribbons, are painted on the photograph. Scour the latter very slightly.

FLAKEWHITE.—Lay a coating of Roberson's medium over the blank canvas before painting, and let it dry. Mix the same medium on the palette with every colour, but sparingly, because if too much be applied the colour becomes too thin.

NEW MALDON.—We have read your article on painting Christmas cards, but find no new suggestions in it, and the bevelled card enclosed has been sold in London for some time past.

CANELLA.—Wash the painting carefully with soap and water only. 2. The gloves are worn, but not the shoes.

STECHPALME must inquire for the medium at crystoleum shops.

MOUNTAIN ASH.—Pottery decorated with paintings in water-colours cannot be washed. Use oils on terra-cotta—they do not rub off; but if you require the article for use, you should paint it in china-painting colours, and then have it properly fired. There is a new and better method now discovered, whereby electricity has been employed, not merely to render the designs permanent on the exterior surface, but to make the colours penetrate the china or marble, and show the design on the opposite side.

AN OLD SUBSCRIBER.—1. The engraving you name would have to be valued by an expert; so many points have to be taken into account to determine such a question, and it should be seen. 2. A Baskett Bible, dated 1738, published in London, is worth eight shillings. You do not give the date of yours, nor where published, so we cannot give you accurate information respecting this copy.

DUCHESSE.—We had heard of your way of making raised flowers in imitation of barbotine, by cutting out the petals in stiff crinolette muslin, sewing them together, and then covering them with plaster of Paris; but we think it is not nearly so good as the gutta percha process, as the plaster is apt to crack, and you cannot mould it to shape with the same facility. Unquestionably the best plan is to soak gutta percha in hot water, cut it to shape, mould it with the fingers, and affix it with glue to the jar. Keep the water always hot, but not boiling, and dip the gutta percha in, to soften it, constantly.

PAINT BRUSH.—1. The address of Miss Mayor's Art Students' Home at Rome is 38, Via degli Artiste. 2. The name "Jerusalem," signifies "the abode of peace." The population, consisting of about 15,500, is one-fourth Christian.

YE ONLY DAUGHTER.—China paints are quite distinct from oil-colours, and the work is perfectly different likewise. China must be fired after having been painted—that means, that the colours must be baked into it; otherwise they will not bear washing. See articles on china painting, pages 74, and 340, vol. i.

ANNIE A.—You can employ copal varnish if a shiny surface be required; but with hard varnish if you only wish to preserve the painting.

A LOVING SISTER.—The sketches you send are creditable to one who has received no instruction in the art of drawing, and we think it would be worth while for you to take lessons at a school of art.

A LOVER OF THE G. O. P.—The surface of the card which you sent us was too shiny to take any paint. Wash it over with water gold size or white of egg. Mix all the colours used with Chinese white and water gold size.

CHATTE.—You will require oil-colours for painting the tobacco pouch, mixed with megilp. For instructions in painting on satin, see page 66, vol. iv. If you have some acquaintance with the art of painting already, the work in question will present no difficulties.

ROTHA.—We are much obliged for your letter, but should ecommend a little further acquaintance with your spelling-book.

EDUCATIONAL.

ANASTASIA.—There is no opening for governesses and other teachers at present in our Australian colonies.

TROUBLED ONE.—We advise you to get a good atlas, and to study one map daily for a week until thoroughly acquainted with it, and procure Milner's "Universal Geography" (revised by Keith Johnston, 56, Paternoster-row, E.C.). Also, read a chapter daily of English history, which will be a good beginning of your home course of study. You can procure Milner's "History of England" likewise at our office. Your letter is fairly well expressed.

VINAIGRETTE should write to the secretary, College of Preceptors, 42, Queen-square, Bloomsbury, W.C.

QUEN.—1. We have no doubt at all that many clever people fail in competitive examinations; in fact, the latter cannot be considered a test of ability at all. 2. Bedding-out plants are the best; they save so much time and trouble to the gardener.

EVADNE.—Most of the ranunculaceæ, or "crows-foot" tribe, to which the anemones belong, are found to possess acrid and poisonous properties if eaten, and some produce wounds if applied to the skin. The celery-leaved crowsfoot and the lesser spearwort are used in the Hebrides to produce blisters; but they are both objectionable, as they may produce sores difficult to heal.

EUGENIE M. SCHOPIN.—We are happy to give your assurance that corporal punishment is absolutely prohibited in all French schools, and that if such an abuse ever crept into some solitary private institution of the kind, the occurrence was in direct defiance of national opinion and prohibitory rules.

B. BURGIN.—Apply to the Civil Service Commissioners, at their office in Cannon-row, W., for the printed prospectuses with reference to the Post Office clerkships. It is not necessary to send a stamp in asking a question of us, as we do not write private letters to our correspondents.

LITTLE DORRIT.—Read books of research, travels, natural history, and biographies. Dr. Eadie's "Bible Cyclopædia" would likewise be interesting and valuable to you.

TIGER.—We have not as yet heard of any female engineers or architects. We think that practical engineering, and that amongst working men, would be most unsuitable for women.

ELDEST OF TEN.—Your writing is neat and legible, and might pass in competition for a clerkship in the Post Office, but the "t's" must be properly crossed. See our directions for cleaning in our articles entitled "The Fairy of the Family," in the numbers for August and September, 1883.

MISCELLANEOUS.

E. C. R.—The verses, "An Old Woman's Love Song," show good feeling, but need a good deal of correction, as the lines do not all correspond in length or beat with their fellows respectively. Count the syllables on your fingers and beat out the measure.

ANXIOUSLY WAITING.—It is quite out of the question that we should prescribe for you. Of such complaints you should only speak to a medical man, not the editor of a magazine. A change into some country or seaside place would do you some good, but not till cured by suitable medical treatment.

AN AFFLICTED ONE.—Certainly, tell the man to whom you are engaged the truth about the illness that you once had. It would be dishonourable to conceal it, and would make unhappiness between you after your marriage. Do what is right at all costs. It is the best way to win his esteem.

MAY.—It is against our rule to give private addresses. Make application at some hospital.

WOOD ANEMONE.—Consult our indexes about the care of the hands, and read the articles by "Medicus" and our answers to your question given to other correspondents.

LEONA C.—If it would amuse you to write an account of your experiences amongst the ants, we also should be pleased to read about them, but could not promise to publish them.

VESUVIUS.—Consult a doctor about your eyes. It is very possible that their weak condition may result more or less from the state of your health.

MIZPAH.—Certain small beetles make a ticking like a watch. This is, we imagine, what you hear.

AN ENGLISH GIRL.—Many passages in the Holy Scriptures tell us that there is "one God and Father of all," and as many tell of the second and third Divine Persons, and the mysterious union of one with another is frequently named, as in those passages in which our Lord says, "He that hath seen Me hath seen the Father. . . . . I and my Father are one" (St. John x. 30). Read St. John i. and 1 St. John v. 7. Are not all Christians commanded by our Lord to be baptised "in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost"? St. Matt. xxviii. 19.

ORANGE AND APPLE.—When a thread of silk comes out of the mouth of the silkworms they are about to spin. If they have plenty of mulberry leaves they should not have dandelion nor lettuce leaves.

F. J. G.—The verses have much merit. We regret we are not able to use them. Under our rules, all compositions must be certified by parent, guardian, or minister, and the age of the writer must be stated.

FAUST.—See last part of "The Fairy of the Family," p. 807, vol. iv.

AN APPRECIATOR OF THE G. O. P.—May God grant you the "light of His truth" and of "His countenance." Why are you "in darkness"? Pray for His grace, and if you want instruction on any special points write to us again.

ISABEL.—A screen of peacock feathers or Christmas cards, a Japanese fan, a parasol, or a growing plant in an earthenware pot are, any of them, inexpensive and pretty decorations for a fireplace in summer. Your aunt's parrot is suffering from the irritation consequent on confinement. Try to give him more air and a large empty room to fly in. Give him an empty reel to pick, or a bone in his cage. He is not happy, and so picks himself.

DAISY.—We fear we could not advise you better. Consult a doctor.

OMEGA.—We do not think you at all forward when you give us your experience as compared with "Alpha's." We are very much interested in the question of our girls' clothing, and anxious to help. To many it is a difficult one. Why did you not send us your accounts, as "Alpha" did?

E. M. C.—The person who wore a garment "embroidered, with the needles hanging from each hole," was Prince Henry, afterwards Henry V. of England, when Prince of Wales.

AN ANXIOUS MOTHER.—You do not say in your letter whether you have consulted a good doctor. If not, we can only advise you to go to the hospital nearest to you, or to a doctor, without delay.

CAVEO.—We have read your lines carefully, and we think they show feeling and some poetical talent; but you must persevere, learn the rules of versification, and do not be discouraged if we say that they are not yet up to our mark.

M. A. ROE must not make herself ill and wretched over imaginary troubles. We hope she will have long to wait for real ones.

IVY.—After Barnabas sailed with Mark to Cyprus we do not know very much of his subsequent career. Ancient writers assert that he suffered martyrdom. We know of no place where cocoons can be disposed of in England.

IONE.—Lapland is divided between Norway, Sweden, and Russia. There are about 24,000 inhabitants in all, scattered over wide deserts, and speaking three distinct dialects. They are nominally Christian, but retain some forms of ancient superstitions, such as serpent worship. The form of government, so far as there is one, is patriarchal. They speak a language allied to that of the Finns.

PATIENCE writes, "Could you supply Shakespeare with a recipe for taking away freckles?" Alas! poor Shakespeare! he must take the trouble of consulting our indexes. Patience, also, as to where she could obtain a description of a youth's knickerbocker stocking.

MARY A. SKINNER.—It is possible that some family might like to take you with them to New Zealand; but that is a mere chance. You should apply to the secretary of the Women's Emigration Society, Carteret-street, Queen Anne's-gate, S.W., and hear whether they could name you to any family.

A GIRL OF THIRTEEN.—Baskets and boxes are sold in which to pack flowers for the parcels post. A little damp cotton wool or damp moss is used by many to wrap round them. The "wapenshaw" in Scotland (weapon show) was a semi-military gathering, enforced by various statutes during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. They directed that people should carry arms according to their rank and property, and that they should, when called upon by either sheriff or magistrate, rally round the king in time of war. On account of the merry-making with which wapenshaws became associated in later times, they were discouraged by the Covenanters.

MARIE ANTOINETTE.—In reference to the wearing of mourning, see our article "The Habits of Polite Society," monthly part for December, 1881, vol. iii. You can obtain a shilling manual on water-colour painting at any artists' colourman's shop, both for figures and faces, or for landscape and marine views.

MARY MAY writes a very delicate feminine hand, the only fault of which is that it is rather too small, as few could read it without spectacles at a certain time of life. See our indexes in reference to the care of the hair, as we have ceased to repeat our directions on this subject.

F H. H.—The Governesses' Benevolent Institution at 47, Harley-street, W., is one that gives temporary help and annuities, and has a provident fund. It has an asylum for the aged at Chislehurst, and a system of registration entirely free of expense. Write to the secretary, Charles W. Klugh, Esq., 32, Sackville-street, London, W.

GLIS.—Perhaps your canary is a hen bird, and such only utter a sweet twittering; they do not sing. It is difficult to distinguish the male from the female; yet there are some characteristics distinctively of the former—*i.e.*, a larger and squarer head, a slimmer body, and a greater brightness of colour round the eyes than elsewhere on his body. Your writing is legible, and has at least the advantage of not resembling the coarse and frightful "park-paling" hand affected by so many girls in the present day.

MAY.—You should consult a good oculist about the extraction of your eye. This you could do at one of the London hospitals. The speck on your eye may perhaps be removed and your sight restored, which would be far preferable to losing your eye. Besides, it would be very expensive to have a glass one. Do not think of it.

VIPES.—Five minutes in the water are more likely to do you good than ten, as the reaction is stronger in that case. Write copies.

MISSIE and No. 6 can cure themselves of the disgusting habit of biting their nails if they choose to exercise their will. The same answer is applicable to No. 6 in reference to her bad temper, who writes as if it were measles or the mumps. Both these poor girls seem quite in the dark as to the use of good principles in forming habits and general character.

THE NEW NUMBER.

ORINOCO.—We are not in the habit of being dictated to on the question of the poetry we shall print, nor can we infringe copyright at the wish of any of our readers. Ill-health and obscure nervous causes make the hair fade and turn grey.

FAITHLESS NELLIE.—Perhaps Judson's dye may answer to colour the lace. The velveteen may be sent to a cleaner's and re-dyed; but it is extremely difficult to do anything with stitch marks.

ELEANORE.—Why not write both to amuse and improve yourself, and occupy an active mind? If you persevere, it is not unlikely you will some day produce something worth having.

AGNES.—If not comfortable in your place, it would be better to find another; but be quite sure first that your mistress cannot change anything to make your life more happy.

SEMPER IDEM.—The Heir-Apparent is born Duke of Cornwall, and has been since the days of Edward III., who created the title in favour of the Black Prince; but he is created Prince of Wales, for there is no hereditary succession of Princes of Wales—the title becomes merged in the Crown until renewed by the Sovereign's pleasure.

PERSEVERANCE.—The habit of stooping is one that may be cured by a determination on the part of the person concerned to hold herself up. It is far less fatiguing to do so

OLIVE CARLYON.—The portraits of the Editor and his staff were given in *Sunlight*, the Summer Number for 1884.

MOURNFUL MADGE will have to learn the secret of "never minding," and how to assume those pleasant, quiet manners to all comers which mean nothing of a special character, and are a lonely worker's best protection from unwelcome attention.

ELSIE GRANT.—We are much obliged for the poetry and the story, and regret that neither of them will suit our pages.

E. JAMES.—There is nothing to prevent your marrying your second cousin.

LYDIA DE WINTON.—You could use cards in replying to drawing-room meeting invitations, which are either printed or written.

MARGUERITE DAISY.—Both macaroni and vermicelli are preparations of wheat flour, mixed with water and then forced through large or small holes by means of an engine. We do not think you could make it yourself, nor should we see the advantage of so doing at its present price.

FRIENDSHIP.—The lines you send show much good and pious feeling, but not the least originality.

ALICE.—We gladly give our readers the benefit of knowing the address of the Bible Flower Mission, which you send; it is Miss Annie Dove, 110, Cannon-street, E.C., who will send all particulars to any inquirer. To preserve the colour of the dried flowers, you should change the sheets of blotting-paper in which they are pressed continually. We preserve leaves, such as those autumn-tinted maple leaves, by giving them a coat of Canada balsam varnish.

HAWTHORN.—It is the male bird that is calling the female by crying "cuckoo."

LA FIANCEE D'UN CROCODILE.—The weft (or woof) of the cloth has been worn away, and the warp, or foundation of the cloth, is exposed. Thus nothing can be done to remove the dark appearance, and you could only get a manufacturer to put in a new side piece or sleeve. Your handwriting is very pretty and well formed, and far superior to the "park palings" hand of huge proportions so common amongst English girls at present. At the same time, if you enlarged it, *tant soit peu*, it would be more generally satisfactory to much-used or aged eyes, which claim some consideration. Your English does you the greatest credit. It is admirable.

LA VERITE.—We do not see what abstinence from taking a little or a great deal of "fat" could avail in rendering you less nervous, nor how cooling medicines could strengthen your general health. Debility will produce excessive perspiration, but everyone feels more or less hot in July if the weather be seasonable. You might relieve both troubles by rest and a change to the seaside. Never say, "Will I change my diet?" We could not possibly know whether you will or not! You should say, "Should I change my diet?"

THE PETS.—An "old maid" is a term of reproach; but that any opprobrium should be connected with an unmarried state is not only ungenerous, but unjust. In all cases of bargaining and making purchases, the best is supposed to have been selected and the refuse at last cast aside; and, according to this new view, the merits of the unmarried are gauged. True, some have been soured by disappointments, and have grown melancholy as well as eccentric, from living alone and the slights to which they are exposed, more especially in the matter of precedence. But amongst these despised women some of the most beautiful characters may be found, and it chiefly depends on themselves to gain the respect and consideration which should be accorded to them. Bear this in mind, and dignify the position should Providence assign it to you. A Gregorian chant is one of eight celebrated church modes, as arranged by Pope Gregory I., who carried on the work of St. Ambrose, Bishop of Milan, and inventor of the Ambrosian Chant in the fourth century. John Marbeck of Windsor gave us the first adaptation of the ancient Latin music for the Reformed Church, 1559. See his "Book of Common Prayer," noted. Clifford's "Common Tunes" followed, in 1664, for chanting.

WAFTING ZEPHIRS.—Dip the grasses into a strong solution of alum.

LILLY RIPLEY.—Many thanks for your kind, long letter of praise. We could not prescribe any eye-water for such a case. You had better consult a doctor.

ADA.—Perhaps you have already been answered. You do not repeat your question, so we cannot help you now. Write daily copies.

M. D.—Go to the nearest dealer in secondhand books or consult a London directory for a list of shops.